

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XVII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1895.

NO. 854.

Lent.

Comes the quiet time of year—
Now the gray rood doth appear
Which reluctant few most dread
Amidst the ashes of the dead.

Pilgrims, we will travel there,
Through the biting wintry air,
On the narrow Lenten road,
Leading o'er the hills to God.

—ROSA MULHOLLAND.

THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

Pope Leo's Latest Encyclical.

The following Encyclical, in which his Holiness Leo XIII. earnestly recommends the work of the Propagation of the Faith to all Patriarchs, Archbishops, and Bishops of the world, bears date Rome, December 24, 1894:

To our Venerable Brethren, Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops of the Catholic World, in Grace and Communion with the Apostolic See, Pope Leo XIII.:

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction. To bring the name of Christ to the peoples of the earth and to daily extend His Kingdom more and more amongst all nations, and to draw into the bosom of the Church both those who are separated from it and those who are hostile to its teachings, this, as every one understands, is beyond question, one of the most sacred of the duties of the sublime charge entrusted to us. Consequently acting under the inspiration of apostolic charity, we have long made it the object of our solicitous thought.

We have never ceased to regard with favor and to multiply the Holy Missions which shed the light of Christianity amongst people wandering in the night of error. We did so especially by our Encyclical *Sancta Dei Civitas*, given in the third year of our Pontificate, the one aim of which was to increase the love and generosity of Catholics for the illustrious work of the Propagation of the Faith. In the Encyclical just mentioned we were pleased to exalt by our heartfelt recommendations a work of which the modest beginnings were followed by developments at once rapid and wonderful, which our illustrious predecessors, Pius VII., Leo XII., Pius VIII., Gregory XVI., and Pius IX., have covered with praise and spiritual favors, a work, in fine, which had given to the missions of the entire world such efficacious aid, and which promised still more abundant help for the future. Our words have, thank God! had the most happy results. The generosity of the faithful responded to the earnest appeal of the Bishops, and during the last few years the work of the Propagation of the Faith has made enormous strides. To day, however, more urgent needs demand from Catholics an increase of zeal and generosity, and from you, Venerable Brethren, all your intelligent activity.

As you are already aware from our Apostolic Letter *Proclara*, published last June, we believe we are but carrying out the designs of Divine Providence in again and again calling the people of the whole world to the unity of the Christian Faith. It would be the fullest realization of our vows if it should be given to us to hasten the arrival of the time promised by God when "there will be but one fold and one shepherd." Our Apostolic Letters on the necessity of preserving and defending the discipline of the Eastern Churches have led you to understand, Venerable Brethren, with what special love our thoughts turn to the past and its illustrious and venerable Churches. You are further aware of this affection by the position which we have taken up after our Conference with the Patriarchs of these nations. At the same time are we far from concealing from Ourselves the difficulties in the way of this design, and our own powerlessness to overcome them. This is why we have with unbounded confidence placed all our hope and the success of our efforts in God. His wisdom it was which inspired us with the thought and inaugurated its realization; His sovereign bounty will assuredly furnish the strength and the means to fully accomplish it. Our earnest prayer ceaselessly implores Him to grant this grace, and we at once exhort the faithful to join their supplications to Ours. It is none the less necessary to supplement the help from on High, which we so confidently solicit by human aid, and we shall, as far as in us lies, leave nothing undone to seek and point out all the means necessary to obtain the desired result.

To bring back to the one true fold all the Eastern Churches separated from it nothing is more essential at the outset, as you, Venerable Brethren, well know than to recruit from amongst the Easterns themselves a numerous clergy, and capable of inspiring others with a desire for reunion. In the second place to establish as many institutions as possible in which Catholic science and discipline should be taught and harmonized with the peculiar genius of the nation. It is, therefore, very opportune to establish, wherever advantageous, special houses for the education of clerical youths, and colleges proportioned in number to the importance of the population, in order that every ceremony can be performed with dignity, and that by the

diffusion of their best books all the faithful may be instructed in the knowledge of their national religion. The realization of these and cognate projects will involve, as you readily understand, great expense which the Oriental Churches, as you can also believe, are unable to meet by themselves; and it is not possible for us, in view of the difficulties of our actual position, to subscribe thereto as liberally as we should desire. It remains, therefore, to make an appeal within the limits of moderation for the greatest share of these necessary outlays for the prosecution of the work which we have just outlined, and the aim of which coincides exactly with that which is nearest to our heart. However, in order not to injure in any way the Apostolic Missions by encroaching on any share of their resources, the faithful cannot be too often impressed with the necessity for enlarging their donations in view of our needs. It is only fair to recommend also the similar work of the *Ecotes d'Orient*, the directors of which have also undertaken to apply the greatest portion of the alms which they receive to the same object.

For all these reasons, Venerable Brethren, we make a special claim on your cooperation, not doubting that you, who have with so constant a zeal aided us and worked for the promotion by every means of the cause of religion and the Church, will not give us effective aid. Do everything in your power, therefore, to advance as much as possible amongst the faithful entrusted to your charge the Association of the Propagation of the Faith. We are, in fact, certain that a much larger number of the faithful would gladly give their names, and according to their means generously subscribe, if from your instructions they understood clearly how able a work it is; how abundant are the spiritual graces attached to it, and what advantages the cause of Christianity may in the present day legitimately expect from it.

And certainly Catholics will be profoundly touched when they learn that nothing could be more agreeable to us or more useful to the Church than that they should zealously vie with one another in collecting the necessary resources for bringing to a successful issue the projects we have formed for the good of the Eastern Churches. May God, whose glory is only concerned in the diffusion of the Christian name and the unity of the Faith and spiritual government of the Church, design in His goodness to bless your desires, to look with favor on our undertaking, and as a pledge of the most precious Heavenly favors, we grant in all affection our Apostolic Benediction to you, Venerable Brethren, to your clergy and your people.

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LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

General Intention for March.

Named by the Cardinal Protector and blessed by the Pope for all Associates.

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

If there be a general intention that by its very importance suggests itself periodically to our Associates under one or another form, it is assuredly the more general diffusion of the Spirit of Prayer. It is not indeed that "spirit of grace and prayer"—to use the terms of Holy Writ—which, together with zeal and devotion to the Sacred Heart, properly understood, goes to make up the very essence of our pious work.

It is self-evident, that in the same ratio that this spirit of prayer asserts its sway over a greater number of faithful souls and permeates them more thoroughly, will our holy army widen out its field of action and hasten the longed-for hour of its triumph. Our Lord has told us: "My Heart shall reign in spite of all its enemies."

But what, according to the language at the same time picturesque and replete with meaning, of the Doctors of the Church, is this spirit of prayer? "It is," says St. Cyril of Alexandria, "the sweet-smelling emanation of souls that are pure." "It is," says St. Augustine, "a hymn and canticle harmonized by your good deeds." "It is," says St. Clement of Alexandria, "your very being transformed into a perpetual holy day solemnized in honor of your God."

It is, in a word, the fulfillment of the great precept imposed on us by our Lord Himself, and after Him enjoined by the Apostle of the Gentiles, "Pray always, pray without ceasing."

To be candid, the bare enunciation of this command affrights our weakness; and yet there is nothing in it impracticable or incompatible with the many duties of our every-day life. Quite the contrary, when it is completed with as we are taught to do by the Apostleship of Prayer in its easy and practical way, for it renders our Christian life more earnest, more fervent, more meritorious and far happier. It renders it, above all, more fruitful and truly worthy of the Heart of Jesus.

It is the teaching of holy divines that the prayer of every moment—which is taught also than the *spirit of prayer*—may assume divers forms, all commendable certainly, but not all

attaining to an equal degree of Christian perfection.

That one, for instance, prays always who constantly strives to shun the smallest faults; that other prays always who performs the actions of the day with a right intention, renewing from time to time his desire to accomplish all according to the will of God; and that other one, again, prays always who endeavors to render his every act as perfect as it is possible for him. "Then it is," says St. Augustine, "that each work becomes a hymn of praise and our life one long unbroken psalmody."

What is required before all else—to conform ourselves to the spirit of our Apostleship—is to offer to God upon awaking, by an oblation to the Divine Heart, our whole day. Then, in virtue of that offering, all our actions, even the most commonplace, will ascend to God as a prayer, in odor of sweetness, to fall back upon us and upon all the Church as a gentle dew of blessing and of grace.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular for the gift of the Spirit of Prayer, which will keep our hearts ever united with Thine, and render all our actions meritorious and agreeable in Thy sight. Amen.—Messenger.

LIGHT FOR NON-CATHOLICS.

The Result of the Mission Given by the Paulist Fathers in New York.

The Paulist Fathers are much pleased with the result of their one week's mission to non-Catholics. The exercises, in spite of the blizzard which prevailed, were largely attended each evening. Between five hundred and seven hundred people attended every evening, and the whole assemblage at each exercise was double that number. The question box was freely resorted to, and a sincere spirit of inquiry was manifested in regard to the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church.

The closing exercises were conducted last Sunday evening by the Rev. George M. Searle, who was himself a Protestant during the first twenty-one years of his life. Father Searle discussed the position of the Church in regard to the doctrine of Indulgences and the infallibility of the Pope, and also the use of sacred pictures and images in the church. His remarks were heard with the closest attention. At the conclusion of his sermon he announced that, although the mission was concluded, the Sunday evening sermons in the future would have a particular interest for non-Catholics. During the Lenten season at least one instruction a week will be given for the benefit of non-Catholics, as the Paulist Fathers believe that hundreds of outsiders are eager to learn about our faith, and they intend that abundant opportunities shall be given to such.

As an immediate result of the mission a class of more than forty non-Catholics has been formed for instruction in the belief and practices of the Church. These aspirants for knowledge are under the tuition of Mr. Jesse Albert Locke, a convert from the Episcopal Church, and a former Episcopal minister. Mr. Locke is especially well fitted for the task he has imposed upon himself. He has been over all the ground himself, and will be able to turn what are apparent stumbling-blocks of belief into stepping-stones for his non-Catholic brethren. The Paulist Fathers will extend the privilege of membership in the class to all non-Catholics, in any part of the city, who desire to become members.

The Fathers distributed great quantities of Catholic tracts and literature gratis among the attendants at the mission. Fifteen hundred tracts were given out every night. Such works as "Faith of Our Fathers," and "Catholic Belief," were circulated, also copies of Father Young's new book, "Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared," were in great demand. This work has created such a sensation that the first edition is completely exhausted and another has just been issued. No book of this kind published in a long time has won its way so speedily as the spoken and written word have the Paulist Fathers endeavored to impress those outside our faith with its beauty and holiness. It would be impossible to estimate with mathematical accuracy the amount of good accomplished by the mission to Protestants. The Fathers in charge have had assurance enough to confirm the wisdom of their course, and it is probable their example will be followed in many quarters.

Among those who were regular attendants at the exercises were noticed the Rev. James M. King, Secretary of the National League for the Protection of American Institutions, and his daughter. Mr. King not only listened to the lectures, but on several occasions he presented himself for further enlightenment to the different Fathers in charge, and he expressed himself as surprised, and well pleased at the presentation of

Catholic doctrine to which he had listened. There were undoubtedly many others in the congregation to whom the true nature of such subjects as Confession, Transubstantiation, Indulgences, etc., came like a revelation, and it is to be hoped that the first glimpse of the truth will lead them to study further and disabuse them of many preconceived and false ideas of Catholic faith and worship.

WHY STAND YOU IDLE?
Archbishop Ryan's Sermon.

Philadelphia Catholic Times, Feb. 16.

The sermon by Archbishop Ryan, at the Cathedral on Sunday last, dealt particularly with an exposition of the justice and mercy of God as taught by the Church in contradistinction with the distorted ideas of it conveyed by the "theological lawyer," who is engaged in instructing others in what he claims he knows nothing about himself.

The text, taken from the Gospel of the day, (Matt. xx., 1 to 16) was: "Why stand you here all the day idle?"

Following is an abstract of the discourse:

This is called Septuagesima Sunday, and the Church commences to day to prepare for the great season of Lent. As Lent is a preparation for the celebration of the Passion of Christ and of the Resurrection, so the time between this Sunday and Lent is a time of penance and prayer; hence the priests at the altar are clothed in purple, the emblem of penance; hence the "Gloria" is not sung and the "Alleluia" is silent. The Church in her ceremonial speaks of this time of preparation, and both the Epistle and the Gospel of the day suggest thoughts appropriate to this preparation. The first is a thought which should fill the soul with a salutary fear, for though many run, "but one receiveth the prize." Therefore St. Paul says: "I so fight, not as one beating the air, but I chastise my body and bring it into subjection, lest perhaps when I have preached to others I myself should become a castaway." In the Gospel we are exhorted to work and not to be idle, because "many are called but few are chosen," and in another part we are told, "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away," and, again, "Strive to enter by the narrow gate." We must practice violence to self. We must work. These are the conditions of our salvation, and considerations of these are appropriate to the approach of the season of Lent.

It seems a hard thing that all whom God created should not be saved, that all who run may not obtain a prize, but we have to learn that man is a free agent and cannot be saved unless the conditions are fulfilled, that is, observance of the law and repentance for past sins.

It is vain to speculate on how many shall be saved. God alone knows the hereditary tendencies and all that goes to mitigate the malice of sin. Certain it is that many shall be lost, and the question for each one is, what is my chance? What has God done for me? On what conditions shall I be saved? As God alone knows each man, so to God alone must we leave our men, but we must try to judge ourselves—the graces, the illuminations we have received, the circumstances of our life, that we may be judged less severely by God. It will not do to say, "Many live as I do." Does the number of the guilty lessen the crime? God is just, rendering to every man according to his works. God's government is not a weak government, which must give amnesty because of the number of the rebels. God does not fear to punish numbers. Did He hesitate when the whole world was deluged? Did He hesitate when He destroyed the cities of the plain? Did He hesitate to punish Jerusalem, though He loved her, when she desecrated His sanctuaries and killed His prophets? In proportion to His justice is His mercy. Infinite in mercy. Infinite in justice. Therefore, "since the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" it behooveth every man to look into his own soul, into his own heart and not to ask shall the majority be lost or saved, but shall I?

God's justice cannot be in contradiction with God's mercy. With the revelation of His justice comes the revelation of His mercy if man will but return to Him. Those who came at the eleventh hour were rewarded as the others. Oh, what a grand hope! We may always be what we ought to have been. Behold the old man, aged and decrepit, bankrupt in health, bankrupt in reputation, bankrupt in character, tempted to suicide, crying: "I might have been a comfort to my family and not have died in disgrace and despair." It is some one came to him and said, "No, it is not too late. It is in your power to gain back what you have lost. In the short time left this tender God, this just God who always acts as a God, says I will forgive like a God or strike like a God if you respond not to My invitation. At any moment God will accept our repentance, and we will be restored to His friendship. God's mercy and long waiting is the logic of

His punishment. God bends down to man even as He washed the feet of Judas Iscariot, and makes him every offer; yet man spurns his sacred God, the Father Omnipotent, whom angels adore and before whom powers tremble."

If with our finite minds we dash into the ocean of any one attribute of God, our lives are lost in despair. "He is too good, too just, too holy for me to be saved. I must despair." Again, we are lost if we plunge into the ocean of His mercy and say, "He will save them all—the man who is poor because he is honest, and the man who is rich because he is dishonest. This is not justice, human or divine." Show man when he should hope and when he should fear, steering between the extremes, teaching him to fear without despairing, and teaching him to confide without presuming. Speak to him of God's mercy and justice, His willingness to receive at the eleventh hour.

Speaking of man hearing the whisper of God's mercy and despising it and the whisper of His love and passing it by, his Grace went on to say:

"From these considerations of justice and mercy should arise the conclusion, 'I have to work, I must shake off indifference when a God holds out His hands to me. I must begin. For me it may be the eleventh hour. It comes in the night of old age. As every hour may be the last, this may be the eleventh for me. It behooves me to work, to come into the vineyard. Perhaps you are busy like Martha and 'art troubled about many things,' but you are idle if you are doing nothing for eternity. There are people who are busy idlers." Speaking of those who are not bad, and yet not very careful, he said: "Cursed be he who doeth the work of the Lord negligently."

"How are we to avoid vices, dangers and occasions of sin? By avoiding the saloon, the company or the book or whatever is the cause. How are we to plant virtues? We have to make sacrifices in order to win heaven. It is all folly to think we will have nothing to do but simply glide into heaven." "I," said the apostle, "chastise my body and bring it into subjection," and we, good easy people, with intentions of saving our souls, are idle. In proportion to God's mercy will be His justice. God is not mocked. Even the pagan philosopher says that they who violate the laws of Being shall be separated from Him. Let us remember how long it has stood idle. To day if you hear the voice of the Lord harden not your hearts. Remember while He is merciful, He is just; while He is just, He is merciful. While the Holy Sacrifice rises from the altar ask Jesus Christ that He may strike you with repentance that you may win His love. You who think you are serving Him, see if you are. Examine yourselves and see if you are not led away by spiritual sloth. Remember that He will demand according to the graces given. Ask that you may begin. Ask that you may continue. Ask for the beginning of a life on earth for God that may be perpetuated for all eternity."

REDMOND CONDEMNED
By the Irish National Federation of New York.

At a meeting of the Irish National Federation held in New York on Sunday resolutions were adopted as follows:

Whereas—The Liberal party of Great Britain has, through good and evil report, unflinchingly upheld the banner of Home Rule for Ireland, finally succeeding in passing a large and comprehensive measure through the House of Commons; and

Whereas—The Tory party, true to its traditions of class privilege and landlord ascendancy, offers to the Irish people nothing but coercion and twenty years of strong government; be it

Resolved—That in view of these undisputed facts we, the City Council of the Irish National Federation of America, unreservedly condemn the action of John E. Redmond and his following of eight in voting against the Liberal party, thus endangering the policy of justice and friendship. We regard this action as treason to Ireland's cause, and we feel that at the first opportunity the people of Ireland will consign to ignominy and disgrace men so recreant to every national and patriotic sentiment.

Resolved—That we again renew our pledges of steadfast support to the Irish Parliamentary party, and we again express our unflinching confidence in the success of the struggle now being made to win Home Rule for Ireland.

Ingersoll's Star Declining.

"The Passing of Ingersoll" will soon be a subject for newspaper writers. The eloquent colonel has been lecturing lately in Chicago and other scenes of former enthusiastic receptions; but he is no longer greeted by large audiences or the old time enthusiasm. The few who now go to hear him are actuated evidently by curiosity and regard

the sophistical blasphemer with cynical indifference. It is hopeful sign.

The atheist for revenue lectured on "The Bible" in St. Paul a few days ago, and was followed in a sermon on the same subject, last Sunday night, by Archbishop Ireland. The great Archbishop swept away the delusive word-pictures of Ingersoll in a magnificent defence of the Bible, which has won him applause throughout the length and breadth of the land.—Catholic Union and Times.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

A very salutary reminder is that which the Church gives the faithful on Ash Wednesday when, sprinkling ashes on their foreheads, it bids them remember that they are dust and must one day return to their original element.

In the midst of our daily occupations, with their various aims and ambitions, we are prone to attach too great an importance to ourselves, and to lose sight of the fact that the day is fast approaching when others will occupy the places that we at present fill in the world, and when our existence and even our names will be forgotten.

Nothing conduces more to that humility of spirit whose chief characteristic is the practice of virtue and the avoidance of vice, than the consciousness of our mortality and the thought that the longest span of human life covers but a comparatively short period. After that comes death and the final judgment; and in solemn reminder of those inevitable things the Church, with loving anxiety and supreme wisdom, annually, at the beginning of the Lenten season, bids us remember that as far as bodily existence is concerned, we are all to return to the dust whence we sprang.—Catholic Columbian.

LENT.

The penitential season is again upon us—reminding us, that when all is told the great purpose of life is to save our souls. The Lenten regime indicates that the road of salvation in the opinion of moralists is away from the primrose paths of life: That when we proceed upon the theory that we are to find our happiness in this life, we are moving in a wrong direction.

So Lent has its injunctions against pleasures and indulgences, against comfort and ease, and against irregularities of conduct. We are advised to mortify ourselves in the matter of diet, but also in the matter of our diversions and amusements—if we have any. The regime of self-discipline may also properly extend to cultivating the virtues of patience, humility, unworldliness and a liking for things spiritual.

So Christians may by an exercise of will become dead to their old selves and the old vanities of their former ways of living. This is the "conversion" that the coming of Lent undoubtedly works in many quarters. The world is full of people getting better.

"Men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

And they do so rise. St. Augustine at the age of thirty-three, after years of worldliness and sin, was turned to a saintly and devout life by the spectacle of many other conversions. He saw what many of us fail to see,—that the wise are also the good, and that there are generations of people who are not neglecting the great concerns of life.—Catholic Citizen.

WHY FASTING?

"There is not in all the Word of God a passage that can be quoted in support of an early and fasting communion," explains the Presbyterian New York Observer. "Neither is there a single text of Scripture to authorize you to change the Lord's Day from the seventh to the first day of the week. Why have you done so? Because the Catholic and Apostolic Church from earliest Christian days has substituted Sunday for the Jewish Sabbath, for solid and resplendent reasons."

Of course there is no reason in the world why Protestants should remain fasting to partake of their communion, since it is nothing but bread and wine; and it makes no difference, with such communicants, whether they breakfast heartily on beefsteak or chicken before partaking of another bit of mere bread, or not. But with Catholics who believe in transubstantiation it is quite another thing. They believe that by virtue of the power given by the Redeemer at the Last Supper to the Apostles and to their successors, the substance of bread and wine is changed at the consecration into the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. And the Catholic Church, in reverence for so sacred a mystery, forbids that other food shall take precedence of this celestial banquet.—Catholic Union and Times.

Those to whom God has confided the care of the poor, should take no less pleasure in assisting them, than does a tender father when administering to the wants of his children.

We should bless and thank God when we find an occasion to suffer something in the exercise of charity.

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Journalism by
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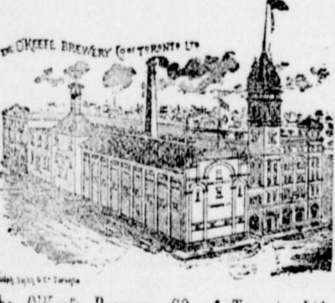
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I am highly pleased with the Dictionary, writes Mr. W. Smith, of Lancaster, Ont.



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ARMINIE. BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Egerton did not return that evening; but the next morning, at the earliest hour possible for a visit, he presented himself, asked first for Mlle. d'Antignac, and on learning that she was out gave his card, requesting that it might be taken to Mlle. Duchesne.

"But Mlle. Duchesne is not here, monsieur," said Cesco.

"Not here?" said the young man. "I understood from M. d'Antignac yesterday that she would be here in the evening."

The servant could only repeat the fact already stated; she was not here. An apartment had been prepared for her, but she had not yet come to take possession of it.

That his sensations were not enviable as he proceeded thither it may well be conceived. Hitherto his business in life had been to seek amusement; now he suddenly saw himself confronted by a stern and most disagreeable duty—a duty he had, gratuitously as it were, brought upon himself, inasmuch as he had put himself in the position which caused it to be demanded of him.

Perceiving him, she advanced quietly and extended her hand, which he took without uttering a word; for he could think of no words that seemed fitting—nay, that would not sound to him oppressively commonplace. It was she who first broke the silence.

"I am sorry to see that you are suffering," she said.

Turning, she drew forward an easy-chair, motioned him toward it, then seated herself near and fixed her eyes on his expectantly.

All this was so different from anything that he had anticipated that his embarrassment became almost overpowering. He regarded her for an instant; then, making a desperate effort to recover the self-possession that was about to desert him entirely, answered:

"Yes, I am suffering. This is my excuse for not having waited on you before to day, mademoiselle."

"Why should you have been in haste?" she said apathetically.

"I was in haste to fulfil a promise I had made," he answered, "and to execute a trust which had been laid on me."

"A trust?" she repeated; and now there was some quickening of attention in her eyes, though her manner was still without emotion.

effects of the shock, I hope?" she said, looking at him with kind sympathy.

"Somewhat," he answered. "But my nerves are very shaky yet. And I confess," he continued with a faint smile, "that I dread the interview before me. You have just left Mlle. Duchesne, I suppose?"

"Yes," she replied, her face taking an expression of gravity as she spoke.

"And will she receive me, do you know? You were kind enough, perhaps, to prepare her for my visit?"

"I came so early this morning specially for that purpose," she answered; "for I am ashamed to acknowledge that I forgot to speak of it yesterday. Yes, she will receive you. But—"

"But that, of course, I have not."

"Well, I must not detain you longer," she said kindly. "For your own sake, as well as hers, it is best that you should be good morning."

"Good morning," he responded; and they went their separate ways, he envying her in that she was not called upon to perform the task before him; she pitying him, and wishing him God-speed in the same.

He was shown into the salon, and the first object that his eye rested on as he entered was the figure of Arminie. Dressed now in deep black, she was standing motionless in the middle of the floor in an attitude as aimless as that of a lay figure.

He was struck with surprise at the indefinable change in the girl; his predominant emotion was that of dismay.

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"A trust?" she repeated; and now there was some quickening of attention in her eyes, though her manner was still without emotion.

"A trust," he repeated in turn. "I should never have thought of intruding upon you at present, nor conceived the idea of mentioning to you a subject so exquisitely painful as the one of which I have to speak, were I not constrained to do so by the express request of your father."

His voice sank as he pronounced the two last words, which were uttered with so much reluctance that Arminie said:

"Do not hesitate to speak freely. You cannot pain me. Pain no longer exists for me, I think. You wish to tell me something about my father?"

"Yes," said Egerton. "When dying M. Duchesne made to me a communication of great importance, adjuring me to deliver it to you without delay."

Then, in the fewest possible words, he repeated Duchesne's relation concerning the marriage of his grandfather.

It was a strange story, as he suddenly thought, for him, a young man, to be detailing to her, a young girl—embarrassing in every way; and he did not look toward her as he spoke until, at a slight exclamation when he first mentioned the name of De Marigny, he could not resist the temptation to observe her face.

"Ah!" she murmured to herself in a low tone, "I understand now. This explains many things."

It was as she said this that Egerton looked up. Was there, he wondered, any special interest to her in this discovery? Her face, when he permitted himself to glance at it, did not answer the question. It wore the expression of one who has suddenly grasped the solution of what had been a problem, but a problem of no great interest, seemingly. Egerton noted this and went on. But when he proceeded to speak of the proofs of the marriage, and remarked that he would charge himself with the duty of obtaining these proofs and taking all the legal steps required for establishing the fact of its validity, Arminie stopped him.

"You have fulfilled the trust given you, monsieur, in telling me this family secret. But you will not be called upon to incur further trouble. I shall not use the discovery. If my father had lived it would have been right for him to claim his inheritance; and if I

were a man I might feel it a duty to do so. As it is, I shall not move in the matter; and all that I ask of you is to hold inviolate the secret entrusted to you."

"But, mademoiselle," he cried earnestly, and with mingled surprise and disapproval, "you cannot mean that you do not intend to claim your inheritance!"

"That is what I mean," she answered.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "All other considerations apart, you will not, I am sure, disregard the imperative intention of your father to secure you against an evil of which you are no doubt ignorant as yet—one of the worst evils, if not the very worst, that beset any life, but especially that of a woman—the curse of poverty."

"I am in no danger of suffering from poverty," she replied. "My mother's fortune—which was not large, but is quite sufficient for my wants—was secured to me."

"But, mademoiselle," Egerton again eagerly began, when she interrupted him.

"I am the representative of my father," she said in a tone half interrogative, half asserting.

"Assuredly," he answered. "The sole representative."

"Yes." "It rests with me, then, to act or not in this affair; and I shall not act."

Again Egerton strove to speak, and again was stopped.

"It is altogether useless to discuss the subject," she said decidedly. "I mean what I have said. I shall not move in the matter."

"Not claim even your name?" "Of course not, since to do that would be to proclaim the whole."

Egerton was silent a moment before he asked in a somewhat constrained tone:

"Do you mean, mademoiselle, that not even the Vicomte de Marigny is to be informed of this discovery?" "Yes, monsieur, I mean that," she replied.

What was Egerton to do? He was not inclined for the controversy in which he so unexpectedly found himself engaged, but a sense of loyalty to the trust of the dead man made him feel bound to use every argument in his power; and, though he had not intended in this interview to press the claims of humanity on Arminie's filial conscience, he now felt driven to this.

"Permit me, mademoiselle," he said firmly but deferentially, "to remind you that the wishes of your father—I may, indeed, say his command—ought to have weight with you, and will, I am sure, when you have deliberately considered the subject, compel you to change your decision. I have still a direct message to deliver to you—"

He paused as Arminie rose from her seat. Extending her hand with the motion of putting the whole question aside, she said:

"I will hear no more. Monsieur, I thank you for—for all." Coming to his side—she, too, had risen—she put out her hand and grasped his, holding it as she went on: "Do not think me ungrateful. You have been a true and noble friend to my father. You have faithfully discharged the trust he placed in you. Is it not enough that you have done this? It is all that you can do."

When Egerton found himself again rattling along the streets of Paris he looked vaguely at the brilliance and glitter and rushing tide of life around him. Which was actual—the blue sky and sunshine, the gay splendor of the broad street and its hurrying crowds, or that quiet room with what seemed to him the almost spirit-like presence of the girl from whom he had a moment before parted? He felt a strange sense of bewilderment, as if he had seen one who was and yet was not Arminie, together with a great consciousness of physical discomfort.

Perhaps the last predominated; for at first he thought less of the interview just over than of his nerves and his stomach, both of which were making themselves sensibly and very prominently disagreeable. And, like all persevering claimants, their impatience presently gained attention to their wants by reminding him that he had taken no food that morning. He had, it is true, gone through the form before coming out, but had eaten nothing. At this recollection he stopped at a cafe and ordered breakfast; and while waiting for it to be served his thoughts naturally returned to Arminie and the incidents of the morning.

If he had considered his position one of difficulty and embarrassment before speaking to her, he found it doubly so now. Chance—if chance it was—had brought him into a singular connection with this girl. From the first time he saw her there had been for him an indescribable attraction about her—a sort of attraction which he had never met with in any other woman. And though Duchesne's dying trust had been cause of much anxiety to him, he had yet found a certain charm in the sense that he was thus tacitly constituted the guardian, if not of Arminie herself, of Arminie's interests. He speculated on what her sentiments regarding the matter might be, anticipating that she would feel pain if the assertion of her rights should seriously injure the fortune of the Vicomte de Marigny, and sure that, in any event, she would deal generously by her kinsman. But it never occurred to him to doubt her obedience to her father's behest, and so he had never considered what his own course of action must be in such a contingency. And now this contingency was upon him, and he felt utterly in doubt what to do.

It was not until he was leaving the cafe half an hour later that a thought came to him like an inspiration. He would go to D'Antignac, ask his advice, and enlist his influence with Arminie.

Fortunately for him it was one of D'Antignac's best days, and he was admitted at once.

"I have come to you for advice," he said, after answering very briefly D'Antignac's inquiries about his health. "I find myself in a most perplexing position about this business of poor Duchesne's. Will you let me tell you the story, which is a strange one, and then give me your opinion as to what you think I ought to do?"

"Tell me, by all means," said the other cordially. My opinion and advice shall be heartily at your service; and, moreover, I will not quarrel with you if you do not take either after they are given," he added with a smile.

"Thank you," said Egerton; and he proceeded in the first place to repeat the relation which Duchesne when dying had made to him.

D'Antignac listened in silence, his expressive countenance indicating the strongest interest. Egerton saw, by a sudden quickening in the dark eyes as he began his narrative, that the fact of Duchesne's connection with the De Marigny name was not unknown to him; and there was a something between incredulity and anxiety in D'Antignac's face as the story went on. After repeating as literally as he remembered the words of Duchesne, he was beginning to describe his interview with Arminie when D'Antignac interposed.

"A moment," he said. "Pardon me, but have you made inquiries, obtained the proofs Duchesne spoke of?" "Not yet," was the reply. "I have not had time, and have been, as you are aware, in no condition to make any exertion. But I purpose—or did purpose to go to Dinan to-morrow and secure this proof."

"Don't you think," said D'Antignac, "that it would have been wise to have attended to these necessary preliminaries before saying anything to Arminie on the subject?" Egerton looked a little startled. "I see," he said, "that I have acted prematurely in speaking to her. Yes you are right. I ought to have investigated the matter before saying a word to her about it. Duchesne may have been deceived, though I think not. He was too sagacious a man to permit himself to be misled either by his own hopes or the plausible representations of another. He was evidently so confident of the correctness of his information that I shall be surprised if the affair does not turn out exactly as he described."

"And Arminie—how did she receive your communication?" "In the most extraordinary way, it seems to me," answered Egerton; and he described at length the scene with her. "Whether such unaccountable conduct is attributable to her present state of mind I do not know. She is certainly very unlike in manner what she has heretofore seemed. I was amazed at the change I found in her; I was even shocked!"

"My sister tells me that she is greatly changed," said D'Antignac. "Which is not surprising," he added, "considering all that she must have suffered lately."

"But the alteration is greater than even the shock and horror of her father's death might be supposed to cause. In fact, I was appalled at the marvellous dissimilarity to her former self which she exhibited. It has left a singular impression on my mind; I cannot connect her as she was when I saw her last with her as she looked and spoke this morning. Two different individuals could not be more unlike."

D'Antignac looked grave, almost anxious. "Helene tells me the same thing," he said. "Poor child! she must have suffered indescribably."

"To return to my own part of the business," said Egerton, "I think that I shall go to Dinan to-morrow, look into the matter—that is, obtain the necessary documents to establish the validity of the marriage."

"If they are to be obtained," interposed D'Antignac, with a smile. "That of course," said Egerton; "and if they are not to be obtained I shall be quite reconciled to the fact, since Mlle. Duchesne takes the affair as she does. On my return—saying that I am successful in my search—I shall once more present the subject to her consideration; and I hope for your influence to induce her to listen more reasonably than she did this time. If she still persists in her present resolution, her obstinacy will lay an exceedingly disagreeable duty upon me. I promised Duchesne solemnly that I would do my utmost to secure his daughter's rights to her, and that promise I intend to keep. If the proofs are forthcoming—and I shall spare no pains to secure them—I will lay the matter before the Vicomte de Marigny. Don't you agree with me that this is what I ought to do?" "Yes, that certainly is your proper course," answered D'Antignac. "But you spoke of going to Dinan to-morrow. Surely you are not in a condition to travel! Take my advice—you asked it, you know—and wait until you can at least move without pain, which I see you cannot do now."

Egerton smiled. "I should have to wait a month or so in that case, if the surgeon's opinion is to be relied on," he said; "and this would not suit me at all. I want to get the affair off my mind."

Duchesne himself was in no haste to press the claim," said D'Antignac; "therefore I cannot see why you should disquiet yourself so much about a few weeks more or less."

moment, but still studying wistfully the ineffably holy face. Then, with sudden energy, "I say, teacher! I know now 'at there'll be room for even me—allus—room—fer—me—more."

After making his childish confession of faith he lay very still, so still that the girl bending over him drew back in dread of an unseen presence.

The light on the pictured Christ glowed for a moment with softened lustre and then went out, leaving the shadows lurking in the ward free to close round the cot; but his little tenant had naught more to fear from the things of earth.—Mary B. O'Sullivan in Donahoe's Magazine.

THE PORTRAIT OF A SAINT.

A Beautiful Life Sketched by the Stern Linner Sorrow.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

I saw to-day the wicker cradle of her son, her one child. For nearly a lifetime none saw it but herself, and I should not now have looked upon it but that she is in her new grave.

It was locked away at the very top of the tall house, in the nursery, gray with the dust of years. She kept the key till she died, and I am not sure that she did not lock the door even upon herself, Annie, the servant, who loved her, and keeps the house a little longer before strangers enter it, brought me into that quiet place. It is a big room with wide windows looking over woodlands to the sea—an ideal nursery, so high is it in the air and the sun. But what tragedies were acted there!

Here where the child had played he met his sudden, awful death; on that little bed by the wall he lay dead and piteous; and when they had carried him out to his grave his mother had flung herself down there with her face to the wall, in a dumb madness and despair that said, "There is no God."

There was a gray drift of velvety dust about our feet when we entered. The windows had been opened, and the draught from the door stirred the curtains and shook a powdery film from their folds. The bed was neatly made, and when we opened the cupboard doors we saw little garments mouldering, quietly on their shelves. The child's bath was there, and the picture screen, and the toys he had played with. His tin soldiers in forlorn ranks on the table; his picture book open as he might have left it; his rocking horse by the wall; on the floor the battered tin trumpet on which he had blown with a martial pride. Were he living now he might be a bearded man with his children growing tall about his knees. Forty years ago—a very lifetime; and few of those to whom her face brought sunlight and moonlight knew that she had ever borne a child. Even the one or two whom she had taken to her strong heart to be their stay and shelter knew of it but as a shadowy tradition. She had looked that tragedy away in her heart as she had locked the nursery door; and who that looked at her face, mild with ineffable calm, could imagine that she had endured an anguish beyond martyrdom, and had in the end been suffered to save her strong soul alive, out of the very jaws of wild beasts, and the horror that lurks in uttermost darkness?

On the door is a framed picture of the Angel Guardian—a tender faced spirit, brooding, with hidden eyes of sweetness and drooping wings, over a stumbling little one. But where was the child's angel that evening when the fire caught him and made a pillar of flame above his head; and while he ran shrieking—poor little helpless one!—there was none nigh to save? I asked the question with a great bitterness of sympathy for that woman of forty years ago, who lay long enduring the fire in her own heart, and all her soul turned from the hand that reached to her through the darkness. With such despair God must be infinitely patient, infinitely content to wait. The rebellion in this strong soul was as great and supreme a thing as, in time to come, was to be its faith and love. Of great sinners are made great saints; or great temptations, great victories; of great anguish, great joy.

I had never guessed at that hidden room. To me the house was like the golden spring day outside—"so cool, so calm, so bright." When I recall my visits there it seems as if it were always spring. The house stands high on its hill, and was there when the city at its feet was a little smoke in the distance beyond a strip of intervening country and the river marshes. An old house, well built and guaranteed to last out many a human life yet. The rooms are lofty and well proportioned. The high windows let in an abundance of light. There is no skimping of good wood in wainscoting, door or staircase. I always look back on the house as full in her life-time of air and light, with great shafts of pure sunshine flooding the rooms from the west sky, and never a mote of dust floating in that cool radiance. Now the chill of the house smote coldly. Outside the hard purple buds were on her chestnut tree. Every bough of the almond was an Aaron's rod of purple-pink stars. Laburnum and lilac were pushing out their buds, and the crocuses stood in ordered rows. A day of nest-building, tho' the leaves were not yet come that should screen the walled houses or the little mansions at their task. But every one was courting a brown sweetheart with the most dulcet cooing and promises. I looked away from the nursery window to the distant sea, a silver-scalded thing, alive in the March sunshine. The woods between were softly blurred

with coming leafage. An early bee buzzed into the room. Divine Easter weather, full of hope and promise, and reminding me somehow of her face gone out in the darkness. The floods of sunshine will never be again in those rooms, where one used to drink in her beauty of holiness, never dreaming of that closed room upstairs and the waters of affliction that long ago went over her head.

Because her son died so long ago you must not think of her as looking like an old woman. She never looked old. She had a beautiful skin, of a singular smoothness and transparency, and a warm color. Her eyes—I think they were darkest gray—were quite splendid, they were so large, so clear, at once so brilliant and soft. Those eyes could never grow old. Her gray hair was parted over her broad, beautiful brow, and was in bands, after the dignified fashion of her young matronhood. She had at once the most intellectual and the handsomest head I have ever seen. But none of these things made her beauty. It was her soul that irradiated all her body, and shone on one with that exquisite impartial light of kindness. Nature had made her for a nobly handsome woman, but God had given her the elect beauty that belongs to the gentleness of Heaven. No wonder she was the light of her husband's eyes.

But I am thinking of her in later days, the days of her great calm. I cannot realize her in those days, when she stared at the nursery wall—in just such spring weather as this—not eating, not speaking, her hands clinched, her eyes wide open and full of an unutterable horror. She was long like this, drifting every hour nearer madness, noticing none of those who would comfort her, turning away in dumb apathy alike from prayers and tears. Then God sent his messenger. It was a woman, great-natured as herself, one childless also by the will of God, one who had satisfied the hungry heart of motherhood, and the empty bosom of gathering there the poor, the sick, and all afflicted, and all orphans. None ever knew what she said, or how she wrestled, God arming her, for soul and sanity and life. She closed the door of the desolate nursery behind her when she went in. Some hours later she came out, leading a new woman, with the dumb madness gone from her face, and on her eyes the soft dew of tears.

They were close friends till the elder woman died—if friendship, indeed, ends with death. What ways she led the younger to seek for comfort! My saint learned there the ease, the balm of mothering those who are orphaned and cast out. Whither she went she brought her own heart's ease. I doubt not that, like the story of St. Elizabeth, the bread of help and comfort she brought the needy was sweet as roses. Her ministrations were not only of the kind that any gentle and sheltered woman can perform—that many do perform, happily. She feared not disease in its worst form, nor the pestilence of sin. Her strong soul, her strong hands were made to meet the dragon on his own ground, and in the name of Jesus Christ to confound and strangle him. All the sweet offices of charity she rendered, too. She warmed orphan babies at a breast forever maternal—for motherhood, thank God! once conferred, can never be withdrawn—she fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and leaned above the dying who already with faith and patience were of the saints. But loathly diseases she did not shun, and her especial gift was the reclamation of sinners. She brightened refugees and penitentiaries by her kindness, which never had a touch of condescension; at the jails her face was better known than the faces of officials, and infinitely more welcome. They called her to hopeless cases, where the poor human animal, savage as a "rogue" elephant, or mad with shame and sin, blasphemed or raged silently. As none was so twisted or deformed or blurred in body, beyond her recognizing them as members of Christ, so no woman was so shameless, so stained, so flushed and disheveled, as to be outside her tender comprehension, beyond her understanding, as none of those men did, the nervous horror of the dark in those poor things who had the feminine nerves without the feminine purity that steadies a girl in the dark with the sense of God's angels at hand. Alone in the night, what horrors lurked in those dark cells for the creatures ignorant as children, and only wiser in shame and sin. When there had been a worse outbreak than usual, it was she who begged the Governor to spare the dark room that turns the blessed day to night, and if it were not repented, she nerved the half-mad creature for her time of fear with a cool hand on the hot forehead, and words of sweetness that constrained the shattered will to quiet submission. She never made them feel that they were outcast. I doubt that in her intense sympathy she ever felt them to be so. I remember once to have seen at a penitentiary a handsome, fierce, black-browed girl flash from under her white cap a strange glance at a nun who passed by. The nun was a young creature, transparently innocent of look, dove-eyed, and with a brooding of peace on her quiet lips. The girl's glance revealed a thousand things—the self-contempt of a stormy soul, the momentary hatred toward her whose whiteness made its own blackness more dense by contrast; shame, rebellion, anguish, all were in that look. But my saint, with her kindly human ways, her wise strong face, her motherliness of manner; sinners never shrank from her, or so much as felt

the pangs of shame in her presence, but breaking into tears under her kind eyes, would sob out their trouble, like the miserable children so many of the were.

She was most at home where she was most needed. In hospital and work-house wards she was as well known as in the prisons and refuges. I have seen her on a wet winter evening, when the murky shadows crept up the bare hospital walls, come in like the sunlight. She had her capacious bag, which seemed to hold gifts for every one—an orange, a bit of tobacco, a little paper of tea, a story-book, a newspaper. She knew what every one wanted, and remembered every one's desires and tastes with marvelous exactitude. It is hard to realize that she is gone, and so many lives bereft of her light.

I wonder what they will do with the cradle and the toys? Will some one board them for her sake, or will they go to the Children's Hospital, where the babies are unexacting and will not discover them to be old-fashioned and out of date? Perhaps this lattermost and best—for what are relics but as dried rose-leaves whose fragrance is piteous?—From the Independent.

THE SPIRIT LIFE.

Things of the Body and Those of the Soul.

How few ever think of the mystery of our dual being. How few ever reflect when studying the figure of flesh before them that the real form is invisible. We read that when our Lord breathed the breath of life into man, he became "a living soul." The soul is the soul form we would see. The soul is the essence of our being, and does not change. The body, like all material substances, is subject to change. At the last day it will be changed for the last time, as St. Paul says, "into a spiritual body," such as our Saviour exhibited at the transfiguration, or such as passed through the shut door and stood among the apostles (St. John 20, 19). After the body is spiritualized here will be no more change, and it will live in bright companionship with the soul in that fair world where there can be no alteration. This life is the flesh which we value so much, and of which ninety nine in a hundred of us only think will appear so short in the presence of eternity and one thousand millionth part of a second would seem an age by comparison, and there is no doubt that all the angels have been wondering for 6,000 years that man should set such value by this short span of life. Who would guess by our present desires and occupations that we are destined to a spirit life to last forever, to commence for many of us within the year, and for some this very night? After we have lived a hundred thousand millions of years in eternity it will seem as if we had just made the commencement of life everlasting. And yet our happiness through all eternity depends upon the use we make of this short probation. In spite of the way of the world, in spite of the delusion and vanities of life, in spite of wayward inclinations of sense and appetite, the great mass of the people would say, in view of the shortness of our probation and the length of eternity and the immense interests at stake, they would say—that would they say? That it is better to drop everything and save your soul! "Take hold on to eternal life." Drop the things which perish.

THINGS OF THE BODY

Our Saviour said: "Ye not solicit our life to-morrow," yet thousands die of worry, but not for their souls. It is enough to live well to-day. Our Saviour said, "Be not solicitous, therefore, saying what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed?" (St. Matt. 6.) Yet how many are carried away by the vanity of dress and the enticement of the table. The unnecessary cost of dress would clothe all the poor. Clubs and associations have been formed for the sole purpose of eating, where many courses are indulged in. We should eat to live, but these live only to eat. The cost of luxury in eating would feed all the poor. This is a purely Pagan rule; the Christian ideal is self-denial. Our Saviour said to the man who was intent on building (St. Luke, 12): "Thou fool, this night do they require thy soul of thee, and whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" "So is he that layeth up treasures for himself and is not rich towards God." "The life is more than the food and the body is more than the raiment." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." My friends, if we consider the shortness of our probation and the uncertainty of there being more time than we need to acquire graces for all eternity, it might induce us to give less time to dressing and feasting, especially when we know that none of these things have value one moment after death, but the soul lives on and acts more freely than it did before, only this flesh dies that you have been fattening with rich food—it is now a feast of worms. You have glorified it with gaudy apparel, now it wears a shroud over which the worms crawl and are masters.

THE SPIRIT LIFE.

How little interest we take in the spirit life to which we are tending every second. Like Lot's wife, we turn our faces away from the angel that was leading Lot, to look back on the things that perish. St. Paul said,

"Who will deliver me from the body of this death?" Who will separate us from our appetites and the desires that are merely sensual? We scarcely think of our relatives and friends and companions who are in the spirit world, and are forever. You are startled at the immensity, the beauty and the variety of created things in the material order. You gaze into the telescope and you are bewildered at the wonders of planet and star and nebulae. You take up the microscope and a new addition of created splendor on a scale that is minute awakens astonishment. Yet these creations are but temporary. Beyond and around and above us there is a spiritual kingdom which is coeternal forever. How little we know of the created spiritual life around us! The spaces which to us seem infinite are filled with bright intelligences ministering to the glory of God. Just now when your thoughts are busy, not on your spiritual life, but of how to enjoy yourself in this, there is a spiritual being near you that has no vulgar appetites, but feeds on the love that flows from the Father and Son. Its will is absorbed in the will of God. Its simplicity, humility and purity is perfect: it is filled with grace; this creature is your model. This guardian angel is so chaste that it is permitted to gaze upon God and His wondrous throne. It is near you, and yet you scarcely deign to think of it, or its numberless companions that circle every where, although if it was to appear to you in all its radiance you would fall down like Joshua to worship it. We must register a new desire for spirit lore and turn the mind from carnal things and awaken thoughts of the supernatural kingdom, and the spiritual life towards which we move with every pulse of the heart.—Philip O'Neill in Catholic Mirror.

ANGLICAN ORDERS.

New York Freeman's Journal.

Prof. Starbuck, in his letter to the Freeman of last week, refers to the Catholic attitude in reference to Anglican orders, and in view of the fact that the Church has given no formal decision as to their validity, asks, "In the meantime, what can she (the Church) do but reordain?"

She simply ordains unconditionally. To reordain implies the recognition of a prior ordination. But if the ordaining Bishops recognize a prior valid ordination, they would be guilty of sacrilege if they were to ordain one whom they recognize as already ordained.

But, asks our correspondent, would they be guilty of sacrilege if they did not know that the person was validly ordained? They would not, because sacrilege, like every other grievous sin, presupposes knowledge. When they have no knowledge of the prior valid ordination, it is to them as if it were not, according to the axiom, "De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio." The Church practically holds that the validity of Anglican ordination is "not apparent," and hence treats it as "not existent."

If the ordaining Bishops had a reasonable doubt as to the validity, they would ordain conditionally. But, as a matter of fact, they do not do so.

"I observe," says the professor, "that Catholic theology declares that, to avoid the pain of sacrilege, it is not always necessary that the second administration should be explicitly hypothetical."

That is true; but let us carefully consider the meaning of the proposition. An explicit hypothesis or condition is one that is distinctly stated—a condition that is not only formulated in the mind, but also formulated in words—expressed. In other words, an hypothesis, or condition, may be expressed or understood, but in either case it must be real. It must not be a vague generality. When the Catholic theologian says that the administration of a non-replicable sacrament need not be explicitly conditional, he simply means that the condition need not be expressed or formulated in words. It is enough that it be formulated in the mind. Take a case where there is a doubt whether a person is baptized or not. If a priest baptize such a person he uses the formula, "If thou art not baptized, I baptize thee." The Catholic theologian says that this verbal expression of the condition is not necessary to the existence of the condition. It exists if it be formulated in the mind, and is real and valid if retained there while the priest repeats the words, "I baptize thee, etc."

Now, in ordaining one who has received Anglican ordination Catholic Bishops ordain unconditionally; they make no condition, either mental or verbal.

There is no reason why the Pope should not permit and thank the French priest you refer to for writing an essay to prove the validity of Anglican orders. We doubt not that the Holy Father would be well pleased if his validity were clearly established, as it would remove obstacles to a reunion. Every good, sincere man wants to get at the truth of the matter, and every one who helps in that direction is praiseworthy. But in the meantime as long as the validity of Anglican orders is not apparent, it must be dealt by ordaining Bishops as non-existent, according to the maxim already quoted, "De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio."

The Professor says: "I once, through an innocent misunderstanding, came very near rebaptizing a lady whom, just in time, I discovered to have been already baptized. If I had baptized her in good faith, should I have been guilty of mortal sin?" Most certainly not.

Then how can a Roman Catholic Bishop, in view of the admitted, and perhaps, insoluble difficulties of the subject, be impeached of sacrilege for making sure by ordaining Anglican clergy-men, admitting all the time the abstract possibility that they may have already been validly ordained?

The ordaining Bishop cannot be guilty of the sacrilege of repeating the sacrament or orders so long as he believes the person has not been already ordained. Just as you would not have been guilty if you had baptized the lady, who, up to a certain point, you believed to be not baptized. Your bona fide ignorance in the case would have saved you from sacrilege, just as it would have an ordaining Bishop. If future investigation should raise a reasonable doubt as to the validity of Anglican orders, Catholic Bishops would ordain conditionally. If further investigation should remove all doubt and establish the validity of Anglican orders, Bishops would not attempt to re-ordain, but would treat Anglican clergy-men as already ordained. But a mere abstract possibility that Anglican orders may be valid is not enough to raise a reasonable doubt in their favor. "Ab esse ad posse valet illatio," is a sound principle, but its reverse, "A posse ad esse valet illatio," is of no value. The fact that a thing is possible, does not prove that it is possible, but the truth that a thing is possible does not prove that it is. We venture the prediction that the Church will never recognize the validity of Anglican orders. Not because of any apparent or supposed advantage her present position gives her, but because the more the historical facts and conditions are investigated, the clearer it will appear that they are not valid. We cannot say that our conviction of this matter affords us any gratification.

IN AN IRISH VILLAGE.

Father Tom is King, and a Much Beloved Ruler He Is.

We live twenty miles away from anywhere—our way of expressing complete out of the worldness. We are eight hundred strong (our village, not the parish) all told, and Father Tom, the parish priest, is King, and a kindly hearted, mild-mannered ruler he is. He christened us all, married all of us burdened with matrimony, and the pity is that death, now rapidly approaching will prevent him giving most of us the Viaticum. His kindly face and parting blessing, uttered in his sympathetic brogue, almost makes death sweet. Father Tom has two troubles—his "crosses," he calls them—his servants, Biddy and Larry, who quarrel from morning to night about anything or nothing. The priest says they remind him of the Protestants and Catholics of the North each recurring 12th of July.

"If one doesn't raise the row the other will," he sighs, "every hour of the day is a 12th of July in my house." And yet he would not part with either of them for the world. Biddy is a perfect grandier of a woman, while Larry, "the priest's boy," a hardy chap of fifty, is 5 feet nothing. On the kitchen dresser are two rows of pewter plates, for ornaments, not use, on which Biddy scrubs her temper away, and they are generally shining. They are an unflinching barometer of Biddy's temper. When they shine with a dazzling lustre the lady has just been in a fierce tantrum; when they are any way dull and laden weather has been fair for some hours.

Father Tom is worth a dozen policemen and a whole bench of Magistrates in settling disputes. Give me Father Tom before the whole hierarchy. He will brook no interference, however, with the religious tenets of his parishioners, no proselytizing Lady Bountiful to lead his flock astray with money bribes.—The London Globe.

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London, Saturday, March 2, 1895.

LENTEN REGULATIONS FOR 1895.

(OFFICIAL.)

The following are the Lenten regulations for the diocese of London:

1st. All days of Lent, Sundays excepted, are fast days.

2nd. By a special indulgent from the Holy See, A. D. 1881, meat is allowed on Sundays at every meal, and at one meal on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, except the Saturday of Ember week and Holy Saturday.

3rd. The use of flesh and fish at the same time is not allowed in Lent.

The following persons are exempted from abstinence, viz.: Children under seven years; and from fasting, persons under twenty-one; and from either or both, those who, on account of ill health, advanced age, hard labor, or some other legitimate cause, cannot observe the law. In case of doubt the pastor should be consulted.

Lard may be used in preparing fasting food during the season of Lent, except on Good Friday, as also on all days of abstinence throughout the year by those who cannot easily procure butter.

Pastors are required to hold in their respective churches, at least twice in the week during Lent, devotions and instructions suited to the holy season, and they should earnestly exhort their people to attend these public devotions. They are hereby authorized to give on these occasions Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Besides the public devotions, family prayers, especially the holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, should be recited in every Catholic household of the diocese.

M. J. TIERNAN, Sec.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA SCHOOL CASE.

We already gave in our issue of the 16th inst. an account of a transaction which took place recently in Victoria, British Columbia, which sets in a strong light the necessity of separate schools for Catholic children in this and other provinces of our Dominion. It was the case of Mr. Neil Heath, the first assistant of the High School, who was shown to have attacked the Catholic faith in his teachings, speaking most disrespectfully and falsely of the doctrine of Transubstantiation.

Since that article appeared in our columns, additional information has come to hand, showing that the case is much more grave than we were then aware of.

We remarked that "We were pleased to notice that the principal and the trustees appear to be ready to stop such teaching for the future," but what has since occurred proves that our hopes were premature. It is still to be said that the principal, Mr. E. B. Paul, deemed it his duty to reprimand Mr. Heath for having violated article 16th of the British Columbia School Act, which says:

The highest morality shall be inculcated, but no religious dogma nor creed shall be taught. The Lord's Prayer may be used in opening or closing the school.

The School Board, however, has sustained Mr. Heath.

Mr. Heath defended his course, stating that it was necessary he should explain the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation in order to make clear the meaning of the Test oath passed in the reign of Charles II. for the purpose of depriving Catholics of their civil rights. The excuse was a flimsy one. The rehearsing of well-known and oft-refuted arguments against Transubstantiation is surely not needful for the teaching of real history, and the teacher who cannot teach history without such insulting remarks as were made by Mr. Heath is not fit to teach in any school, much less in one which is maintained by the taxes of Catholics as well as Protestants, and to which Catholics are expected to send their children.

We mentioned in our former article the principal charge against Mr. Heath. It was that he had said to his class:

"When I was in Paris I purchased for a small sum from a priest a ticket which admitted me to Communion. I received a piece of bread which I put in my pocket. That was supposed to be the actual Body of Christ. Christ must have had a very large Body to

provide so much material for Communion."

Notwithstanding Mr. Heath's denial it has been fully proved that he used the objectionable words, and others still more insulting.

A meeting of the School Board was called to look into the matter, and the case was carefully considered. Beside those who had been before called upon by Mr. Paul to testify, sixteen others witnesses gave evidence before the Board, most of whom were Protestants, from thirteen to seventeen years of age, and the words which Mr. Heath positively denied his having used, were most clearly brought home to him.

Alice E. Dalby, a Catholic girl of fourteen, declared that she remembered the lesson. The incident of which Mr. Heath spoke, saying that he had gone to Communion and had put the wafer into his pocket, had occurred in the Church of the Madeleine in Paris. She did not hear the remark concerning the size of Christ's body; but this remark was testified to by Alice Doran, aged sixteen, and May Dunsan, aged fifteen, both being Catholics, and knowing what the Catholic doctrine is. They were displeased to hear the Catholic religion disrespectfully spoken of before the whole class.

The testimony of these girls was fully borne out by nine Protestant pupils, of different denominations, and a third Catholic one; and in addition there was the curious remark testified to by three Protestant pupils to the effect that the priests got all the wine, and the laity only bread; and that the priests must be very blood-thirsty men, or fellows to drink so much wine if they thought it was transformed into blood.

To the credit of these Protestant children, and to their parents, it must be added that nearly all the Protestant girls examined declared they were displeased at Mr. Heath's remarks, which they did not consider "right or nice."

The following testimony of Miss Lillian Sutherland, a Presbyterian, aged sixteen, may be taken as a specimen of what was said by nearly all the witnesses:

She "remembered quite well the morning when the history lesson was upon the Test Act. Mr. Heath, in illustration, told how, when he was in Paris, he had gone to one of the Roman Catholic churches, and had, on payment of a small sum, received a ticket admitting him to Communion. He was there given a wafer, which he put in his pocket, but no wine. According to the doctrine of Transubstantiation, the wafer was the real Body of Christ, and the wine His blood. Then Mr. Heath had asked the class if they didn't think that Christ must have had a very large body to supply communicants all these years, and had said that the priests must be very blood-thirsty men to drink so much wine if, as they claimed, it was transformed into the blood. She was quite certain that the reference to the bloodthirstiness of the priests had been made by Mr. Heath on this occasion. Though herself a Presbyterian, she had not at all liked the way in which Mr. Heath spoke; she considered it disrespectful to Christ."

This testimony was the most complete of any given, and it has about it an appearance of straightforwardness which is sufficient to convince any one of the intelligence and truth of the witness, and the proceedings of the Board show that they believed fully that the charge was sustained; yet they refused by a majority of 1 to condemn Mr. Heath's conduct. It is fair to add that there would have been a tie were it not for the fact that the chairman of the Board had no vote on the question, for he stated squarely that he would have voted for Mr. Heath's dismissal. This dismissal, however, was not the question on which the vote was taken, but simply whether the Board should take any action in the matter, or wait for the Council of Public Instruction to try the case. The waiting policy was agreed upon.

During the course of the discussion one of the majority declared that Mr. Heath's words did not ridicule Catholic doctrine. "They simply illustrated a natural inference to be drawn from the Roman Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation." Such was the character of Mr. Heath's defence. The vote was therefore equivalent to a decision that the High School teachers have the right, under a so-called non-sectarian school system, to prove, or attempt to prove, Catholic doctrine unreasonable or absurd.

The chairman nobly repudiated this view of the case. He said "he was thoroughly satisfied in his own mind that Mr. Heath had deliberately violated the very essence or spirit of Article 16. The Christian Church, dividing on this particular doctrine of Transubstantiation, to discredit it, as Mr. Heath unquestionably had done, was to bring the most powerful weapon

available—ridicule—to bear in an attack upon the Roman Catholic faith."

After the vote was taken, the chairman said that every intelligent person would interpret it thus:

"Whereas the Public School Act makes it incumbent on school trustees to see that the schools are conducted according to the authorized regulations . . . requiring that the highest morality shall be inculcated, but no religious dogma nor creed shall be taught; and whereas the serious charges against Mr. Heath . . . have after an exhaustive examination, been clearly proved, and on which we are unanimously agreed; and whereas we are lacking in the necessary backbone to give force and effect to our opinions by rendering a verdict; therefore be it resolved that this board agrees to an abstract resolution, having no practical application to the question at issue, and they humbly wait until the Council of Public Instruction kindly relieves us of an unpleasant but clearly defined duty."

The facts make it clear that Catholic pupils in non-Catholic schools, even when these are called strictly non-sectarian, are liable to hear their religion ridiculed and travestied by the teachers, and that though there are some Protestants who will do justice, a majority of Protestant trustees is rarely to be relied upon to apply any remedy when so great an injustice is inflicted. The only remedy in such a case is for Catholics to establish Catholic schools—but there is a powerful party who wish to deprive Catholics of the power of using this remedy, whether in British Columbia, Ontario or Manitoba.

We maintain that it is the natural right and duty of parents to give their children a religious doctrinal education. It is the duty of parents, above all things, to instruct their children so that they shall give to God a rational service, and independently of such occurrences as this which has taken place in Victoria, they should fulfill that duty; but the injustice proves that even if Catholics might conscientiously accept a so-called non-sectarian system of education, they cannot rely upon most Protestant School Boards to supply them with such a system as they could conscientiously use.

A WORD ABOUT THE DARK AGES.

The history of the "Dark Ages" has been so well described by historians that it were useless repetition to say aught about them. So it would seem, but the term, false and misleading, is found so often in the vocabulary of even Catholics that it is wise to know and then recall the teachings of the ancients. Irrepressible young men employ the offensive term to give proof, forsooth, of their broad-mindedness. Time, however, will cool the hot blood, and show them many things which in the days of youthful foolishness they considered vain and foolish.

Historians, seeking more the popular plaudits than the verdict of posterity, have used the "Dark Ages" with telling effect in their wild descriptions of the ignorance in which Rome kept her votaries; and so it has come to pass that this epoch of the world is regarded as symbolic of everything that can enslave and degrade humanity.

It is not, however, difficult to prove that such history is but conspiracy against the truth. It is said that the medieval laity knew not how to read nor write; and, to substantiate the assertion, appeal is made to the crosses found at the foot of documents in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. We know, however, that such a charge is absolutely false. Many of the colleges of that period were founded by nobles who did all in their power to foster a love for learning among their retainers, and if crosses are traced at the foot of documents it was because in these days deeds were not authenticated by names but by crosses and seals. Education was encouraged by the Church and no better proof can be had than the words of her prelates and councils, recommending the erection of schools and exhorting parents to see that their children took advantage of them.

Higher education reached the zenith of its glory and perfection during the "Dark Ages." All the great universities—the famous Benchor of Ireland, Lindsfarne of Acala, Salamanca, Valladolid, Oxford and Cambridge—were founded during that time. The University of Bologna had sometimes more than ten thousand students attending the lectures of its professors.

This period of the world's history witnessed the birth of such men as Dante, Albert the Great, Thomas Aquinas. Who will say that our philosophical fledglings can be compared to those eagles who soared onwards and upwards to the mount of truth? Our nineteenth century, so disdainful of the

past, cannot show their peers. It fumes at very mention of their names, and would blot them out from the annals of the world. But a great man carves his name in the heart of humanity.

Fearless in their investigations, they will stand for all time a menace to the false and superficial philosophical methods so much in vogue, and a fount of enthusiasm for all who love truth for its own sake. We advise all who are disgusted by glittering generalities and fantastical principles to take up the writings of Thomas Aquinas, and see for themselves how he who lived long years ago with tanned head and monastic garb, taught the men of the "Dark Ages." We have no fear of the verdict. His lessons were the outpourings of a noble intellect that saw Truth in all her radiant beauty and described the wondrous vision in direct and lucid language.

Many of the inventions and improvements originated in the "Dark Ages." The paper on which we write, says Hallam, is an invention of the year 1100. Printing by hand was done in the tenth century, but the press was invented in 1436, by Guttenberg. Stereotyping was, though not in the perfect manner of our day, performed at that time. Music as a science, the mariner's compass, spectacles, algebraic and arithmetical numbers, the use of stained glass were invented or perfected during those ages.

We did not have civilization as refined as that of the present day, for it was a period of turbulence, when men were ever ready to drop the pen for the sword. Still, however, when the laity marched to war, the lamp of learning was kept burning in the monastery. Maitland has the following to say about the influence of monasticism:

"It is impossible to get even a superficial knowledge of the medieval history of Europe without seeing how greatly the world was indebted to the monastic orders, and feeling that monasteries were beyond all price, in those days of misrule and turbulence, as places where God was worshipped; as a quiet and religious refuge for helpless infancy and old age; a shelter of respectful sympathy for the orphan, maid and desolate widow; as central points whence agriculture was to spread over bleak hills, and barren downs and marshy plains, and deal its bread to millions perishing with hunger and its pestilential train; as repositories of the learning which then was, and well-springs for the learning which was to be; as nurseries of art and science, giving the stimulus, the means and the reward to invention, and aggregating around them every head that could devise and every hand that could execute, as the nucleus of the city which in after days of pride should crown its palaces and bulwarks with the towering cross of the cathedral."

If the "Dark Ages" could claim no glory save that of having erected the grand old piles that dot the hills and plains of Europe, that alone should ensure them our respect and veneration. Modern architects have never surpassed, nay, have never equalled, them. Who in the nineteenth century has conceived and executed such marvels of architecture as the cathedrals of Winchester, Canterbury and York, the Dom of Cologne, of Pisa and many others.

Again, to quote Rev. R. Parsons,

"In 650 windmills were invented; in 657, organs; Greek fire, in 670; carpet weaving, in 720; clocks, in 760; in 790 the Arabic numerals were introduced; in 1130 the silk worm was first cultivated in Europe; in 1278 gunpowder was invented; engraving in 1400; oil-painting, though many ascribed it to Van-Eyck, was in use in 1415."

Much more, if space permitted, might be said to prove that the "Dark Ages" was a period of an intellectual activity whose benefits we are now reaping. Enough, however, has been given to show that the accusations of ignorance are but the offspring of imagination and prejudice.

A PRESS despatch, dated Ottawa, Feb. 22, states that Hon. Theodore Davie has been appointed Chief Justice of British Columbia. The honorable gentleman, the report goes on to say, was born at Brixton, Surrey, Eng., in 1852. His father, John C. Davie, who came to Canada, was a member of the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia at the time of his death, in 1869. Theodore Davie was admitted to practice as an attorney in 1873, and called to the bar in 1877. For several years he was a member of the Law Society of British Columbia. He was first returned to the Legislature in 1882 for Victoria city, and afterwards in 1886. He succeeded his brother, the late A. E. B. Davie, as Attorney-General in 1889. On the death of the Hon. Mr. Robson he became Premier. Mr. Davie is a convert to the Catholic

Church. He is one of the most distinguished men in the Dominion, and his appointment to the high position named will be received with approval by all classes of the community.

UNION AMONG IRISH NATIONALISTS.

A meeting of Irish Nationalists was held on the 27th ult. at Mayobridge, county Down, at which Mr. John Dillon and Michael McCartan, members of the Irish Nationalist Parliamentary party, were present and gave stirring addresses.

It is a good sign of returning unity among Irishmen of the Nationalist parties, that both these gentlemen expressed themselves in unmistakable language, as desiring above all things that the Nationalists present an undivided front at the general elections which must be held before long.

The chairman of the meeting was the Rev. Henry O'Neill, P. P. of Warrenpoint, and in his opening address he expressed his deep regret that there should exist dissension among those who are laboring for the same end in a different way. He said:

"It is to be regretted that there should be even the shadow of an excuse for those rumors of dissension of which the enemies of Ireland make so much. The people's voice is being uttered in meetings, and is growing in volume, in intensity, in distinctness, proclaiming that while the freest discussion as to proper methods of action must be allowed in the councils of the party, the great principles of unity must be maintained. The Irish men must stand together shoulder to shoulder as one man, as in those past days when by union, and discipline, and self-sacrifice, they achieved so marvellous things for the Nationalist cause."

Continuing, he added that the people have the right to require this from their representatives, and that, on the other hand, the representatives of Ireland have a right to expect from the people a generous and unwavering confidence.

Both members of Parliament present endorsed these views without reserve, and we may, therefore, reasonably hope that these are the sentiments generally felt among the Irish members, so that there shall be brought about a happier condition of affairs.

Lord Rosebery's Government is not so strong in the House of Commons as was the Government before Mr. Gladstone's retirement from the leadership; but this weakness is owing to the defection of the Parnellites from the Government side. Still the Government has been able to retain a majority throughout, small though it be, the Nationalist party proper supporting it with unwavering loyalty. We see no cause why they should not continue to do this. It has not wavered one iota from the position the Liberals took under Mr. Gladstone, and if they have not succeeded in carrying Home Rule, it is because the House of Lords stands in the way. It is necessary, then, to deal with the House of Lords before doing anything more for Ireland than the Government has done already, by legislation favorable to the tenantry; but it is promised that the House of Lords shall be dealt with in good time and as soon as possible, so that it shall not be able to thwart useful legislation hereafter. Surely the friends of Ireland should stand together at this critical moment to secure what the Government has promised, and it is our conviction that at the general election the Irish people will be more united in favor of one Irish party, than they have been yet, since the unfortunate split caused by Mr. Parnell's obstinacy.

Even to the very last moment Mr. John Morley declared from his place in the House that the Government still adheres as strongly as ever to the policy of granting justice and Home Rule to Ireland. We see no reason why these promises should be discredited; and from all appearances the Irish people do not discredit them, but will return to Parliament a more compact Home Rule contingent than it has at present. It is confidently predicted that three Parnellite seats, at least, will be rescued at the next election, and staunch Nationalists returned. We rejoice at the prospect, for this will ensure more unity in the Irish party, and nothing is more promising for unity than the success of the majority party of the Irish representatives.

There is good reason to believe that the confidence expressed by the Tories that they will be able to defeat the Liberals at the election is misplaced. If the latest by-election is any index to the progress of popular opinion, it gives good promise. A seat rendered vacant at Colchester was gained by the Liberals on the 20th instant by the

handsome majority of 261. This constituency previously elected a Tory, Mr. Naylor Leland, by a majority of 61; but Mr. Leland resigned because he favors reform of the House of Lords.

The result gives good hope that Lord Rosebery's Government is gaining strength with the electorate; and will continue to gain, if Ireland shows herself more united on the policy to be followed hereafter.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Catholic University of Washington, thanks to its eloquent and learned rector and to its corps of skilled professors, is gradually establishing for itself a permanent place among the great institutions of the country. Its growth is necessarily slow, but the least sanguine of its friends cannot but predict for it a glorious future. It will draw up new lines of action, and may perchance have the glory of evolving a new idea. Be that as it may, it will be a stimulus to the intellect, a rallying-ground for all who have any appreciation for education in its highest form.

We have much pleasure in placing before our readers the conclusion of a remarkable lecture given by Cardinal Goveaux before the Catholic Congress at Brussels. Pointing out the fact that there can be conflict between reason and faith, and though the Church, recognizing certain limits to human science, has ever encouraged it, he concluded in the following words:

"Gentlemen, take up your noble and important studies. Be without apprehension, and go forth in search of truth with the consciousness of liberty, with charity and candor. Cultivate human science. Like faith it is a celestial birth, coming from God, its first principle—the handiwork of Him whom it seeks to know and to illustrate."

"Cultivate human science. It leads men back to God. The more you learn of the mysterious laws and treasures of the universe the greater will be your faith in Him from whom they emanated, and your love for the Author of such wonders. Your labors will be at once apostolic in nature, and by this holy propaganda you will dissipate the prejudices of others and win the esteem and respect of all."

"May He whom the Scriptures call the Author of faith and the God of knowledge pour forth upon your labors His holy spirit of truth, peace and charity."

It is estimated that there are now 71,895 divorced women in the United States, and of course about the same number of divorced men, and the children of divorced parents must be about as numerous as the divorced adults. This gives an average of a broken up family to every 181 families throughout the country. This is an object lesson for every inhabitant, showing the consequences of rejecting the authority of the Catholic Church in regard to the sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage tie.

In the *Huron Signal* of the 14th ult. there appears a letter from Rev. T. West, P. P., of Goderich, giving particulars of an interview had with Rev. Mr. Holmes, a Methodist minister of Clinton, in reference to abusive language used by the latter in his pulpit, while referring to Father West. The conversation turned chiefly on the subject of Transubstantiation, but though the parson boasted that he was better versed in the Bible than Father West, he was completely at a loss to quote a single passage of Scripture to sustain his bold assertion that the use of both species of the Eucharist is commanded in Scripture to the laity. Father West had altogether the best of the argument, and the minister was completely cornered, to his great chagrin.

The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States is not satisfied with its present condition, under which there are practically as many churches as there are dioceses, every diocesan Church being independent. To remedy this state of affairs, the committee appointed at the last general convention of the Church has framed a report which will be presented for adoption at the next convention. The committee has decided upon recommending several important changes in the constitution of the Church, the exact character of which has not yet been made known to the public, but it is known that among them is a provision for the election of a Primate or Archbishop for the whole Union, so that there may be some central authority in the Church. This officer will be a sort of American Pope for the Episcopal Church, and his powers will undoubtedly be greater than those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is very much restricted in Church matters by the fact that the Church of England

is entirely subject to the Court of Arches and the Royal Supremacy.

We publish in this issue a letter from the Hon. Edward Blake to His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston, as also an editorial from the Dublin Freeman's Journal having reference to the letter of His Grace which accompanied the collection for the Home Rule fund which was recently taken up in his archdiocese.

LORD ROSEBERY has been pouring hot shot into the camp of the Anglican Bishops and clergy who raise the cry that interference with the endowments of the Established Church of England and Wales is a property spoliation.

A COUPLE of weeks ago we made reference in our columns to a recent manifesto issued by Rev. Dr. Carman of the usual tenor of that belligerent clergyman's papers: abuse of Jesuits and Romanists in general, and accusations against the Government as being completely under the thumb of Rome.

It is evident that Dr. Carman draws largely on his imagination for his facts, as he has done for others of the facts related in his manifesto.

HOME RULE.

The Hon. Edward Blake's Letter to the Archbishop of Kingston.

House of Commons, Feb. 12, 1895. Dear Archbishop Cleary,—I have to thank you most sincerely on behalf of my colleagues as well as on my own account, for the very handsome draft I have received representing the balance of the collection in your Grace's diocese in aid of the Irish Parliamentary Fund, and I hope you will convey our best thanks to those who have by their efforts and sacrifices aided you in accomplishing this result.

I have transmitted your draft with the covering letter, to the proper quarter, with the request that they should be published and acknowledged.

It is my most earnest desire that we should, each and all of us, take to heart your Grace's weighty counsel and wise advice; and you may rest assured that to the utmost extent of my feeble powers I will continue to strive for this result.

I am glad to know that our friends in your Grace's diocese have seen this truth, not fully apprehended everywhere,—that the existence of the unhappy difficulties to which you allude furnishes no ground for refusing to assist the party, and that any such refusals are in truth encouragements to the pursuit of the course you deplore.

I was obliged by public business to leave for this country in October last, and I know not when I can return. Thus I have been prevented from making any personal effort to renew the interest of our Canadian friends in the cause.

Will your Grace permit me to avail myself of this auspicious occasion to say for their information that our needs are urgent, that the election cannot possibly be long delayed, and that I hope (notwithstanding the difficulties, financial and other, which I regretfully acknowledge) that the Irish Canadians, who did so much in '93 and '94, may act in a spirit worthy of themselves.

With my grateful acknowledgments of your Grace's too kind allusions to myself, Believe me, Dear Archbishop Cleary, Faithfully yours, EDWARD BLAKE.

THE ORANGEMEN AND THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

The whole of Canadian Orangemen will soon be in an uproar. The last decision of the Imperial Privy Council regarding the Manitoba Separate schools does not tally with their ideas of "civil and religious liberty," for, be it known, an Orangeman's ideas of liberty is to tyrannize over Catholics and maintain a Protestant ascendancy, to the exclusion of all those of a different religious faith.

There seems to be a band of Apaches in Toronto called the "Toronto County Orange Lodge," and the doughty warriors that compose this practical crew took the initiative in giving to the world a series of bombastic and absurd resolutions embodying their opinions on the Manitoba school question.

This precious document has a sequel in the shape of a windy letter supposed to have been written by Major Stewart Mulvey of Winnipeg, the leader of the Manitoba Orangemen. This individual seems to have a large quantity of the Orange bragadoct in his composition. He calls on his Canadian brethren to form "a hollow square" around the people of Manitoba on the school question.

Without going further back than 1829 let us take a retrospective view of the past history of those worthy belligerents. While the agitation for Catholic Emancipation was in progress they strained every nerve to defeat the bill and the purpose of the Government, and, of course, they threatened rebellion if the Emancipation Act became law and the valiant Orangemen subsided into his shell and remained there till the next change came along.

The chance came in 1837; they emerged from their fortresses and conspired to place one of their own number—the Duke of Cumberland—on the throne to the prejudice of the Princess Victoria, her present Majesty of England. The object of the Orange conspiracy was frustrated, and again they subsided without rebelling. When Mr. Gladstone was disestablishing the Irish Church it caused a violent commotion among the Orange parsons and other followers of "Dutch William." One of their leaders threatened to kick the Queen's crown into the Bygone, but they took good care not to put their threat into practice; they discovered, as all cowards do, that discretion is the better part of valor, and so they sank to their original level without effecting their purpose. Again, in the winter of 1883, prior to the passing of the Household Suffrage Bill of 1884, some of the Irish Nationalist leaders attempted to hold some political meetings with a view to "arousing the Nationalists of the North to the constitutional strength of the approaching reform of the franchise measure."

Thereupon the Orangemen donned his coat of mail and his war paint and got ready to resist the reform with revolvers and buncombe resolutions. But although Sir Stafford Northcote made an expedition into Belfast to stir up the enthusiasm and fanaticism of the Orangemen to the fighting mark, in the same way as Lord Salisbury did more recently, he was lorded, as he often did before, and accepted the situation with all imaginable docility.

In Canada the Orangemen's loyalty is of the same spurious material as that of his old country brethren. In 1849, because the action of the Government ran counter to his wishes, he took part in the burning of the Parliament buildings in Montreal; he went so far as to rotten-egg Lord Elgin on the streets of that city, and, to show his loyalty to England, he signed an annexation manifesto to join Uncle Sam. It was Orangemen—in the name of King of Wales so shamefully on the occasion of his visit to this country in 1880, and it was Orangemen—that three Wm. Lyon McKenzie's printing presses into Lake Erie, and afterwards drove him and Papineau into open rebellion. To come nearer home, it was Orangemen—and loyal ones too—that passed resolutions expressing want of confidence in the Dominion Government because the late lamented Sir John Thompson was Premier. As a further proof of their

dastardly principles it may be pointed out that a large number of the P. P. A. are also members of the pestilent Orange society.

These are but a few samples of the spirit actuating genuine, dyed-in-the wool Orangemen, but they go far to show that neither the British nor Canadian Parliaments ever attempted the least concessions to Catholics but the order showed their opposition. As long as they are allowed to dominate over those of a different faith their loyalty knows no bounds, but the moment Catholics show the least signs of vitality, or make any demands for justice, or that the Government show any disposition to deal fairly by them, that moment the Orangemen's loyalty evaporates like a mist.

Before the Manitoba school question is finally settled, especially if the Dominion Government show "any signs of weakening," no doubt we'll be treated to some more warlike gasconading from those valiant defenders of Protestantism.

Major Mulvey tells us in his late pyrotechnic display of words that the Greenway Government was sustained on the school question mainly by the Orange vote, so that the iniquitous Martin Act of 1890 may be placed to their credit along with so many other instances of their narrow-minded hostility to Catholics.

Feb. 20, 1895.

BLESSED ASHES.

The use of ashes, especially the sprinkling of ashes on the head as a sign of humiliation and sorrow, dates back to the cradle of the human race. Numerous references are made to it in the Old Testament. David, the model of penitents, says: "I did eat ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping." The Ninivites, at the preaching of Jonas, "proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth from the least, and sat in ashes." Judith put ashes on her head when she prayed for strength to overcome Holofernes, the leader of the enemies of her people. And the prophet Jeremias cries out: "Howl, ye shepherds, and cry; and sprinkle yourselves with ashes, ye leaders of the people."

The ceremony of blessing and distributing the ashes, as we have it at present, like many of the other ceremonies of the Church, comes down to us from the earliest ages. It is probable that it was introduced by the converts from Judaism, or at least in imitation of a somewhat similar practice in vogue among the chosen people. Like some of the other ceremonies, too, it has undergone certain minor changes before assuming its present form.

Ash Wednesday, the day upon which the faithful are signed with the ashes, was called by early writers *caput jejunii*, or the beginning of the fast, although up to the time of Pope St. Gregory the Great, at the close of the sixth century, the fast did not commence till the Monday following the first Sunday of Lent.

With the Sundays deducted, this left but thirty-six fast days, which constitute about one tenth part of the year—a circumstance which led some of the Fathers to remark that it was giving a tithe of the year to God, after the example of the Jews, from whom he required a tenth part of their produce. But the forty days fast of Moses and Elias, and more especially of our Divine Redeemer, showed the propriety of increasing the number of fast days to forty; and accordingly the four days before the first Sunday of Lent were added. This took place about the beginning of the eighth century, first, it would appear, by a capitulary of the Church of Toalon, in 714 Amary (about 820) describes the Lenten usages of his time as identical with ours. But this manner of celebrating the fast did not become general for centuries; and it was not until the time of St. Charles Borromeo, who flourished in the sixteenth century, that the Church of Milan introduced the custom of beginning Lent on Ash Wednesday.

The ashes used for this ceremony are procured by the burning of the blessed palm of the previous Palm Sunday—a circumstance which reminds us that we cannot bear the palm of victory over Satan, sin and death, unless by the practice of humility and mortification during life, and by paying the debt of sin in giving our bodies to the dust at the close of our earthly existence.

WONDERFUL LOURDES.

Rev. Father Whelan Speaks on Catholic Miracles.

Grant's Hall held a large number last night who had assembled to hear Rev. Father Whelan's lecture on "Wonderful Lourdes." His Grace Archbishop Dubamel was present, with a large representation of the city's Catholic clergy. The lecture was illustrated with beautiful stereopticon views, the instrument being ably manipulated by Mr. J. P. Dunne. As the first view was a portrait of His Holiness Leo XIII., the lecturer took occasion to remark that it was the 17th anniversary of the Pope's elevation to the chair of Peter and spoke a few eulogistic words of his illustrious career. A pilgrimage to Lourdes is no small matter for Canadians, owing to the arduous journey by rail and the long sea voyage. Representations of some of the prominent biblical miracles were shown on the canvas, such as Christ walking on the water, healing the sick, etc., and here the lecturer referred to the different opinions of miracles as held by Catholics and Protestants. Protestants

say that what Christ has done He will not do again, whilst Catholics contend that the difference is one of first principle. There are two systems in this world, one of nature and one above nature, to which latter system miracles belong. To Catholics miracles are facts of history. The lecturer then proceeded to discuss the scenes and incidents witnessed at the sacred shrine. At appropriate stages during the course of the lecture suitable hymns were rendered by a chorus. The lecture throughout was listened to with the greatest attention by all present, who were not slow in showing appreciation of the rev. speaker's clever descriptions of scenes which he had witnessed, and events in which he was an active participant.—Ottawa Free Press, Feb. 21.

THE PARLIAMENTARY FUND.

His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel has forwarded to us a subscription of £20 in response to Mr. Justin McCarthy's appeal to the Irish people to rally in replenishing the funds of the Irish National Party. There was never a crisis in the National movement for the past fifteen years when the Archbishop of Cashel was not found ready, heart and hand, to defend all in strength. His example has always been inspiring, his advice sound, his assistance encouraging. From the path of patriotic duty, as a convinced and unchanging Irish Nationalist, he has never swerved for an instant. And if there ever came a moment of doubt for the people they always looked to Thurles for the seasonable word and the decisive lead. So it has been; so it remains. His answer to Mr. McCarthy's call is as generous as ever; and unless the Nationalists of Ireland forget their own right hands, they will not fail to remember that Dr. Croke's action has ever pointed the right course for all public-spirited and warm-hearted Irishmen. If the Irish people repudiated their liabilities to those whom they have deliberately chosen to represent, they should, His Grace declares, be reputed bankrupts, by all virtuous men, in the great social virtues of truth and honor. The spectacle of the discords created by cliques and factions does not, His Grace adds, release the nation from its duty in this respect.

Keenly sensible, as the Archbishop is, of all that militates against the success of the Irish movement, he takes a serious and discouraged view of the effects wrought by dissonance. It may, indeed, be respectfully questioned whether His Grace's estimate of the situation is not too gloomy. While the mass of the Irish people are true to themselves, and the mass of the Irish representatives true to the people, there is ground for neither discouragement or despair. Were we to surrender hope when some individual or some section of the Irish representatives places self before Ireland, the people's cause would be at the mercy of every blast of personal passion that blows. But while the mass of the people keep straight on firmly resolved to conquer their rights of nationhood, and while they have leaders who have been tried by every test and have not failed in loyalty to Ireland, the cause of the people is safe. Nevertheless there is not a man that loves Ireland who does not share the Archbishop of Cashel's longing to see the old unbroken union of patriotic Irishmen revived, and who would not join in acclaiming the man who should bring about that happy consummation.

The prayer and the wish of the Archbishop of Cashel find an echo in the letter of another patriotic Irish Archbishop who, out of the land of exile, speaks the same counsel while tendering the same generous help. We publish to day the list of parochial subscriptions contributed last year in aid of the Parliamentary Fund by the Archbishop, priests, and people of the distant diocese of Kingston, Ontario. The total exceeds \$2,000. It was subscribed in response to the earnest appeal of the Archbishop of Kingston, a patriotic Irishman, in whom even Mr. Redmond's constituents will recognize a genuine Nationalist as well as a zealous Churchman. As the Archbishop explains in his letter to Mr. Blake, the amount has been subscribed in a time of great agricultural, commercial, and industrial depression. But, led by their priests, many of whom have never seen Ireland and some of whom are not even Irish in name, the exiles of Kingston and their sons have done generously and nobly. This is the third diocesan subscription from Kingston in aid of the resources of the Irish National Party, and the gratitude of the Irish people is especially due to the Archbishop and his faithful priests, who have done so nobly by the home land of their race. It is evident that the most acceptable return the people of Ireland could render them would be the spectacle of a united Ireland and a united diocese of Ireland in Kingston, as all the world over, are those deplorable dissections created in the ranks of the Irish representatives from time to time. Those who foment such dissections have a heavy responsibility. "Such dissections look," writes the Archbishop of Kingston, "like personal jealousies overruling the supreme considerations of patriotism in a most trying crisis through impatience of party discipline and too ready resentment of slighted pride. They supply a pretext for reviving and emphasizing the obsolete theory of radical defectiveness in the character

of our race, unfitting us for self-government. In this sense they are used with great force of argument against us, and wring our hearts with grief, whilst they bring joy to the sworn foes of freedom. We in Canada can only remonstrate in tender language, and entreat the discordant leaders to hush up their petty quarrels, and reserve their differences of opinion for the enclosure of the committee room."

Meantime the appeal of Mr. McCarthy and his colleagues receives new force from the emphatic endorsement of the Archbishop of Cashel and the splendid and unwavering patriotism of the Archbishop of Kingston. That the country will respond promptly and according to the urgent necessities of the occasion we have already encouraging evidence. The true patriot never despairs of his country, and is always ready to sustain the efforts of those who are the chosen guardians of his country's cause. In Ireland to save the Irish National movement from even more serious perils than those that lie in the already discredited efforts of the fomenters of disloyal dissonance. The fact will be shown now, to the discomfiture of the enemies of Irish nationality.

DIocese of Hamilton.

The following account of the annual Orphan's Festival is taken from the Spectator. The forty-second annual festival in aid of St. Mary's orphan asylum was held yesterday afternoon and evening, and as usual the Grand Opera House was thronged to overflowing by the matines and evening performances. The evening programme was one of the best that has been presented, and was thoroughly enjoyed. Bishop Dowling was present and delivered a short address, and the little orphans, on whose behalf the festival is held, made their annual appearance in charge of the kind Sisters who look after them.

THE MATINEE.

The afternoon audience was composed principally of school children, and the programme was specially prepared for their amusement as well as that of their elders. Harry Rich sang comic songs in costume, which greatly delighted the young folks. His first number was "When Papa Was a Boy," and in response to an encore he gave a Chinese song. Later on he gave "The Ship," a musical record of the adventures of an Irish lad, which caught on in great style. As an encore he sang "The Boatman's Song," and his final number was "So Do I." A chorus of girls of the Separate schools sang a chorus, "All Things are Beautiful," and their sweet young voices filled the auditorium with melody. The boys—about fifty in number—in a neat uniform, did a fancy drill and sang a chorus, "The Band." All the little orphans were next brought upon the stage, in charge of the Sisters. They all looked well cared for and happy, and they favored the audience with a chorus, "Drifting Down the Sea." The concluding number was an operetta, "Genevieve," by a company of young girls. Miss Gertrude Egner and Miss Bella Marks assumed the leading roles and sang and acted with much intelligence and excellent effect. Miss Marks has appeared before in amateur opera, and was quite at home in her part. Miss Egner has a sweet, sympathetic voice, and exhibited considerable promise of dramatic ability in her acting. The other young ladies in the cast also took their parts well, and were warmly applauded. They were Misses O'Neil and Leila, Misses Roxana, Miss Agnes Walsh; Theresa, Miss Sophie Stuart; Grace, Miss Annie England; companions of Isadora, Misses A. Lee, J. Kelly, A. Murphy, and M. Sullivan. The accompaniments were played by Mrs. Thos. Cochrane. The music for the operetta was supplied by an orchestra under the leadership of H. Nelson.

An amusing incident occurred. One of the Sisters, who was superintending the arrangements of the stage for the operetta, was busily engaged in the duty that she did not notice the warning bell that announced the raising of the curtain. When she saw the curtain suddenly go up she was startled for a moment, but quickly recovered herself and hurried into the wings, where the rest of the Sisters were highly amused at her agitation.

THE EVENING ENTERTAINMENT.

All classes and creeds of the community were represented in the audience which filled the opera house at night. A large number of Protestant clergymen were present, including Rev. Thos. Cochrane, Mr. Mackelton, George H. Lynch-Stanton, and Mr. Lynch-Stanton acted as master of ceremonies, and performed his not too numerous duties with grace and good humor. The musical programme, which had been prepared under the direction of Chancellor Craven and Rev. Father Coty, was particularly interesting. It consisted of a variety of songs, and the presence of Mrs. Wilkinson, but her place was taken by Miss Marguerite Dunn, of Toronto, a young eleconist.

THE PROGRAMME.

Fantasia Erling...Bosquit
Part song—"King Arthur's Pudding,"...
Solo—"The Two Grenadiers"....Schuman
Recitation—"Danton and Pythias"....Molloy
Aria buffa—"One Spring Morning"....E. Nevin
Solo—"Trust Her Not".....Baltin
Duet—"For Thy Wives".....Watson
Solo—"The Distant Shore".....Guthill
Solo—"O' Nightingale".....W. Sullivan
Solo—"The Bird that Came in Spring"....Benedict
Part song—"Bill of Fare".....
Solo—"The Irish Piper".....Molloy
Recitation—"Danton and Pythias"....Molloy
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FAITH AND REASON.

The Christian Religion Combines in It Teaching These Two Elements.

Cleveland University.

A large audience, including Protestants and unbelievers, was at the opera house in Youngstown Sunday night and listened to Father Elliot for almost two hours while he made a powerful and convincing arraignment of agnosticism.

The closest attention was given the eloquent speaker as he tore to pieces page after page of the doctrine of unbelief in the revelation of the Bible. The lecture was a brilliant and scholarly effort and was in part as follows:

"Before going into the main subject to-night I want to say a word regarding the dogmatic position of the Catholic Church in regard to the Bible. The books of the Old and New Testament, as enumerated by the Council of Trent, and which are also contained in the King James version, are held to have God for their author. This does not lead one to infer that the authorship was verbal. The inspiration is a matter of faith as far as the books and parts of them are concerned.

All the books that have doctrinal statements, rules of conduct and narratives of events, and especially those that belong to faith and morality, are held to be inspired. Of course an inspired book must be constantly in use by those who hold it inspired. The priest must study it again and again in his preparations for the ministry, and for an hour each day he must read and ponder over some of the lessons it contains, and he must read to his people the books of the epistles and gospels.

THE THIRD COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE urges it as the daily reading of the people, and its inspiration is to every Catholic an element of divine faith. "The power of reason held by the Catholic Church to be the vital principle of religion. But for the ignorant and vicious and those who are blinded by passion, and for those who have the chance of development in literature, reason produces nothing. In ancient times the most perfect nations undertook to get along without revelation and by unguided reason and they failed. For force of mind and creative intellect, they have been surpassed. We in our day have had great poets, but no Homer, no Virgil, Horace or Sophocles. The ancient orators are easily supreme. In art, painting, sculpture, architecture and music the nations of Pagan Greece and Rome led, and do still lead, the world. The fact is that the leadership in all the achievements of human reason found its great capacity in the days when reason had its reign.

But what of religion? What about the great problems of life? Reason was found to be inadequate in that its greatest day. Reason tells of God and God seemed to have vanished from among men.

REASON WAS ENSLAVED TO PASSION, and all of good was clouded over with the deep mist of error. And when you study it deeply you find it had its day and failed. I may have been a religion to a few philosophers, but to the great majority of the people it meant a total collapse. In the relation of man to his brother it found no law, and yet reason would seem to treat that all men are brethren. Yet in those times it had been forgotten. Rome knew and cared for nothing outside of Rome, and between man and man there was no bond. The position of woman under this order was frightful to contemplate. The family bond had no stability. Parental and sex tyranny developed to the full, and war was the great high-road to glory. Slavery was the rule, and all the crimes saw their greatest development in this the day of reason. For the great masses religion without revelation was like a mass of groveling superstition and was like a small capital invested in a great enterprise which failed. Reason without religion led the human heart empty.

The cry of reason cannot now be brought up. They must go back to its day, for now the very air we breathe is fragrant with the teachings of JESUS CHRIST.

You cannot appeal now to reason, you must now compare Venus to Mary, the Virgin, and Jupiter to Christ. Consider the present attempt to place reason on the throne. What can Colonel Ingersoll give us to take the place of the teachings of Christ? Nothing but the cowardly refuge, suicide. When life is a failure, when racked by pain and sickness, when the heart is filled with despair, what can he give to offset the purity of the Gospel and the hope that it teaches? What has he to offer us to crush and bury our passions? Nothing. Again he only scoffs and cannot be brought down to argument. He sucks his talk from dead bodies and spits it at us in gorgeous oratory and eloquent rhetoric. Colonel Ingersoll may be a good parent, but allowing obscene literature to go through the mail, as he openly advocated in the city of Cleveland, would bring us to the destruction of the pagan nations. He may have been a good soldier, but suicide is the coward's refuge.

"Reason is like a man struggling in the waves to get into the boat. He must have the help of those that are in the boat to drag him in. Reason is the light of nature, but against it is the HOLY AND DIVINE LIGHT OF NATURE. Reason tells me there is a God, but what with the unaided light of reason tells me that God is my father? There is that which makes me wish God for my father. The gift of the fatherhood of God and the doctrine of the incarnation of Jesus Christ are both the gifts of revelation. How do I know God is the author? Take the Old Testament,

read it steadily. The influence is vague indeed, but something tells me more than human eloquence can that it is so. The burning eloquence, the touching pathos and beautiful phrases all tell me the book is more than human. It brings out the best and noblest traits of the human heart. It tells me the supremacy of God, His rule and His law. His truth and mercy go together. The Jewish race is a living evidence of it. A people chosen especially by God have to this day the religion of a book, and for all the world to day the great authority is Christ Himself. The old book and its men were types of Him. The book of the Jews is the book of Christ. He was 'the man.' His testimony was supreme, and can any one doubt that He believed it to be the work of God? He was to make good that book. He was to fulfill the law.

"The New Testament we first find on the bleeding bosom of the Christian Church as she comes forth from the catacombs of Rome. All admit the authenticity of the gospels and the five epistles of St. Paul. Even Renan and the great agnostics admit no books were like them."

The lecturer in beautiful language painted the beneficent effects of the teachings of the new law, and closed his lecture with an eloquent appeal for a study of the sacred book.

DR. BATAILLE.

The Devil in the 19th Century.

In a former article the reader was given a specimen of a meeting in which an Elected or Chosen performed wonders. Now an example of what the Advancing Called may do. Dr. Bataille, in the course of his travels came to Montevideo, South America, where he paid a visit to a family with whom he became acquainted as physician on board of a French liner. The family consisted of Colonel X., a big, strong man; Mrs. X., a little, proud, plump, idle, ignorant quarteron with a gipsy head; her two daughters of extraordinary beauty, but as vain, pretentious and ignorant as pretty. After supper a number of friends turned in, and the evening was spent in dancing, flirting, etc., till past midnight, when most of the visitors left. All the doors and windows were open and the lights put out. Hear Dr. Bataille: "We were sitting on the balcony enjoying the still coolness of the night almost in silence. I was certainly not thinking of Lucifer, when, behold, of a sudden, I felt the clear, short taps on my shoulder. I arose quickly and heard the voice of the younger Miss X., saying: 'Why, here comes our friend! What do you wish here to-night?' We were twelve in number, and, to my astonishment, I saw a bright light and number thirteen floating in the air before us, but disappearing a few moments later in the dark. 'Ah, laughed the little miss, 'the doctor does not yet know our friend.' At the same moment the light reappeared showing the mysterious stranger, while I felt the strokes again on my shoulder. He was a beardless youth of about eighteen years with feminine features that I must have seen before. Again he disappeared. The young lady continued: 'Ah, doctor, that is our good friend; he comes when we do not expect him and we know not why nor how; we speak with him, and he is often quite useful to us.' Again he appeared in his queer light, and I thought I recognized him or her—I did not know exactly which. Again he disappeared. 'Eight days ago,' related Miss X., 'he helped mamma to find a precious ring that was lost. He has this peculiarity, that he has no shadow.' Again our visitor appeared distinctly against the wall, I advanced towards the apparition to verify it, and all at once remembering the features as those of Soundiron, the Luciferian Vesta I had met at my first visit to the Luciferian meeting at Calcutta, I called her by name. As I approached, the figure again disappeared, as if to escape from me. I was told that he, or rather she, would not come again because I had tried to approach and examine her. They asked me what strange word I had pronounced. I replied that it was an Indian word. They were satisfied, and I was certain that it was a demon whom I had before seen as a Priestess or Vesta at Calcutta and whom I met several times later on different occasions and various places. The lamps were lighted, and the ladies said: 'Ah, doctor, you drove our friend away, that is bad; and you would have been able to assist at a very interesting seance.' Expressing my astonishment and regret, they continued: 'Indeed! If you know how sweet, spiritual and gentle our friend is and what services he renders us! We have long, intimate conversations with him. We sit around that stand and he sits between me and my sisters and the stand knocks with its feet, writes phrases, talks with us and tells us things that happen far away, about our brothers at sea and the like. Our friend brings us flowers. It took us a long time to get accustomed to his visits; but now we fear nothing. He is so good. But once,' they continued, 'he got very angry at one of our negro women through whose room he was going. It seems the negress wanted to do him harm. We heard a terrible shriek and never saw the woman since.' Colonel X., who was a devotee of table turning, etc., invited me to call again in order to assist at a regular seance. It appears I had got into a whole family of mediums who were addicted to the calling up of spirits without in the least being aware of being engaged in dangerous,

superstitious practices. The number of such is legion. I met them everywhere in large numbers, and in places where I would have expected them the least. And very many of these in the course of time became Chosen and Perfect Initiated devil worshippers.

HER CREDENTIALS.

The Unmistakable Proofs of Divinity That Stamp the True Church of God.

When we glance upon modern society and behold the strange variety of jarring Christian sects, we are naturally inclined to exclaim: Is this the Church of Jesus Christ? Is He that foolish architect whom He Himself depicts, saying: 'He built His house upon sand, and when the sky became lowered, and the lightning flashed, and the floodgates burst open, the house was swept away by the angry torrents because its foundation rested on sand?' Reason and faith both cry aloud, No! This is not the Church of Christ. These are the branches lopped from the Tree of Life; the sheep who have left the fold; the nations who have apostatized. The Church of Christ, the Catholic Church, is still a living, lasting power in the world, and no mysterious hand will ever trace upon her walls, as it has done upon those of Protestantism, the awful Mane, Tekel, Phares of Babylon.

The Church is a power—a lasting power.

TIME WRITES THE WORD DECAY

on every institution, on every nation. The Church alone knows not its touch. Assyria, Persia, Greece and Rome astonish the world by the marvels of their deeds and the seeming immortality of their national life, when, lo! in the midst of their sinfulness luxuriance the Angel of Death summons them, and they are buried in the tomb of departed peoples.

The power of an Otho, a Charlemagne, a Napoleon is but the dream of a passing day. As the kingdoms of this world, so also do the kingdoms of man's proud reason pass rapidly away. Plato and Aristotle succumb to an Epicurus; the great philosophical schools of Greece, as the Ionian, Peripatetic, Stoic and others are silent; and in our own day, Sensism, Pantheism and Naturalism follow each other in quick succession. It is thus with the works of man—whether the result of the sword or the product of a haughty intellect. Only one doctrine, one kingdom remains everlasting. 'Tis the doctrine of Jesus Christ, 'tis the Kingdom of His Church.

This Church invites to her service neither

THE VAGARIES OF PERVERTED REASON, nor the unbridled passions of sinful concupiscence. On the contrary, her faith demands a full and sovereign assent to incomprehensible mysteries, and her morality calls for a Calvary on which to immolate the idols of man's rebellious passions. She does not lean on the strength of the sword, for her servants style themselves the ministers of peace, and in three hundred years only four of her Pontiffs died a natural death. She does not fear the sword, neither is she enticed by the siren voice of a false peace. Unlike all human institutions, she withstands every attack—and yet her youth remains like that of the sun, and her strength unconquerable like like the billows of the ocean. This thought made St. Augustine address her in transports of joy: 'Oh, beauty, ever ancient and ever new!'

Verily, when we consider the rock upon which she rests, 'like an immortal Syleite'; when we see her 'a column among ruins'; unchangeable in the midst of changing and crumbling systems, states, institutions and nations; when we consider her whom the inspired scribe designates as 'the bride of the Lamb,' 'the house of God,' 'the kingdom without end,' then we are forced to cry out: 'Thy existence is either an enigma which the mind of man can never solve, or it is a manifest proof of thy divinity.'

Ten times did pagan Rome employ all her

PERSECUTING MALICE AGAINST THE CHURCH,

and already had she stamped upon her coins: 'Nomen Christianum delictum est' ('Perished in the Christian name'). For centuries in the Middle Ages did rulers endeavor to degrade her to the level of a vassal, and pollute her sanctuary; the heresy of the sixteenth century, the rationalism of the eighteenth century, the hydra-errors of our day as expressed in the immortal Syllabus, have been still more violent. In very truth, all have endeavored, like another Tullia, to ride their chariots over her dead body, and to have the licter proclaim with satanic joy: 'Actum est' ('she is no more'). But in vain. The tumultuous waves of persecution, heresy and infidelity can never reach that Ararat of the new law, whereon rests the Ark of Jesus Christ, the hope of a Christian and civilized world. From that height the Church will ever pray: 'The Lord is my refuge and strength, my helper in afflictions'; and with the royal harper of Jerusalem she will sing: 'We will not fear whilst the earth is troubled, and the mountains are cast into the bosom of the sea.' For

THE SAME UNCREATED VOICE

that said on the morning of creation: 'Let there be light!' and on the evening before His Passion: 'This is My body,' has also spoken these authoritative words: 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against her.'

Behold the greatness of the Church from only one point of view—her indefeasibility, her perpetuity, and grandeur is still more luminous, and challenges our admiration all the more when we consider the various causes of

her being, organization and scope. Accordingly, we might speak of her efficient cause, which is the Adorable Trinity; her ministerial cause, namely, the apostles and their successors, or the Teaching Magisterium; her material cause, namely, the faithful the world over; her formal cause, which constitutes her one body; her final cause, which is the sanctification and salvation of all men. However, we will not view her greatness from any of these heights; we will take a cursory glance at her record, and in a few words mention her benefits.

There are two powers in this world, the Church and the State. There can never be a conflict between them as long as they will obey the injunction of Jesus Christ: 'Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.' On the contrary, just as grace does not destroy nature but rather perfects it, ennobles it, so in like manner does the Church not destroy or absorb the State, but perfects it, benefits it by pouring out on society

AN EVER-FLOWING STREAM OF SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL BLESSINGS.

Hence, instead of being a menace, she is a friend to society, to mankind.

Follow her for a moment along her historic pathway of nineteen centuries in every land, among all nations, and tell me whether she is not the personification of Christ, 'going about doing good.' Her history of charity, her mission among men, her benefits both temporal and eternal may be epitomized as follows:

I. She has benefited every man by telling him that he is born in the image and likeness of God; by telling us all that we are called to be children of God, brethren of Christ, and heirs of heaven.

II. She has benefited woman, in so far, according to Allen in his 'Formation of Christendom,' as her position has been restored in four great points: (a) She is herself a human creature, to take a rank by man's side, unknown to Greek or Roman; (b) she has restored her relation to man as his companion, wherein her subordination has been preserved, while the impress of a glorious likeness has been set upon it; (c) she is the mother of the family, the creatrix of that home which Athens in the greatness of her science, and Rome in the glory of her empire did not know; (d) she is the nurse and nurturer of the race, and the first lessons of instruction belong to her. The Church, in this one case, has RE-ESTABLISHED THE BASIS OF SOCIETY, for marriage is the germ of human society; the family, the tribe, the nation are but expansions of it in the one line, and town, city and empire are but the aggregations of it.

III. She has benefited subjects by telling the powers that were tyrannizing over men's minds and consciences, soul and body, that we must obey God more than man.

IV. She has benefited rulers by telling mankind that all power is from God, whether directly or indirectly; and that the more sacred that power is to the public conscience the more secure is the peace of nations.

V. She has benefited the poor, as her asylums for the alleviation of every form of human misery conclusively demonstrate.

VI. She has benefited and still benefits the heathen by letting the light of God's gospel shine upon their lands and into their hearts, as is evidenced from the facts recorded in Marshall's celebrated work on 'Christian Missions.'

VII. She has benefited the mechanical and liberal arts by her schools and universities, the centers of learning for so many ages and generations. HER INTELLECTUAL, MORAL AND MATERIAL CREATION

are so grand and manifold that Dalmes has forever immortalized them by his colossal literary monument, 'European Civilization.'

Behold, in a few words, the grandeur of the Catholic Church, our Church, whether considered in her perpetuity, or her benefits to mankind. Our greatest happiness ought, therefore, to result from the fact that we are sheep of this fold, children of this mother, subjects of this kingdom, soldiers of this Church militant. Hence, too, it ought to be the pride and constant aim of our life to live as to exemplify in all our thoughts, words and deeds that we can be loyal to the cause of Christ and His Church, and true to the land on whose escutcheon is emblazoned what was first proclaimed by Maryland's Catholic colony: 'Religious toleration to all.' REV. G. H. RIEKEN.

Extreme Rudeness.

As the tramp was seated on the kitchen steps eating the breakfast he had asked for, the hired girl stood by and watched him curiously.

"What you gazin' at me for?" he inquired nervously. "J'on think I'm yer long-lost brother?"

"No," she replied easily, "but you somehow remind me of a man I used to know."

"Sweetheart?" inquired the tramp with charming naivete. "None of your business. Something happened to him, though, that will never happen to you."

"What's that? Died a millionaire?"

"No. He was drowned while bathing."

The blue-bird is hailed as a harbinger of Spring. It is also a reminder that a blood-purifier is needed to prepare the system for the debilitating weather to come. Listen and you will hear the birds singing: "Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla in March, April, May."

IS DEATH PAINFUL?

Rev. John S. Vaughan, of Westminster, England, asks the question, 'Is death painful?' and then answers:

As to the mere physical act of dying, well there is really not much in it. Setting aside exceptional cases, there is very little if any trace of pain. It is characterized rather by an absence of pain. Real and acute suffering is a note of life, not of death. As the body wears and the senses numb, the very capacity of pain grows less and less. The soul at last quits the body, not by any violent wrench or agonizing effort, but simply because the body is too feeble, too disorganized, too wasted away and incapable to retain any hold upon it.

I have always been very much puzzled at the extraordinary calm, peace and freedom from anxiety and fear that I have often found in the dying.

Well do I remember proposing this very fact as a difficulty to His Eminence the late Cardinal Manning. I was seated one winter's evening in his own room, almost roasted by the huge fire before which he was wont to toast his meagre and wasted form, and chatting upon all kinds of engrossing topics, when he began to refer to his declining strength and advancing years. This turn in the conversation soon gave me the opportunity of putting my difficulty. "How," I asked him, "do you account for the extraordinary circumstance, that when death really comes people seem to fear it so little? It seems me," I continued, "that, however good a man may be, that the mere notion of falling into the Great Unknown, of meeting God face to face, and of having one's fate definitely and irrevocably settled for all eternity, ought to cause any one on the brink of the grave the most indescribable apprehension and the most acute anguish."

"Well, dear fellow," replied the Cardinal, "the vast majority of persons do undoubtedly die calmly enough, and my explanation is briefly this: So long as God intends a man to live, He wisely infuses a certain natural dread and horror of death in order that he may be induced to take care of himself and to guard against danger and needless risks. But when God intends man to die, there is no longer any object for such fear. What can serve no further purpose. What is the result? Well, I take it that God simply withdraws it."

Well, and seemed not only to account for the strange phenomenon, but to place God in a peculiarly amiable and tender light.

Docility and easy acquiescence with good advice are the signs of a humble heart.

How to Make a Prosperous Year.

The way to make a prosperous year is to make it.

Quit borrowing trouble.

Quit conjuring up hard times.

Remember that the sun will shine, the rains will fall, health and strength are yours, and that your fortune is with yourself and not with the stars.

Nervous People

And those who are all tired out and have that tired feeling or sick headache can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

HOOD'S PILLS are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

Good Things to eat are still better when made with

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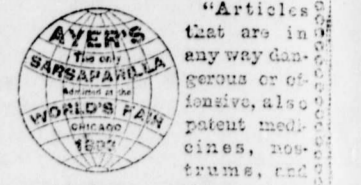
for they are FREE from GREASE and are easily digested. For frying, Shortening, and all cooking purposes COTTOLINE is better and purer than lard.

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THE ONLY ADMITTED

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1st. It is situated in the heart of the wholesale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase in any quantity at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers or manufacturers, and hence—

2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for them, and giving them besides the benefit of my experience and facilities in the actual price charged.

3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

First Sunday in Lent.

SERVING THE DEVIL.

Again the devil took him up into a very high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and said unto him: All these will I give thee, if thou wilt adore me. Then Jesus saith unto him: Begone, Satan, for it is written: The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve. (St. Matt. IV. 8-10.)

This offer, my dear brethren, which the devil made to our Divine Lord, he repeats, in its measure, to each one of us. He is obliged to promise good wages to those whom he wishes to be his servants; he could get few, certainly, if any, who would serve him on his own account.

Does the devil, then, ask us to adore or worship him? Yes, he does. He does not ask us to build churches in his honor, or to say prayers to him, it is true; he knows that he cannot expect that. But he does ask us to be his servants, and to obey his commands; he wants us to take him for our master, though he does not care much whether we acknowledge him to be so. He asks for the substantial part of worship—our money, our labor, our time and our life; if he gets that, may he not well be content?

But does he offer us all the kingdoms of the world? Oh, no! He is not so foolish as to offer his whole stock in trade for what can be got for a trifle. He named this price to our Saviour because, though he did not know fully what He was, still he valued His services highly, and thought them worth any sacrifice to obtain; but for us very little out of his treasury suffices. Desiring us, he only promises us what he has good reason to think will be enough: a little sensual pleasure, a passing fame or notoriety, or even a few dollars, is the price which he generally names for our allegiance.

Thirty pieces of silver he found to be all that was needed for one of the Apostles; what wonder that he is not disposed to bid very high for us! (Once the newspapers told us of a young man who shot an innocent passer-by simply to get reputation as a desperado. Fortunately, he did not live to shoot another one; he met the fate he deserved on the scaffold. Perhaps he thought that a grand thing, too; but I question much whether, in his secret heart, it seemed to him that moment worth while to be sent out of the world by an ignominious and painful death, and to go before God with murder on his soul, even for the sake of being considered an humble imitator of the lawless men of whom he had read.)

Dear Maurice:—I take your bet, and go you one more pair that I call at your house and wake you up at 3 o'clock Christmas morning. (Gerald O'Rourke, Esq.)

Half an hour elapsed before Maurice had succeeded in penning this delectable answer:—

Gerald O'Rourke, Esq.—You're out of your senses, you old sleepy-head; but I'll take you anyway. You'll say those two pair of heads Christmas day, and don't you forget it either. (The Honorable Maurice Desmond, L.L.D.)

At this stage of the communications Mr. Lawton broke in:—

"Gerald and Maurice, bring me those papers." And thus ended the correspondence.

There may be heavier sleepers in this world than Gerald O'Rourke, but if so, they are unknown to the present writer. Not that his sleepiness came upon him at early night-fall—oh, no! He was wont to tease his mother, when 9 o'clock, the appointed hour, came, to let him stay up "just a little longer." Mamma was quite indulgent to her eloquent little darling, and it not unfrequently happened that Gerald wheedled his way to 10:30 of the night. On the following day, of course, Mrs. O'Rourke had a giant's task to bring the youngster out of the land of Nod. Sometimes it was a matter of fifteen or twenty minutes.

When, then, Mrs. O'Rourke, on Christmas Eve, heard from the lips of her sanguine son the account of his wager with Maurice, she smiled.

"You foolish boy, why didn't you content yourself with the first bet? I'm quite sure we shall be able to get you over to the church by 4 o'clock; but if I want to have you out so as to call Maurice at 3:30, I shall have to get up at midnight; and I can't afford to do that, my dear."

"You don't have to, mamma," cried the eager child. "Don't you try to get me up by myself?"

"Decidedly not."

"Well, I'll fool every one of you. Don't you remember our class picnic last June, when we all had to be at the college at 7 o'clock sharp? And wasn't I up at 6? And didn't I wake you, and papa, and Uncle Edward, who got up so mad, and offered to throw his big shoes at me? You just wait, mamma, and see."

"Picnics are a different thing, my dear. You were so in love with the idea of spending a day out in the country and by the shore of Lake Michigan, that you were too excited to sleep soundly. Besides, it was warm and pleasant weather. But think of getting up at 3 to-morrow in the dark and the cold, and of getting out into the freezing air. Singing at Mass is not precisely a picnic."

"But, mamma, I am going to sing the solo part of the *Adagio Fidelis* at the Offertory, and if I were late, our choir director would have a right to be disgusted—he's taken such pains with me. And then, too, I want to make a good Holy Communion; and—and—I've got a plan to get up at 3 o'clock sharp."

"What is that, Gerald?" asked his father.

"Why, I'm going to have my alarm clock set to go off at 3 o'clock sharp, and—"

At this stage of Gerald's plan, his

MOSTLY BOYS.

THE WAGER OF GERALD O'ROURKE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By Francis J. Finn, S. J.

It was five minutes after 9 on the morning of December 23d, when a small boy, with an expression akin to the pathetic upon his smug features, entered the Second Academic classroom of Marquette College, Milwaukee, and handed his teacher this note:

9 O. A. M.
Gerald O'Rourke, late.
Please admit.

A. Mosher, S. J.
Mr. Lawton read this communication with a frown. He was impatient of late-comers, as are all earnest teachers. His frown quickly disappeared, however, as a grin at once cheerful and deprecating came upon Gerald's upturned face.

"Don't mind it this time, sir: I was up late last night practising the Christmas Mass, and mamma couldn't get me up this morning. I've got to stay after class for Father Mosher anyhow."

And then Gerald's face, which had grown gloomy as he recalled his after-class engagement with the reverend prefect of discipline, lighted up with a smile as he caught the teacher's assumed expression of delight at this announcement.

With a cheerfulness that expressed itself even into levity in his walk, he went to his seat beside Maurice Desmond, and giving that young classmate a stealthy but sharp dig in the ribs, he unstrapped his books and prepared himself for the labor of the day.

"Are you kept in?" whispered Maurice, as he brought his head below the lid of his desk in simulated quest of a penholder.

"Sure!"

Maurice grinned, and was about to duck his head again, when he noticed that Mr. Lawton was taking an exaggerated interest in his movements. Maurice grew very solemn and attentive. Having in a very short time thus regained the confidence of his teacher, he slowly and surreptitiously composed the following note:

Dear Gerald:—I'll bet you one pair of heads that you'll be late for the 4 o'clock Christmas Mass. (Maurice Desmond.)

Gerald after the consumption of much time and patience answered:

Dear Maurice:—I take your bet, and go you one more pair that I call at your house and wake you up at 3 o'clock Christmas morning. (Gerald O'Rourke, Esq.)

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LEO XIII. ON SOCIALISM.

The Kind of Socialism That is Consistent With Christianity.

A French paper reports a long conversation which Deputy Paul Vigne, Radical Socialist, had with the Pope during his recent visit in Rome. In answering a question concerning Socialism His Holiness said:

"If Socialism means the efforts made to improve the condition of the poorer classes in a progressive, prudent and reasonable manner, if you apply that idea to whatever has been done to realize more social justice in the government of men, then it is impossible to pursue a nobler aim. Such was the work of Christianity, which inaugurated the era of clemency and pity and true fraternity at a time when cruel paganism was supreme and when the pitiless Roman world was in apogee. To occupy one's self with the social question, with a clear conception of the grave responsibilities resting on all who hold wealth and authority, is to continue the work of the Divine Master. It is what I have not ceased doing since my advent to the throne."

"As to the parties in France to which the name of Socialist is given, I think their work will be sterile, and they will be powerless as long as they do not lean on religion for support. Violent opposition to the Government by those parties in France and Germany may be increasing and redoubtable, but it will all be vain, because religion has vanished from them. Your republic is a very acceptable form of Government despite its errors, and I love it more than is supposed in France. Why should it not be religious? To seek to govern men without religion is the most dangerous of chimeras."

As to science the Pope declared: "The abyss between it and religion, which some have created, it is not natural. Science can and ought to march with religion. The discoveries in the one can be nothing but the glorifying of the other."

INFLUENCE OF CONVERTS. It Comes From Experience Which the Born Catholic Cannot Acquire.

The movement to obtain free permission from the Bishops for Catholics to attend the universities is causing some comment in the Protestant press. There is one remark made by the *Church Times* upon it to which we desire to draw attention because it contains a half-truth, and half-truths are often dangerous. Speaking of the strength of the Catholic Church in this country being due to the converts, and particularly to such men as Newman and the Oxford "perverts," as the *Church Times* calls them, it proceeds to say that these owed their strength not so much to their education as to the fact that they had been English Churchmen.

This, we say, is a half-truth. Converts from Anglicanism do owe their strength in dealing with Protestants partly to having been English Churchmen; for this reason they have recognized their own errors and the errors of other Protestants, judging from personal experience, and no amount of university or any other education could have given them this knowledge. It is an advantage which the born Catholic can never acquire, either from books, universities or personal intercourse with Protestants. All converts have it more or less—the laundress and the cultured woman, the laborer and the future Cardinal. The mental environment and mental attitude of Catholics and Protestants are so totally different that it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, for those who have not passed from one to the other to understand them.—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

Not that kind. Scott's Emulsion does not debilitate the stomach as other cough medicines do; but, on the contrary, it improves digestion and strengthens the stomach. Its effects are immediate and pronounced.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows. FEVER AND AGUE and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Minard's Liniment. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Expellent for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

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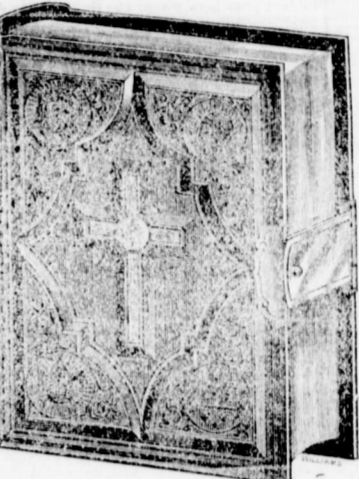
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