

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1898.

NO. 1,025.

## The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, June 11, 1898.

### CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.

The Rev. Father Campbell (S. J.) lecture on "Christian Marriage," before the Baptist Divinity school of Colgate University, which appears in another column, has received much favorable notice from the secular press. Such a lecture is timely, and coming from a distinguished Jesuit, will make some optimistic individuals doubt as to whether we are going on by leaps and bounds into more perfect civilization. Divorce is eating out the vitals of society. It is granted for the most trivial reasons. Our separated brethren meet in solemn convalescence and then and deplore the fact and even denounce it, but they are powerless to prevent it. They have not that which can exercise a sway over conscience. The Church only founded by Him who restored marriage to its primitive state and cast over it the halo of a sacrament can be a barrier to the encroaching tide of legalized lust. She has stood a faithful sentinel, guarding the family, protecting defenceless woman and proclaiming always that what God has joined together let no man put asunder.

### A PLEASING SCENE.

We had the happiness of witnessing a scene that will long be pictured on our memory. It carried away with it all the weariness and worry of a day of toil, and brought back for the moment the freshness of the days of long ago, when "life was like a story that held neither sob nor sigh." On our way homewards we stepped into a church to assist at the devotion of the month of June. The altar was ablaze with light and the congregation absorbed in prayer.

Then came a voice ringing out the praises of the Master. It was a beautiful voice—clear, resonant, but the solemnity of the occasion gave it, perchance, an exaggerated value in our eyes. But it found the way to the heart, and as the waves of melody waffled to our ears the words "My child, give me thy heart," our eyes were blinded by the happiest tears we have known for many a day. After the hymn there was a sermon on Devotion to the Sacred Heart. There was nothing academic about it, but plain, earnest and soul-searching. There was a manliness about it eminently befitting an utterance from a pulpit. He outlined the theology of the Church on the matter, and then exhorted his auditors to give testimony by their love and devotion. They were admonished to be brave and strong—brave, despite the attacks of the minimizers and lukewarm, and strong against the blandishments of the world and flesh. Religion is not an affair of moods, or even association with religious societies, but of service. It is an affair of loyalty to the Redeemer in stress and storm as well as in peace and sunshine. It is the dominion of the spiritual over the material.

In conclusion, he besought the congregation to take the pledge during the month to abstain from all intoxicating liquors. It is a practical manner of honoring the Sacred Heart, and we but wish that every Catholic would take it to heart. It means self-denial, and that is one of God's angels—who points out to us the higher and nobler paths of life.

### T. P. O'CONNOR ON GLADSTONE.

In Reminiscences of Public Life, Mr. T. P. O'Connor has some notes on Mr. Gladstone which may prove of interest at the present time. The great Englishman often said that he would take an interest in Irish affairs while there was breath in his body.

He says that of all the things about Mr. Gladstone the most potent and magnetic was his voice:

"Its deep and musical note suggested always to me something leonine. So strong was this impression upon one that when I sat at the same table with him in one of the division lobbies, and heard him carry on even a conversation in an ordinary tone with somebody else, the utterance produced a certain nervous thrill."

Referring to his conversational powers, he says:

"Everybody knows how delightful a conversationalist Mr. Gladstone is. It is not the omniscience;

it is the charm of his talk. I have known omniscient talkers who were among the very greatest bores I ever met and whom I would walk many miles to avoid. But the omniscience of Mr. Gladstone is free from anything like pretence: is so candid, varied and interesting that it is a delight which nobody who has been under the spell of his talk would be able to forget. Of some of his struggles in his old days and with old opponents he talked indeed with the greatest good humor and enjoyment—as though the things were trifles. After the desertion of Chamberlain he never once referred to him. It must be said also to the credit of the Birmingham politician that he took advantage of every opportunity to pay his respects to his former leader."

Much has been said of the "great dead," but one cannot appreciate now in due measure his life's work. He did many things and earnestly. Whether he was solving financial problems or rummaging in old libraries or lecturing before universities or protesting against wrong and oppression he was always the man of irresistible energy.

His career may give one more proof of the fact that brain work has never injured anybody. Giesinger, the great German, says that "Purely intellectual over-pressure seldom leads to insanity, but among the most frequent causes is over strain of the emotions."

We lay our meed of respect and gratitude before his tomb. He lies hard by his peers—the giants of intellect, who from their thrones in Westminster Abbey still rule the world. And he, too, will exercise his power, for none there are nobler than he who lately laid aside forever the care and worry and battle of life. His tenacity of purpose and indomitable determination have ennobled our manhood: his intellect has shed a new lustre on English literature: his courtesy in debate has raised for all time the standard of the House of Commons: his matchless eloquence has added new wealth to the world's treasury of noble thoughts, and his ideal family life has taught this generation that within the precincts of the home lies the source of purest happiness.

### AN OVERSIGHT.

Reading some time ago an address by one of our leading men, on the factors that have contributed to the founding of our civilization, we were struck by the cool manner in which he passed over the early missionaries. Perhaps it was an oversight—and perhaps it was bigotry. We charitably suppose that they must have escaped his notice; but any such address must pay some attention to the heroic priests of the first days of Canada. His address was in some respects a very able one. He chanted with skillful tongue the thanksgiving hymn of Canada. He also returned thanks for the numberless blessings which have been bestowed upon Canada by the Giver of every good and perfect gift. He returned thanks for her fertility of soil, her salubrity of climate, her exhaustless resources, her majestic possibilities, and for the energy of those who, receiving at her hands the gifts of liberty and peace, are proud to call her mother.

All this sends a thrill of gladness through our hearts and strengthens our spirit of gratitude. But when we lay our tribute of recognition for services rendered before the men who have been instrumental in shaping and directing the destinies of our country, let us not forget those who were the first to place our feet on the path of progress and prosperity. We refer to our early explorers and missionaries. The records that tell of their labors have inspired many a glowing page, but they still wait to grow under a reverential hand into a grand historical picture. Parkman has done much, but the secret of their toils and enthusiasm is known only to those who are children of the Catholic Church. We are too busy keeping up with the wild rush for place and wealth to devote much time to the study of the careers of those who builded better than they knew. To all, however, who love the history of their native land we recommend the perusal of the life of the early missionaries, who bore across the ocean the blessings of Christian civilization leaving behind them the narrowness and hatred, the political and social wrongs with which it had become associated, and who, derided by

the unthinking, will ever be revered by all who can be thrilled by unselfish thought and deed. It is stimulating in an age of softness and low aims to look back and see them accompanying the savages in their wanderings, now narrating the story that has transformed the world again exposed to brutal rage and cruelty, but possessing ever their souls in unalterable peace. Heroes there are, but none worthier of a place in the roll of fame than the missionary of Canada. To plant the flag in the blazing battery of the enemy, to lay the hand of charity on the disease-stricken, is surely heroic; but to live away from the amenities of life and to die as becometh men and ministers of Christ, as men unflinching and unwavering and as ministers of Christ with a blessing for the torturer, is on a higher plane of heroism.

The name of Jacques, Lallemand, Breboeuf, should be kept before the minds of our youth. They are inseparably connected with our history. Their faith and matchless courage are our heritage, and their lives may be perused again and again and always with profit. Let us not forget this. These fearless soldiers of Loyola were "sowers of infinite seed, woodmen that hewed towards the light."

### A JESUIT TALKS, BAPTISTS LISTEN.

Remarkable Spectacle in the Divinity School of Colgate University.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times, May 28.

Worthy of special notice as an occurrence probably unique and as a source of gratification not only to Catholics, but to Christians of all shades of belief who rejoice in every evidence of increasing fellowship and good will was the spectacle presented some days ago in the Baptist Divinity School of Colgate University, an important seat of learning near Utica, N. Y. In the presence of a great audience composed of venerable ministers, university professors and students, Very Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., president of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., and formerly provincial of the Society of Jesus, delivered an address on "Christian Marriage." The speaker and the audience, so wide apart in many of their views, would make the occasion remarkable, but the address itself was no less so. In commenting editorially upon the discourse the Utica Observer said:

"The treatment the subject received was illustrative of the broad culture and the strong and pure character of the orator. He held his audience closely to the end, and at the conclusion the venerable doctors of divinity present were the first to press forward and express to Dr. Campbell their gratified assent to his able and scholarly utterances."

Owing to the great length of Father Campbell's discourse, we are only able to give a few of the striking passages. "There is in my mind," said the speaker, "no doubt that the acceptance or the rejection of the doctrine of Christ's divinity is fraught with consequences similar to those which confronted the Hebrew people, but which they were too blind to see nineteen hundred years ago. Its rejection means national ruin. For we must not forget that our civilization is a Christian civilization, or, as the infidel Prudhon put it, 'theology (which for him meant Christianity) is at the bottom of our laws.' If you destroy one, you destroy the other. Take away the foundation and the edifice that rests upon it necessarily falls."

"This is particularly true with regard to that part of the divine legislation which concerns the marriage contract. Christ's enactment upon that point is formulated in a brief passage of Matthew and Mark. Therein He not only condemns the legislation of the then existing nations, but also reprobates the abuse which Moses had allowed to creep into the practice of the people of God, and He clearly marks out the course which future generations are to follow if they are to avoid the dangers of the past."

"In a few rapid words He there declares, first, that marriage is a divine institution which no human authority has a right to invade. Secondly, that it is a holy thing, with a holiness which, as the Apostles subsequently described it, is like Christ's own mystical union with His Church. Thirdly, that it is indissoluble, for the bill of divorce, he declared, was an abuse which had been permitted only because of the corruption of men's hearts. Lastly, it was for two in one flesh, and consequently polygamy was not to be endured."

"Here, then, is the thesis of this paper. This single law which Christ as ruler of the world promulgated is of such a nature that if not obeyed the family, and as a consequence the nation itself, must inevitably perish."

THE LESSONS OF HISTORY.

"I base this assertion not on any

doctrinal reasons, but on a simple historical presentation of facts.

"I shall appeal first to the history of some of the great races which rose and fell before the advent of Christianity and which had lost the tradition of marriage as God first instituted it in the Garden of Eden; secondly, to those which once were Christian, but which subsequently abandoned the faith of Christ. When that is done we shall look at marriage as it was established by the Creator and restored by Christ, and it will not be hard to conclude that upon Christ's legislation on this matter of marriage depends, as I have said, the very existence of our present civilization."

"A primary condition of the stability of this compact is the recognition and admission of the truth that the party most interested, viz., woman, is not man's slave, but his equal, that she is the guardian of purity as a virgin, a wife and a mother, and the depositary and exponent of the gentle and refining qualities which make for the elevation and the preservation of the nations. Only Christian marriage, I maintain, keeps for her those glorious prerogatives, and in consequence prevents the ruin of the Commonwealths of the world."

"Let us begin with the ancient Greeks, that wonderful people which was without exception the most intellectual and cultured the world has known, yet which in spite of its unchallenged pre-eminence had almost completely eliminated from its mind and heart the proper appreciation of woman's dignity and woman's glory. A glance at their religious ideals will convince us of that. To take but a few of their female deities, what was Aphrodite or Venus but the most degraded human lust elevated into an object of cult? The chaste Diana, as she is called, whose vestiture accords but little with our ideas of what Chastity clothes herself with, had human sacrifices as part of her worship—the ancients' idea possibly of what woman's influence was on the human race. Pallas Athene added to the slaughter-loving brutality of the masculine Mars the low element of cunning, and appears unwoman-like in full armor and glittering spear, with serpents hissing in her hair and on her breast, and with the Gorgon on her shield which stiffens all the earth to stone. Of Juno and her relations to her spouse and others we need say nothing. They are too foul to be thought of. When despairing humanity looked to heaven it saw only what was abominable even for the earth."

"So also for the heroines of literature. Even the sweet Adromache of Homer is made to utter a most unwelcome sentiment by Euripides, in her parting words to Hector, and she becomes a degraded slave after the death of her warrior husband. Penelope's much-praised and therefore unusual fidelity is not above suspicion. Iphigenia, who figures in many a pathetic story, is a priestess of the bloody rites of Diana, and was accustomed to offer human sacrifices, especially of strangers, on the altars of the goddess. Clytemnestra rises before us brandishing her bloody dagger over her sleeping husband. Medea scatters the mangled remains of her children as she flees away to an adulterous connection after murdering her rival. Hecuba murdered the sons of Polyemator after putting out their father's eyes. Polyemata was the instrument employed to seduce Achilles to betray the Greeks, and subsequently to cause his assassination. Antigone was a suicide, and these cover the whole field of their ideal as to woman's work and woman's influence on society. The greatest poem of antiquity turns upon the most outrageous breach of hospitality in the abduction of Helen, which was condoned and defended by a whole race, while the lives of the avengers demonstrate that it was not the vindication of female honor but other motives that evoked the strife."

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

"So much for the Greek ideal. The real corresponded to it. In that period of Grecian history which is known as the age of Pericles, in which culture reached the highest point it ever before or since attained, when its painting, sculpture, poetry, philosophy, oratory and even war represented human power at its zenith, the condition of womankind, and consequently the condition of morality, was most appalling. The Greek wife was kept in absolute seclusion, was married when still a child, and remained in subjection all her life, first to her husband and afterwards to her own children. She was permitted to weave, embroider, spin and care for her slaves and children, but that was all. She never attended public spectacles, received no male visitor except in the presence of her husband, and had no seat at table when male guests were there. Phidias illustrated the popular conception of her condition by painting her as a heavenly Aphrodite standing on a tortoise, to imply that the duty of a good wife was like the tortoise, to remain shut up at home and in silence. Her hair is long, the adage runs, 'but her wits are short.' There was no honor given to her as a partner and companion of her husband. His life was not hers, and was spent mainly away from home. His interests were in the assembly and in the theatre, and his house was only a shelter for the evening or the night, and his wife useful to him for keeping house and bearing him legitimate children. In such a condition of family life divorce was necessarily common, and was frequently a matter of mutual consent. Nay, arbitrary powers were given to the husband to put away his wife as if she were a slave, or bestow her in marriage upon another or even dictate whom she should marry after his death. Slavery made all licentiousness easy, and every home infected, in the country as well as in the town. The gladiatorial shows introduced by Rome later added a new horror, and as a modern historian has expressed it, the whole country became a dismal swamp of blood and filth."

"Is it any wonder, then, that this people, which was so marvelously gifted, the people which at that very time had its Demosthenes, its Aristotle, its Plato, its Euclid and its Sophocles, nay, who even produced an Alexander who was such a marvelous conqueror in war, should fall without a struggle and become the degraded slaves and panderers of its conquerors? And though they filled the world with their glory, their eclipse was unremarked. As some one said of the lower Empire later on, they had sunk so low by their immorality that they made no noise when they fell. It is an irrefragable proof—if proof be needed—of the absolute powerlessness of mere intellectual culture to build up a nation's greatness, to maintain its strength or avert its ruin."

ROME'S SIMILAR FATE.

"Let us look at this same truth in the history of that other people which had assimilated all the culture of the Greeks and added to it, besides, a material greatness and a military domination which summed up and surpassed all that preceding earthly powers had ever attained; I mean the Roman Empire—the fourth beast of Daniel, 'terrible and wonderful and exceedingly strong, treading down the rest with its feet,' that empire which in the minds of its people was a deity that never could be destroyed. Consider how its decline and fall ally with the disruption of the marriage relation and the profligacy that inevitably followed. "The various methods of entering that sacred compact which obtained among them we dismiss—all except one. They are mostly too shameful to speak of in an assembly like this. The most solemn one, that of confarreatio, as it is called, the marriage that was contracted only after consulting the auspices, in the presence of all the gods with most august ceremonies, brought to the woman merely subjection to man. She was, in the words of the ceremony, delivered to him. She became about the equal of his daughter, and was entitled to a share in the family possessions as a child. She was merely for pleasure, for respectability perhaps, and the procreation of a family. When she displeased her lord and master by becoming old or losing her beauty, a servant opened the door of her home and she went. 'Col. lio sarcinulas dicit libertas, et exi,' writes Juvenal. 'Gather your traps, the freedman will say, and go.' "Clearly such a union could not be lasting, and though respect for ancient traditions kept them in check for a little while, the divorce introduced by Roman laws was practiced under every form and for every motive. There were divorces of the rich, divorces of the wearied, divorces that came like a May day moving because that year was up; there were divorces for gain, as when Cicero dismissed his beloved Terentia, over whom he weeps so copiously in his letters because his creditors were pressing him, and Terentia's funds were low, and there were divorces of generosity, as when that amazing censor of morals, Cato, transferred his wife to Hortensius because she pleased Hortensius' fancy, and so on, rich and poor, Emperor and subject, wives were like old shoes, as one writer contemptuously said, to be flung aside when no longer serviceable. "What was the consequence? Woman began to count their ages not by their years, but by their divorces, says Seneca. They divorced to marry and married to divorce, and the quality which men refused them in the practice of domestic virtue they acquired by the practice of public vice. The noblest women of the State took part in the most abominable drunken and impure nightly orgies; they had a place of honor in the horrors of the amphitheatre and gave the signal to butcher the unhappy gladiator who knelt at their feet, expecting mercy at least from them; and when a madness for obscene and bloody contests in the arena took possession of the whole Roman nobility, the women descended there, and scenes were enacted over which we must draw the veil. 'Woman,' says Seneca, 'is an animal without shame,' and in speaking of the women of his day it was true. Every one knows what followed: the successive murders of the divine emperors immediately after Augustus, the wild uprising and butcheries of the slaves, of whom the empire was full, and then the devastating sweep of the naked savages from the North, who

trampled with contempt on the ashes of the world-wide Empire of Rome that was thought to be immortal. "What is true of these splendid civilizations is also true of savage tribes. We have it from Cæsar himself that among the Germans wives could be sold or killed at pleasure, and that on the death of their husband, it was not an uncommon thing for all the wives (for they were polygamists and that says everything) to be buried alive or slain amidst the most atrocious torments. "It only goes to prove that the highest and the lowest, the civilized and the savage have no notion of the rights of woman, the equality of the sexes and the sacredness of the family unless the divine institution which was imparted to the human race at the beginning and elevated and consecrated by the Redeemer be known and observed."

A MODERN EXAMPLE. Coming down to modern times the speaker drew a startling picture of France, where marriage has been degraded to a civil contract, rescindable like any other, and where successive governments, with what looks like a diabolical premeditation, have systematically and successfully aimed at the destruction of family life. "In seven years after divorce was permitted in France, a thing undreamt of since the beginning of its Christianity, there were 10,000 divorces—10,000 households disrupted and dishonored. When we add to this that almost half of the marriageable men are single, and that a large number of marriages are without issue, we can appreciate the warning of Jules Simon, one of its ablest statesmen, that if France has soldiers to defend it now, in a few years it will have none. France is without children. And the glorious nation of soldiers and saints finds itself in the presence of national disaster, because of its national crime, and with an unnameable stigma upon its once fair fame. "What has been its history ever since it began this war upon family life? We would willingly draw a veil over it, for the love we have for its past. But here it is in a few words. Characteristically beginning by enthroning a courtesan upon the very altar of Notre Dame, and inaugurating an orgy of blood that is unparalleled in the history of modern civilization, it has ever since persecuted the name of Jesus Christ. It periodically breaks out into its saturnalia of crime. It has murdered the three last archbishops of its greatest city as a culmination of its atrocious slaughter of multitudes of priests and nuns and devout Christian laymen; it has driven the Sister of Charity from the bedside of the dying, closed up churches where God was worshiped and torn the crucifix from the schools, to take even from childhood anything that reminds it of Christ. It is a worse persecutor in some respects than the old pagans, for it has the bitterness and knowledge of an apostate, and its bitterness becomes greater as the nation becomes more decrepit. And decrepit it is. Its history during the century has been a succession of tottering governments, while the world looks on and jeers. It counts for less every day in the councils of Europe. In the possible cataclysm that may come upon the nations, its only ally is a relentless persecutor of the old faith of France, and there can be little doubt that as pagan Rome fell before the German invader, this once glorious nation, unless the prayers of its former saints and the supplication of some of its still faithful children avert the disaster, will pass from among the nations. There are no families. Why should she or how can she remain a nation?"

IN AMERICA.

"In the light of all this, is there not a genuine reason for apprehension in our own country? We are proud of our strength as a nation, but let us put the question frankly: 'Is not the same cause in the past at work among us?' The official census declares that between 1896 and 1885 (and things have grown much worse since there were not less than 500,000 applications for divorce. Can you estimate what that means? 500,000 families broken up in twenty years; and what is most alarming, without the reproach that rested upon it only a few years ago, Society no longer shuts its doors on divorced parties as it used to do. The divorce laws of the various States have made marriage a farce, and the most absurd pretenses, sometimes none at all, are alleged for separation. Mere children of sixteen or seventeen, it is said, have been divorced two, or even three times, and even ministers of the gospel, in face of Christ's injunction to the contrary, come into court with their applications, and, strange to say, continue the work of the ministry after they have flung aside this most solemn mandate of Him they call their Master. Connected with this is another omen of evil—the absence of families. As far back as 1870 (and since then the evil has multiplied a hundredfold) the births from foreign-born parents in one section of the country—and we take that as a sample—were 800 in excess of the deaths, while among the native born the deaths exceeded the births

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.





The Catholic Record. Published Weekly at 404 and 406 Richmond Street, London, Ontario. Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

Manual of devotions containing the Hall Mary were forbidden to be used in future. The rule forbidding the use of these devotions is contained in a declaration made by clergymen at their ordination when they promise:

occurs in glove contests, what may we not expect in those in which the bare fists, used? There is also a brutal practice in vogue in this country equally with the United States, that is, cock fighting.

grade, being "an Evangelist," who is ranked by St. Paul as higher than a Pastor! The reasoning is surely not very sound in itself, for St. Paul tells us plainly that "no one taketh this honor (of the priesthood) to himself, but he that is called of God, as Aaron was."

In the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, our Lord Jesus Christ promises in words so plain that He will give His flesh and blood to us, as our meat (or food) indeed, and our drink indeed, that they can be taken in no other than the literal sense.

take the ground that, since the Anglican clergy do not possess valid orders, they can not "bless holy water"; hence the liquid in question was perfectly harmless, and the charge of assault falls of its own weight.—Ave Maria.

THE UNIONISTS. In the negotiations between the United Presbyterian and Free Churches of Scotland in order to effect a union, an agreement has been reached on several points of dispute of minor importance, but care has been taken to leave "an open door" in regard to Voluntaryism and Establishment, which are the rocks on which the Established Church split half a century ago, causing the creation of the several new sects into which Presbyterianism is divided.

It is true that according to this rule such devotions are prohibited, at least until the permission of the ordinary be obtained; and that permission was not asked by the rector; nevertheless many devotions of similar character are used all over London, which are not in the Common Prayer Book, such as the three hours' service in commemoration of the three hours during which Christ was on the cross.

EVANGELISTS AND PASTORS. A curious discussion is going on in the columns of the London Free Press, regarding the pulp qualifications of Mr. Varley, who is spoken of among Protestants as an "Evangelist."

EVANGELISTS AND PASTORS. A curious discussion is going on in the columns of the London Free Press, regarding the pulp qualifications of Mr. Varley, who is spoken of among Protestants as an "Evangelist."

EVANGELISTS AND PASTORS. A curious discussion is going on in the columns of the London Free Press, regarding the pulp qualifications of Mr. Varley, who is spoken of among Protestants as an "Evangelist."

EVANGELISTS AND PASTORS. A curious discussion is going on in the columns of the London Free Press, regarding the pulp qualifications of Mr. Varley, who is spoken of among Protestants as an "Evangelist."

PRAYERS DURING THE WAR. A debate is now going on between some of the United States papers regarding the utility of prayer during the war with Spain. The New York Evening Post protests against the ordinance of Bishop Whipple and those of other Bishops, Catholic and Protestant, prescribing a form of prayer to be said in Churches while the war lasts.

BARBAROUS AMUSEMENTS. A good deal has been said recently in some papers about the brutality of bull fights, which are still a favorite pastime of the people of Spain, especially in Madrid.

BARBAROUS AMUSEMENTS. A good deal has been said recently in some papers about the brutality of bull fights, which are still a favorite pastime of the people of Spain, especially in Madrid.

BARBAROUS AMUSEMENTS. A good deal has been said recently in some papers about the brutality of bull fights, which are still a favorite pastime of the people of Spain, especially in Madrid.

BARBAROUS AMUSEMENTS. A good deal has been said recently in some papers about the brutality of bull fights, which are still a favorite pastime of the people of Spain, especially in Madrid.

BARBAROUS AMUSEMENTS. A good deal has been said recently in some papers about the brutality of bull fights, which are still a favorite pastime of the people of Spain, especially in Madrid.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES. The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

JUNE 11, 1898.

this sort is not alone a mark of uncharity and a violation of the commandment, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness,' but it stamps with old fogysm the individual who indulges in it."

The correspondent is right, generally, but we think errs a little when it is said that calumnies against the Church are confined to our Methodist brethren. There are some fair-minded men among them, and there are some very unfair men attached to other Protestant sects. Fulton is not a Methodist, or was not at last accounts.—Sacred Heart Review.

**SAVONAROLA AGAIN.**

Intelligent and educated Protestants never make the foolish blunder of characterizing Savonarola as a precursor of Luther. Says the Churchman, (Protestant Episcopal):

Savonarola believed in the Church ever which the Pope was head, accepted all its doctrines, submitted to all its decrees, and bowed at last to the word of the Pope whom he had defied. He would not take Luther's road; he would not go out of the Church.

Had anyone suggested such a course he would have apostrophized his spiritual mother in the words of St. Peter to Christ: "To whom shall we go? Thou alone hast the words of eternal life." The Churchman says, further:

There is a thought in connection with Savonarola that we should like to press home. One hears much nowadays about the decadence of the Italian race, but one hears very little about the gratitude that is due to the peoples of that race, and especially to the Italians, for what they have done in the interests of civilization. And yet it was Italy that lit the torch of modern culture, and it was from her that the nations of Northern Europe borrowed their light. It was Italy that gave the world St. Francis and Savonarola—men who represent in a matchless way the charm and the glory of the spiritual. It was Italy that epitomized the middle age in Dante and the Renaissance in Michael Angelo. Italy was the mother of Leonardo da Vinci; it was Italy that produced Petrarch and Raphael, Columbus and Galileo. Grant that she fell into a decay from which she has not yet fully emerged, nevertheless she gave birth to the great exemplar whose martyrdom is now being celebrated; she gave birth to poets and artists and philosophers and scientists and men of action, without whose labors for truth and beauty and goodness the world would be indeed dark to day, and when ever and wherever her name is mentioned it should surely be with gratitude and veneration.

The Congregationalist recognizes Savonarola for what he was—a moral reformer.—Boston Pilot.

**SUPERSTITION.**

When the preachers talk about Spanish superstition they always mean the Catholic Church. What is superstition? It is worshipping some being not worthy to be worshipped, or degrading some being not to be degraded, or ascribing to some being power which it does not possess.

Does the Church inculcate any such doctrine as this? On the contrary, she denounces all such practices. The relative worship of the Blessed Virgin and the saints is not contrary to the foregoing definition, for in honoring them, we honor God. The bodies of the saints are holy. They were not only great men and women, but they made great sacrifices for God and humanity. We hold in reverence their relics, and pictures just as a child loves what belonged to his departed mother and gazes on her photograph with affection, as the patriot holds sacred the sword of the Father of his Country, and as the lover cherishes the picture of his sweetheart. Are these things superstition?

Every country, indeed, has its superstitions, and from them even its greatest men are not wholly free. And probably there is just as much superstition in the United States as anywhere else. Orestes A. Brownson, perhaps the greatest philosopher that America has yet produced, used to tell that he could never get over the New England superstitions of his youth.

And indeed both the newspapers and police courts of every American city furnish ample evidence of the crowds of superstitious Americans that are daily robbed by fortune tellers, clairvoyants, card-shufflers, cup-tossers, hand-readers, dream-interpreters, and other "professors" of the mysterious cult, who prey like harpies on the superstitions of their deluded victims. And be it observed that the largest numbers of those victims belong not to the poor and ignorant, but are of the so-called "cultured" set, who ride in chaises, feast sumptuously every day and look with pity on "superstitious Romanists."

The preachers and flippancy newspapers should look at home and clear their own Anglo-Saxon doors from superstitions before lecturing people of Catholic faith and Latin blood on such charges.—Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

**ADMIRAL DEWEY AND THE A. P. A.**

The Cleveland Universe says editorially and in a confident tone that Admiral Dewey is a convert and a practical and consistent Catholic. This is a good thing for the gallant Admiral, who appears to have always been a lucky man. In the meantime, what will the A. P. A. do about it?

According to the oath they take they will be obliged to use all their efforts to have him removed from office. Here is a part of the oath: "I believe that only by the removal of Roman Catholics from offices of public trust can justice, right and true American sentiment be fully subserved."

It is clear from this that the "preservers" or our institutions" must look after Admiral Dewey, since the Spaniards have failed to remove him. In their efforts they will have the cordial cooperation of the Spanish Government and navy.

While laboring to keep their oath

they should see to Major General Miles, who recently recommended the appointment of Father Vatman as chaplain in the army destined to invade Cuba, and to President McKinley, who appointed him. Considering the sickly condition of the "preservers" at the present time, their accumulating responsibilities are too much for them.

Another part of their oath is: "I will maintain and defend the Government of the United States . . . against foreign foe, national or ecclesiastical."

In view of this oath, how many regiments have they sent to the front to meet the foreign foe? Their courage like that of Bob Acres, seems to have oozed out at their fingers' ends. Not a regiment, not a company, not even an awkward squad. Where is Linton? Where is Evergreen Watson? What is there about a Spanish gun that frightens them into obscure inaction and gives them that tired feeling we read about in the medical almanacs? In time of peace the apapist is a busybody; in time of war he is a nobody.

When the nation lines up in battle array. We can trust in the blue and count on the Gray.  
But the only parts of an A. P. A.  
You can trust are his heels in running away.

The indulgent reader will pardon this dropping into poetry. It is not our habit. It is hard on the intellect, but the subject is sufficiently inspiring to justify an occasional lapse from the dead level of prose. Besides, we do not recommend the above lines for their artistic beauty. Their market value, as the political economist would call it, consists in their truth.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

**A CONVERT TO THE FAITH.**

The most talked-of book in London—and that means for the English-speaking world—is Mrs. Craigie's "School for Saints." Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) is the daughter of John Morgan Richards, an American banker, and was born in Boston.

Mrs. Craigie springs from four generations of Puritan divines on one side, and Tory politicians on the other, and her life has been a very cosmopolitan one. She studied in Rome, Paris and London, attending in the latter city Prof. Goodwin's Greek and Latin lectures at University College.

For the last two years Mrs. Craigie has been busily occupied with her new book, "The School for Saints." She works in a spacious study, at the top of the house, the walls of which are covered with bookcases, which, by the way, are very unique, and were designed by the novelist herself. Book-collecting is her great hobby, and she has some 3,000 volumes, many of them rare and beautiful editions. Some five years ago Mrs. Craigie embraced the Catholic religion, and evidences of her faith are to be seen in her study.

**AN O'PT REPEATED WARNING.**

"Tell them to remember me as a warning against drink." A young man jumped overboard from a boat in the river at New York the other day and was drowned. In a farewell note to his brother he sent that message to his friends and companions. He tried to atone for the shortcomings and failure of his short career, by causing his melancholy end to stand for a signpost to other young men, embarking on a course of dissipation. Though a mere youth in years, this unfortunate suicide had become a hopeless slave to liquor. He had started out with many apparent advantages: well brought up, educated after the fashion of the times in the public schools, became an expert telegraph operator, and until pretty well down on the ladder of degradation, had commanded steady employment at fairly good wages.

Everything looked promising at the outset, but he soon fell in with evil companions and speedily acquired a taste for drink and the habit fastened itself upon him with fatal clutches. From a convivial glass or two at night with friends, he proceeded to an occasional nip between times during business hours, until he began to indulge his appetite at constantly diminishing intervals during both day and night. Finally he degenerated into a confirmed toper, given to all the excesses of the term implies. His services were no longer in demand, because he had become unreliable and was not trustworthy. He gave himself wholly to the demon which had gradually taken possession of his will and self-respect. The petitions and remonstrances of mother and loved ones, which at first moved him to penitence and resolutions of amendment, slowly lost their power and towards the last fell upon unheeding ears. He ceased to care what people said or thought about his conduct. In short, he was a common drunkard.

While traveling on a ferry boat, in one of those fits of despondency that are experienced by victims of drink, in rare intervals of semi-sobriety, haunted by the devil of despair, he plunged into the dark waters, hoping to find in death, forgetfulness of the nameless horror of life that racked his mind and conscience. An impulse of love for those who had been his friends in happier days, impelled him to invite the parting message we have quoted.

There was a time when such a tragedy would have made a deep and lasting impression upon the public mind, but unfortunately that time is past. Suicide is a familiar incident of our civilization and the motive and circumstances provoking it are matters of very little concern outside the narrow circle affected by reason of personal connection or relationship. Even the young men for whose benefit this particular self-murderer took the pains to

lift his voice on the brink of eternity, will probably put away forever the admonition, with the floral wreath they place upon his bier. "Poor Jim! It's all very sad; too bad that he should be driven to an untimely grave, but such things happen every day. Let's have a drink;" and the message from the grave, the poor, dishonored tomb of the besotted suicide, falls on ears wilfully and cynically deaf. It's the way of the world in these days of grace. The unhappy fool who wastes his hopes and in whom fierce passion destroys body and soul, has not left to him, even in the hour of mortal anguish, the poor consolation of knowing that others will profit by his fearful mistake. And yet, there is a lesson of appalling import in the warning given, no matter whether the author of it was prompted by pure love of his fellow-man, or by mere theatrical desire to render his crime a spectacle.—Catholic Universe.

**WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.**

Catholic World for June.

William Ewart Gladstone died, as he had lived, outside the visible fold of the Catholic Church. There was in the minds of many undoubtedly a hope when the end drew near that he would see the truth as other great Englishmen of his day have seen it, and embrace it.

While Gladstone's mind was keen in its logical faculty and broad in its grasp of matters religious as well as secular, yet, whether it was from an innate quality or from an acquired habit, it was essentially "political" in its view of affairs. A politician, even using the word in its best sense, is the man who can accept situations, and adapt his views to them. He trims his sails to the breezes, from whatever quarter they come. He is a man who feels the popular pulse, and moves and sways the crowds by controlling or yielding to popular passion as the case may be. He is essentially a time server.

How different is the idealist of the Newman type! To such a one truth is God himself, high above all the storms and agitations of the earth's surface, not changed or modified by any congeries of circumstances—something to be sought for and loved for its own sake, and in the seeking and the loving something which brings its own reward—a reward which is a more than adequate compensation for whatever sacrifices one must make or whatever suffering one must undergo in its attainment.

One with a politician's temperament will argue, and argue convincingly, to himself that the providence of God has placed him in the Established Church. It must be of God, because I see about me in the hearts of men identified with it the fruits of the Spirit, and it is the will of God that I stay where I am and pilot this vessel, unseaworthy as it is, with its freight of precious souls, into the haven of safety rather than desert it and allow it to go to pieces on the rocks of irreligion. If Gladstone in his earlier life had led, or even had followed, Newman or Manning over to Rome, there is no telling what great good he would have done. Whether his eyes were holden, and he had never been faced with the stern obligation of breaking away and sacrificing all of this world, if need be, for Truth's sake, it is not ours to say. Heaven's thunders of judgment belong to God alone.

Gladstone was a deeply religious man, and his long life, stretching across a desert of agnosticism in English intellectual movements and yet all the time pronouncedly religious, has been like the shadow of a rock in a desert land to many a wandering soul. What Victoria herself has done for the English domestic life Gladstone has done for religion.

**A JESUIT TALKS, BAPTISTS LISTEN.**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

by 700. It is impossible to say much upon this delicate subject, but it is a Cassandra announcing ruin. Childlessness was formerly considered a reproach; now the reverse is the case. Jules Simon's warning should be heard by America as well as by France. There will soon be no native soldiers to defend the country in its hour of peril.

"As in all other instances of national ruin, we see among us simultaneously with this a brazen shamelessness of vice that was unknown in America until recently. It stalks on the stage, in literature, in art, in manners and customs, in the avowed libertinage of the lives of men and women, in the subjects of conversation of young girls and children; everywhere there are evidences of an appalling descent in the tone of public morality. No wonder that we see everywhere empty churches, indifference to creed, wide-spread apostasy from every form of religion, avowed and blatant and remunerative atheism welcomed with loud acclamation of approval by throngs of eager listeners, corruption all through the body politic and a feverish unrest among the working classes that shows itself repeatedly in wild outbreaks against real or fancied oppression. Is not all this ominous of disaster?"

There is only one remedy for all this, and that is not in white or gray cruisers, not in disappearing guns or mined harbors, not in vast numbers of men ready at a word to die for their country. Those are for foes outside. With a people of 70,000,000 united as we are, there ought to be no fear of a foreign aggressor. The danger is within, in ourselves, and to be taken into account as a very great factor of national peril. Against that foe,

taught by the light of experience, there is only one defense, only one safeguard, the Church of Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God, the Church which teaches restraint of the passions, which fearlessly denounces all intricacies of morality and prevents them as far as is possible by the purity with which it invests man, and, principally, woman, and which is ready at any cost to defend the honor and inviolability of the marriage tie and the sanctity of the Christian home."

TO BE CONTINUED.

**"QUESTION BOX."**

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

While several of the inquiries received this week are of general interest, a number savor more of the critical spirit than of a genuine desire for information with a view to improvement in knowledge or a removal of prejudice. However, all are welcomed. A good hater if once converted, will make a staunch member of the household of the faith.

"Dozen Readers!" A communication purporting to come from a Catholic representing this number of Catholics "who are ready and willing to fight for their country" contains so much of what might be fittingly termed carping criticism as to cause a doubt as to the Catholicity of the writer.

(1) Asks how is it that we hear so little in our church from our pastors at the present time on patriotism?

If the questioner is a Catholic it will not strike him as anything unusual. Topics of eternity are discussed in our pulpits. Topics of the times have their proper place for discussion. Sensationalism in any guise is not a feature of Catholic preaching. When the priest succeeds in making a good Catholic out of a man he has succeeded in making a good citizen out of him. Lip worship and lip patriotism are near akin. The men who made the most noise about going to war with Spain were not enlisted, and are keeping pretty quiet now.

(2) How is it we in common with other denominations do not raise a flag on our church?

To start with, the Catholic Church is the universal Church of Christ. The cross is the universal emblem of Christianity. The display of flags is not a certain sign of patriotism, and there are but few Protestant churches displaying them. If the Catholic churches of America had started this flag raising you would have heard a howl about the union of Church and State.

"A non-Catholic" attended a concert in a Catholic church and the applause and other circumstances jarred on his view of the sacredness of such an edifice.

The sanctity of the church is due to the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. On occasions like the one referred to by "Non-Catholic" the Blessed Sacrament is removed from the tabernacle on the altar. On the occasion referred to a platform was erected in front of the sanctuary and it was on this the talent appeared.

F. X. Z. asks what are the words used by the priest in giving absolution?

Where the number of confessions is large the form is as follows: "May our Lord Jesus Christ absolve thee; and I, by His authority, absolve thee from every bond of excommunication and interdict, inasmuch as in my power I do, and thou standest in need. Finally, I absolve thee from thy sins, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." "Donegal" asked when the devotion of the Forty Hours was established and what it commemorates?

It was begun in Milan in 1584 and introduced into Rome in 1548 by St. Philip Neri. The devotion is in memory of the forty hours our Lord remained in the holy sepulchre. Father Joseph, a Capuchin friar, inaugurated it at Milan during a war in which that city was besieged and the inhabitants were in despair. Heaven heard their prayers and peace was restored. Hence, the "Missa Pro Pace" or Mass for peace.

"Artist" wants to know what are called "The seven last words of Christ on the Cross?"

They are: (1) "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." (2) "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." (3) "Behold thy son, behold thy mother." (4) "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken Me?" (5) "I thirst." (6) "It is consummated." (7) "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

**THE WONDER WORKER.**

St. Anthony of Padua, be our Intercessor.

Novenas to St. Anthony, who has been called the wonder-worker of Padua, and to whose powerful intercession before God so many favors have been granted, will begin to-morrow at all the churches where the devotion is established, closing on the great feast-day, June 13.

His poverty and his simplicity endeared this saint to the Italians of the early fifteenth century, his contemporaries, and since that time all Catholic peoples have had recourse to him. As the simple friar, or later as the Archbishop of Florence, he was the apostle of the people and to him the multitude still flock to ask his aid in their behalf.

Anthony died in 1459, gliding peacefully out of the world "as morning whitened on the 2nd of May," when Girolamo Savonarola, coming into it, was just seven years old, a child in Ferrara. The good Archbishop ordered that all that was found in his palace when he died should be given to the

poor. All that could be found was four ducats! so true had he been to his vows of poverty. And thus the greatest dignity of San Marco passed away, followed out of the world by the tears and blessings of the poor, and the semi adoration of all the city. It is not difficult to understand how the perpetual appeals of the people who knew him so well and had occasion so good to trust in his kindness living, should have glided with natural ease and favor into the Ora pro nobis of a popular litany, when the good Archbishop took his gentle way to heaven, leaving four ducats behind him on that May morning. The world was a terribly unsatisfactory world in those days, as it is now; and full of evils as monstrous and appalling as are the sins of our softer generation; but at the same time, the gates of heaven were some how nearer; and these rude eyes, bloodshot with wars and passions, could see the saints, so unlike themselves, going in by that dazzling way.—Catholic Columbian, June 4.

**THE LAST RUNG ON THE LADDER.**

Dr. Lyman Abbott has at last arrived at a mental attitude where he can no longer, with proper reference to the meaning of words, be called a Christian. We do not say this in a sense of reproach. Beginning where he began his mental journey, that is, with the Protestant principle that there is no divinely instituted, continuous, living, visible authority on earth to direct men in the knowledge and will of God, he has simply arrived at the last word of that principle. He has only followed with logical faithfulness the compass and chart that Protestantism gave him. If more have not gone as far as he it is because they did not possess the same quantity and quality of brains that he has.

He is not now even a Protestant in the theological and historical sense of that term, for he no longer believes in God as the Creator of all things; nor does he believe in revelation in the technical sense of the term. Therefore, we say, he is not a Protestant. To what school of religious or philosophical thought does he then belong? Taking his own statement for what he believes at present we would say that he is a Pantheist. There is still a lingering Christian sentiment in him that makes him object to be thus classified but the doctrines he now holds are, nevertheless, pantheistic.

Here is what he says: "God, I think, is not apart from nature, but dwells in nature. That He made this world and is not the engineer of it I cannot now believe. There are no forces; there is but one force God. There are no causes, for there is but one great, underlying cause. Natural and supernatural are the same."

There is a sense in which it is true that God is not apart from nature. It is the Christian sense in which God is ever an everywhere present in His creation as Providence, guiding and directing all things to an ultimate end known to Himself. But this does not appear to be the sense intended by Dr. Abbott. He says God "dwells in nature," and in this sense is not apart from it; that is to say, He is contained in nature, and therefore limited by the limits of nature, and these limits being finite, the indwelling God is finite. It is needless to say that this is not the infinite, personal God of Christianity. It is the God of Pantheism.

The Doctor's denial that God created the universe, coupled with his recognition of the existence of God, necessarily implies that God is a part of the universe, and differing in nothing from it; for, says the Doctor, "Natural and supernatural are the same." There is, therefore, no difference between that nature or universe which we see and the God who dwells in it, since they are the same. This is precisely the fundamental doctrine of Pantheism. Again:

"There are no forces; there is but one force, God," says Dr. Abbott. If there be no forces, as you say, then there is not one force, and the God of your conception is not a force.

"There are no causes; for there is but one great underlying cause."

We must say of this what we have said of your forces. If there be no causes, there is not one cause, and hence no "great underlying cause."

But let us go a little further. Who or what is this great underlying cause? Is it God? No, for you have told us that He did not create the world, and hence you cannot call Him the underlying cause of it. Is He the motive power or force in nature? Then He is a part of nature in your philosophy, for you have told us that "natural and supernatural are the same."

It is to be noted that Dr. Abbot does not affirm either personality or intelligence of this great underlying cause. He says: "Creation is a continuous process, with God Himself in the process always."

If God be "in the process"—not the cause of it—He is a part of it, or the process is an evolution of Himself. This appears to be what the Doctor means. If this is not Pantheism, then Spinoza was not a Pantheist.

To avoid the charge of Pantheism Dr. Abbott makes a distinction between "the all" and "in all," he holding that God is in all, while the Pantheist holds that God is the all. But in the light of the Doctor's words above quoted the distinction is merely verbal, not real. For what does he mean by "all" when he says God is in all? He means all of what is understood by the word "nature," that is, all the natural as distinguished from the supernatural. He next tells us that the "natural and supernatural are the same." Now if this last statement be true, it is equally

true that all the natural is supernatural—all nature is God; or all the supernatural is natural—God is nature. What difference, then, is there between these and the dicta of Pantheism that God is all and all is God? None whatever. In identifying the natural and the supernatural, as the Doctor does, he either destroys nature and makes all God or he destroys God and makes all nature. Holding as he does he should not say "God is in all." He should say with the Pantheist, "God is all," or that He is nothing and nature is all, for in the Doctor's theory there are not two things, but one.

Hence his distinction between "the all" and "in all" does not free him from the imputation of Pantheism. It only shows that he did not meditate profoundly on the logical consequence of his statement that "natural and supernatural are the same."

While he holds his present views he should throw aside theological and evangelical terminology and adopt what accords better with his present state of mind, the philosophical vocabulary of Spinoza.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

**SCANDAL.**

To cheat and to steal are, certainly, not virtuous actions; if we do either, we sin against God, our neighbor, and ourselves; but to give scandal to others is still worse, for this is one of the greatest dangers which can menace the soul. Scandal is the evil which we do to others by the bad example that we give them.

A man does wrong; no one knows it; he is guilty in the sight of God; he will lose his own soul if he does not repent. This is very certain and very lamentable, but at least his example has not perverted no one. But suddenly a man hides his wrong doing no longer, his evil life becomes known and spoken of, he even speaks of it himself, boasts of it, and appears to glory in a miserable notoriety. Others, attracted at first by curiosity, begin to make a little circle round him, and to regard him with admiration. "At all events this man must get some pleasure and excitement out of life!" they begin to say; and thus it follows that the evil which they regarded too closely strikes them, they are gradually overpowered by it; and next we may see them enjoying themselves after the manner of their model; they imitate him, and soon they desire to go still farther than he! This is scandal!

One man offended God; at this hour there are ten, a hundred, a thousand. Death strikes the author of this scandal; he goes to stand before his Heavenly Judge and render an account of all those thousand souls lost by his example!

Thus you see how incalculable are the effects of bad example. How is it possible completely to retrieve a scandal? We may desire to do it, but often it is quite beyond our power. Our Lord said: "Woe to that man by whom scandal cometh. It were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea." He who knows everywhere, knew well that those who give scandal to their brethren stand upon the brink of their own eternal ruin! But, on the other hand, how happy a thing it is to give a good example! It is to work in union with God Himself for the salvation of souls. And how great is this power which each one of us possesses! Consider the case of a young man who has been so unhappy as to give scandal to others by setting them an evil example; if he only examine himself, if he reflect, and consider the terrible account he will have to render, he becomes changed and converted; he was openly wicked, and is now openly a Christian! His companions ridicule him, he pities them, he advises them to imitate him in his conversion; he sets an example of patience and temperance, of industry and morality, and, in the end, succeeds in saving a great number of those whom he would most certainly have led to destruction.

It is impossible to calculate the immense influence of example. By means of this all powerful influence whole families, parishes, schools, and communities are either saved or lost. We have known a numerous family, worse than indifferent, to become a model of religion and fervor, thanks to the holy influence of but one of its members, who, by turning to God with his whole heart, caused the light of faith to shine upon all who surrounded him, through the force of example alone. In a college, in a school, one thoroughly bad child will entice into evil the greater part of his school-fellows, and if the superiors do not arrest the contagion from its very commencement, by driving this black sheep out of their midst, the whole flock will surely be lost. Now, what is the conclusion to be drawn from all this? That scandal is an immense evil. He who has given scandal has but one chance of salvation, and that is by becoming entirely changed and setting a good example to those whom he formerly scandalized.

Human respect will often prove a stumbling block; but we must gather courage; those who have dared to do evil must also dare to be repentant in the sight of all.—Sacred Heart Review.

**Another Llanthony Abbey Convent.**

Mr. George Alston, who was for seven years a professed monk with Father Ignatius at Llanthony Abbey, where he was known as "Father Cadoc," and for the last three years a member of the Cowley community at Oxford, was received into the Catholic Church at Buckfast Abbey, South Devon, last week.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

A Man Who "Moulded the Mind of Europe for 1,500 Years."—By Very Rev. Dr. Prior, Vice-Rector English College, Rome.

New York Freeman's Journal.

PART II.—AUGUSTINE—MANICHEAN AND SCIENTIFIC.

The keen and vigorous mind, that had played with the philosophy of Aristotle, was not likely to rest content with the fables and sophistry of the Manicheans.

MANICHEISM SHALLOW AND FALSE. Augustine applied himself to a deep study of their voluminous writings, and at once his suspicions were aroused. He discovered that, however much they might prate of the independence of reason, they had given small proof of its power in their own volumes.

AUGUSTINE TAUGHT RHETORIC. During these years from nineteen to twenty-eight, Augustine taught rhetoric, first at Tagaste, then at Carthage. His brilliant talents and the charm of his character drew friends around him, over whom he exercised a fascinating influence.

One of these friends, the nearest and dearest of them all, an old school-fellow and playmate, died during the first years of his teaching at Tagaste. The saint has left a record in his confessions of the inconsolable grief of this bereavement.

AT THIS GRIEF HIS HEART WAS DARKENED AND WHAT HE BEHELD WAS DEATH. My native country was a torment to me, and my father's house a strange unhappiness, and whatever I had shared with him, wanting him, became a distracting torture.

HE HATED ALL PLACES, FOR THAT THEY HAD NOT HIM; NOR COULD THEY NOW TELL ME HE IS COMING, AS WHEN HE WAS ALIVE AND ABSENT. I became a great riddle to myself, and I asked my soul why she was so sad, and why she disquieted me so sorely.

FROM THAT MOMENT HE BEGAN TO RE-TRACE HIS STEPS THROUGH THE MAZES OF ERROR, BACK TO A FULLER VISION OF THE TRUTHS HE HAD LEARNED IN CHILDHOOD AT HIS MOTHER'S KNEE, AND UPWARD STILL THROUGH THE REALMS OF THEOLOGY AND SPLENDORS OF GRACE TO THAT SUMMIT OF SUPERNATURAL ENLIGHTENMENT AND HOLINESS THAT HAS MADE HIM THE WONDER OF EVERY SUCCEEDING AGE.

LORD BAACON HAS REMARKED THAT "THE TRUTH AND THE GOOD DIFFER BUT AS THE SEAL AND THE PRINT; TRUTH PRINTS GOODNESS, AND THEY BE THE CLOUDS OF ERROR WHICH DESCEND IN THE STORMS OF PASSIONS AND PERTURBATIONS."

THE SUCCESS IN HIS SCHOOL OF RHETORIC AT CARTHAGE BROUGHT HIM MORE AND MORE INTO PROMINENCE. He won the public prize for poetry, and was crowned amid the applause of the people by the Pro Consul Vindictus, who thenceforth became his intimate friend.

BUT UNDERNEATH THE SMOOTH CURRENT OF GENIAL COMPANIONSHIP AND A SUCCESSFUL CAREER, THERE WERE TROUBLED WATERS IN HIS SOUL. He yearned for the higher wisdom of which as yet he had had but faint and intermittent glimpses.

"TO-MORROW," HE SAID TO HIMSELF, "I SHALL FIND IT; IT WILL APPEAR MANIFESTLY, AND I SHALL GRASP IT AS FAUSTUS THE MANICHEE WILL COME AND CLEAR EVERYTHING."

"When at last he came," he writes in the 5th book of his Confessions, "I found him a man of smooth and pleasing words, prating the same things as the others, but more plausibly. But how was my thirst relieved by draining the empty cup set before me by a more elegant waiter? Those who promised him to me were but poor judges when they took him to be wise because his eloquence delighted them."

ALL MY EFFORTS, WHEREBY I AM PURPOSED TO ADVANCE IN THAT SECT, UPON KNOWLEDGE OF THAT MAN, CAME UTTERLY TO AN END; NOT THAT I DETACHED MYSELF FROM THEM ALTOGETHER, BUT AS ONE FINDING NOTHING BETTER I HAD SETTLED TO BE CONTENT MEAN WHILE WITH WHAT I HAD, IN WHATEVER WAY, FALLEN UPON, UNLESS BY CHANCE SOMETHING MORE ELIGIBLE SHOULD DAWN UPON ME.

"FOR THY HANDS, O MY GOD, IN THE SECRET PURPOSE OF THY PROVIDENCE, DID NOT FORSAKE MY SOUL; AND OUT OF MY MOTHER'S HEART'S BLOOD, THROUGH HER TEARS NIGHT AND DAY Poured out, WAS A SACRIFICE OFFERED FOR ME UNTO THEE; AND THOU DIDST DEAL WITH ME IN WONDROUS WAYS."

HE COULD FRAME NO IDEA OF A SPIRIT, AND REGARDED THE CATHOLIC CHURCH WITH CONTEMPT, AS THE TEACHER OF GROTESQUE AND ABSURD DOCTRINES, FROM WHICH IT WAS HEEDLESS TO LOOK FOR THE ATTAINMENT OF TRUTH.

"THIS HE CONSIDERED IN HIS TWENTY-NINTH YEAR AS THE WISEST PHILOSOPHY HE KNEW. He was at that time in Rome, whither he had removed his School of Rhetoric, to escape the annoyance of the Carthaginian rowdies.

IN HIS THIRTIETH YEAR HE WENT TO MILAN TO TAKE THE PUBLIC CHAIR OF ELUQUENCE, WHICH HE HAD WON IN OPEN COMPETITION, AND THERE HE FELT UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF ST. AMBROSE.

FROM THAT MOMENT HE BEGAN TO RE-TRACE HIS STEPS THROUGH THE MAZES OF ERROR, BACK TO A FULLER VISION OF THE TRUTHS HE HAD LEARNED IN CHILDHOOD AT HIS MOTHER'S KNEE, AND UPWARD STILL THROUGH THE REALMS OF THEOLOGY AND SPLENDORS OF GRACE TO THAT SUMMIT OF SUPERNATURAL ENLIGHTENMENT AND HOLINESS THAT HAS MADE HIM THE WONDER OF EVERY SUCCEEDING AGE.

LORD BAACON HAS REMARKED THAT "THE TRUTH AND THE GOOD DIFFER BUT AS THE SEAL AND THE PRINT; TRUTH PRINTS GOODNESS, AND THEY BE THE CLOUDS OF ERROR WHICH DESCEND IN THE STORMS OF PASSIONS AND PERTURBATIONS."

THE SUCCESS IN HIS SCHOOL OF RHETORIC AT CARTHAGE BROUGHT HIM MORE AND MORE INTO PROMINENCE. He won the public prize for poetry, and was crowned amid the applause of the people by the Pro Consul Vindictus, who thenceforth became his intimate friend.

BUT UNDERNEATH THE SMOOTH CURRENT OF GENIAL COMPANIONSHIP AND A SUCCESSFUL CAREER, THERE WERE TROUBLED WATERS IN HIS SOUL. He yearned for the higher wisdom of which as yet he had had but faint and intermittent glimpses.

"TO-MORROW," HE SAID TO HIMSELF, "I SHALL FIND IT; IT WILL APPEAR MANIFESTLY, AND I SHALL GRASP IT AS FAUSTUS THE MANICHEE WILL COME AND CLEAR EVERYTHING."

"TO-MORROW," HE SAID TO HIMSELF, "I SHALL FIND IT; IT WILL APPEAR MANIFESTLY, AND I SHALL GRASP IT AS FAUSTUS THE MANICHEE WILL COME AND CLEAR EVERYTHING."

after waiting some time for him to raise his eyes from the book in which he was absorbed, he withdrew again, restrained by delicacy from intruding on the saintly Bishop's time and meditations. But at length he was convinced.

MORAL STRUGGLE. The battle, however, was not yet over. How was he, bound in the fetters of ingrained sinful habit, to rise to that purity and perfection which the Church demanded from her children? Sensual indulgence had fixed its roots deep in his nature—it overpowered his affections, and how could he forego its sweetness?

How could he—steel his melting heart To act the martyr's sternest part. To look with firm, unshrinking eye, On daring visions as they die, Till all bright hopes and hues of day Had faded into twilight gray? —Keble.

THE ARDOR OF HIS SPIRIT OUTRAN THE WEAK PURPOSE OF HIS HEART. He was in this irresolute frame of mind, loathing his cowardice, yet longing to be free, when an impetuous flood of divine grace rushed in upon him, and bore him on its tide into the haven he was sighing to reach.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES WERE THESE. A countryman of Augustine's Pontitian by name, in the course of a visit to him, spoke of the marvelous life of St. Anthony, the Egyptian solitary, and his monks in the desert; and told how some officers of the Imperial Court, on reading by chance the life of the holy hermit, had at once abandoned the world and embraced the monastic state.

"DISTURBED IN CONSCIENCE AS WELL AS IN MIND I TURN UPON ALIPIUS. 'What ails us?' says I. 'What is this story? See, the unlearned rise and take Heaven by violence, while we, with all our learning, all our want of heart, see whither we wallow in flesh and blood! Shall I feel shame to follow their lead and not rather to let alone what alone is left to me?'"

"SOMETHING OF THIS KIND I SAID TO HIM, AND WHILE HE EYED ME IN SILENT WONDER I RUSHED FROM HIM IN THE FERMENT OF MY FEELINGS. What a view of my face and was in a flutter to go! The chaste majesty of Continence, serene, cheerful, yet without excess; winning me in a holy way to come without doubting, and ready to embrace me with religious hands full stored with honorable patterns! So many boys and young maidens, a multitude of youth of every age grave widows and aged virgins, and Continence herself in all, not barren but a fruitful mother of children of joys by Thee O Lord, her husband.

"SHE SEEMED TO MOCK ME INTO EMULATION, SAYING, 'CANST NOT THOU WHAT THESE HAVE DONE, YOUTHS AND MAIDENS? Can they in their own strength, or in the strength of their Lord God? The Lord their God gave me unto them. Why rely on thyself and fall? Cast thyself upon His arm. Be not afraid. He will not let thee slip. Cast thyself in confidence, He will receive thee and heal thee?'"

"MEANWHILE ALIPIUS KEPT CLOSE TO MY SIDE SILENT WAITING FOR THE END OF MY UNWONTED AGITATION. At length burst forth a mighty storm bringing a mighty flood of tears; and to indulge it to the full, even unto cries in solitude, I rose up from Alpius, who perceived from my choked voice how it was with me. He remained where we had been sitting, in deep astonishment.

"I THREW MYSELF DOWN UNDER A FIG TREE, I KNOW NOT HOW, AND ALLOWING MY TEARS FULL VENT, OFFERED UP TO THEE THE ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE OF MY STREAMING EYES, AND I CRIED OUT TO THE EFFECT, 'AND THOU O LORD, HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG WILL THOU BE ANGRY? For how long will thou be angry? For how long will thou be angry? For how long will thou be angry? For how long will thou be angry? For how long will thou be angry?'"

"WHILE I THUS SPOKE WITH TEARS IN THE BITTER CONDITION OF MY HEART, SUDDENLY I HEARD A VOICE AS IF FROM A HOUSE NEAR BY, OF A BOY OR GIRL CHANTING FORTH AGAIN AND AGAIN: 'TAKE UP AND READ, TAKE UP AND READ.'"

"CHANGING COUNTENANCE AT THE WORDS, I BEGAN INTENTLY TO THINK WHETHER BOYS USED THEM IN ANY GAME, BUT COULD NOT RECOLLECT THAT I HAD EVER HEARD THEM. I LEFT WEeping, AND ROSE UP, CONSIDERING IT A DIVINE INDICATION TO OPEN THE SCRIPTURES AND READ WHAT FIRST PRESENTED ITSELF."

"I HAD HEARD THAT ANTHONY HAD COME IN DURING THE READING OF THE GOSPEL, AND HAD TAKEN TO HIMSELF THE ADMONITION 'GOSPEL WHAT THOU HAST,' AND HAD TURNED TO THEE IN CONSEQUENCE OF THAT ORACLE. I HAD LEFT ST. PAUL'S VOLUME WHERE ALIPIUS WAS SITTING WHEN I ROSE THENCE. I RETURNED THITHER, SEIZED IT, OPENED AND READ IN SILENCE THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE WHICH FIRST MET MY EYES."

"NOT IN RIOTING AND DRUNKENNESS, NOT IN CHAMBERING AND IMPURITIES, NOT IN CONTENTION AND ENVY; BUT PUT YE ON THE LORD JESUS FIRST AND MAKE NO PROVISION FOR THE FLESH IN ITS CONCUPISCENCES."

"I HAD NEITHER DESIRE NOR NEED TO READ FURTHER. AS I FINISHED THE SENTENCE, AS THOUGH THE LIGHT OF PEACE HAD BEEN Poured INTO MY HEART, ALL THE SHADOWS OF DOUBT DISPERSED. THEN HADST THOU CONVERTED ME TO THEE: SO

no longer to seek either for wife or other hope of this world, standing fast in that rule of Faith in which Thou so many years before hadst revealed me to my mother." (VIII. 26-70). The words of his heart were cast out, the citadel of self-overthrown, the ground was cleared, the cross planted, and with it the grace of Christ surpassing all understanding, took possession of his soul.

"WE WERE BAPTIZED," HE WRITES, "AND ALL SOLITUDE ABOUT OUR PAST LIVES FLED FROM US. NOR WAS I SATISFIED IN THOSE DAYS WITH THE INEFFABLE SWEETNESS I ENJOYED IN CONSIDERING THE DEPTHS OF THY COUNSEL IN THE SALVATION OF MAN KIND. O, HOW I WEPT ON HEARING THY HYMNS AND CANTICLES!"

"THOSE VOICES FLOWED IN AT MY EARS AND THY TRUTH DISTILLED INTO MY HEART, AND THENCE THE SWEETNESS OF DEVOTION BOILED OVER; MY TEARS FLOWED ABUNDANTLY AND I WAS COMFORTED BY THEM. WHEN I WAS IN THAT DENSE OBSCURITY IT SEEMED TO ME INCREDIBLE THAT I COULD EVER LAY ASIDE MY OLD HABITS AND FEELING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO ABANDON THEM I GAVE MYSELF UP TO DESPAIR. BUT AS SOON AS MY SINS WERE EFFACED BY THE WATERS OF REGENERATION, I FOUND MYSELF A NEW MAN BY THIS SECOND BIRTH; THAT WHICH WAS DIFFICULT BECAME EASY; THAT WHICH WAS IMPOSSIBLE BECAME POSSIBLE, AND I KNEW THAT ALL THIS WAS THE GIFT OF GOD."

HE WAS IN HIS THIRTY-THIRD YEAR AT THE TIME OF HIS CONVERSION. THE FOLLOWING FIVE YEARS HE SPENT IN RETIREMENT, AND FOUNDED THE ORDER OF HERMITS THAT BEAR HIS NAME. ST. PESSIDIUS, THE CONTEMPORARY OF ST. AUGUSTINE, SAYS HE KNEW AS MANY AS TEN BISHOPS WHO WERE TAKEN FROM THIS RETIREMENT. FIVE YEARS AFTER HIS CONVERSION AUGUSTINE AT THE EARNEST DEMAND OF CLERGY AND PEOPLE, IN SPITE OF HIS OWN RELUCTANCES, WAS ORDAINED PRIEST. FOUR YEARS LATER, WHEN FORTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE, HE WAS CONSECRATED COADJUTOR BISHOP, AND IN THE FOLLOWING YEAR SUCCEEDED TO THE SEE OF HIPPO.

BEFORE SPEAKING OF HIS WORK IN THE EPISCOPATE, IT WILL NOT BE OUT OF PLACE TO TURN FOR A MOMENT TO ST. MONICA, WHO DIED THE YEAR AFTER HIS CONVERSION. IT IS HARD TO UNDERSTAND ST. AUGUSTINE WITHOUT KNOWING ST. MONICA, THE MODEL OF CHRISTIAN MOTHERS, WHOSE AFFECTION AND TENDER ANXIETIES AND PERSEVERING PRAYERS GAVE HIM TO GOD AND THE CHURCH.

"PERHAPS THERE WAS SOMETHING TOO EARTHLY IN HER LOVE FOR HIM IN HIS YOUTH. HE FINDS IT HARD TO EXPLAIN WHY HIS BAPTISM WAS DEFERRED, WHICH WAS AN ABUSE OF THE TIMES AGAINST WHICH THE FATHERS DECLAIMED, AND WHY HE WAS ALLOWED TO LEAVE HOME AND BE EXPOSED TO THE DANGERS OF A PUBLIC SCHOOL. GOOD AND PIOUS AS HIS MOTHER ALWAYS WAS, SHE WAS NOT AT THAT TIME THE GREAT SAINT SHE AFTERWARDS BECAME."

"ALTHOUGH SHE HAD ESCAPED," HE SAYS, "OUT OF THE MIDST OF BABYLON, SHE STILL WALKED SLOWLY ON THE OUTSKIRTS THEREOF." AND KNOWING THE STRONG WAVES OF TEMPTATION HE WOULD HAVE TO ENCOUNTER 'SHE CHOSE RATHER TO PRESENT TO HER THE RUDE RATHER THAN THE IMAGE ALREADY FORMED. IF FAULT THERE WAS SHE ATONED FOR IT NOBLY.

"GO THY WAYS," A GOOD BISHOP SAID TO HER WHOM SHE HAD IMPORTUNED TO CONVERSE WITH HER SON, "AND GOD BLESS THEE; FOR IT IS NOT POSSIBLE THAT THE SON OF THOSE TEARS SHOULD PERISH."

HER HOPE WAS CONFIRMED BY AN ANGEL. ST. AUGUSTINE GIVES THE ACCOUNT OF IT. "SHE SAW HERSELF AS IF STANDING ON A STRAIGHT PLANK AND A BEAUTIFUL, SMILING YOUTH COMING TOWARD HER AS SHE WAS OVERWHELMED WITH GRIEF. HE ASKED HER THE CAUSE OF HER SORROW AND OF HER DAILY TEARS, AND SHE ANSWERED THAT HER PUNISHMENT WAS THE CAUSE. HE BADE HER BE OF GOOD CHEER, FOR WHERE SHE WAS I SHOULD ALSO BE AND TO SHE SAW ME STANDING BESIDE HER ON THE SAME PLANK. I TRIED TO MAKE IT MEAN THAT SHE SHOULD COME OVER TO MY SECT; SHE AT ONCE AND WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST HESITATION ANSWERED: 'NO; FOR IT WAS NOT SAID WHERE HE IS YOU SHALL BE, BUT WHERE YOU ARE HE SHALL BE.'"

"AND NOW BEHOLD THE BODY IS CARRIED OUT TO BE BURIED AND I GO AND RETURN WITHOUT TEARS. NEITHER IN THOSE PRAYERS WE Poured FORTH WHEN THE SACRIFICE OF OUR RANSOM WAS OFFERED FOR HER WHILE SHE WAS BESIDE THE SEPULCHRE—AS WAS THE CUSTOM THEN—DID I SHED ANY TEARS. I RESTRAINED MY GRIEF AFTER THE FUNERAL FOR THE WHOLE DAY. BUT BEING ALONE IN BED, I LET GO MY TEARS AND LET THEM FLOW AS MUCH AS THEY WOULD; AND IF ANYONE SHOULD THINK IT A SIN IN ME TO HAVE THUS FOR A SMALL PART OF AN HOUR

"IF YOUR CHILDREN ARE WELL BUT NOT ROBUST, THEY NEED SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD-LIVER OIL. WE ARE CONSTANTLY IN RECEIPT OF REPORTS FROM PARENTS WHO GIVE THEIR CHILDREN THE EMULSION EVERY FALL FOR A MONTH OR TWO. IT KEEPS THEM WELL AND STRONG ALL WINTER. IT PREVENTS THEIR TAKING COLD. YOUR DOCTOR WILL CONFIRM THIS. THE OIL COMBINED WITH THE HYPOPHOSPHITES IS A SPLENDID FOOD TONIC."

"IF YOUR CHILDREN ARE WELL BUT NOT ROBUST, THEY NEED SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD-LIVER OIL. WE ARE CONSTANTLY IN RECEIPT OF REPORTS FROM PARENTS WHO GIVE THEIR CHILDREN THE EMULSION EVERY FALL FOR A MONTH OR TWO. IT KEEPS THEM WELL AND STRONG ALL WINTER. IT PREVENTS THEIR TAKING COLD. YOUR DOCTOR WILL CONFIRM THIS. THE OIL COMBINED WITH THE HYPOPHOSPHITES IS A SPLENDID FOOD TONIC."

"IF YOUR CHILDREN ARE WELL BUT NOT ROBUST, THEY NEED SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD-LIVER OIL. WE ARE CONSTANTLY IN RECEIPT OF REPORTS FROM PARENTS WHO GIVE THEIR CHILDREN THE EMULSION EVERY FALL FOR A MONTH OR TWO. IT KEEPS THEM WELL AND STRONG ALL WINTER. IT PREVENTS THEIR TAKING COLD. YOUR DOCTOR WILL CONFIRM THIS. THE OIL COMBINED WITH THE HYPOPHOSPHITES IS A SPLENDID FOOD TONIC."

"IF YOUR CHILDREN ARE WELL BUT NOT ROBUST, THEY NEED SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD-LIVER OIL. WE ARE CONSTANTLY IN RECEIPT OF REPORTS FROM PARENTS WHO GIVE THEIR CHILDREN THE EMULSION EVERY FALL FOR A MONTH OR TWO. IT KEEPS THEM WELL AND STRONG ALL WINTER. IT PREVENTS THEIR TAKING COLD. YOUR DOCTOR WILL CONFIRM THIS. THE OIL COMBINED WITH THE HYPOPHOSPHITES IS A SPLENDID FOOD TONIC."

SAVE your SURPRISE SOAP Wrappers. For 25 Surprise Soap Wrappers we give FREE: 1/2 dozen Lead Pencils, 2 of the famous Bissell's Lead Pencils. A choice of a great many beautiful Pictures. A fine selection of the latest novels. 2 sheets of up-to-date Music. A Cook Book.

CARLING'S GOLD MEDAL ALE, PORTER & LAGER. These Brands are exclusively used in the House of Commons.

leaning at a window that looked into the garden, discoursed together very sweetly asking each other what that eternal life of the Saints might be which neither eye hath seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. And we parted with the mouth of our heart after Thy heavenly fountain, the fountain of life, longing for some drop therein; that in some small degree and according to our present capacity we might be enabled to form some idea of so great a thing.

"AND WHEN WE HAD GONE SO FAR AS TO CONCLUDE THAT NO SENSIBLE DELIGHTS, HOWEVER GREAT SO EVER THEY MIGHT BE, WERE WORTHY OF BEING MENTIONED IN COMPARISON, WE THEN ROSE HIGHER AND HIGHER THROUGH ALL MATERIAL THINGS, EVEN UP TO THE HEAVENS THEMSELVES, WHEN THE SUN AND MOON AND STARS SHINE UPON THIS EARTH; AND THEN WE ASCENDED STILL HIGHER SPEAKING OF THEE, AND OF THY WONDERFUL WORKS."

"AND THEN WE ENTERED INTO OUR OWN MINDS MOUNTING ABOVE THEM TO THAT PLACE OF EVERLASTING PIETY WHERE THOU FEDEST ISRAEL FOR EVER WITH THE FOOD OF TRUTH."

"AND WHILE WE WERE SPEAKING, AND PANTING AFTER IT, LO! WE TOUCHED IT AN INSTANT WITH ONE WHOLE BEAT OF THE HEART. AND WE SIGHED AND LEFT THEM BEHIND US—THOSE FIRST FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT AND RETURNED TO OUR DISCOURSE."

"AT LAST SHE SAID TO ME: 'SON, FOR MY PART, THERE IS NOTHING IN THIS WORLD THAT NOW GIVES ME PLEASURE. 'WHAT HAVE I TO DO HERE ANY LONGER, OR WHY I AM HERE AT ALL, I KNOW NOT, ALL MY HOPES IN THIS WORLD BEING NOW AT AN END. 'ONE THING THERE WAS FOR WHICH I DESIRED TO STAY A LITTLE LONGER IN THIS LIFE, THAT WAS TO SEE YOU A CATHOLIC CHRISTIAN BEFORE MY DEATH. THIS MY GOD HATH GRANTED ME MORE ABUNDANTLY; FOR I SEE YOU NOW HIS SERVANT DESPISING ALL EARTHLY FELICITY. WHAT HAVE I NOW TO DO HERE?'"

FIVE DAYS AFTER SHE FELL ILL; IN FOUR DAYS MORE SHE WAS DEAD. "LAY MY BODY ANYWHERE," SHE HAD SAID. "LET THIS GIVE YOU NO CONCERN. I ONLY ASK YOU TO REMEMBER ME AT THE ALTAR WHEREVER YOU MAY BE."

AUGUSTINE SAYS THAT "THOUGH HIS VERY SOUL WAS RENT IN TWO HE SPOKE AS CALMLY AS IF THE FLOODGATES OF HIS TEARS WERE NOT READY TO BURST OPEN."

"AND NOW BEHOLD THE BODY IS CARRIED OUT TO BE BURIED AND I GO AND RETURN WITHOUT TEARS. NEITHER IN THOSE PRAYERS WE Poured FORTH WHEN THE SACRIFICE OF OUR RANSOM WAS OFFERED FOR HER WHILE SHE WAS BESIDE THE SEPULCHRE—AS WAS THE CUSTOM THEN—DID I SHED ANY TEARS. I RESTRAINED MY GRIEF AFTER THE FUNERAL FOR THE WHOLE DAY. BUT BEING ALONE IN BED, I LET GO MY TEARS AND LET THEM FLOW AS MUCH AS THEY WOULD; AND IF ANYONE SHOULD THINK IT A SIN IN ME TO HAVE THUS FOR A SMALL PART OF AN HOUR

wept for a mother who had wept so many years for me, let him not deride me but in his charity pray for me to God."

THE BODY OF ST. MONICA NOW REPOSES IN THE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE IN ROME. CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

THE ORDINARY COUGH OR COLD MAY NOT BE THOUGHT MUCH OF AT THE TIME, BUT NEGLECT MAY MEAN IN THE END A CONSUMPTIVE'S GRAVE. DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINES AND TURPENTINE WILL NOT CURE CONSUMPTION IN THE LUNGS ARE RIDDEN WITH CAVITIES; BUT IT WILL STOP THE COUGH, WILL CURE CONSUMPTION IN ITS EARLY STAGES, AND EVEN IN ITS LATEST STAGES GIVES SUCH RELIEF AS TO BE A PERFECT GODSEND TO THOSE WHOSE LIVES ARE NEARING A CLOSE.

THE RATES TO WINNIPEG VIA UPPER LAKE STEAMSHIPS. ALBERTA (Tuesday), ATHABASCA (Thursday), MANTONA (Saturday).

REDUCTION IN THE RATES TO WINNIPEG VIA UPPER LAKE STEAMSHIPS. ALBERTA (Tuesday), ATHABASCA (Thursday), MANTONA (Saturday).

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. MUSKOKA LAKES. In the Highlands of Ontario.

THE MUSKOKA REGION, WITH ITS MANY HUNDREDS OF LAKES AND STREAMS, IS UNDOUBTEDLY THE BEST PLACE ON THE CONTINENT FOR FISHING, SHOOTING AND CAMPING. THE FISHING, CONSISTING OF BROOK AND SALMON TROUT, BLACK BASS, MUSKELLONGE AND PICKEREL, IS UNQUALIFIEDLY PARADISE.

ALLAN LINE. Royal Mail Steamship Co. ESTABLISHED IN 1851. The Company's Fleet consists of Thirty-four Steamers aggregating 134,937 tons.

Twin Screw Steamers—Turinian, 10,000 tons—building; Castilian, 8,800 tons; Bavarian, 10,000 tons—building.

Steamers sail weekly from Montreal to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry during the season of navigation; also separate service from New York to Glasgow. The St. Lawrence route is 100 miles less than sailing from New York.

FIVE-M Second Su APPROACH THE AN "If any man can forever" (John The great s four speaks I we all know, Eucharist wh the eye of I wherein the host and t the month of I invites all the if we consider host, how pre sent is, wh mense blessing of that bread who should n gratitude the deemer and a often as pos

When the I ceal himself b of the cruel hausted by h himself down of a juniper was awakene Heaven, an a hearth cake, for thou has And Eitas are ened by the without hug and forty ni where the I Dear Christi the way of ou trayed. We, constantly see whom our Lo the beginni apostle warn Brethren, y goeth about, your." (I P messenger of the bread of and eat; fo great way, f way full of r fore you t Young man, the strong, feel the be glowing still upon you. C and eat, whe misery, and until you arr God, where every cross, dried.

Strengthen the first Chr courage, ente stilled into a to be; torn tender mother desiring the their childre meet the mos animated at thirteen, with that she hast the block, th the nuptial a the answer; cause they at For the first Communion priest. And at his life astonished their blood "They were the bread of As in prim angefic food that miracu ous innumer three young of Babylon, flames of i that surround ously vanq and themse fidelity, true perfection. claims the re view of the thy children (Ps. 137, 3 ) the most del; so those sur round the t in blossoms allmost vis most beauti the lovely li of heart emi ness, there d, they spre God and the in the innates table of the fear of God sanctified, papers will and quarrel is Heaven c dwell amon however, is who are I Jesus in the have a lo manna, as for the terr no longer s fervor is c inspiration are becomi fall into mo do not riso the cords chains, vic thus like o the dark n until overi would like lamps with late! In t dreadful n shall seek me" (In (John 7, 3 ) Fearful for! In ho

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Second Sunday After Pentecost.

APPROACH THE TABLE OF GOD OFTEN AND WORTHILY.

"If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever." (John 6, 52)

The great supper, of which the Saviour speaks in today's gospel, is, as we all know, the emblem of the holy Eucharist which our Lord instituted on the eve of His passion. To this feast wherein the King of angels is Himself the host and the nourishment, God, by the mouth of His servants, the priests, invites all the faithful, and certainly if we consider the great dignity of the host, how precious the offered nourishment is, when we reflect on the immense blessing which the participation of that bread of the angels brings us, who should not extol with joy and gratitude the infinite mercy of the Redeemer and approach the holy Table as often as possible.

When the prophet Elias had concealed himself by flight from the pursuit of the cruel queen Jezebel, he, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, cast himself down and slept in the shadow of a juniper tree. And, behold, he was awakened by a messenger from Heaven, an angel, who, giving him a hearth cake, said: Arise and eat; for thou has yet a great way to go. And Elias arose to eat, and strengthened by the miraculous food, he walked without hunger or thirst for forty days and forty nights unto Mount Horeb, where the Lord appeared to him. Dear Christians, in this event we see the way of our own life faithfully portrayed. We, too, have an enemy, who constantly seeks our perdition, that foe whom our Lord calls "murderer from the beginning," of whose wiles the apostle warns us in these words: Brethren, your adversary, the devil, goeth about, seeking whom he may devour." (1 Peter, 5:8). The priest, the messenger of God approaches us with the bread of angels saying: Arise and eat; for you have yet to go a great way, a rough, thorny path, a way full of troubles and difficulties, before you reach Heaven's height. Young man, arise and eat the bread of the strong, when you are weak and feel the heat of temptations, like glowing sunbeams, burning down upon you. O pilgrim of earth, arise and eat, when bowed down by woe and misery, and be strengthened anew until you arrive at the holy mount of God, where you will be relieved of every cross, and every tear will be dried.

Strengthened by this food of angels, the first Christians, filled with lion's courage, entered the arena. What instilled into a St. Ignatius that longing to be torn by lions? What filled tender mothers with heroic power, that despising the tears and entreaties of their children, they went joyfully to meet the most cruel torments? What animated an Agnes at the age of thirteen, with that contempt of death that she hastened with greater joy to the block, than does many a spouse to the nuptial altar? St. Cyprian gives the answer: "They were strong, because they ate the bread of the strong." For the first Christians received Holy Communion daily at Mass with the priest. And hence he is not surprised at their life of angelic virtue. Be not astonished that millions of them shed their blood so heroically for Christ. "They were strong, because they ate the bread of the strong." As in primitive times, so is now the angelic food of the Blessed Sacrament, that miraculous bread, which strengthens innumerable souls, that like those three young men in the fiery furnace of Babylon, they remain unburnt in the flames of infidelity and immorality that surround them, that they victoriously vanquish the devil, the world and themselves, and in persevering fidelity, tread the way to the highest perfection. "As olive plants," exclaims the royal psalmist in prophetic view of the Blessed Sacrament, "are thy children round about thy table." (Ps. 127:3). For as olive trees produce the most delicious fruit in abundance, so those souls, who frequently surround the table of the Lord, are rich in blessings and fruits of the most magnificent virtues. There glitter the most beautiful flowers of charity, there the lovely lily of innocence and purity of heart emits rays of dazzling whiteness, there the precious violet of humility spreads its odor, so delightful to God and the angels. In homes, where the inmates frequently approach the table of the Lord, there blooms true fear of God, there the Lord's day is sanctified, there no bad books and papers will be found, there no cursing and quarrelling will be heard. There is Heaven on earth, and God's angels dwell among men. How dissimilar, however, is the picture drawn on those who are indifferent to the love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, who have a loathing for this Heavenly manna, as had the Jews in the desert for the terrestrial manna! They have no longer strength to resist evil, their fervor is cooling, the light of divine inspirations is darkening, temptations are becoming stronger, and thus they fall into mortal sin, and because they do not rise immediately by penance, the cords of sin are converted into chains, vice is rooted in the soul, and thus like one intoxicated, they reel in the dark night of forgetfulness of God, until overtaken by death. Now they would like to fill the extinguishing lamps with the oil of grace, but it is too late! In them is now accomplished the dreadful menace of our Lord: "You shall seek me, and you shall not find me" (in your sins you shall die) (John 7, 34).

Fearful words that fill us with terror! In how many, alas, have they been

verified! As for years they live without receiving the sacraments, so without reconciliation with God, they passed into that fearful eternity, there to bewail with everlasting tears their willful negligence. Ah! truly, "O Lord, all that forsake Thee, shall be confounded, they that depart from Thee, shall be written in the earth, that is destroyed." (Jer. 17, 13). Let us, therefore, heed the warning and despise not that heavenly food, which Christ has prepared for us in Holy Communion. Let us frequently and worthily receive the Bread of the strong, let us come to the table of the Lord, to get strength for the combat, constancy in doing good, perseverance in the life of grace, so that we may be able to say with St. Paul: "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal 2, 20), and that united with Jesus in love, we may, under His protection, happily reach our eternal home. Amen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOLD.

Sim Tyler and Bud Sampson sat whispering behind their raised desks. The school-room was so quiet and the whispering so loud, that the tired little woman on the platform heard it, and came softly up behind Sim, to see what it was all about. "I'll have a word with you two after school!" said Miss Anderson shutting down the desk lids. Sim gave one scared, upward glance, saw who it was, and subsided into red-faced studiousness. He remembered that in these after school interviews, "from words they often came to blows." "Ehm! ehm!" coughed Bud, across the aisle, when Miss Anderson's black was turned. Sim caught a dirty white note in the leaves of his book. This was the note: "Get all the boys you can and all the tin pans and girls and things to make a noise and then let all give old dodgie a reggie. Scrynnaidar sury him rite for ordren us into the mill want it." Sim turned the note over and wrote "all rite" on the other side; then sent it back with that endorsement. Miss Anderson was prowling around distrustfully, and Bud crammed it into his pocket, with a hasty glance at Sim's answer. But pockets have other holes sometimes than those at the top, and notes have a way of slipping through to the floor. Bud's did. "The little good-for-nothings!" said Miss Anderson, picking it up at recess. "I hope Mr. Dodge will give them a good horse-whipping. I'll tell him to!"

Five minutes later a small boy was on his way to the mill, with a note from the teacher, informing the miller of the childish bit of revenge the boys were planning. The miller's blue eyes twinkled with fun as he read it! The miller had a great fondness for children, and had spoiled them to a certain extent. They could do as they pleased about the mill and had become more or less troublesome. The miller said nothing when they sent a big log through the sluice way which got stuck in the mill wheel. He laughingly said that "boys will be boys," but when one day he heard a terrible grinding and crashing in the corn mill and found some of the boys had thrown a big stone into the grinder he lost his temper and drove the whole lot out. They had been so used to having their own way about the mill that they looked on the order to keep away as an injustice. "Think they're going to drum me out of camp, do they?" he said, chuckling merrily. "I'll fix 'em!" Three o'clock came, and with it an ominous sound of rattling pans, and drums, and things to make a noise. Rub-a-dub-dub! up the hill they came rub-a-dub! They tramped into the mill. The dusty miller pushed his dusty hat off his forehead, and gave the little army the benefit of one long stare then turned to his work without a single word.

"Goody!" cried Bud, spying an immense drum in a corner. "Guess he wouldn't have left this around, if he'd known we was coming?" And with-out more ado Bud appropriated the drum and put the cord around his neck and pulled out the shining drum sticks and began pounding away. The miller saw all this out of a corner of his eye, and chuckled. "Don't it make a splendid racket?" said round-faced Susy Piper, thumping away with both her dimpled fists on one of her mother's milk-cans—the only thing she had been able to appropriate without suspicion. "Don't you believe he hears what a noise we're making?" asked Sim, a little anxiously, when they drummed vigorously for half an hour without detecting any signs of uneasiness on the part of the miller. "Yes, of course," answered Bud. He's mad, and won't speak, that's all. Let's keep at it till he has to." So they pounded away for another half hour with an energy worthy of a better cause. But the miller went about his work as calmly as if he were alone in the mill. "Awful hot!" sighed Jimmy Allen, one of the smaller boys, fanning his red face with a limp straw hat. "Don't you s'pose he's ever going to speak? It's such fun to hear him rave when he's mad—if he don't catch you!" "Oh!" said Bud, reassuringly. "Don't give up yet. He's most crazy. I saw the corners of his mouth twitch when he emptied that sack of meal." "I'm going home!" whined two or three, as the half hour slipped away, and the jolly miller went in to his five o'clock supper. "O don't!" cried Bud and Sim, together. "Just wait and keep drum-

ming. He'll come out pretty quick, and then you'll see fun. He can scold ever so much better'n Miss Anderson. Keep a drummin'!" Rub-a-dub-dub! How the old mill rang! Such a babel of sounds was surely never heard before within its walls. The miller came out at last. He looked cool and comfortable, and his eyes twinkled more than ever. Several people stopped who were passing to look in the door of the mill, and when they learned the cause of the racket smiled and went on their way. At last the miller said: "Well, boys and girls, tired, be ye? Fraid ye've worked too hard for such a hot afternoon. I'm any quantity obliged to ye for coming up—been thinking of sending for a host on ye to come and drum my rats away. Plagued me most to death all the spring; but I guess this'll fix 'em. I see this 'ere big drum into New York the other day, and thinks says I, that's the very thing to skeer 'em with. Well! s'pose you want to get some supper now. Can't pay ye much, 'cept in good will. Here's a cent apiece all 'round to buy some candy with. When ye don't want to play, come up and help me again some time. Good-night!"

The children stood there for a minute or two—a blank faced company; then turned and marched in a melancholy procession down the hill. The jolly miller laughed as he heard Bud mutter sorrowfully, "Sold for a cent!"

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Confidence Between Father and Son. If fathers of boys would talk freely with their sons about their games of baseball, studies, fads and amusements, the boys would be more likely to talk with them about the larger questions of life which the parents are mightily desirous of interesting the boys in. A confidence established in boyhood between father and son will continue through the tempted age when, of all times, a father's wisdom is needed.

Go on! Go on! Only he that uses shall even so much as keep. Unemployed strength steadily diminishes. The sluggish arm grows soft and flabby. So, even in this lowest sphere, the law is inexorable. Having is using. Not using is losing. Idleness is paralysis. New triumphs must only dictate new struggles. If it be Alexander of Macedon, the Orontes must suggest the Euphrates, and the Euphrates the Indus. Always it must be on and on. One night of rioting in Babylon may arrest the conquering march. Genius is essentially athletic, resolute, aggressive, persistent. Possession is grip, that tightens more and more. Ceasing to gain, we begin to lose. Ceasing to advance, we begin to retrograde. Brief was the interval between Roman conquest of Barbarians, and Barbarian conquest of Rome. Blessed is the man who keeps out of the hospital and holds his place in the ranks. Blessed is the man, the last twang of whose bow string is as sharp as any that went before, sending its arrow as surely to the mark.

Alcohol is Injurious. Tipplers who "drink occasionally to maintain their strength," "need the stimulus to help them endure fatigue," "drink to keep out the cold," "drink to overcome malaria," etc., etc., are finding their thirsty, veiled excuses for the indulgence of an appetite snatched away from them one by one, as Nansen, and scores of hardy explorers, athletes, physicians and sensible men are proving that alcohol is not only not necessary to health but a menace. Surgeon Lydston of the Illinois National Guards has issued a series of directions for the preservation of health in camp, among which is the following: "The soldier should take no stimulant other than coffee or tea, except under medical advice. The surgeons especially and earnestly request the command to follow this injunction to the letter. As a stimulant, sustainer and food, coffee is far superior to alcoholic or malt liquors, and contains no elements of danger. Alcohol is especially detrimental to the digestive organs, liver and kidneys. These are the chief points of attack in yellow fever. Experience has proved that in both hot and cold climates the total abstainer lasts longer, endures more, fights better than the drinker. Aside from the earnest advice herein given on the liquor question, abstinence from liquor will be made a rule, infractions of which entail severe discipline."

Keep Your Engagements. Carelessness in the fulfillment of financial engagements is responsible for many a failure in business. Sometimes it is lack of method, sometimes it arises from having too many irons in the fire; but oftenest it is the result of indifferences and slovenliness of character. There is nothing will impair a man's standing so much as irregularity and uncertainty in meeting payments. A bank soon learns to distrust a man who allows his paper to float around on the day of maturity without making provision for it at all, or simply protecting it at the last moment. A retailer who came through a rather severe financial ordeal, some time ago, attributes his weathering the storm to the fact that he always kept his bank account in a satisfactory condition. When renewals had to be made, they were arranged previously, and when the maturing paper was presented there were always funds to

cover. By securing the bank against the petty annoyances of an irregular account, he won the confidence and good will of the manager, which often stood him in good stead. It is the same with a wholesale house. They soon learn when a man is to be relied upon to look after his obligations, and when he finds it necessary to lean upon them at any time, indulgence is cheerfully granted. It pays to be methodic and straightforward in your financial dealings. The fellow who is always changing his occupation in the hope of finding a "soft snap" will be bitterly disappointed in the end, and may bring up in the workhouse. He will find that he will have to cross many bogs and deserts before he reaches the mountain, and then he will discover that the towering magnet of a height is bleak and rocky, and the azure hue is an illusion. I was once in the White Mountain region admiring the lofty peaks surrounding the lovely interval of North Conway, and I said to a gentleman sitting with me on the hotel piazza, "I would like to be on the top of one of those cloud piercers." "Nonsense," he replied, "they are more agreeable objects seen from the valley than they are on a nearer acquaintance. Stay where you are and make the most of their far-off beauties. They are like many of the people whom you greet pleasantly because you have never known them intimately." My friend was a veteran mountaineer, and his remarks made an impression upon me, and helped me to dissipate many day-dreams about fine possibilities. They aided me always to find the best side of whatever situation I was placed in, and not to long for impossibilities. Therefore, dear boys, when everything's going the opposite way, as the popular song has it, don't get discouraged and think that your occupation is the hardest one possible. Pity some fellow whose toll is more exacting than your own, and thank God that no burden has been placed upon your shoulders that you can not carry. Pluck and manly determination, with the assistance of heaven, will make you strive cheerfully under the most adverse circumstances, but cowardice and fault finding will make you a lazy lout. Of course, you must resist oppression and tyranny if you would preserve your manhood, but don't be a chronic growler when nothing pleases and whom all industrious people dislike. If you keep busy you will have no time to compare your lot with that of young men whom you think more fortunate, and you will have acquired habits which will enable you to take advantage of better opportunities if they are presented. They will also make you confident and resolute in all your undertakings. The man who has only visions of indolence in some fancy position unites himself for all kinds of labor, even government work, for which the petty politician are always intriguing, and which requires in its capture an amount of wire pulling, if not corruption, that seldom makes the game worth the candle. The last work I would advise a young man to do would be that of a so-called political character. It presents so many temptations to dishonesty that, unless a young fellow has a strong will, he is apt to fall into the way of his more disreputable associates. Of course, all citizens should take an interest in the election of proper officials, but eternal hanging around city halls, state houses and similar places in search of a fat salary for little labor is demoralizing. I do not mean to say that there are no good fellows in government employ, but I do mean to say that for nearly every public salaried position there are a hundred applicants.—Benedict Bell in the Sacred Heart Review.

FREAKS OF RITUALISM. The Dublin Review, a Catholic quarterly, commenting on the spread of ritualism in the "Church of England," asserts that now-a-days one can see frequented confessionals in dozens of London churches, and asks: "What would the High Churchmen of sixty years since have said to a sermon on the 'Patronage of St. Joseph,' the 'hidden saint whom our Holy Father, Pius IX., has made the guardian of the Universal Church,' in a Protestant conventicle? If they had known that the Hall Mary would be taught with the Our Father in Protestant schools? If they had foreseen that a Catholic lady would mistake a Protestant confession for that of a Catholic priest, and only be undeceived when the confessor happened to remark, 'That bell is only my wife ringing for tea?' Of course, all this amuses the Romanists, who poke all manner of fun at the ritualistic milliners, and even accuse many of them of treating almost all their own practices and doctrines as jokes. By some of these ritualists the Anglican body is called merely 'The Establishment,' while the Prayer Book is ironically dubbed 'The Incomparable.' In another view of the case the exhibition of inconsistency and mad-headedness made by many of the Romanizers within the bounds of the 'Church of England' is most sad. They are neither one thing nor the other, and are not one even in their 'essentials' of belief. No wonder that an old-fashioned clergyman who was called upon to preach for his ritualistic son, took as his text the words: 'Lord, have mercy on my son, for he is a lunatic.'—New York Observer, (Presbyterian), May 12.

THE STOMACH RULES Cross and Cranky Mortals Who Suffer Untold Misery. Have Only One Course of Release and Health—That Hope is in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Which Always Cure. "The stomach is the man—too often," says an eminent medical writer. The assertion is true. As the stomach is, so is the man. If the stomach is out of order, weak or overworked the man is cross, fretful, irritable, short-tempered, "cranky" and miserable. He is wretched himself, and he makes all who come in contact with him wretched too. The stomach can't be out of order if the man will use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. Many troubles originate in the stomach, though their source is little suspected. We find headache, giddiness, sleeplessness, palpitation of the heart, flushing of the face, cough, skin diseases and other affections are caused by dyspepsia. Each of these complaints is dangerous to life, inasmuch as it will lead to worse troubles—palpitation developing into heart disease for instance if Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets be not used. Each of these troubles, being the result of dyspepsia, disappears as soon as the dyspepsia is removed. To remove dyspepsia is very easy if you know how. And nothing is easier than to learn how. If you can remember to take one or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal the thing is done. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are immediately in effect, permanent in their cure. They act on and strengthen the stomach and bowels, digest the food and bring health and ease to all who use them. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

Colman's Salt THE BEST Financial. MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA. PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$6,000,000. REST, \$3,000,000. A general banking business transacted Loans made on security, and endorser. (Cor. Richmond St. and Queen's Ave. (Directly opp. Custom House).

PENITENTIARY SUPPLIES. SEALED TENDERS addressed "Inspector of Penitentiaries, Ottawa," and endorsed "Tender for Supplies," will be received until Monday, 29th of June, inclusive, from parties desirous of contracting for supplies for the fiscal year 1898-9 for the following institutions, namely: Kingston Penitentiary, St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, Dorchester Penitentiary, Manitoba Penitentiary, British Columbia Penitentiary, Regina Jail, Prince Albert Jail, Separate tenders will be received for each of the following classes of supplies: 1. Four Canadian Strong Bakers', 2. Beef and Mutton (fresh), 3. Pork, 4. Cows (anthracite and bituminous), 5. Cordwood, 6. Groceries, 7. Coal Oil (Best Canadian, in bbls.), 8. Dry Goods, 9. Drugs and Medicines, 10. Leather and Findings, 11. Hardware, 12. Lumber. Details of information, together with forms of tender, will be furnished on application to the Wardens of the various institutions. All supplies are subject to the approval of the Warden. All tenders submitted must specify clearly the institution, or institutions, which it is proposed to supply, and must bear the endorsement of at least two responsible parties.

DOUGLAS STEWART, Inspector of Penitentiaries, Department of Justice, Ottawa, May 20, 1898. 10243

BABY'S SKIN Cuticura In all the world there is no other treatment so pure, so sweet, so safe, so speedy, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, and hair, and eradicating every humor, as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle applications with CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure. Cuticura Is sold throughout the world. Forster, Druggist, 115 West 23rd Street, New York, N. Y. "All About the Skin, Scalp and Hair," free. EVERY HUMOR From Pimples to Scalds cured by CUTICURA.

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH Pain-Killer. A Medicine Chest in Itself. Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for CRAMPS, DIARRHOEA, COUGHS, COLDS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA. 25 and 50 cent Bottles. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. BUY ONLY THE GENUINE. PERRY DAVIS' 98-IRELAND-98 Excursions to Ireland MAY AND JUNE County Wexford Celebrations. Vinegar Hill and New Ross. JULY Irish National Pilgrimage. Belfast Celebration. AUGUST Monuments to Tone and United Irishmen.

A QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS and COLDS Pny Pectoral The Canadian Remedy for all THROAT and LUNG AFFECTIONS Large Bottles, 25 cents. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, Prop'rs, Perry Davis' Pain Killer, New York Montreal

MONUMENTS SMYTH & SON Corner King and Clarence Streets, LONDON, ONTARIO. It will pay you to see us before placing your order. No agents. 100 Foreign Stamps, all different, for 10c. 1,000 Mixed Foreign Stamps, 25c. New price list post free on application. WESTON STAMP CO., 31 King Street East, Toronto.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS. PUREST BELL METAL (COPPER AND TIN). Send for Price and Catalogue. GEORGE BELL, FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS SANDWICH, ONT. ALTAR WINE A SPECIALTY. Our Altar Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Claret will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux. For prices and information address ERNEST GIRARDOT & CO. SANDWICH, ONT.

PLUMBING WORK IN OPERATION Can be Seen at our Warehouses, 112 DUNDAS STREET. SMITH BROTHERS Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers, LONDON, - ONTARIO. Sole Agents for Peerless Water Heaters. Telephone 538.

REID'S HARDWARE For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Squeegees, the latest, Wringers, Mangles, Cutlery, etc. 113 Dundas St., (North) London, Ont.

1898 Our Boys' and Girls' Annual For 5 cents we will mail to any of our youthful readers a new story for boys, from the pen of the popular rev. story teller, Father Finn, S. J., and an interesting tale for girls, by Ella Lorraine Dorsey (both contained in, and written especially for Our Boys and Girls' Annual for 1898). An abundance of games, tricks and other interesting items, together with a large number of pretty pictures, contribute to render Our Boys' and Girls' Annual for 1898 a delightful book. Address: THOS. COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

