

# 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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## The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAR. 21, 1903.

### LAY MISSIONARIES.

We advise all our readers to begin giving missions to non-Catholics. Preach to them by good example. Let them see that you are sincere in your belief. All of us can do something in this matter. We can be better sons and fathers, better daughters and mothers—more assiduous all in our religious duties. More time at home and less in our clubs, less frequentation of the streets, and more devotion to the God of the Tabernacle will, when opportunity arises, fit us for talk that will be worth while.

We forget this oftentimes. We hear so much of the world and of its conditions for success that we fail to remember that the source of success that counts is ever open to us. Hence our talk is but the echo of the world. We imbibe its ideas and govern ourselves by its standards. Too often God sinks into second place. Too often, also, we are no better, if we are not worse, than they without the fold.

### THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

With all due respect to our young friends in the professions we must say that their slow progress is not altogether due to lack of patronage on the part of their brethren. They should make themselves worthy of it. Railing and grumbling will not purchase it. We admit that we are not over solicitous for the advancement of our own, but this admission will scarcely help our friends.

Concentration of energy in our line of work is the only way we know of getting a grip somewhere. Through neglect of this we have barristers without clients, doctors without patients. And they have themselves to blame. Instead of building up a reputation for steadiness and attention to business, they are where they are not needed nor expected—at athletic meets, convivial gatherings, at other functions where they are appraised rightly or wrongly by the public. Their attendance at such begets the suspicion that they are idlers and nonentities. And that suspicion dies hard. As a proof we may allege the fact that they who have to consult a professional man usually choose the one who does not dabble in things which pertain not to his business. They may like the other kind, but in a social way. When it comes to handing out dollars and cents for information they call upon the man who is credited with knowing something about medicine or law. Popularity counts for little in this respect. It will not put anything into his pockets. The only thing that counts is unflinching devotion to his profession. In this he has an appeal to the confidence of the public, and, that gained, the road upward is comparatively smooth.

### LITERARY CLERICS.

One hears now and then that Canadian clerics are not as busy in literary fields as their brethren across the border. This notion, however, has never given us any disquietude. We are always ready to welcome a good word from any source. The fact of a clergyman being a Chairman, Dutchman or Irishman has no influence in determining respect, or otherwise, for anything he may have to say. He stands or falls on his merits. No amount of puffery will vitalize the dead or worthless. We are, most of us at least, averse to taking to our bosom controversial catechisms plus descriptions of scenery and of male and female prizes. When a cleric lifts up his voice in any cause we listen to him. When he has learning and force of character we remember what he says. We forget his nationality. His message is for all Catholics, whether they live in the United States or Canada. But it is altogether accurate to state that Canadian clerics compare unfavorably with U. S. clerics in the matter of literary production? They have, it is true, publications intended for the clergy, but while this may be indicative of their spirit of enterprise it is no conclusive proof of their literary superiority, for the reason that many of the articles in these publications are not penned by U. S. clerics. Take, for instance, the American Ecclesiastical Review. Very Rev. Dr. McDonald of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S., has furnished some of its brightest pages. Our own Dr. Teefe has appeared in other monthlies; but what boots it to

go on enumerating. For when there is question of good for the Church—of brave words of those who step out of the common rut we salute them all—doers and thinkers, as brethren.

### THE CHINESE AND FOREIGNERS.

Rumor has it that the Chinese irremediably are hard at work concocting plans for the extermination of foreigners. They take no pains to conceal their animosity and believe in China for Chinamen. The gentlemen who want to dump their wares on Chinese markets regard this attitude as the very acme of barbarism. The Oriental may think otherwise, but his opinion is not needed. The whites give him soothing syrup of different brands just to keep him quiet. But he is nevertheless subject to fits of restlessness, brought on, we believe, by perusal of the speeches of the "fighting ministers" who advocate partition of China among the powers of Europe.

We hope, however, that the rumor is without foundation. It would be terrible indeed to have another Boxer episode in China, and on this side of the water, a rehash of article in justification of suicide and looting.

### THE REFORMATION.

W. Hudson Shaw, a non-Catholic lecturer, tells us that it is not "true that the English people wanted the Reformation; it is not true generally that the monasteries were dens of corruption; it is not true that all Roman Catholic leaders of the sixteenth century were monsters of depravity and Reformation pure saints. It is not true that after the Reformation men lived better lives than they had done before. Prejudice may impel us to believe such comforting doctrines, but the facts are otherwise."

We had an inkling of this before. But does this and similar utterances indicate that the grand conspiracy spoken of by de Maistre is falling into discredit. Now if our newspapers rot in its unhalloved grave, truth might have a fighting chance even in Ontario. And if the current of true history would but wash over the threshold of Knox College—well, Knoxians would have to forget some things. But then they could console themselves with remembering, there are some defeats more triumphant than victories.

### For The Saviour.

I remember the story of a certain little boy who, one day visiting a convent with his mother, watched the Sister sacristan cutting up her unbleached bread into hosts large or small, and suddenly taking up a large host, kissed it, and when asked by his mother why he did so, since our Blessed Lord was not there, answered: "Oh, I know; He'll be to-morrow morning, and He'll find my kiss there when He comes." And when she asked him further why he chose a large host rather than a small one, he replied: "Why to put a bigger kiss on, of course!" Ah little namesake of the Beloved Disciple! like thee I fain would have kissed all the hosts in all the world under whose appearances our sweet and loving Saviour is to be, but my quarter of an hour was done and my visit to the Blessed Sacrament was over, and I had been—or had I been?—distracted all the time.—Rev. John Fitzpatrick.

### The Way of Salvation.

Everyone desires to be saved. Simply desiring will not accomplish his work. We must put our heart in the work, and make use of all the means placed at our disposal. We should choose some devotion and stick to it. Fear of eternal damnation is good to meditate upon. Fasting and prayer are very effective, but the best of all is a devotion that will inspire the heart with love for his Creator and make all his actions accord with that love. To gain this love the best way is to cultivate a devotion to the Sacred Heart. Commence by being enrolled in the League of the Sacred Heart and daily use the short, easy prayers of the League.

### A Methodist Paper on Fasting.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Christian Advocate (Methodist), says the following sensible things about the Catholic Church's regulations for Lent: "Catholic Church's regulations for Lent: 'If people would live for the rest of their lives according to the rules laid down by the Catholic authority in this city, unless sick and needing a special diet, the average duration of human life would be greatly lengthened and the public health much improved. Eminent physicians declare that the forty days of fasting as practiced here are of inestimable value to the health of the people who subject themselves to it. We long since discovered that, apart from the effects on the mind and the morals, more evils are produced by gluttony, hasty eating, eating between meals, and having the times of meals too near together, than by the use of ardent spirits in any degree compatible with the continuance of life.'"

### THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

A NOTABLE SERMON BY THE REV. EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, P. D.

At the Knights of Columbus Memorial Service, held on Monday morning at St. Stephen's Church, the Rev. Dr. Shanahan, the eminent Professor of Dogmatic Theology at the Catholic University of America, delivered a discourse, admirable in manner and matter, which we append:

But you have come to Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the Church of the first-born who are written in the heavens, and to God judge of all, and to the spirits of the just made perfect." (Hebrews xii. 22-23.)

Brother Knights: In the spirit and the letter of this text we are gathered to commemorate the dead and to enter into spiritual communion with them by a public act of religion. Those Brother Knights of ours who have laid aside their earthly armor and no longer sojourn in the flesh are still united to us by ties of fellowship which death cannot loosen, nor time dissolve. The badge of our discipleship, our unity of communion, and no better proof of our fitness could be shown than our presence here to-day. Christianity had to struggle hard to force those two uplifting thoughts of unity and communion on a pagan world that regarded the individual as of little more account than the spoor-drift which rises for a moment from the surface of the sea only to fall back again into the waste of waters whence it momentarily came. And it stirs one's emotion to reflect how valiantly the Catholic Church militant ever guarded the idea of intimate communion with the Church suffering and triumphant, and stood ever ready to break a lance in its defence against any who should dare assail it.

Christianity, when it first came, taught three grand ideas: that revolutionized the ancient conception of man; the unity of the race; the value of the individual fellowship of all men adopted through grace into brotherhood with Christ Jesus, the anointed head of all human kind, the first-born among the brethren, the centre of all human history and the goal of all human desire, to whom be honor and glory and empire everlasting.

The nations of antiquity that valued most their collective unity set least store by individual man. The imperious Roman had only a fine feeling of scorn for the provincial; the cultured Greek looked upon the alien as a barbarian; the Jew regarded his national birth-right as exclusively special to the chosen people, and would not brook the thought of a stranger sharing in his inheritance. The Stoic, it is true, uttered noble thoughts on the unity of all mankind, but it was an abstract, theoretical, and dreamy unity of which he spoke; it was not a living concrete persuasion destined to be put in practice, but at most an idea to be dangled over in the lecture-hall, or set forth in still better words. The Roman still better disdained the stranger, and the Greek still disdained the Samaritan and the Jew for the person of the Samaritan and the Gentile.

But Jesus Christ taught the value and dignity of the human individual, and set a divine seal upon man's worth by dying for him. He preached the unity of the race, and held up before all men the standard of a divine life full of character and behavior. God's kind in the person of the Samaritan and the Gentile.

For the accomplishment of this high destiny, man's nature was elevated, his intellect enlightened by faith, and his will intensified by charity—a triple chord not easily supply of energy, professed by God's merciful bounty to every humble, contrite and believing heart, to have placed within his reach the Christ-like ideals before which his unassisted nature stood palsied and helpless. God's trusted coadjutor in the world of fleeting things! Such was man, and such his destiny as preached by Jesus Christ.

This supernatural unity of all men in origin and in destiny, which put the same stamp of spiritual worth on the soul of Lazarus as well as Dives, made the world look small indeed to the throng of men who were broken down; the racial barriers were broken down; the semi-god of selfishness saw his chosen shrine gradually deserted and a spirit of commonwealth was set up forever among men as a city built upon a hill-top that could not be hid. And what more beautiful background to such a picture of human brotherhood than the Catholic doctrine of the communion of saints—the belief that we share with another our sacrifices, prayers, and good deeds, and the living with the living, and the living with the dead; the belief that the superabundant merits of Christ and the saints are a spiritual fund upon which the struggling needy ones may ever draw; the belief that the Church of the blessed is not different to the interests of the Church of the living, nor the Church of the living to the Church of the dead, but all in the same circle of divine love still holds united within itself those who have already reached its centre as

well as those who are still moving slowly toward it in their toiling daily lives.

There are those to-day who would steal from the hoary-headed old Church of the nations this magnificent idea of spiritual fellowship, strip it of all religious significance, call it humanitarianism, and parade it off before an unsuspecting world as a modern discovery. But new names do not make new things; and the fragrance of a Christian flower will not linger long when detached from the parent stem and thrust into a broken vase.

Brother Knights: As Catholics and as Knights of Columbus we have fallen heir by a double title to this enriching Christian heritage and to the larger outlook upon life which it affords. Banded together for the purpose of a more intimate religious, moral and social life, for the succor of the needy and the helpless, for the promotion of a deeper Catholic spirit and practice, and the cultivation of a more lively sense of human brotherhood, we have come here to-day to pray for the dead and to learn the obvious lesson that comes to the living from recollecting the lives well-spent of those who died in the Lord.

There is a moral and spiritual as well as religious value attached to the public act of commemoration which we unflinchingly perform this morning. The religious character of this act is too familiar to need being dwelt upon. It is the spiritual side which prompts a few scattered reflections. Is it not inspiring to think that those not related to us by blood, nor perhaps even by race, have won a place in our affection and a share in our remembrance? Is it not consoling to feel, in these days of commercialism, greed and material standards, that the individual is regarded by us as something more than a mere statistic to some living column of figures when he is born and to lessen it when he dies? What idea needs more to be accentuated to-day than that the spiritual worth of the human individual should not be sacrificed to economic laws and conditions as though man were a mere earning machine and nothing else; as though Christ were only fraction and not the integer all true well-being; as though the sole end and aim of life was the acquisition of wealth and not the acquisition of spiritual, moral and religious character?

And does it not do good to the heart of each of us to realize that the brotherhood which Jesus Christ taught and St. Paul spent himself in preaching is a living actuality of faith with us, and not a mere mystic sentiment of general benevolence?

Each individual life is of inestimable value in the mind of God. It was St. Francis de Sales who said that one soul was a diocese large enough for any Bishop. Whether on in the lowly walks of life, every man is bound and enabled to contribute his share to the furtherance of God's scheme of universal good. God starts each human individual upon his course with a goodly capital of energy for thinking noble thoughts and daring noble deeds. God watches over his progress tenderly, prompts him to rise when he has fallen, and pursues him with increasing love to the very end of his career. The vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel, said Isaiah, and the man of Juda is His pleasant plant. What has been the spiritual and moral value of those departed lives which we commemorate to-day? What is, and what is to be, the value of our own lives when we are gathered together at the great assembly after and imitate; faith, idealism, courage. An unshaken faith in Jesus Christ and in the Kingdom which He preached—the Church Catholic, whose salutary influence He ever sought to spread; an unflinching pursuit of an ideal in an age that doubted the possibility of its attainment, and that met his enthusiastic presentation of his belief with the cool sneer of Festus to St. Paul: "Thou art beside thyself, Paul; too much learning hath turned thy head;" an indomitable courage that bade him make the rounds of well nigh all the courts of Christendom craving for assistance which, when it finally did come, enabled a single man's idealism to triumph over the doubt, rally, and indifference of all Europe. In sailing our bark toward the undiscovered continents of the future which Jesus Christ has promised us at the end of the voyage, may a like robust faith in the Church Catholic, a like lofty idealism against the dead level of doubt and skepticism prevalent in our day concerning higher things, and a like unflinching courage to overcome all difficulties and to leap over all barriers, chosen in vain the Catholic Knight of Genoa and Valladolid for our type of Christian manhood. "But you are come to Mount Zion and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the Church of the first-

born, who are written in the heavens, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of the just made perfect."

God's wondrous purpose runs the ages through. And bids the wheeling planets into one. The dimmest star that whitens through the blue. Is linked in close communion with the sun. Would'st heed God's wonders? See the falling rain: Read like it gathers on the throbbing vine. Not wither'd buds are turned to crimson stain. A constant Cana! Still men seek a sign! This lamp of faith that lights my darkening mind. This hope that cheers me o'er life's troublous days. What mean they but communion with my kind? In life, in death, through all eternity.

This higher love that makes us all of kin, Christ's saving grace that lifts me lest I fall. Are these but spectral contrasts of life and death? To death indeed destruction life a brawl? No! all communion: and the dreading sleep. Not all communion: and the dreading sleep. Not all communion: and the dreading sleep. Not all communion: and the dreading sleep.

Rest honored dead! The shadows fall again. A veep hymn, a star, and then the night. The lonely heart draws comfort from his pain. The living dead! Our eye, your morn.

### STILL BLINKING THE OBVIOUS REMEDY.

The Rev. W. H. Faunce, D. D., President of Brown University, considered "Moral Education—the Protestant View," last Saturday, before the Twentieth Century Club of Boston. At the outset, he eulogized the address on "Catholic Moral Education," given under the same patronage, the preceding Saturday, by the Rev. Edward A. Pace, D. D., of the Catholic University of America, in which, said Dr. Faunce: "I found nothing in which I could not agree, and it gives hope in the solution of the problem which we have to solve."

Dr. Pace had thus summed up the subject from the standpoint of the Catholic Church:

"It holds that all moral education is worth while undertaking; that moral education must be based upon the truths which have to do with God and the Divine life, and that religious instruction must not be separated from other forms of education."

Yet Dr. Faunce, while admitting the great truth that undogmatic religious teaching is a chimera, wants the Bible, or, at least, generous selections from it, restored to the public schools, and suggests a *modus vivendi* as to a moral code—and incidentally, the amount of religion to be introduced into the schools by a conference among fifteen such representative men as Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Dr. Patton and Archbishop Ireland.

Dr. Faunce himself suggests what might be an acceptable outcome of such conference:

"If there can be no effective morality apart from Christian sanctions, how comes it that the pre-Christian penal laws are still the best utterance for Christian confession, and the decalogue is still our Christian summary of the whole duty of man?"

Here we have the suggestion of a school religion, not undogmatic either, but with a singularly strong resemblance to Unitarianism.

How it would be possible to introduce the Bible into the schools, and shut off all discussion as to its character, Dr. Faunce does not tell us. The Catholics and New Testamentists accept the Old and New Testaments as the inspired Word of God. A larger number of Americans, we fear, put them on a level religiously with the Koran and the Zend-Avesta, though in a literary way they might make room for portions of them with the classics of Greece and Rome. Can these opposites find a common basis of Bible study?

### A PROTESTANT PRAISES MARY.

SERMON OF A DAYTON MINISTER ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The Rev. Maurice E. Wilson, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of Dayton, Ohio, preached a beautiful Lenten sermon on the Blessed Mother of Christ, her faith, her sufferings, and her fidelity, and the justification for a proper honor of her. There was so much in it that was edifying that we are reluctant to find any fault with it. Yet in the interests of truth a few comments must be made:

1. Of course Mr. Wilson had to placate the prejudice of his congregation by referring to "Mariolatry," the "worship" of Mary, and to the old accusation that the Catholic Church "has exalted Mary to a place that the Gospels never claim for her." This might have been looked for in some backwoods circuit rider, but it was not to be expected at this day from a preacher in civilized surroundings. And when Mr. Wilson made the unspokeable false statement that "the Protestant has equalled Mary advanced to even more than equality with her Son," he shows how incompetent he is to instruct his people in this matter and how ignorant he is of the Catholic religion. Why, any Catholic child would tell him that Mary

is only a creature; that Jesus is the center of our Mass, our supreme act of worship; that we ask Mary to pray for us; and that we all know that there is only one name, under Heaven, given to men, whereby we must be saved.

2. Mr. Wilson misunderstands the reason for Mary's visit to Elizabeth. He says:

"Little is told us, it is true; but is true, at first doubted her, but after his suspicions were solved, no one else had any reason to think evil of her. She did not, therefore, go to Elizabeth for 'refuge.' No; she went to take care of the latter at the birth of John, for she had heard the wonderful news that the wife of Zacharias had conceived in her old age."

3. Again, Mr. Wilson says: "And after awhile she had a new test imposed upon her. Christ gently but firmly rededicated the claims of His family to guide and control His ministry. The love of His mother, alar and fearful, one day sought to interfere and withdrew Him from impending peril. He was obliged to oppose this interference, saying: 'Who is my mother? Behold, they who do the will of My Father in Heaven, the same are my mother, my sister, and my brother.' And perhaps in all Mary's life that was the bitterest hour that came to her."

If anyone else interpolated into a Bible passage as much as Mr. Wilson has here, he would be hot in his indignation. But he has imagined all this statement of his that one day Mary sought to interfere and withdraw Christ from impending peril. There is not a particle of truth in that teaching. Nor was that her bitterest hour, but arrived at by a conference among fifteen such representative men as Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Dr. Patton and Archbishop Ireland.

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### The Lenten Fast.

All of us need to do penance for our numerous sins. We will have to do penance in this world or the next, we cannot escape it. When we think of it the penance is very light and will benefit us spiritually and bodily also. We all eat too much; we think too much of what we shall eat. We pamper our bodies until they are our masters. By fasting we bring our body into due subjection. Many of the diseases that flesh is heir to are brought on by over-eating, and if we put ourselves on a Lenten diet it will do much to improve our health. Many people are not satisfied with three meals a day, but must have a lunch twice a day; they are hardly through one meal before they are getting ready for another. Let us, then, this year try to limit our diet; let us fast and abstain as much as we can without injury to our health, and God will bless us for the effort we have made.

If you accustom yourself to toil with the mind, then little by little this toiling with the mind will become a delight and a source of inexhaustible joy and happiness to you, so that no loneliness, no weariness, nor aught else, can take from you the consciousness that it is a good thing to be alive; and in it all you feel that God is good to you, because inasmuch as you are accustomed to living in this superior nature, you feel that you have come to it through the help of God, that He has not allowed you to sink out of sight.—Bishop Spalding.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Titus, a Comrade of the Cross  
A TALE OF THE CHRIST FOR THE  
CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

of the water; but the sight of the food sickened him. Then he gave himself up to the agony of listening. The untended wound in his head had festered, and his veins ran hot with fever. He half forgot for what he was listening, as the hours dragged slowly on; and when, at last, the great bolts turned in their sockets, and the door opened, he started up with crimson cheeks and a light, blood-curling laugh. "Thou hast come at last!" he said airily. The centurion stared at him. "Bring him out quickly!" he commanded, "and bind upon him the cross."

self in the midst of a great throng, all hurrying like himself. "Let us stop here!" shouted a man to his fellows. "We shall see it all finely here!" Stephen looked at him beseechingly. "Is it true?" he gasped. "But the man did not answer. "I shall climb up here!" he shouted again, scrambling, as he spoke, into a stunted tree, which grew by the roadside. The crowd still poured out from the city gate in countless thousands, and Stephen, carried along by its resistless tide, found himself near the verge of a little hillock not far from the highway. Here the people were kept back by a triple cordon of soldiers. "Tell me," said Stephen again, this time to a sad-faced woman who stood next him in the press, "what do this mean? Is it true that—" and his voice broke in a sob—"that they are going to put the Nazarene to death?" "Alas, yes!" she answered, "tis true. Ah, the pity of it!—and the shame!" "Tis the high priests; 'Twas always hated Him. 'Twas only last night that they took Him in the garden of Gethsemane. Early this morning they delivered Him to Pilate, and now—" And the woman hid her face in her long veil. "In Gethsemane?" said Stephen eagerly. "Is it an olive orchard yonder?" "Yes," answered the woman, her throat quivering. "He went there often—for quiet and prayer. And again she stopped, struggling with her tears. "I was there," said Stephen. "I heard the noise—but I knew not what it meant. I had been sleeping. "Hark!" said the woman. "They are coming!" Above the roar of the multitude arose the sound of the regular tread of soldiers, and presently the vanguard of the procession, a detachment of Roman troops, came into view. They were marching stolidly along, their shields glittering in the bright sunshine. Then the three cross-bearers, guarded each by a quaternion of soldiers, and bearing each upon his breast a whitened board with the accusation for which he was to suffer, blazoned thereon in large black letters, that of the Nazarene bore the strange words: "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews."

no sign of storm, but the light was momentarily fading. Now it was a ghastly yellow; and now it gloomed into a lurid twilight. The people looked at one another with white faces. "What is it?" they whispered. Then they gazed fearfully at the Man on the middle cross. He was hanging motionless. His head sunken upon his breast. The man on the cross at the left was groaning and blaspheming horribly; in the frightened hush his words could be distinctly heard. He was cursing the Man at his side. "If Thou be the Christ," he shrieked, with an awful imprecation, "save Thyself and us!" He who hung on the other side of the Nazarene had been silent till now, save for his piteous sighing; but now he spoke—the fierce agony had cleared his brain at last. "Wilt thou not hold thy peace!" he cried in his clear young voice; and Stephen listened breathlessly. "Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds. But He is innocent." Then he turned his dying eyes on Jesus, and said tremulously, beseechingly: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." And into the face of Jesus, blood-stained, befouled and ghastly with the pallor of approaching death, there flashed a look of joy so divine that Stephen's heart leapt. "Verily I say unto thee,"—and His voice was clear, beautiful and far-reaching as of old—"to-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." "What cared he for the pain, the shame, the dying!" "To-day—with Him—in paradise!" Stephen started forward with a great cry of longing: "Oh, take me too!" Suddenly he became aware that not far from him stood Mary, the mother of Jesus, and with her two other women, and John, the beloved disciple. He could see them quite plainly in the lurid half-darkness, for the crowd, in fear, had drawn away from the neighborhood of the crosses, leaving them almost alone save for the Roman guard. He crept timidly nearer, till he could have touched the hem of Mary's robe; but he did not speak to her. He dared not. "My Son! My Son!" she wailed; and again the dim eyes of the dying Man brightened. He looked at His Mother with an infinite tenderness. "Woman!" He said faintly, "behold thy son!" Then turning His eyes upon John, who was supporting her half-swooning form, He said, "Behold thy Mother!" The hours crept heavily onward. The darkness that of night now—a starless night. The thousands who had come forth in holiday attire, full of insolent triumph, to witness the agony of the crucifixion, were waiting, full of terror, for the end. They dared not move in that ghastly darkness. Save for the groans of the dying Man, the silence was almost unbroken. About the ninth hour, Jesus cried in a voice of agony: "Eli, Eli, lamma sabachani!" It was the simple Galilean speech of His childhood, and signified those saddest of all words: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But someone who was watching, hearing only the first words, and understanding them not, said: "This Man calleth for Elias." Then Jesus spoke again, this time faintly: "I thirst." Now there was, standing near, a vessel full of the common sour wine which the soldiers had brought to refresh themselves with; and one of them, smitten with remorse, hastened to fill that sponge with wine, and putting it upon the stem of a hyssop plant which grew near, lifted it to the parched lips of the Sufferer. "Let be whether Elias will come to save Him." Another silence, broken only by the gasping breath of the crucified One, then in a moment all was over. A look of supreme joy and triumph flashed into the face of the dying Man. "A last low prayer—" Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit!—and with a great cry of mortal agony, His head fell forward on His breast. He was dead. Then followed a sound of crashing and grinding rocks, as the earth shook with wave after wave of earthquake. The people shrieked aloud, and prayed wildly in a frenzy of terror. "We are undone!" they wailed; and they rent their garments and smote upon their breasts. The Roman centurion, also, and the soldiers that were with him, trembled with fear. "Truly," they said, "this was the Son of God!" Then the darkness vanished as suddenly as it had come; the sun shone out gloriously, and the multitudes returned into the city, still wailing and beating their breasts. They remembered the words which they had spoken: "His blood be upon us, and upon our children."

answered Malchus. "Tell me what thou wouldst say to him. I am his trusted servant; I will bear him word." "I will tell thee—since I cannot tell him, and the time is short. "Here he paused to groan, then went on with a visible effort. "The young man on the further cross is the son of Caiphas the high priest." "Thief, thou liest!" cried Malchus, starting back in undisguised horror. "I lie not," replied Dumachus. "I am a dying man. I stole him with my nurse, Prisca. The girl I loved; the boy I took to avenge myself of a scourging at the hands of Caiphas, which I deserved not, and which helped to make me the devil that I am." When Malchus heard the name Prisca, he shook with fear. "Where is the woman?" he asked. "I know not," answered the thief, speaking with difficulty. "She was in Capernaum. I have a son, also, Stephen by name; I know not where he is. But swear to me that thou wilt tell Caiphas! He will remember the scourging—and the boy!" And the man ground his teeth. Malchus now ran to the other cross, and looked keenly upon the face of him who hung thereon; and as he looked, the conviction forced itself upon him that the man had spoken the truth. He reached up and laid his hand over the heart of the lad; it was beating still, but so faintly that he could scarcely detect the pulsations. "He is almost gone, happily," he thought. Then the words which the Nazarene had spoken flashed back into his mind. "He is near paradise—wherever that may be!" he murmured with a heart-breaking sigh, as he turned away. Calling one of the soldiers who kept guard, he slipped a piece of gold into his hand. "I must have the body of this young man, when all is over," he whispered. "Manage it for me, and thou shalt have thrice as much again." "The man nodded. "Where dost thou want it?" he said. "Here, I will come to fetch him down. Do not let them take him down, till I return." "I will see to it," said the man, looking at the coin in his hand. Then Malchus sped swiftly away. When he reached the palace he went straight to the private apartment of his master. Caiphas was alone. He was sitting motionless in his great chair, his eyes fixed and staring. "Master!" said Malchus, trembling before that terrible, stony face. "I must tell thee something—something which hath to do with thy son. And he cast vainly about in his mind for a merciful way of telling his frightful tidings. But Caiphas did not answer: he seemed not to have heard. "I have found thy son!" cried Malchus, drawing nearer and stooping over the chair. I have found thy son; and he is dying, or even now dead." Caiphas stirred, and turned his eyes slowly till that terrible unwinking gaze rested on the face of his servant. "Thou hast found my son? My son is dead? What is it that thou art saying?" Then did Malchus, in his desperation, pour forth the whole awful story. Caiphas did not move. "He is crucified, thou sayest,"—still in the same dull tone—"with the Nazarene. My son and the Son of God! Crucified together!" Then a frightful change came over his aspect. He sprang up, his eyes flaming. "Thou liest!" he shrieked. "Thou art trying to make me afraid for what I have done! But I am not afraid. I am glad—glad! Dost thou hear? Get thee away out of my presence, and never dare to enter it again! Get thee away or I will kill thee!" And with the howl of a demoniac, he rushed forward. But Malchus was gone. When he had reached the street, he sank down for a moment on the stones, and pressing his trembling hands together, groaned out: "My God! My Master! Help him, I beseech of Thee. And forgive, if it be possible!" Then he arose, and went swiftly away towards Calvary, stopping only to purchase supplies of fine linen and spices. As he turned the corner of a narrow street he found two men, one of them called him by name. He paused for an instant to look, and saw that it was John, the follower of the Nazarene. "I have with me a lad," said John under his breath, "who hath a woeful errand with thy master. He knoweth the whereabouts of his son, lost so long ago. I was bringing him to the palace; he cannot gain admittance alone." Malchus eagerly asked Malchus eagerly. "Yes," said the lad, speaking for himself, "many times yesterday." Malchus groaned aloud. "I know all that thou wouldst tell my master," he said. "But it will avail nothing to see him now. And as for his mother—let her remain in ignorance of the thing for a time. She hath enough to bear." And he told them briefly what had passed between himself and Caiphas. "I am going to see to the burial of my young master," he said, in conclusion. "Fis all I can do for him now, for whom I would have given my heart's best blood." "I love him too," said Stephen simply. "But I am glad for him; for he hath gone to a better place than this—to be with the Master." Then all three went sadly on, till they came to the place where the crosses were. The body of Jesus was being taken reverently down from the cross, as they approached, a number of persons assisting, among whom Malchus recognized two members of the Sanhedrim, Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus. John saw them on him at last, said: "They have long believed on him, but have not dared to confess it openly," replied Malchus, "even as I, myself," he added humbly. The soldier to whom he had given the coin, now approached him. "The lad is dead," he said in a low voice, "and the other also. Wilt thou that

we help thee? We must, at all events, take the bodies away—and soon, for it is near sunset." "Yes, help me. Here is gold," said Malchus huskily. And so it was that as the sun sank behind the horizon, all three rested in the peace of death—Jesus in the new tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, in a fair garden near to the place where He died, and the others not far away. For Sten had besought Malchus with tears, that the body of his father might not be left to the brutal hands of the soldiers. As they went away in the twilight, Malchus said to Stephen, "Where now wilt thou go?" "I know not," answered the boy forlornly. "There is no one, now, to whom I can go; and no place!" and he sobbed aloud. "Thou shalt abide with me," said Malchus warmly. But John, who had joined them, drew the lad to his side. "Wilt thou come with me?" he said. "His mother, now mine, shall be thine also; and thou shalt be my brother." Stephen looked up into the face of the disciple whom Jesus loved, and his heart went out to him; and he was comforted in his sorrow. Then they went away into Bethany to wait till the Sabbath should be past. TO BE CONTINUED.

"See, Marion," he said, "I have brought you shamrocks from the Hill of Tara. I went twenty miles out of my way when coming home yesterday to gather them at that historic spot. You will wear them to-morrow, will you not?" Malchus looked at the three bundles behind the horizon—Jesus in the new tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, in a fair garden near to the place where He died, and the others not far away. For Sten had besought Malchus with tears, that the body of his father might not be left to the brutal hands of the soldiers. As they went away in the twilight, Malchus said to Stephen, "Where now wilt thou go?" "I know not," answered the boy forlornly. "There is no one, now, to whom I can go; and no place!" and he sobbed aloud. "Thou shalt abide with me," said Malchus warmly. But John, who had joined them, drew the lad to his side. "Wilt thou come with me?" he said. "His mother, now mine, shall be thine also; and thou shalt be my brother." Stephen looked up into the face of the disciple whom Jesus loved, and his heart went out to him; and he was comforted in his sorrow. Then they went away into Bethany to wait till the Sabbath should be past. TO BE CONTINUED.

SHAMROCKS OR DIAMONDS.  
BY MARY E. GORMLEY.  
CHAPTER I.  
Martin Lynch whistled a lively air in the gaiety of his heart as he left his comfortable home in Mount Street, and set out on a brisk walk towards the suburb of Dombrook. He was a tall, good-looking young man, not exactly handsome, but having an honest, kindly expression which is better than mere physical beauty. He was warm-hearted and honorable, with a special horror of anything deceitful. He was commercial traveller for a prosperous Dublin firm, and having received a marked advance in his salary, he might put an important question—the answer to which would affect his whole life—to a young lady he had long admired and loved. So he had resolved that at that evening—St. Patrick's Eve—Marion Walsh would decide his future for him. Marion was a very lovely girl, very animated and gay, ever longing for an endless round of pleasure, and with no serious thoughts ever troubling her peace. People said of her that she was frivolous, a flirt, a coquette, quite heartless, not a girl to make any man happy. Martin Lynch knew that these things were said, but he refused to believe them. Love made him blind to Marion's faults, and although he had often admitted to himself that she was not what he thought the time had come when he might put an important question—the answer to which would affect his whole life—to a young lady he had long admired and loved. So he had resolved that at that evening—St. Patrick's Eve—Marion Walsh would decide his future for him. Marion was a very lovely girl, very animated and gay, ever longing for an endless round of pleasure, and with no serious thoughts ever troubling her peace. People said of her that she was frivolous, a flirt, a coquette, quite heartless, not a girl to make any man happy. Martin Lynch knew that these things were said, but he refused to believe them. 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it hard enough, especially in the severe winter; so, in her leisure hours she learned bookkeeping and typewriting, and at the end of another year found herself settled in Martin Lynch's prosperous establishment.

"My poor Nellie," her brother said to her when she came in one cold evening, with the frost and snowflakes glistening all over her. "It is terrible that you have to work so hard and I sitting here perfectly useless; it is such a very different life from what I had planned when I asked you to come here."

"But I don't work hard now, dear Michael," said Nellie, cheerfully; "it is so much better than teaching. I am all right now. I have easy hours, such cozy little office to work in, and a very good salary, and Mr. Lynch is nice and kind. All I want now is to see you getting strong, and you do feel much better, don't you, Michael?"

"Yes, Nellie, I feel so much better that I won't hear this idleness any longer. I am well able for some kind of writing or some other light work of home. I am glad to hear you say Mr. Lynch is kind, I was afraid he might not be, he looks so stern."

"Yes," answered Nellie, he looks very grave, and often very sad, I think. I fancy he has had some great trouble in his life, for although his manner is cold, I know he has a good heart—a real warm, Irish heart—he is so kind and considerate to every one."

Michael O'Mara succeeded in obtaining the home employment he desired, and felt much happier when he could contribute something towards paying their expenses.

Another year passed away. St. Patrick's Eve arrived, and when Martin Lynch opened a tiny package, sent to him by an old friend in Dublin, and saw the shamrocks nestled within it, he felt the pangs of the sad and bitter memory that always came to him on each anniversary, for through ten long years he had not forgotten the love he once felt for Marion Walsh, and his grief at finding her so false.

The next morning of the feast itself was bright and beautiful, and as Martin sat at his lonely breakfast, he heard bands playing familiar Irish airs, and looking out, he saw many of his countrymen, each wearing the shamrock on their way to join in the parade in honor of the friends far away in Ireland, and he wondered would he ever see them again; then he called to mind the many Irish friends he had encountered in New York. And, following this course of thought, it is not surprising that he found himself thinking of his pretty typewriter Nellie O'Mara. He had now known her for more than a year, and considered her a bright and industrious girl. Latterly, however, he became conscious that she was also very pretty; that she had an indefinable charm of manner; a winning smile, a sweet and frank ex-pression in her soft, brown eyes that was very attractive. He was aware that her only relative was a brother, who was rather delicate, but he was not acquainted with the details of their history, Michael's accident and long illness, and its results. Nellie's devoted care of her brother, and the courage and cheerfulness with which she faced the world alone—all this he was yet to learn. He then recollected that on the previous day he thought Miss O'Mara did not look so well as usual. Perhaps she was too much in doors; he was sorry he had not thought of telling her that she need not come to the office that day, and of course she would like to have a holiday to go out and see the St. Patrick's day parades in the city. Well, it was not too late to let her know; he would call and tell her.

Half an hour later Martin ascended the stairs to the flat occupied by Nellie and her brother. The door of their little sitting room was half open, and Martin could see Nellie bending over something on the table. He paused, half unconsciously, and stood watching her, and never, he thought, had she looked so pretty and charming.

"Oh, Michael!" she cried, presently; "do look at the dear little shamrocks. I was so afraid they would not arrive in time, dear old nurse packed them so carefully."

"Well," replied her brother, "they are very welcome, more so than anything I could think of."

"Oh, indeed—indeed they are," cried Nellie enthusiastically. "Why, Michael, I would rather see them than the finest diamonds in the world. The sight of them brings back to my mind all in one instant such happy memories of dear Ireland, and there were tears in Nellie's eyes as she raised the shamrocks to her lips and kissed them fervently, and two or three of those bright tears fell on the tiny leaves and sparkled like dew-drops.

Surely such a simple incident must be familiar enough wherever the exiles of Erin dwell, and yet it had a special significance for Martin, as in one instant's thought he compared this bright, unspotted, warm-hearted Irish girl with the selfish, frivolous beauty, Marion Walsh; and it was with a strange feeling of pleasure which had long been unknown to him that he entered the little sitting room, plainly furnished, but made quite bright and attractive by Nellie's refined tastes, and told the reason of his early visit.

The brother and sister were very pleased with the kind thoughtfulness of Mr. Lynch, and Nellie as delighted as any school girl at getting an unexpected holiday. Martin remained much longer than he had intended, chatting to them; he heard all about Michael's accident and illness and having discovered that the young man had a great love for reading, he promised to bring him some books to pass away the long, lonely hours that he was obliged to spend indoors.

All that day Martin Lynch felt a lightness of heart and a cheerfulness of mind to which he had long been a stranger. The next evening he called with a book for his well-filled book-cases, for such a confirmed bookworm as Michael had declared himself to be

—yes, only one small volume did my wily hero bring, because he wanted to have an excuse for calling again very soon, and as he was engaged during the day, of course he could only go in the evenings, and in the evenings of course, Nellie was also at home, and Martin Lynch remained to take tea with them. Then he discovered that Nellie could play and sing very prettily, and the hours passed away so pleasantly, and the cheerful, healthful influence of these two patient, brave, young lives soon showed itself in the change that came over Martin when his cold, reserved manner disappeared and his real nature, hopeful and trusting, asserted itself.

Yes, those were, indeed, happy hours that Martin spent with his young friends—so happy that they made the contrast all the greater when he returned to his dull, cheerless apartments. And so when he realized, as he did very soon, that it was really Nellie O'Mara's influence that had revived his faith in human nature, and the sunshine of her presence and bright smiles that had the power to make him feel so happy and at peace with all the world, it is not surprising that with this sweet girl, and resolved to try to win her, he was not very confident of success, however. He was not conceited; he thought that probably Nellie would never dream of him as a lover; she was only twenty-two; he was thirty-eight, and looked much older, and very likely she regarded him as a confirmed old bachelor. But he had all ways liked him, and esteemed him very highly, and of late, since they had become so intimately acquainted, her friendship ripened into much warmer feeling, so that when Martin, after long hesitation, summoned up courage to decide his fate, Nellie accepted him, and so made him happier than he had ever dreamed he could be during those ten long years that he had been alone with the great grief of his life.

In the early spring of the year they were married, and the honeymoon was to be spent in a long visit to Ireland. With his lovely bride at his side, whom he loved so much, and who returned his affection, he had no fear of painful memories troubling him, and he longed and so did Nellie to see the old land and old friends again. Michael accompanied them, and they earnestly hoped that his native air would have the effect of completely restoring his health. And so it happened that again, our three friends stood on the deck of the great ocean greyhound, anxiously straining their eyes for the first glimpse of the Irish coast. They had been delayed by a severe storm, but they now were almost in sight of land.

"And oh," cried Nellie, "I am so glad we shall arrive in time, and tomorrow morning we shall gather our shamrocks with the dew fresh upon them on the dear, holy soil of old Ireland."

Some babies appear always ugly tempered. It can't be all original sin either, not in your baby anyway. Your baby is not a cross baby for anything. He is cross because he is uncomfortable. A difference like magic is effected by Baby's Own Tablets. They do immediate and permanent good; they eradicate and do no harm. No trouble; no spilling; no difficulty getting them into baby's mouth; for very young infants they can be crumbled to a powder or given in water. They are sweet and children like them. No mother has ever used Baby's Own Tablets without finding that they do good for children of all ages. Mrs. M. Waters, Sheenboro, Que., says: "I have used many medicines for little ones but have never found anything equal to Baby's Own Tablets. I simply would not be without them in the house, and I strongly recommend them to all other mothers."

Baby's Own Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones, and you have a positive guarantee that they contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all druggists or mailed post-paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ST. JOSEPH, MODEL OF CHARITY TOWARDS OUR NEIGHBOR. We will now consider St. Joseph in his relations with his neighbor. As a carpenter, a voluntary exile, and a citizen of his native country, he proves to us, by his example, that of all the duties we owe to our neighbor, charity is the first.

The law of charity binds us equally towards God and our neighbor. It might be deemed necessary to use a different term by which to designate the supreme and absolute love we have for God in distinction from that we bear towards our neighbor. But to separate the love of God from the love of our neighbor would be to deny the nature of love, which engages the dearest and most intense affections of the heart, and which poses us to forget and sacrifice ourselves for those we love. The second commandment is like unto the first, says our Saviour, so much so that its origin and its end are the same, for it is the image, the will, the love of God; in a word, it is God Whom we love in our neighbor. We cannot separate the love of God and the love of our neighbor, for loving our neighbor in a Christian manner is loving God. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, thy whole mind, thy whole strength, thy whole being as thyself."

This precept is strictly recommended to our Saviour, and its fulfillment will be the badge of the disciples of Jesus Christ who will be known. The heart of St. Joseph was inspired with this tender and devoted love for the whole human family.

We must practise charity in our relations with our friends and enemies. It seems unnecessary for us to mention the love of our friends. Our Lord says, "If you love them that love you, what reward shall you have? Do not even the publicans this?" It is precisely that your friendship may not be similar to that of the pagans that your thoughts, affections, and hearts are referred to the example of St. Joseph. In his humble condition his friends were few. None are mentioned in the Gospel, unless it be that the title may be given to the shepherds and wise men who came to Bethlehem. Friendships which are produced by love of pleasure, sympathy of character, business relations, or natural affection, independent of a higher and holier aim, have not of God for their motive. The love of God for our enemies, and pray only for the duty of charity towards all mankind. St. Joseph greeted his neighbor with a friendly smile, evoked by love; and as no one was excluded from the love of Jesus, neither did St. Joseph deny his love to any one. Wherever Providence placed him, all manifested indifference towards him on account of his poverty, but he returned regard to the love of Jesus, and he regarded them with affection, and desired their salvation. Let us strive to benefit souls one each day of our lives, either by prayers or example, being particularly kind to those who offend us or manifest ingratitude towards us, and let us be convinced that Jesus Christ and His love are sufficient for us.

IMITATION OF CHRIST. THAT WE ARE TO REST IN GOD ABOVE ALL GOODS AND GIFTS. For Thou, O Lord my God, art above all things the best; Thou alone most high, Thou alone most powerful, Thou alone most sufficient and most full, Thou alone most sweet and most comfortable. Thou alone most beautiful and most loving, Thou alone most noble and most glorious above all things; in whom all things are united together in all their perfect and always have been and will be.

And therefore whatever Thou bestowed upon me that is not Thyself, or whatever Thou revelest to me concerning Thyself or promises; as long as I do not see or fully enjoy Thee, it is too little and insufficient.

Because indeed my heart cannot truly rest nor be entirely contented, till it rest in Thee and rise about all thy gifts and all things created. O my most beloved Spouse, Christ Jesus, most pure Lover, Lord of the whole creation, Who will give me the wings of true liberty to fly and repose in Thee? Oh, when shall it be fully granted me to attend at leisure and see how sweet Thou art, O Lord my God!

BLASPHEMY. MALICE OF THE SIN STRIKINGLY SET FORTH. You are aware, my dear friends, how fearfully prevalent is the vice of blasphemy—a vice which directly assails the Majesty of God on His throne of glory. You know, too, how little reverence there is among the vast majority of men for God's Holy Name, or for the Adorable Name of Jesus our Blessed Redeemer; a name so sacred, so holy, that according to St. Paul, "in the name of Jesus, every knee should bow in heaven, on earth, and under the earth."

Blasphemers seem not to know, or not to care, that the great God, Who holds them in His hands, has given, mid thunder and lightning, a solemn command: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for God will hold no man without guilt who takes His name in vain."

They forget the terrible judgment which God has visited the blasphemers who mentioned in the bible; to death for his blasphemy; was stoned to death for his blasphemy; the late and the blasphemous Sennacherib, whose whole army was blasted by the Almighty; the terrible punishment of Antiochus and Holofernes. But it is at the day of judgment when "Every idle word that man shall speak he shall render an account of it," that the vengeance of God will especially be manifested against blasphemers.

Blasphemy is a horrible crime coming from the lips of any man, but it is especially heinous in the God Whom they profess to believe in. The agnostic denies God's existence, and the existence of the soul. His blasphemy, he says, is meaningless. But Christians, who profess belief in the Creator and in our Redeemer, are found to join in with the infidel in blaspheming the God Whom all should adore. Especially is this sin horrible in the mouths of Catholics. Your Jesus is not the Jesus of Protestants. That is not the Jesus who know Him as you know Him. With them, He is not the loving, tender, merciful God, Who washes from sin the souls of His people in baptism and in confession; Who feeds them with His own adorable Body in Holy Communion, in order to strengthen them against the snares of the demon and to enable them to grow up to perfect manhood. Yet Catholics believe all this, and notwithstanding their faith and their knowledge, we find some of them who join in pouring out blasphemies against Him.

It was to prevent blasphemy and to atone for the outrages offered God by blasphemers that the Holy Name Society was established. Organized in the ages of faith, the Holy Name Society comes down to us through the centuries, enriched by the Church with precious special indulgences; one of which is a jubilee in each year, on the feast of the Circumcision, when the Holy Name Society is the grandest society for men.

Its rules are few and simple; its obligations are only such as every good Catholic should observe; its indulgences are rich; its spiritual benefits are great; one is a share in all the Masses, divine offices and other good works of the Dominican Order; another a share in

all the Masses and prayers said by the whole society. The society seeks, moreover, to fulfil the first petition in the Lord's Prayer: "Hallowed by Thy name," by promoting by word and example the honor and reverence due to the Holy Name of God and Jesus Christ Our Saviour. Are you a blasphemer? Join the Holy Name Society, if established in your parish, in order to overcome your sinful habit. Are you free from that horrible vice? Join the society in order to repair the insults offered by blasphemers, and to give to others the strength of God's good example. When you hear God's holy name blasphemed or taken irreverently, say with your lips, or in your heart: "Blessed be God," or "Blessed be the Adorable Name of Jesus," if it is the sacred name of Jesus that is blasphemed, in order to repair the insult offered Him. Go often to the sacraments to get strength to overcome all temptations to evil. If the society does not live in your parish, try your best to live up to the above little observances. Be assured that our Lord is generous and rewards a hundredfold, even in this world, every good work, and especially every act in honor of His holy name. Listen to His own words: "Whosoever you ask the Father in My name He will give you."

"Where two or more are gathered in My name, there I am in the midst."

"He who confessed My name before men, him will I confess before My Father Who is in heaven."

There is no other name under heaven, given to men whereby we must be saved. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, nine Archbishops and sixty Bishops have expressed the willingness to have the Holy Name Society established in their dioceses. This does not include the Province of Oregon and San Francisco, which received Holy Name and Rosary diplomas through the Dominicans of California.

C. H. MCKENNA, O. P. LENT. How quickly speeds the ecclesiastical year! But a brief while ago, and merry Christmas bells rang out the happy day that brought to us the tidings of salvation in the advent of the new born King. The altar was arrayed in glory and shone resplendent in many robes; the ministers of God put on the robes of gladness, the joyous anthem rang through fettered aisles and peeped through dome, and sweet incense arose with happy prayers to heaven. A season of holy joy and bright content was ours. But now how different the scene! The light and ornaments are gone, vestments of penitential color robe the priest. It is no longer the sweet and thrilling "Adeste Fideles," but the pleading "Parce populo tuo Domine." Again the churches are crowded, but the congregation seem solemn, subdued. And what has wrought this change? Now we have wrought this change on those heads that were smitten with joy and now they have become calm. They who but now were boisterous in their mirth have heard a voice issuing from the sanctuary, and which cried to them: "Man, remember that thou art dust, and into dust thou shalt return."

This remedy given by the Church is the only remedy to the strange madness of the world. It is Holy Wednesday has opened their eyes to the reality of the days of fasting and of prayer, of retirement and of mortification have commenced. He, who shall now remain in ignorance, he who shall not shake off the shadows of death by which he is surrounded, will indeed be culpable, for religion, the mother of all mankind, offers on all sides her succor, and her instruction, her peace and consolation.

A MODEL FOR MEN. One of the great and wise aims of Holy Church is to have constantly before us some of her saints. She well understands that man is a great imitator. Well, also, does she know how he is influenced by conditions and things which surround him. If he live in a perverted atmosphere, such will he himself become. In all cases example and association fix the character of the individual.

Hence the reason that we find her offering us for imitation those who won for themselves places in the category of her most elect. The present month she sets apart for the special devotion to St. Joseph the foster father of our Lord. In him she presents a model for all men, a model of every virtue.

From him she would have us learn the lesson of purity, patience, peace of mind and reconciliation to all the adversities of life. His was a humble avocation—a lowly man in a lowly station. Yet he became one of the most honored creatures, the very highest of all the other men of his time. And here is the lesson the Church would teach us through him. Be humble of heart and contented with our station in life whatever it may be, striving only at all times to do the will of God.

He is also presented to us as a powerful advocate of the dying. This, perhaps, will be best understood only when the shadows of death are gathering around us. But in his sanctity all stations of life have a model for imitation. All can learn from him the way to happiness during life and through him the way to a blissful eternity.—Church Progress.

Select books that are informing, and so far as is in your power equip yourselves with wide knowledge in all branches of history, literature, and affairs. Are you deficient in any of these? Then seek the best authorities, and bring yourself to the highest standard in that field without delay. Let your intellectual progress be marked with positive accumulation.

Sure Cure for Sick Stomach. Such maladies as Nausea, Sick Stomach, Cramps and Colic yield instantly to Peppermint Cure. It is a safe, reliable, and pleasant remedy. It is a relief. A large 25c bottle of Peppermint Cure will save great suffering and bid, doctor's bills every year. Do you use Peppermint Cure? HAMILTON'S PILLS DON'T GRIP.

Invite Your Friends. Every Catholic should make some effort during the holy season of Lent to get some non-Catholics to attend the instructions and sermons of the season in a Catholic church. Don't be afraid to ask them. Many of them only stay away because they are afraid of intruding or attracting attention. Make them feel welcome. Let them know that in the great crowds they will not be noticed. You can assure them that they will be instructed, that they will hear nothing to give them offense.

We should remember always that Protestantism is fast losing its hold on the people and that most people have some religious sentiment and would like to have an opportunity to develop it. Once they begin to feel uneasy under these conditions there is no Church appeals to their heart quicker and more thoroughly than the Catholic.

See how good a missionary you can be! Don't mind a little rebuke occasionally; it will keep your blood warm and will be the better for it.—Our Parish Calendar, Lawrence, Mass.

The Cause of Deafness. Deafness and impaired hearing are due not entirely to organic infirmities of the cochlear tube. Permanent cure is guaranteed to all who inhale CATARRHOLIN, as directed. The vegetable antiseptic is inhaled at the mouth, and after traversing all the air passages of the respiratory organs is exhaled through the nostrils; it completely eradicates the cause of the disease, and restores the ear to its normal condition. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and always held in stock. Write for particulars. For deafness, earache, ringing in the ears, head noises, tinnitus, vertigo, and other ailments of the ear, use CATARRHOLIN. Complete cure in a few days. Price, \$1.00; retail, 25c. Druggists or N. G. Folsom & Co., Kingston, Ont.

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THE FLAGGING ENERGIES REVIVED.—Con- stant application to business is a tax upon the nerves, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude comes, and there is a sure tendency to nervousness and stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irritability, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parson's Vegetable Pills will be of great service in restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

RUTS. The walking sick, what a crowd of them there are: Persons who are thin and weak but not sick enough to go to bed.

"Chronic cases" that's what the doctors call them, which in common English means—long sickness.

To stop the continued loss of flesh they need Scott's Emulsion. For the feeling of weakness they need Scott's Emulsion.

It makes new flesh and gives new life to the weak system.

Scott's Emulsion gets thin and weak persons out of the rut. It makes new, rich blood, strengthens the nerves and gives appetite for ordinary food.

Scott's Emulsion can be taken as long as sickness lasts and do good all the time.

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 17th, 1903. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAR. 21, 1903.

The Dominion Government has bestowed the honor of the Senatorship on Mr. Thomas Coffey, publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD—for which he returns sincere thanks.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

We suppose that the country hotel will get a much needed rest during the Lenten season. For those among our readers who know what kind of hotel we have in mind no description of it is necessary.

This kind of hotel is patronized by the boys—"bad imitations of polished goodliness." They are a rollicking crowd—good fellows all, and popular, as the saying goes, because they are nonentities.

Now we want to tell them there is not a sensible father who would tolerate them in his household for one moment.

Notwithstanding the refusal of Pope Leo XIII. to accede to Premier Combes' demand that the French Government should have the exclusive right to fill vacant episcopal sees the Premier has admitted before the Chamber of Deputies that it is not desirable to put an end to the Concordat, which, he says, is required by the religious sentiment of the French people.

The Bishops of Amoy and Caracassone have not yet been allowed by the Government to take possession of their sees, though they have been appointed to them for two years.

By the Sacred Heart of Jesus must be understood not the lifeless heart separated from the body of Christ, but the tender, loving Heart of the God-man, the seat of all His emotions, the fountain of all His virtues, and the most touching embodiment of His infinite love for mankind.

THE HOLY FATHER'S HEALTH.

Since the celebration of his Jubilee on the 3rd inst. the Holy Father has been considerably exhausted, though not really sick, according to reports from Rome, and considerable anxiety has been felt for this reason.

On March 10th His Holiness received with great solemnity a delegation of British Catholics who presented him with offerings and loyal wishes for his good health and long life.

"We cannot forget the noble series of encyclicals in which you have regulated the affairs of the Church with the kingdoms of the world, while strenuously asserting that independence of the Holy See which Catholics throughout the world will never cease to claim.

Catholics throughout the world, and especially those of the whole British Empire, will heartily concur with these sentiments.

It is still the belief of those who surround the Holy Father that he will attain the age of one hundred years. The fulfilment of this expectation is for Almighty God to determine.

It is worthy of remark in this connection, that after a public reception of forty-two cardinals held in the Pope's private library on the 1st inst., at which the Holy Father spoke continuously and vigorously for half an hour, he felt himself stonger and more animated than before he made this exertion, though his physician, Dr. Laponi endeavored to induce him to forego this reception.

THE OLD SPIRIT FLICKERS YET.

At Wingham a meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge took place on the 12th. We always think it a pity that otherwise sensible men should waste their time in meeting for such a purpose as that for which the Orange Association seems to exist.

We are told that the Grand Chaplain Rev. Mr. Walsh, of Brampton, gave a vigorous address declaring that it was said that Orangemen and Church people were not in politics, but they were all the time. We have always had it dinned into our ears that the Orange Association was not a political one; but here we have the Grand Chaplain himself stating that the brethren should be politicians.

Mr. Walsh, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. We have many races and many religious beliefs in this fair Dominion of ours, and the man who endeavors to create a feeling of brotherly love amongst all classes and creeds is the man we admire—not the busybody who does all in his power to turn the country into a veritable bedlam.

THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE.

Notwithstanding the refusal of Pope Leo XIII. to accede to Premier Combes' demand that the French Government should have the exclusive right to fill vacant episcopal sees the Premier has admitted before the Chamber of Deputies that it is not desirable to put an end to the Concordat, which, he says, is required by the religious sentiment of the French people.

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him that he would prefer that the Concordat should be cancelled rather than that he should make such a concession to any Government. Still less would he make it to a Government which has shown so much enmity to religion as the present so-called Republican Government of M. Combes.

In maintaining the Concordat, M. Combes said that "the people need religion." Surely such a contention is most inconsistent on his part, after doing so much to destroy religion in France.

If religion, founded upon divine revelation, is necessary for the welfare of a country, it must be because public morality and the welfare of nations depend upon the belief in God, and that He has revealed Himself to mankind.

If, then, religion is necessary for the people, it must be necessary for those who like M. Combes regard themselves as belonging to the higher classes. Nowhere is religion more needed than among the higher classes, who would degenerate into mere animals without it.

The people of France will surely not take it as a compliment from their President that he has virtually pronounced that ignorance is necessary for them, while the higher classes should know the truth, for this is what his way of stating the case amounts to.

We have long entertained the hope that the religious people of France would see the folly of M. Combes' persistently irreligious policy; but we confess we have been hitherto greatly disappointed by their apathy.

M. Combes makes the plea, however, that it is not against religion that his efforts are directed, but against a clericalism which opposes the Republic and aims to restore an effete monarchy.

The case of France resembles very much that of Belgium, where for a time an Atheistic Government also attained power. But the tyranny of Atheism was soon found to be unendurable, and at last that prosperous kingdom saw its folly in putting such rulers into power, and the result was that a Catholic Government was put into power which has given so great satisfaction that it has remained in power for nearly twenty years, notwithstanding the repeated infidel threats to overthrow it by revolutionary methods.

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THE APPOINTMENT OF BISHOPS.

J. D., of Rapid City, Manitoba, enquires whether Henry VIII. made Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop of York, as is stated in Buckley and Robertson's History of England and Canada.

P. A., of Montreal, also enquires as to the mode in which Bishops were chosen in the Church from the beginning, desiring to know whether it is not the case that they were chosen by the laity, and if this be so, why any change was made in regard to this matter.

In reply we have to say that a king or head of the State has no power to appoint a Bishop or Archbishop to any See, nor any authority to order the consecration of a Bishop, or otherwise to interfere in the administration of the Church.

Henry did nominate Cardinal Wolsey to the See of Tournai in France in 1513, after the capture of that city by the British army, the See being at that time vacant. The Pope would not, and did not confirm this appointment, but selected for it Bishop Guillard, the French nominee.

In regard to the more general question, how Bishops are selected, we have to say, as we have already said above, that the Pope alone can do this; and a Bishop who has been appointed by the Holy Father may select any Catholic Bishop to consecrate him to the office, with the assistance of two other Bishops.

As it is impossible for the Holy Father to know sufficiently well the qualities and character of all the priests throughout the world, he must rely to a great extent on the judgment of those on the spot, and therefore Canon Law regulates that an election shall take place for the vacant diocese when a Bishop is to be selected.

In the United States, since 1884, the consultors (who are priests) and the irremovable rectors choose the three names which are sent to Rome; but the Bishops of the ecclesiastical province are required also to express approval or disapproval of the choice, giving reasons for disapproval.

We come now to the specific enquiries of our correspondent P. A. In the beginning the Apostles, to whom universal jurisdiction was given by our Blessed Lord, had power to establish bishoprics, and St. Paul, who received the authority of an Apostle, exercised this power in regard to Titus and Timothy, placing Titus in Crete and Timothy at Ephesus.

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were approved either implicitly or explicitly by the Holy See. But this arrangement was only temporary, and finally the Holy See reserved to itself the election and confirmation to certain sees and afterwards to the sees of all the Bishops of the Catholic world.

From these explanations it will be understood that the details of nomination of a Bishop to a See may vary at different times, but must be always subject to the rules of Canon Law as approved by the Pope.

REPORTED DEATH OF MRS. MARGARET L. SHEPHERD.

The Michigan Catholic states that on Tuesday, March 3rd, a woman died at Harper Hospital, Detroit, whose name was registered as Mrs. L. Shepherd, and residence Toronto, Ont.

Friends of the deceased who called to see her at the Hospital state that she was "a very well known lecturer who had recently returned from a trip to Australia," and though a positive statement is not made that she is really the notorious "ex-nun" and defamer of the Catholic priesthood and sisterhoods known as Margaret L. Shepherd, the fact appears to be established by information in possession of the Michigan Catholic that she is the same person.

The deceased woman was admitted to the Hospital on Feb. 7th., and while there an operation was deemed necessary, but she did not rally from the shock.

It is well known to our readers that Mrs. Margaret L. Shepherd has been engaged for many years in vilifying the Catholic Church in the United States, Canada and England, and that she went to Australia about a year ago where she continued the same work.

It is stated that the remains were taken to Toronto for interment.

A WOULD-BE MORMON SENATOR

The Mormons of Utah have once more thrown down the gauntlet of defiance to the United States Senate by the election of Reed Smoot to that body in spite of the practical warning given a couple of years ago to the effect that no Mormon polygamist should be admitted to do duty as a Senator.

Mr. Smoot is one of the twelve Apostles of the Mormon Church, and was made the Republican candidate for the Senatorship through the influence of that Church, notwithstanding the fact that he is a possible future head of the Church and all that this fact stands for.

It was a condition of the admission of Utah as a State that polygamy should for all time be prohibited in the new State, and this condition was inserted in the State Constitution; and the presence is put forward by Mormons that this condition is being honestly carried out in the administration of the laws.

Notwithstanding this, an openly proclaimed polygamist was elected to the Senate two years ago, who was Mr. Roberts, but the Senate did so much honor to itself that Mr. Roberts was expelled from the House by a most decisive vote, as a lawbreaker in a matter which is to be regarded as of the utmost importance to public morality.

Now the Mormon Church aims again at having a high official of the Church in the Senate, and it has obtained the support of the Republican party in Utah for the position it has taken. It is to be feared that political considerations will have considerable weight in swaying the Republican majority in the Senate to not act with the same determination as heretofore in the maintenance of a great moral principle.

The matter will certainly be brought up in the Senate, as a formal protest has already been handed in against Reed Smoot taking his seat. The

The matter will certainly be brought up in the Senate, as a formal protest has already been handed in against Reed Smoot taking his seat. The

formal charge is brought by the Rev. J. L. Leilich, Superintendent of Methodist missions in Utah, that Smoot is a polygamist. Rev. Mr. Leilich makes a sworn statement that Smoot has a "plural wife" and that his marriage to the second wife is to be found on the secret record in possession of the President and Apostles of the Mormon Church.

Smoot is a man of education, about forty years of age, and is both wealthy and influential with his people, so that it is expected that a strong fight will be made in his behalf; but there is little doubt that there are senators of courage and determination who will fight just as resolutely on the other side of the case, and it is expected that there will be a more complete exposure than ever hitherto of the vile character of Mormonism as a religious system, and that their stratagems employed for the concealment of their breaches of the law will be brought to light.

It is our earnest hope that the United States Senate will sufficiently respect itself as to declare by its action in the present instance that it will allow no subterfuge to be successful whereby the sanctity of the marriage tie shall be tampered with, and that it will not permit a man who is openly or secretly a polygamist to sit in Council with the legislators of the country to assist in the making of laws to which it is his intention to bid defiance.

TRICKERY OF QUACKS.

The Catholic Columbian deserves credit for the exposure of a patent medicine trick by means of a test letter directed to a religious order the result of which appears on one of its advertisements.

The letter came back with an intimation that the person described could not be found at the address given. There is, then, no such religious existence; that is clear. Catholics are frequently pained by the sight of pictures representing members of religious communities in connection with those patent medicines and other productions. They ought all to be aware that members of religious Sisterhoods or orders would neither be allowed, nor would they likely do it if they were, to give their names or pictures for such purposes.

The particular fraud referred to above makes a specialty of "testimonials." A name was recently given of a person said to reside on 35th avenue in a small place in Quebec Province which probably contains only a few houses and a blacksmith shop.

There is another question which called the congregation in places where driven off the grounds, and have up small holdings. These tenants cede the property to the policy and the United State a redistr among the conso that each ot acreage of good by.

We publish in this issue an address on the Land Question by Mr. D'Arcy Scott of Ottawa, son of the respected Secretary of State. Mr. Scott's treatment of the question shows that he is one of our coming men, and it will not be long, we trust, before he will occupy a prominent place in the public life of the Province.

We congratulate our city contemporary, The Advertiser, on its improved appearance. It is now one of the very best dailies in the country. The editorials are calm, judicial, argumentative, and at the same time bright and interesting. The selections are made with good taste, and what is of importance—care is taken by the editorial management to eliminate all that objectionable sensationalism which appears to be a veritable disease amongst many of our American newspapers and a few of those published in Canada.

The new Advertiser building is an ornament to the city. Besides this, the very latest machinery has been provided. We have not the slightest doubt but that our bright contemporary will keep its place in the front row of Canadian journals. That such may be the case is the sincere wish of its contemporary the CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE LAND QUESTION IN IRELAND.

ABLE ADDRESS BY MR. OTTAWA.

"The Irish Land Question" is a subject of a very interesting nature. Mr. D'Arcy Scott in Ottawa, Thursday evening under the auspices of Literary and Scientific attendance was very land occupied by the Mr. Scott pointed incident witnessed when the landlord Nationalist and Unionist and Protestant agitator and came to an agreement given the force of a Parliament.

But while the duties of the landowners are to be relieved the tenant condition far superior before, still the landowners had been his fixed neither party, that the Land Commission the body established to revise the rents enough, and the hand thought that too high. For the Gladstone Act, at its height with and Parnell. It was dual ownership was a Conservative group were kept in power introduced a great Anshurton Act was bring about single-sisting the tenant landlords. This was the landlords consent. Under the Ashburton Act the Land Purchase Act established. When ant came to terms would see that the ting fair value for then the government the money to pay them to pay the and the tenants amount in annual state. This police worked wonder was allowed to purchase a land owner. He contented and industry and court soon succeeded comfortable on his seventy seven had been happy land purchase, an ment has already 000 for the purpose chase. But land brought into effect ally it has been of hundreds of whose landlords their landlord c means which are pleasant to the the strife that Ireland is broung cess of the Union of land purchases agrees to sell forward to a purchase, and refuses to sell the constabulary to collect his rents.

There is another question which called the congregation in places where driven off the grounds, and have up small holdings. These tenants cede the property to the policy and the United State a redistr among the conso that each ot acreage of good by.

We publish in this issue an address on the Land Question by Mr. D'Arcy Scott of Ottawa, son of the respected Secretary of State. Mr. Scott's treatment of the question shows that he is one of our coming men, and it will not be long, we trust, before he will occupy a prominent place in the public life of the Province.

We congratulate our city contemporary, The Advertiser, on its improved appearance. It is now one of the very best dailies in the country. The editorials are calm, judicial, argumentative, and at the same time bright and interesting. The selections are made with good taste, and what is of importance—care is taken by the editorial management to eliminate all that objectionable sensationalism which appears to be a veritable disease amongst many of our American newspapers and a few of those published in Canada.

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THE LAND QUESTION IN IRELAND.

ABLE ADDRESS BY MR. D'ARCY SCOTT OF OTTAWA.

"The Irish Land Question" was the subject of a very interesting lecture by Mr. D'Arcy Scott in St. Patrick's hall, Ottawa, Thursday evening, March 12, under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society.

Mr. Scott pointed out the wonderful incident witnessed recently in Dublin when the landlord and tenant, the Nationalist and Unionist, the Catholic and Protestant sat down side by side and came to an agreement, which, if given the force of law by the British Parliament would forever establish peace in Ireland and heal up the sores of the past.

But while the dual ownership established by Mr. Gladstone's bill did much to relieve the tenants and made their condition far superior to what it was before, still the principle of dual ownership had been historic and tenant-ship had been historic.

Under the Ashburton Act a department of the Land Commission called the Land Purchase Department was established. Where a landlord and tenant came to terms the department would see that the tenants were getting fair value for the money, and then the government would advance the money to the tenants to enable them to pay the landlord his interest, and the tenants would pay back this amount in annual instalments to the state.

These may be the sentiments of the Catholics who are fighting over the inequities, often advertised, of the land question, but with eyes raised to their holy religion and representations as to the rule and the sentiment of the Catholics.

There is another phase of the land question which he found in what is called the congested districts, that is in places where the tenants have been driven of the good lands by their landlords, and have been compelled to take up small holdings on poor lands.

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after the winter the Lap leaves his winter quarters, and, assisted by his reindeer, sleighs off towards the fjords, or the ocean coast, or on a walrus or bear hunt. After the season he returns to his winter roost. For nine months of the year the Laps are nomadic. Our Catholics among them are so different from their countrymen.

"The faithful reindeer is always on hand. Let us take a trip through some of these settlements. Our animal is usually at times; never treacherous. Not even the experienced Northern ever succeed in fully training the reindeer. They must frequently depend upon their dogs and small bears to assist them in subduing the proverbial reindeer temper.

"Of course your outfit must be of fur from head to foot, the cold, particularly in the mountain districts, is not to be trifled with. The Lap's sleigh, contrasted with the Southern article looks rather like an improvised device. It is hewn out of a tree trunk, and is never large enough to accommodate more than one person. We must be provided.

"The missionary will need an additional one for his portable altar and another for his baggage. Once seated be sure that the reins are well secured to your person, never under any consideration must you relinquish them, for once beyond your check the poor animal will start into a mad dash always more northward than the snowbound weilds until you are lost among the most ferocious beasts of the Arctic regions.

"Now ready for the trip. Though 11 a. m. by the clock, the moon is in all her glory. The few patches of plains to the right and the left covered with stumps and stunted shrubs soon disappear to give place to terrible heights and tremendous rocks until your journey is viciously punctuated by thundering cliffs and howling precipices. Ever forward and more daring the path, on the right the gaping deep of a glacier; on the left and overhead. One mis-step of our animals and we are lost. But they know neither fear nor danger, and you are as secure as you would be on the sidewalks of Broadway, New York. But the solitude would make you shudder; not a tree in sight, no shrub, nor even the suggestion of a blade of grass, no living being of any description. Nothing save the occasional footprints of the wolf or the fox whose hunger pangs may often be heard through the thrilling darkness.

"This we speed on for hours and days together. Our clothes are in armor of ice and snow. Only with effort can we control our eyes and mouths whose closing may be fatal at any time.

"What is the strange sound! A dog! we are nearing a settlement! A little while and we see the anxious Lap waving us a welcome to his little home. He is a Catholic; our messenger has told him of our coming. Greeting and reception is most cordial, but very unlike our experience in Caucasian countries. We do not shake hands; we must not under any consideration be taken from our animals. We meet back to back and mutually pat the others shoulder. This is a Lap. The Eskimo mother also approaches with her husband in dappled silks and furs to greet us.

"We enter the hut and are at once served with coffee. There is no table. The cups are passed around as we sit by the fire place. The sugar flows in strange fashion; the good mistress leads by biting her share from an ungainly looking lump and passes the rest to her neighbor that he may do likewise. It would not be well to hesitate or object to every guest helps himself to object to the trouble, and bite of a piece for you, with the suggestion to make yourself at home. Next comes a fresh reindeer roast and reindeer tongue. This is a concoction of which alone the Lap can speak. The parts are mixed and seasoned in a reindeer's stomach.

"Dinner over, the feast really starts. An animated conversation begins, every imaginable story, true, possible, or probable is hurried into entertainment. Questions without limit are asked in all sorts of order. Their troubles, hardships, fears and pleasures are freely commented upon. It is only toward the small hours of the morning that our Laps are induced to think of rest. And now the fur that so far served as seat, in turn serves as a couch. On the morrow the mission begins with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, offered upon the portable altar near the tent. After devotions the family assists at religious instructions and explanation of the catechism. It is so consoling to see now much of our past visits remains treasured up in the minds of these poor benighted people. Their life puts many even well educated people to shame. Naturally many of the less familiar doctrines are distorted with their own view of the world. Everything is considered, their knowledge of essential doctrines is amazing. Confession follows instruction and the succeeding morning the entire family approach the Holy Table. Next comes an hour's devotion to the Sacred Heart, to Whom our entire mission is consecrated, and upon Whom we look for grace, strength and blessing. With words of advice and further encouragement we leave them to head for the next station." Rev. F. Hartmann.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus is the life of our comforts and consolations. The sorrowing Catholic heart turns to the Divine Heart for solace, and turns not in vain. Anguish that no earthly balm can soothe finds in His Sacred Heart a divine sympathy and fellowship, and in its deepest sorrow the soul throws itself on His bosom. "The Heart of Sorrows," the weeping, suffering Heart of Jesus is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and the suffering soul finds its best and truest consolation in the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

In the presence of this unearthly cold and darkness, among a starving race of human beings to whom the flashes of the Northern Light are terrifying, not wonderful, the only guide of the devoted missionary is the light of his faith.

"But this is just the acceptable time for the missionary. The powers of the elements are overwhelming in more than one respect. Moreover, immediately

after the winter the Lap leaves his winter quarters, and, assisted by his reindeer, sleighs off towards the fjords, or the ocean coast, or on a walrus or bear hunt. After the season he returns to his winter roost. For nine months of the year the Laps are nomadic. Our Catholics among them are so different from their countrymen.

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In 1790, a young priest from the Beaujolais named Colin, who, from a child had the fixed idea of founding a new institution for evangelizing, set to work to carry out his determination. His first disciple was his brother. He strove, worked, prayed, and convinced others. The small society grew. It took the name of Marie. In 1822, having put himself into communication with the Holy See, Colin received from Pope Pius VII. a laudatory and permissive brief. After this Pere Colin held the post of director of the seminary of Belley, where instruction became one of his necessary duties.

"Now came the 'occasion' which launched the Marists on their special work. The Holy See asked, in 1839, of the Society of the Propaganda at Lyons whether they had not a man, or men, who could work in Western Oceania, a district that the Congregation at Rome specially desired to be cultivated.

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The Marists soon became a household word in that far-off part of the world. In some of the islands where their work lay, the inhabitants were known cannibals, so the prospect was not alluring. Certainly several of the number of devoted missionaries suffered martyrdom for their cause. This body especially ministers to the want of New Caledonia, and the convicts sent thither from France. This has, from a kind of unwritten tradition, become their particular task.

"The islands of the archipelagoes of the 'Navigators' and of Tidji have been worked and converted entirely by them.

"New Zealand owes its early Christianizing influences to them. Besides such far-off stations, the Marists have centres of work in London, Dublin, and Louisiana, and a college at Jefferson, as well as several houses in France."

"Irish humor" seems to be as eternally green as the Irish shore, says the Mason News. Nothing in the way of misfortune or trouble can wholly destroy it.

A few days ago a typical son of the Emerald Isle, although he had found a hard life-work, far from his native land, appeared before the anthracite coal commission. Before many minutes had been taken up in examining him the chances came for which he waited, as naturally as a duck waits for the rain. He testified that he had been half killed in the mines twice.

The judge remarked that he must be dead, then.

"But one, one side got well before the other was killed," quickly replied the Irishman.

HON. BLOWITZ DEAD.

The late M. de Blowitz, former Paris correspondent of the London Times, had a long audience with Leo XIII. in 1883, and subsequently was wont to say that the only man who had not disappointed him were Bismarck and the Pope. Though he declared that the interview with the Holy Father was of the deepest interest—in fact, the most extraordinary he had ever had—he never disclosed the purport of it. Many papers have described M. de Blowitz as a Jew. A writer in the Manchester Guardian, Mr. Richard Whiteing, who was personally acquainted with him, states that he was a convert to the Catholic Church and that he increased the difficulties of his journalistic position. In its notice of his death, which occupies more than a page of space, the Times leaves no room for doubt as to his creed. As a child he was baptized a Catholic and throughout his whole career he lived as a believing member of the Catholic Church. Amongst the papers which were found attending his baptism at Leo Blowitz, in the government district of Pilson, in Austria, Father Columban Tyne, of the church of the English Passionists, Paris, an old friend, who was himself an Irish journalist before he became a priest, administered the last sacraments to M. de Blowitz. The dying journalistic edified those who surrounded him by his spirit of piety. He kissed the crucifix several times most devoutly, and, later on, before Father Columban left the house, he drew forth two medals of our Blessed Lady which were continually suspended around his neck, he likewise kissed them with all possible veneration. Father Columban was again with him shortly before he expired, and a nun was praying by his bedside when he passed away. Over his head in the chamber where he reposed after death and under the crucifix that always hung upon his wall was placed the precious manuscript of the Papal Benediction, signed by Leo XIII., which had been for several years a comfort to him. The obsequies at the Church of St. Honoré d'Elyan, were attended by many who have gained the highest distinction in political, literary and artistic spheres.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Pontificate of Leo XIII., while eliciting as a matter of course affectionate demonstrations of loyalty to the venerable Pontiff, and of gratitude to God Who has spared him thus long to the needs of the Church, from the faithful the world over, has also brought out striking expressions of respect and admiration from non-Catholics.

The Rev. E. Edward Young, Presbyterian minister of Pittsburgh, Pa., said: "What more auspicious moment for healing the four-century enmity betwixt Protestant and Roman Catholic than these days of rejoicing over the twenty-five years' Pontificate of Leo XIII.?"

These days of rejoicing over the twenty-five years' Pontificate of Leo XIII. are not Catholic shall be so unbrotherly as to throw nettles amongst the flowers Christendom brings to the celebration? Anybody not satisfied with the personal character of Pope XIII. would be hopelessly hard to please. During two full generations he has labored amidst a blaze of publicity, every hostile searchlight turned on his every act; yet who has heard a whisper against his probity and his fair score by choice nearly all of his past score and thirteen years have been passed under ascetic privations, his food costing 25 cents per day, his total daily personal expenditures equal to those of the lowliest peasant, revenues from his private estate given to the poor and the Church, his every day one terrific round of toil burdened by countless details, his greatest papers written after midnight, when others in the Vatican, busied with lesser cares, were sleeping.

"Who studying, those vivacious, penetrating eyes, and hearing that voice, clear as a trumpet, mellow as a flute, pronouncing the Latin Omium Gentium as if the words were music, and witnessing the frantic love of his flock kneeling to kiss his hand and the golden cross on his slipper and watching his delicate fondness for the children and the humblest—who so seeing can class the most remarkable personages of any age? How he manages to believe some things he advocates I cannot understand, but that he does believe them I do not doubt. In his Church I think I see serious flaws; yet that he has rendered and will render humanity untold service of inestimable good I am fully persuaded. Henceforth let us content with it only in trying, if possible, to surpass it in usefulness."

The Independent, the Rev. William Hayes Ward, D. D., editor, says: "There has never been a better man sat in the Papal chair than the Leo who is now celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election and his surpassing thus the 'years of Peter.' He has proved himself one of the wisest, purest and most statesmanly Pontiffs that have ever worn the tiara. We can ask no better blessing for the largest Church in Christendom than that Leo XIII. may sit upon the Pontifical throne until he reach the century mark and outlive all that have gone before him."

"He has wielded the most powerful personal influence of any man of his time, and he has wielded it for righteousness, or has always intended to do so. The world has never seen a better Pope, and we doubt if he ever does see one. He has lived a life of purity, piety and kindness toward all mankind, yet he has shown in his attitude toward worldly events great wisdom and large liberality. The temporal power of which his office has been shorn has been a small thing compared with the deference paid him and the influence he exerts with regard to the world's temporalities, to say nothing of his far-reaching authority over things spiritual. . . . One beautiful characteristic of his reign is

that his voice has always been for peace, and in this as in many other respects he has been a faithful representative of the Prince of Peace. He has deprecated war whatever the provocation, and it is not a violent assumption that he has done much toward keeping the passions of nations from reaching the explosive point. He will leave the world his debtor, and will be known to future generations as one of the brightest ornaments of the Papal line.

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gloom over all gave way before the irresistible humor of the old Irishman. Twice in his life, as he testified, the old fellow had been half killed. For thirty years he had lived in the underworld, always in debt to the company, and only once in seventeen years had he received his wages in actual money. Here was a man over sixty years of age, whose life had run in dark and tragic lines, one who had been a slave to the mines and one in whom it would seem that all joy had been stifled forever. Yet as soon as this old Irish humor appeared before the prosperous and scholarly committee it was not ten minutes before his humor irradiated the dry proceedings and set the table in a roar.

How irragrant and perennial is that flower of Irish humor! exclaims a commentator on this incident. How like a star it is, too, shedding its kindly beams through the darkest night! Indeed, it is both star and flower, diverse as they may be; for could anything be more delightfully wayward, deliciously perverse and serenely inconsistent than this same Irish humor. Being over the twin sister of pathos, one will find it blooming in melancholy sweetness by the new-made grave upon the wind-swept hill. But if we may be pardoned the Irishism, it is also the twin-sister of joy, and so may be found troloeking where the sunshine of life falls brightest.

Out of the dark and grimy mine came this old son of the night, bringing with him this boon of joy as undying in the Irish heart as the beautiful shamrock is in Irish meadows. Bless God for the poor yet rich old miner, Jim Gallagher! And there's hoping that his Christmas stocking—if he had one—was filled with the good things of this world. He gave the entire country that priceless blessing, a good laugh. So we say, Let'er go, Gallagher.

OUR RELIGION.

In considering the Eucharist as a sacrament the very first questions which naturally present themselves are, When and by whom was it instituted? As with all the other sacraments, the Eucharist was instituted by none other than Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The time of its institution was the night previous to His Passion. Those who desire may read its history by turning to the first Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians. The three senior Evangelists have also given an account.

In the Greek the word means thanks. And according to the authorities quoted, on the above occasion Our Lord took bread into His hands, and giving thanks broke it and gave it to His disciples, saying to them, "This is My body which is given for you; this do for a commemoration of Me." In like manner, He took the chalice and said, "This is the blood of the New Testament which is shed for you in the remission of sins."

We have here set forth very clearly what constitutes the matter of the sacrament, namely, bread and wine. But of especial consideration are the words here used. Upon them depends the essential doctrine of the Catholic Church. For it is our essential belief that after the words of consecration have been pronounced by the priest the body and blood, soul and divinity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ are really, truly and substantially in the sacrament of the Most Holy Eucharist.

This belief is the essence of our faith. It is the great and all-important fact which has distinguished the Catholic religion from all other professing forms of Christianity. It is the doctrine of the Church since the eventful night previous to the Passion of Our Lord. It is the great dividing line between Catholicity and Protestantism. Failure to properly understand its meaning as enunciated by the Church, or better, perhaps, failure to accept the authority of the Church, gave rise to Zwinglianism and Calvinism and other heretical doctrines.

The Catholic Church teaches and her faithful children believe that Jesus Christ is really and truly present in manner as stated in the Blessed Eucharist. It is a Real Presence. And we have good and powerful reasons to support the doctrine. Some of these we shall briefly review in our next article.—Church Progress.

The process of education is a process of conquest, of overcoming. When you know a thing it is in your power; when you have learned to act rightly you are in your own power. Let me tell you that education is habitual; it is a process of accustoming; it is a peculiar thing in human nature that we can accustom ourselves to everything.

THE LATE FATHER LEBBET.

Calgary Herald, March 4, 1903.

The Gazette of Canaduff, Assa., has the following graphic pen picture of the late Father Lebet, a pioneer missionary of the North West, who died recently at the Holy Cross hospital in this city.

In Macleod last spring we met Father Lebet, and we were proud to make the acquaintance of the grand old missionary, whose devoted life and labors form part of the history of the New West. The Catholic church and parsonage are on the high bank of the river, which was a howling flood, a mile and a half wide. The handsome, big, old Frenchman—he was a Frenchman from France—was pacing slowly up and down at sunset, halting now and again to look at the torrent which held Macleod prisoner. His was a striking figure in that wild scene—the stately dark eyed old priest, bare headed, in the long black robe, with a crucifix in his hand, and a friend—as we stood together on the brink of that terrible flood—will never soon fade. A kind, gentle, and a strong man withal, he was a good man to talk with, for the parish priest of Macleod, besides knowledge and wisdom, had the saving gift of a genial and kind humor. He was good enough to invite the wandering heretic to call and see him again, but we shall never see him more—unless we quit the newspaper business.

After the service at St. Michael's church on Sunday morning, Rev. Father Boutin, on behalf of the congregation, presented Frank W. O'Connor with a handsome gold watch suitably inscribed. Frank, who is in every way a model exemplary young man, has served eight years in the sanctuary, and for the past three years has been senior altar assistant to the pastor, commending himself to the respect and esteem of the members of the congregation who thus manifested their regard. In making the presentation Rev. Father Boutin delivered a brief but appropriate address.—Rideau town Dominion.

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How dull this charge of "treason" would be to the extreme partisans of the Italian Government in Rome! They know that but for the presence of the Pope in Rome the grass would grow in many of its streets.

When King Humbert I. wished to bury his father, Victor Emmanuel, in the Pantheon—which, theoretically, he owns—he sent an embassy to ask the Pope's permission. The plan was to bury the dead King in the centre of the edifice. But the Pope objected to this, and in deference to his wishes, Victor Emmanuel was interred in the usual way, at the side of the edifice, and here his monument is erected. Treason! The Italian Government in Rome had apparently a good consciousness of no more a spoiler's right and of very uncertain tenure.—Boston Pilot.

The Protestant correspondent of a Protestant paper, the Living Church, writing from France, speaks as follows of the religious orders against which the French government is carrying on its infamous campaign: "The general subject of crusade against the Congregations brings up naturally the merits and services of the different bodies attacked. With the work of most of them, people are generally acquainted broadly. There are, however, some special Congregations of religious—priest and nuns banded together—who fall under the present ban, and with whose exploits people are less conversant. It may interest your readers to learn a few facts of a body of such men, who, from their fulcrum in France, have made the other side of the world especially their field of labor; whose names are indeed much better known in Australia, and the islands of Oceania, than they are in France itself. Such are the Congregation of the Marists. The Marists are a modern body; their work is less often quoted in papers and periodicals than that of others with greater antiquity and more sounding names in the roll. But they have, none the less, done devoted and true missionary work in the sense of the very first evangelizers.

In 1790, a young priest from the Beaujolais named Colin, who, from a child had the fixed idea of founding a new institution for evangelizing, set to work to carry out his determination. His first disciple was his brother. He strove, worked, prayed, and convinced others. The small society grew. It took the name of Marie. In 1822, having put himself into communication with the Holy See, Colin received from Pope Pius VII. a laudatory and permissive brief. After this Pere Colin held the post of director of the seminary of Belley, where instruction became one of his necessary duties.

"Now came the 'occasion' which launched the Marists on their special work. The Holy See asked, in 1839, of the Society of the Propaganda at Lyons whether they had not a man, or men, who could work in Western Oceania, a district that the Congregation at Rome specially desired to be cultivated.

Colin and his friends were signaled out, and the proposal made to them 'to go.' It was accepted with generous fervor. This was the beginning of a mission that has been actively worked ever since.

The Marists soon became a household word in that far-off part of the world. In some of the islands where their work lay, the inhabitants were known cannibals, so the prospect was not alluring. Certainly several of the number of devoted missionaries suffered martyrdom for their cause. This body especially ministers to the want of New Caledonia, and the convicts sent thither from France. This has, from a kind of unwritten tradition, become their particular task.

"The islands of the archipelagoes of the 'Navigators' and of Tidji have been worked and converted entirely by them.

"New Zealand owes its early Christianizing influences to them. Besides such far-off stations, the Marists have centres of work in London, Dublin, and Louisiana, and a college at Jefferson, as well as several houses in France."

"Irish humor" seems to be as eternally green as the Irish shore, says the Mason News. Nothing in the way of misfortune or trouble can wholly destroy it.

A few days ago a typical son of the Emerald Isle, although he had found a hard life-work, far from his native land, appeared before the anthracite coal commission. Before many minutes had been taken up in examining him the chances came for which he waited, as naturally as a duck waits for the rain. He testified that he had been half killed in the mines twice.

The judge remarked that he must be dead, then.

"But one, one side got well before the other was killed," quickly replied the Irishman.

gloom over all gave way before the irresistible humor of the old Irishman. Twice in his life, as he testified, the old fellow had been half killed. For thirty years he had lived in the underworld, always in debt to the company, and only once in seventeen years had he received his wages in actual money. Here was a man over sixty years of age, whose life had run in dark and tragic lines, one who had been a slave to the mines and one in whom it would seem that all joy had been stifled forever. Yet as soon as this old Irish humor appeared before the prosperous and scholarly committee it was not ten minutes before his humor irradiated the dry proceedings and set the table in a roar.

How irragrant and perennial is that flower of Irish humor! exclaims a commentator on this incident. How like a star it is, too, shedding its kindly beams through the darkest night! Indeed, it is both star and flower, diverse as they may be; for could anything be more delightfully wayward, deliciously perverse and serenely inconsistent than this same Irish humor. Being over the twin sister of pathos, one will find it blooming in melancholy sweetness by the new-made grave upon the wind-swept hill. But if we may be pardoned the Irishism, it is also the twin-sister of joy, and so may be found troloeking where the sunshine of life falls brightest.

Out of the dark and grimy mine came this old son of the night, bringing with him this boon of joy as undying in the Irish heart as the beautiful shamrock is in Irish meadows. Bless God for the poor yet rich old miner, Jim Gallagher! And there's hoping that his Christmas stocking—if he had one—was filled with the good things of this world. He gave the entire country that priceless blessing, a good laugh. So we say, Let'er go, Gallagher.

OUR RELIGION.

In considering the Eucharist as a sacrament the very first questions which naturally present themselves are, When and by whom was it instituted? As with all the other sacraments, the Eucharist was instituted by none other than Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The time of its institution was the night previous to His Passion. Those who desire may read its history by turning to the first Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians. The three senior Evangelists have also given an account.

In the Greek the word means thanks. And according to the authorities quoted, on the above occasion Our Lord took bread into His hands, and giving thanks broke it and gave it to His disciples, saying to them, "This is My body which is given for you; this do for a commemoration of Me." In like manner, He took the chalice and said, "This is the blood of the New Testament which is shed for you in the remission of sins."

We have here set forth very clearly what constitutes the matter of the sacrament, namely, bread and wine. But of especial consideration are the words here used. Upon them depends the essential doctrine of the Catholic Church. For it is our essential belief that after the words of consecration have been pronounced by the priest the body and blood, soul and divinity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ are really, truly and substantially in the sacrament of the Most Holy Eucharist.

This belief is the essence of our faith. It is the great and all-important fact which has distinguished the Catholic religion from all other professing forms of Christianity. It is the doctrine of the Church since the eventful night previous to the Passion of Our Lord. It is the great dividing line between Catholicity and Protestantism. Failure to properly understand its meaning as enunciated by the Church, or better, perhaps, failure to accept the authority of the Church, gave rise to Zwinglianism and Calvinism and other heretical doctrines.

The Catholic Church teaches and her faithful children believe that Jesus Christ is really and truly present in manner as stated in the Blessed Eucharist. It is a Real Presence. And we have good and powerful reasons to support the doctrine. Some of these we shall briefly review in our next article.—Church Progress.

The process of education is a process of conquest, of overcoming. When you know a thing it is in your power; when you have learned to act rightly you are in your own power. Let me tell you that education is habitual; it is a process of accustoming; it is a peculiar thing in human nature that we can accustom ourselves to everything.

THE LATE FATHER LEBBET.

Calgary Herald, March 4, 1903.

The Gazette of Canaduff, Assa., has the following graphic pen picture of the late Father Lebet, a pioneer missionary of the North West, who died recently at the Holy Cross hospital in this city.

In Macleod last spring we met Father Lebet, and we were proud to make the acquaintance of the grand old missionary, whose devoted life and labors form part of the history of the New West. The Catholic church and parsonage are on the high bank of the river, which was a howling flood, a mile and a half wide. The handsome, big, old Frenchman—he was a Frenchman from France—was pacing slowly up and down at sunset, halting now and again to look at the torrent which held Macleod prisoner. His was a striking figure in that wild scene—the stately dark eyed old priest, bare headed, in the long black robe, with a crucifix in his hand, and a friend—as we stood together on the brink of that terrible flood—will never soon fade. A kind, gentle, and a strong



CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Lenten Abstinence. One of the most commonly recommended acts of Lenten abstinence for Catholic men, is abstinence from intoxicating liquors during the forty days of penance. The rigors of the holy season have been so far mitigated that those engaged in hard and exhausting labor of any kind, that there remains little compulsory self-denial for this class. Whatever is undertaken is, bodily mortification, and correspondingly meritorious, since it bespeaks the yearning of the spirit of the occasion. Those who yield to the suggestion and forego the use of stimulants make thereby an edifying profession of faith and goodness.

This form of Lenten abstinence has many distinct advantages besides the resultant spiritual ones. It attended in some cases by substantial financial benefits. These may be and sometimes are productive of a permanent social and material betterment. So that from every point of view, both spiritual and temporal, the custom is fraught with great possibilities for good. It has frequently happened that the practice of eschewing all kinds of strong drink during the several weeks of Lent has led to the final establishment of the habit of total abstinence during all the other days of the year. It is needless to remark that no harm ever came from such an eventuality.

Total abstinence from intoxicants never broke any hearts nor destroyed any lives. It never contributed to the spread of vice and crime. No society or community ever found in it an agency of demoralization and degeneration. On the other hand, it has kept men strong and steadfast in righteousness. It has insured the happiness and prosperity of innumerable homes and families. It safeguards and promotes social and civic purity. It is the natural enemy of vice and depravity and sensuality, and of everything that tends to undermine that which is best and noblest in human conduct and civilization.

It is quite clear that naught but good can come from the inculcation of this form of Lenten mortification, either to the individual or the community. Nothing but good comes from the practice of total abstinence during the forty days of penitential endeavor and all the days that succeed them to the end of the chapter.—Monitor.

Getting on in the World. Be thrifty, be sober, be steady, be industrious, be alive to your own interests, go ahead and keep ahead—these are all excellent maxims. But it is insisted upon that the exclusion of higher and nobler ideals, that they are a grave danger. For there are higher and nobler ideals than merely the desire for money of fame or place or power. Yet in the advice addressed to youth in these latter days, there is too little mention of that solemn truth that this life is only for a brief space and the life to come for all eternity; and that therefore all our striving and endeavor is for no value to us if we ignore the better part of our souls.

A writer in The Public, J. H. Dillard, notes that of late there had been, at least among Protestants, a lessening of the sense of a supernatural motive. There has been, he contends, a transfer of supreme interest from the other world to this. Formerly, he says, and he has an excessive insistence on this, the present life assumes to be nothing. Now our insistence has come to be that this present life is all that we need attend to. Look out for the present and let the future take care of itself.

Most of the preaching in the churches, Mr. Dillard says, has adopted this tone. (Of course he means the Protestant churches.) It has ceased to emphasize as it once did the opinion that the main importance of the life hereafter, is a preparation for the life hereafter. In their methods of work, also, he sees that the churches have tended to "worldliness," and he declares that the so-called institutional Church and much of the work of the Y. M. C. A., which decidedly lays stress upon "getting on in the world," are indications of the same tendency. Two addresses which Dr. Dillard recently heard delivered to audiences of the Y. M. C. A. dwelt exclusively upon the virtues that are supposed to foster prosperity and worldly success. An announcement of the night school of one of these associations, which he recently happened to see, had a cut on the back representing a hand reaching for a bag of money, with the words, "Get there."

Now comes the most important point in Mr. Dillard's article, and the one which must strike Catholics forcibly. "In the universities, colleges and schools, we hear the same emphasis. In the commencement address of the past twenty-five years, it has been evident that the predominant note is that which keys young men to efforts for the success which belongs to personal ambition. We do not at all maintain that such good moral advice has not been given; but the influence counts where the stress is laid. Unquestionably in modern addresses to young men the stress is laid upon "getting on in the world"; and the advice is readily translated into personal ambition and materialistic ideals.

"The result of this preaching and teaching would naturally be a weakening of the spiritual and moral fibres. The partial divorce of the churches from religion—taking religion to pertain to the bond that links man to an enduring life—and the almost total separation of education from such religion, have tended to withdraw from men the stimulus to the highest ideals, by which alone they can see the true significance of this life, as not apart from, but a part of, the enduring life."

We should all like to see our people, young and old, prosper, but it is small consolation to know or feel they are prospering at the expense of their spiritual welfare. We have a duty as Catholics to do all in our power to lessen the influence of present-day materialism. Catholic parents can do

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BERT'S TENTH SALE.

His face was half freckled and generally, too, half dirt. In spite of this, however, it by some curious arithmetic you would find in that youth of thirteen years a face all sincerity and candor and simple honesty. Life is a glorious thing to some, but to poor Bert Tibbs ever once sufficing it. He had in him the rare, real stuff which citizens and soldiers are made of; a gameness of nature which prevented him from murmuring, and a cheeriness of disposition which could put up placidly with such plebeian ills as cold and hunger and the lack of household comforts. If he had lived in the days which have belonged to the Stoics or the Spartans. As it was, he grew up amid the obscurity of modern times, and his lonely home was down by the waterside in the City of Churches.

Bert's mother had died long before he was old enough to realize the full meaning of such a loss. Ever since that bereaving event the Tibbs family of three members had dragged along in the squalor and darkness of lower Emmett street. An elder sister, Maggie, who was but sixteen herself, kept house for them in a nominal sort of way. At least she made the beds and swept out the rooms and managed the cooking, which latter was indeed very elementary. The other member of the family group was Bert's father, Waldo Tibbs, a man of extraordinary shiftlessness, who never had any regular avocation or employment, but took odd, straggling jobs, sometimes laboring as a dock hand, and at other times serving in a nondescript capacity as spare hand at the electric car barns. The history of that father could be summed up in one ominous word—drunk.

Occasionally Maggie used to work at making artificial flowers, and in the engrossment of this occupation she had picked up an acquaintance with a young co-worker named Helen Waters, whose home was out in suburban Flatbush. The two became firm friends, and Helen, pitying the other's more straitened lot, often impudently urged Maggie to come out and spend a week at Flatbush. She promised, moreover, to render that sojourn an extremely pleasant one.

At length the opportunity presented itself, or at least Maggie so decided. Her father had just entered upon the riotous festivities of a characteristic spree, and Maggie Tibbs quietly reared that during the indefinite period of his carousal there would be no special need of any housekeeping. Bert, being of no account, could take care of himself; he was not old enough to be helpless like her father.

"I'll leave you seventy-five cents," Bert, she said, "do you think that'll be enough?" "Oh, sure, Maggie; that'll do: fifty'll do!" "I'll make it seventy-five," she said generously; "that'll not be too much for a whole week. You won't have to buy much of anything, you know; and then, too, things are so much nicer when they're cooked fresh."

"Always grease the pan well before you fry anything, Bert. Don't forget that."

"I think I'll buy sausages every day."

"Do. They're the easiest thing in the world to cook—and Mr. Maloney has such lovely ones; and he always gives you honest measure. Burkhardt doesn't; he'll skin you, Bert, every time if you don't watch him putting them on the scales. Now, don't grease the pan too much; there's such a lot of grease, anyway, in sausages, you know."

"But dad doesn't care for sausages, does he?" "No; they give him the hiccups, he says, and they make his stomach sour, too. If dad happens to come home before I get back, you can get him some eggs."

"All right."

good-bye; don't get one bit lonesome, will you, till I come back?" "No, I won't; good-bye!" and she bent over and kissed him tenderly and was gone.

The night approached, a cold, bitter, wintry night, with shrieking wind and occasionally a flurrying gust of early snow. Bert, despite his promise of immunity, felt melancholy enough as he lay there through the long dark hours on his bed in those dingy quarters and listened to the rage of the outer elements. He awoke early, very early, and went hurrying in lieu of a window pane, was blown in by the strong night winds, and through the yawning aperture the cold outer currents penetrated with malignant vehemence.

Bert rose and started a fire in the kitchen stove, and somehow nothing seemed to work right; dampers and drafts brought only puzzling results, and the smoke rook back from the chimney into the room in a way that made the youngster apprehensive. It was no use trying. He gave up the task and contented himself with a cold breakfast of bread and milk. Then, as if impelled by some instinctive wish to overcome the oppressive loneliness of those silent rooms, he pulled on his winter jacket and darted out aimlessly into the bitter atmosphere.

A tide of people hurrying up the street made Bert dimly conscious of the fact that it was Sunday morning, and that already good Christian folk were on their way to the morning services. There was no thought of church going in Bert's own mind, and yet he trudged on along with the others.

When he had reached the porch of St. Peter's church, the temple whither the throngs were tending, he halted short and watched the others as they hurried on through the huge doorway. His little white teeth chattered with the cold, and his hands, though buried in the pockets of his trousers, were by no means comfortable.

"Come, sonny," suddenly resounded a voice close beside him. "don't stand there freezing in the cold; get inside where you belong!" "You ain't a cop?" answered Bert, looking strangely toward the speaker. "No, I know I ain't a cop," answered the man, "but I'm the next thing to a cop. I'm the sexton, and my word goes around here just the same as a cop's; so you get inside. It's a long time for the Mass to begin, anyway."

Bert felt that there was some great mistake, but he stepped in as the stranger had bidden him. It was such a relief from the hard, crisp morning air! The smell of the steam heat was delightful, and yet Bert felt that it was not rightly for him to enjoy; it seemed to regard himself with a piffler, and still he wondered that no one detected him and ordered him to leave.

"Go up and sit with the children, my boy," said another kindly voice near him, and Bert sauntered up the aisle, his heart all a-trob with nervousness. No one else took the slightest notice of him; he sat down in a pew with several other youngsters, casting curious eyes himself around the big edifice, glancing up at the statues along the high walls, at the many pictures, too, that hung there, and at the towering altar, with its candles and candelabra, all ablaze. Everything was new and splendid and theatrical to Bert, and as no one came to turn him out he quietly determined that he would stay and see everything through to the end. He was happy to be in the companionship of so many silent, un-molesting people; and the coziness of the place made him think he was getting the richest of luxuries for nothing.

The service began, and Bert watched it eagerly, marveling what it all could mean. He listened with rapt ears to the choir; he drank in the words of the priest's instruction, and when all was over, Bert lingered in the seat after the rest, wondering quietly what next would occur and speculating as to whether any one would come and turn him out.

A man seated in a long, black trailing robe, such as Bert had never seen before, bent down to the latter.

"Well, my little man, which class are you in?" "I dunno."

"Stranger, here are you?" "Yessir."

"Where do you live?" "Down Emmett street."

"Well, that's in this parish all right. What exact class are you in?" "Dunno."

"And what makes you think you're not a Catholic?" "Coz my folks ain't Catholics, and I know I ain't never been baptized. I wish I could be, though. I wish you could make me one, Father Halpin."

"God bless your dear little heart, my child, of course I will. But there must be some sort of a story to all this. Come and sit down in here in the vestry with me and tell me everything. Never baptized, eh? Well, that's the strangest thing I ever heard of!"

Even afterwards Father Halpin called Bert his little convert, and was very proud of the youngster, making him an honored errand boy, and then, too, a favored pupil at the parish school. The only circumstance that grieved the priest was to see poor Bert's young countenance grow whiter and thinner from day to day.

A few years rolled by into Time's illimitable gulf. It was just at the close of the memorable mission given in St. Peter's church by a missionary Father of great fame, who had come over from the Passionist Monastery at Hoboken, and had spoken night after night for two successive weeks. His sermons were preached with immense effect, and it seemed as if all Brooklyn crowded in to listen.

One of the topics which the venerable man touched earnestly upon in his nightly sermons was the importance of possessing good religious books in every household. He spoke with particular favor of the "Catechism of Cardinal Gibbons," entitled, "The Faith of Our Fathers," and indeed, recommended it as a literary necessity for every home in the parish.

The demand therefore grew up at once, and Father Halpin, wishing to accommodate the appeal, sent out an order immediately for two hundred copies of the celebrated work. By some accident of expressage, however, the consignment did not put in its appearance until the days of the mission had entirely elapsed, and then the problem was, how to get rid of the books.

"Why don't you let us boys try and sell some of them for you, Father?" said Bert Tibbs to the priest one day. "Well, that's an idea, sure enough," answered the clergyman, "a couple of dozen of you good, energetic youngsters might take them off my hands. Suppose I give you nine or ten apiece."

So the youthful agents started out on their travels, Bert Tibbs the happiest and proudest of the little band. After a few days Bert returned to the rectory to make his report. He had sold nine copies without the least trouble; but, do what he might, it seemed as if he never could dispose of the tenth. He gave it back in despair to Father Halpin.

Next day Bert rang again at the rectory bell. "I want that other book again, Father Halpin," he said. "I think that I know a woman who will buy it."

"Good! Here it is. Who is your buyer this time?" "Mrs. Burdock, the lady who lives up on the corner in the big brown house."

"Mrs. Clement Burdock—I know her well—that is, I know all about her."

"Well, I think I can sell her that book."

"Oh, no, Bert, my boy, you won't sell that lady a copy of the work. How came you to think of her?"

"I had to bring a message up to her this morning, and then I had to wait until she wrote the answer. She made me sit down in a big room that was completely filled with books—books on the tables, books piled up along the walls, books everywhere."

"Yes, her library, I suppose."

"Well, I never saw so many books in my life; and she caught me looking around at them. She says to me, 'In what part of my books?' I says, 'Yes, ma'am; where did you get 'em all?' She laughed kinder, and then she said, 'Why, I imagine I must have bought them all.' Then I said, 'Well, I used to sell books once myself. I sold nine.'"

SURPRISE is SOAP Pure Hard Soap. Includes images of soap boxes and a person washing.

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Advertisement for O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt, including an image of the product.

Advertisement for Iron-Ox Tablets, including an image of the product box.

Advertisement for Household Cares and Maypole Soap, including an image of a soap box.

Advertisement for American Sewing Machines, including an image of a sewing machine.

Advertisement for Heat Marrow, including an image of a jar of marrow.

Advertisement for Heat Marrow, including an image of a jar of marrow.

Advertisement for Life Insurance, including an image of a document.

Advertisement for Life Insurance, including an image of a document.

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Advertisement for Windsor Supply Co., including an image of a product.

Advertisement for Carling's Porter, including an image of a bottle.

Advertisement for professional services, including an image of a building.

Advertisement for John Ferguson & Sons, including an image of a building.

Advertisement for O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt, including an image of a bottle.

Advertisement for Iron-Ox Tablets, including an image of a box.

Advertisement for Household Cares and Maypole Soap, including an image of a box.

THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. IN BUSINESS AS A SAVINGS BANK AND LOAN CO. SINCE 1854. 78 CHURCH STREET. Assets, - \$3,000,000.00. 3 1/2% Interest Allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents Upwards. WITHDRAWABLE BY CHEQUES.

DIocese of London. The Jesuit Fathers O'Bryan and Devlin closed on Sunday last a two weeks' mission in St. Joseph's church, St. Patrick's, St. Mary's, St. Michael's and St. Anthony's.

Death of Mrs. Patrick Donohoe. Mrs. Anna E. Donohoe, widow of Patrick Donohoe, founder of the Pill, died on the afternoon of Monday, March 9, in the seventy-ninth year of her age.

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as wisely encouraging the heating in the matter of matrimony and performing the ceremony of the betrothal, the helper of the needy and the true friend of all. There are very few of us who, in the term of our pastorate, have not lost some dear friend or relative whose last hours were made happier and more peaceful by your ministrations and prayers.

At the regular meeting of Branch 314, C. M. B. A., St. Catharines, held on March 3rd, 1908, the following resolutions were adopted: Resolved that we, the members of Branch 314, do hereby extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family of the late Mrs. M. J. Brown.

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two large instruction classes, one for first Communion and one for confirmation. When the Rev. Doctor was promoted he was succeeded by Father White, who devoted all his spare time to the work on the lines laid down by Father O'Reilly. Father White was eminently successful and carried communications from all classes in the community.

At Mount Cashel the Christian Brothers have a technical school for orphans, and they are succeeding well. Rev. Bro. Slattery, who has charge, is especially aided by nuns, as well as by the laity, to make such an institution an unqualified success. The Brothers are doing wonders. They have erected a new and splendidly furnished school building, and they have erected a fine block of buildings, workshops, dormitories, etc. This is done all by the boys in the school, and they are doing it all by their own hands.

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