

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## The Catholic Record

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### ANOTHER NOTORIETY-SEEKER.

The mantle of Leary, erstwhile potentate of Guam, has fallen on Major Bliss, the Collector of Customs at Havana. His ways and means for obtaining notoriety are a little different from those of his model, but they are just as original. The Major has not, according to all reports, the picturesque language of the illustrious Leary, but he atones for the deficiency by picturesqueness of action.

It appears that under the regulations of the War Department articles necessary for church equipment are free of duty. But the Major rules that Mass vestments are not necessary for religious purposes, and are consequently dutiable. We do not insinuate that he is, though everything seems to warrant it, a bigot or an idiot. He is a gentlemen we believe whose judicial faculty has been impaired by excessive application to his onerous duties and who needs a respite from the task of uplifting alien peoples.

### HICKORY CATHOLICS.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart advises Catholic newspapers not to take things second hand, nor should they allow themselves to be overawed by secular newspapers and magazines which are manifestly hostile to the Church. The Church looks to its Bishops and not to editors to correct whatever is wrong. This advice may be taken to heart by those who are prone to be shocked at things ecclesiastical that do not accord with their peculiar views. They grumble about demands for money: they throw up their hands in horror when a militant organization is formed, and are forever making comparisons between their positions and that of those without the fold. Above all they are averse to new devotions and to enthusiastic piety, because, forsooth, such things tend to make us ridiculous in Protestant eyes. If they see an old woman in church going through her devotions in a manner they cannot appreciate they look around to see if anyone is looking. In many ways they give abundant proof of an anti-Catholic spirit. The new devotions or simple, even extravagant piety do not furnish an impossible barrier to Protestants. Hundreds have been drawn to us by St. Anthony and St. Francis, and many with souls burned black and dry by the fires of the world have been shown the way to life and peace by simple and earnest Catholic lives. Why be so quick to reecho the jeers of anti-Catholic writers who at heart despise our dogmas of faith: the dogma of the Real Presence for instance, and above all what we consider most sacred in our devotions, devotion to the Sacred Heart and to the Virgin Mother of God, quite as heartily as they despise the confidence of true Catholics in St. Joseph, St. Anthony, of Padua and St. Expeditus.

### "CHRISTUS VICTOR."

"Christus Victor," by Henry N. Dodge, is a dainty little book that will bring joy to the heart of the book lover. It is not so artistic as the Roycroft books which aim at Venetian perfection, but it is not marred by the slovenliness in make-up and of letter press of the average publication. What it holds within its covers is of a nature far different from that which is usually doled out to us by the book-maker. It will not be heralded as a popular book, nor have, perchance, the honor of two impressions, but it will find its way to those who can distinguish between the production of a workman and that of an artist and be appreciated by all who believe in the ultimate triumph of justice over injustice and who are convinced that love will calm the passion-crested waves of human life. Above all, it is a tribute of a loving, reverent heart to Christ.

"World Saviour see me at Thy feet  
One stricken: in my hands, for Thine unmet  
My heart's best treasure, dearly bought  
With tears and travail and with trembling brought.

Here and there the blank verse is enlivened by brilliant lyrics. All through the book there are vivid,

forceful pictures of sin and oppression, of the forms of misery with which men and hell people the earth. The author tells us of the vampire greed that fattens on the poor and helpless, that buys and sells nations like cattle.

And he describes the action of Christ's love that shall break and banish oppression:

"Let this vision ever cheer thee,  
Tell the nations, let them hear thee,  
Every soul to me is dear.  
Tell to all mankind the story  
Wouldst thou haste the coming glory,  
Bear good tidings far and near.  
See the waiting hosts that need thee  
Come, beloved, I will lead thee  
Love is conquering the world:  
Give thyself, thyself unbinding  
For thy brother, toiling, bleeding  
Where my banner is unfurled."

We have much pleasure in recommending the volume to the attention of our readers, for it is a valuable contribution to the poetical literature of the country. Some of the poems are to our minds somewhat vague in meaning; but there can be no doubt as to the sincerity and literary gifts of the writer. It is refreshing in an age of venality to come upon a production that exhales thought and that exists not for the whim and caprice of the multitude but as a Crusader against the phanxes of evil.

### JUSTICE AND CHARITY NEEDED.

Anyone observing the trend of the times must be convinced that the question of adjusting equitable relations between labor and capital must be solved, and conclusively, at an early date.

No pettifogging legislation can subdue the ominous murmur or diminish the number of strikes. If capitalists will persist in looking upon the toilers as spokes on their business wheels, and in ignoring the fact that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men to make money by and to look upon them merely as so much muscle or physical power, and to disregard their rights as men and Christians, the industrial system must rest on a very unstable basis. If capitalists, again, would give more justice and charity and fewer free libraries there would be less discontent.

Reading the chronicles of pre-Reformation days one is struck by the spirit of concord that prevailed between employer and employee—between the poor and the rich. There was, of course, poverty—but not of the sordid, contemned species that is a stench in the nostrils of the wealthy denizens of our generation. The rich of those days believed it was their duty to provide for their indigent brethren. The golden chain of brotherly love brought the two classes together, for they knew that, whether robed in fine linen or clad in poverty's livery, they were members of one body and bound one to the other by the duties of a common brotherhood. The selfishness of individualism that seeks and hoards and uses money for its own interests was alien to the spirit of those ages. The workman was protected and was not, as now, regarded as a thing of flesh and blood, exuding gold for the benefit of corporations and syndicates. Under the fostering care of the Church the guilds sprang into being and became no unimportant factor in maintaining a good feeling between employer and employee.

Each trade had its own organization directed by rules that were written by these who believed that "God has not created us for the perishable and transitory things of earth but for things Heavenly and everlasting: and that in regard to money and the other things which men call good and desirable, the only thing that is important is to use them aright." Where these rules were in honor, rapacity or oppression could not exist. And whilst restraining the cupidity of the masters they were no less useful in promoting piety and honesty among the workmen. The employer was bound to provide for employees when they were in distress. According to Digby: If sick they were to be taken care of, if dead to be buried, if they left widows and orphans these were to be supported and educated, and portioned and enabled to marry. There were guardians to watch that the workmen took their rest, and did not labor on days of festival or during the hours of rest or too early or too late. Workmen convicted of crime were to be expelled the guild, losing all the

rights and privileges attached to it. There were no sweat shops, nor thousands of human beings harnessed like slaves to the car of labor. Manhood was respected. The toiler had time to improve his mind and to watch over his spiritual interests. The centralization of wealth that is a menace to national stability was unknown.

And yet there can be no doubt as to the fact that the commercial autocrat of to-day wields a tremendous influence. He holds sway virtually as unlimited and despotic as that which is exercised by the Czar over his subjects. He can make himself felt in Legislatures and prevent enactment of statutes inimical to his interests. He may be denounced by orators: but the man with the money is talked of at myriad firesides as an individual to be respected and if possible to be imitated. Labor troubles will continue so long as the spirit of Christianity does not prevail. Not legislation but justice and charity are needed.

### ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

Sermon Preached in the Cathedral of St. Paul.

"In the epistle of the third Sunday after Easter, the apostle beseeches us to refrain from sin and to do good. And so throughout the entire Scripture we are requested, entreated, to practice righteousness, to save our souls. Is not this, we may ask, a mystery, that God the Almighty, and His ministers in His name, should condescend to ask us, to entreat us, to do what is right? What are we but frail creatures of a day, and what is He but the infinite, the omnipotent? Why does He not use His power, if He wishes us to practice righteousness; why does He not compel us to be righteous? Is it not, we may ask, beneath His dignity and grandeur to be requesting us, begging us to do our duty toward Him, toward our fellow beings, toward ourselves? There is here a mystery: there is here a most practical, significant lesson. It is a mystery that God has made us morally free—so free that we may, if we choose, set at defiance His own law, subvert His own counsel in our regard, be unrighteous when He commands us to be righteous, and lead our souls to perdition when He His supreme will that all men be saved.

"No wonder, we might say, that some, not guided by the teachings of the Holy Church, have been led to exaggerate the power and the dignity of God as to leave, so to speak, no room to man himself in the decision for his own salvation. There are creeds made by men which state that God in creating us does of His own choice, independently of anything that we would have to say or do, elect so many of us to eternal glory and sends so many others into perdition, asserting His own power and His own dignity whether in the election of some or the reprobation of others.

### GOD'S LOVE SUPREME.

"The makers of such creeds forget the supreme love of God for men, and the supreme respect which God has for His own creatures. Through a mysterious dispensation, if you will, but as a fact, God created us free, and has made us the arbiters of our eternal destiny. We shall be judged one day by Him; and some will be called to heaven, others will be rejected, and lead as the apostle says, 'to every man according to his works.' This dignity of the human soul that it is free. And so when by its own choice it enters heaven it can say 'this great reward is mine.' It is victorious: a crown belongs to it as a reward to its triumph.

"No doubt the soul left so itself could not, morally speaking, have overcome all the perils with which it was confronted. It could not without God's elevating grace have reached up into the supernatural regions to which we are called through the merits of Christ. Divine grace is needed. Without grace we do not save our souls: but when grace is given we are allowed to reject it or to correspond with it.

"There are two elements in Paul's moral triumph, God's grace and himself; and so it is with each and every one of us. On the last day it will be seen that two beings are at work, God and the individual soul. God, for His own mysterious purposes, distributes His graces here and there as He wills, giving, however, to all a sufficiency, for He wills all men to be saved. So that at the last day every soul will say if I am lost it is through my own fault.

### THE SOUL IS FREE.

"But, whatever the measure of those graces, so much does God respect the individual will, the freedom of men, that the soul may still say of it I will not serve. God having made the soul free, if the soul enters a positive protest what can God do, unless He destroy His own work and enslave what He had declared to be free: but to retire, as it were and abandon the soul to pursue its own course? This is a mystery

—this freedom of the soul in presence of God's bestowings and God's own graces. But this much is evident, the grandeur of the soul, the dignity of the human being, the sweetness of the reward when it does come. Great as is the reward of the high heavens, the soul crossing the threshold of paradise can say, it is my own individual work; I have earned it; God's grace aiding me, God's grace worked with me and I worked with God's grace.

This truth of the human freedom of the will and of the personal responsibility of the soul established, we understand how contrary to God's love and to God's justice are the statements of certain creeds, to which I have already alluded, that God elects of His own simple volition certain souls to glory and drives others back into perdition. There would be there no justice. Why should a soul be punished and punished during eternity unless the cause of punishment came from itself, unless the fault was the soul's own? And what would mean a reward that had been decreed before any thought of what the soul would be or would do in the use of its liberty? And where in such conditions would be that divine goodness, that sweetness of mercy of which the Scriptures so frequently assures us, in virtue of which God searches for the erring soul and tenderly invites it back to embrace of His eternal bosom? There were no goodness, no greatness if we were to imagine an infinite God above us distributing rewards and punishments as it might satisfy His own glory, without any consideration of the individual merit of each and every soul. No wonder is it that some who take such creeds as the creeds of the Christian Church, as the teachings of Christ, would be repelled from Christ's gospel.

### THE INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBLE.

"No, such creeds are not creeds of God's Holy Church, and they are not the teachings of Christ's holy gospel. The teachings of the gospel and the creed of Christ's Church are this: that man is a free agent, and that while God gives him in profusion graces, the soul decides for itself what shall be the destiny—of glory or one of punishment and darkness. There is always the mystery that God from eternity knows what happens until the end of time, but in His provision the acts of the soul precede the decree of justice. In this mystery of God's omniscience, as the divine glance passes down ages, it sees the action of each soul, its co-operation with divine grace or its repulsion of that grace, and then as a consequence as man's merits or demerits it sees the decree of destination marking out the final destiny of each and every soul. Whatever the mystery of the divine providence may be this truth remains, that God's sentence follows man's personal actions, and whatever the mysteriousness of divine grace is the responsibility of the ultimate responsibility of correspondence rests with the individual soul.

"This moral freedom of man understood, we see how evident is this other teaching of Christ's Church, that no one, whatever his sphere of work on earth, whatever his ignorance or the grievousness of his temptations, no one is lost except through his own fault, except through his disobedience to his own conscience. The problem is often put before us, what is to happen to such a man or to such another, to such a class of human beings or to such another class. It is not necessary that God reveal to us His detailed dealings with each and every soul. It is enough that He proclaim His justice and His love towards all men. The soul will see on the last day the portals of Heaven closed to it without being able to say 'it is my own fault.' You and I know that salvation comes to us through Christ, and if in disobedience to that heavenly light which God has spread over our souls we refuse to adore Christ as our God and Saviour, we should be guilty of rebellion against God.

### DESTINY OF UNBAPTIZED.

"But there have been millions, to whom through one reason or another knowledge of Christ was refused. What of them? St. Paul says: 'Those not having the law are a law to themselves, their consciences bearing witness to them.' In other words, man is not responsible for his surroundings over which he had no control. God is just and good. No soul is there without some light, no heart is there which does not throbb to some measure of goodness, no human being is there without a conscience. Now the human being obeying conscience obeys God so far as he can obey God, and God is just and merciful.

"You and I know that Christ established His own Church that the Church coming forth from Christ, going down through the ages is the Holy Catholic Church, and if we close our eyes to the truth of the divinity of that Church we are in rebellion against God, and against the knowledge which we have received from Him. But if there are those to whom the knowledge of Christ's Holy Church is impossible, if they are faithful to the light so far as given to them God judges them according to their light and according to their correspondence with it. You and I know that baptism is the gate to the heaven of supernatural life. But if

souls innocent from the stains of actual sin die without baptism while they are refused entrance into that supernatural region of special supernatural happiness which is given by Christ to His own heirs, we need not believe that they are condemned to positive punishment. The Church does not teach such doctrine. A natural happiness is their lot. Always and everywhere God is just and all-merciful, and all-loving to His creatures.

"Salvation is a personal matter for each one of us. Two beings are concerned when our salvation is mentioned—God and the individual soul. God created each soul to be the arbiter of its own destiny. It will be judged on its own individual record. Let us not then say, if there are others outside of God's Church, if others practice such manner of life, why cannot I be as they? We need not condemn others; we know not their conscience. There is but the Almighty God who can peer into the conscience of any one and say whether he is guilty or not. For us, let us lock into our own conscience, and ask what obligation does this conscience impose upon us. Others I leave to God. I busy myself with myself. I am not to sit one day in judgment upon all men, only the omniscient can be judge of all consciences; only God will judge all men.

### GOING TO PERDITION WITH THE CROWD.

"Even if others were to close their eyes and go against their conscience, would there be much consolation for me to glide down to perdition with the crowd? They will say, I will go with the multitude. Thou wast not created to do what thy conscience impels thee to do. This is the misfortune, I may say, of innumerable men, to do what others are doing, whether others are right or wrong. The soul forgets its own dignity. It forgets that it was placed by Almighty God upon earth to do its duty to Him because it is duty, and not to do merely what others do.

"Let each of us look into his own conscience, and in the stillness of God's presence reflect upon the solemn meaning of his personal responsibility. Oh, the responsibility of my soul! Just as I decide so shall I be for eternity. Not my relatives, not my friends, not my neighbors, not the whole nation, not all humanity will be questioned on the last day as to whether I am to be with God in Heaven or with His enemies in hell. Only one will speak—I myself. Oh, my God, Thou hast made me great when Thou didst put into my hands my own destiny for eternity. But, my God, what fearful responsibility Thou didst lay upon me? I pray Thee, help me by Thy grace to understand this responsibility."

### MOST HISTORIC CHURCH.

A Protestant's Views on the Great Cathedral of Mexico City.

Stanley E. Bowdler, a Protestant, in a letter from the City of Mexico, says: "Religion is the most important fact about a man or a nation of men." This was Carlyle's notion, and as strikingly true as its expression is characteristically awkward.

If it was spoken concerning the Mexicans its truth is demonstrable, for the religious spirit among them is as omnipresent as the Omnipotent. Every city and villa has its impressive churches, which show the lamp of sacrifice undimmed by the lapse of centuries.

"I will not give unto the Lord of that which cost me nothing," seems to have been the sentiment of these Mexicans as truly as it was David's. Every temple seems to say: "Our builders gave the best they had of thought, of toil, material and of wealth."

When Cortez reached the capital of Anahuac, the building that first arrested his attention was the Temple to the Sun—and well it might. There, at the city's centre, was an architectural enigma, that seemed to belong to the weird age of pyramid and hieroglyph, devoted to religious diabolism. Its top was the scene of Druidical rites, the bloodiest that wretched paganism could devise. More than 5,000 men were annually sacrificed there to appease the gods who sent the Montezumas mad and victory.

In this Rome of the Aztec world and in the court of this very temple the good Father Olmado celebrated the first Mass witnessed in Guatemala's capital. The God who delights not in burnt offerings and sacrifices, but in a contrite heart, stood in paganism's most holy place that November morning of 1518, while the last victims were being offered to the Aztec's non-resident gods.

The contrast stirred Cortez, and he vowed a vow that of that temple not one stone should remain upon another which should not be pulled down, and he would rear upon its foundations a temple worthy the God who, for a little time, deigns to dwell in temples made with hands. Cortez obliterated the Aztec's temple to the sun and commenced to build the cathedral, to be finished by his successors, and of which we now speak briefly.

The cathedral of Mexico City is unquestionably the most historic ecclesiastical structure of the western world. In age, in momentousness of events happening in and about it, in the terrible temple that it supplanted, in the sacrifice of wealth it represents —stupendous for the generation that

built it—this cathedral is the most venerable, historic and storied edifice of this hemisphere. In the aristocracy of churches it is without a peer. Every stone invites reflection and every chapel within its walls solemnity. From the moment of entrance a hush is upon you, and you find yourself unconsciously listening. A century and more before the American revolution its bells chimed the Vesper hour; its walls saw the investment of Spain's avaricious viceroys; the crowning of the valiant, misguided lurid, Mexico's first Emperor; and heard the welcoming Te Deum to Maximilian, its peaceful, majestic towers looked down upon the bloodiest revolutionary events that have occurred in this or any other world, and saw Mexico's last convulsion and humiliation, when 10,000 victorious Americans under General Scott were drawn up in the "Zocalo," which the cathedral fronts, terminating an unjust war criminally leveled against an almost defenceless people. In all the pomp and circumstance of historic ecclesiastical greatness this church is first among the churches of the two Americas. Centuries have added to its dignity; age has brought power and not debility; and its solemn, prayer-inspiring spires seem to point with almost youthful vigor to the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

I attended Mass there Easter morning, 1899. As I approached the cathedral court the rays of the always welcome Mexican sun were stealing between the snowy tops of the two great volcanoes, whose old time-fires are as dead as the Aztec's gods. The conspicuous places of the court were already filled with a great number of piteous, chilly, aimless-praying invalids. It was a duplicate of the court of the Temple called Beautiful, lacking Peter and John only.

At least three thousand Mexicans were kneeling within the cathedral—an impressive sight anywhere, but in this setting of majesty, solemnity and historic association a picture of touching eloquence. And they knelt throughout the service, for Mexican churches are without seats. Their somnolence were carefully placed in an angle made by their kneeling limbs and their serapes folded over their shoulders.

I stood in the shadow of a pillar to render my Protestantism less conspicuous, yet I fancy I could not have been seen had I stood beside the main altar, for there was a stolid fixity about these people, a singleness of religious purpose that makes intruding Protestants irrelevant and that made this temple possible.

There was no rustle of skirts, no vain, studied stride, no looking about to see the milliner's creation worn by neighbors. There were no unctuous ushers to escort thoughtfully-bellied parishites to high seats. It was the one tremendous democracy of Mexican sinners—the rich, the poor kneeling side by side, each class oblivious to the other's presence and each face showing an intensity of purpose that seemed to say: "Lord be merciful to me, a sinner."

To these kneeling worshippers dyed with sin, which only the hyssop of God's grace could cleanse, the service was as impressive as the first vision of the pillar of fire by night to the Israelites. The thousand Masses that they had attended had brought no callousness. Time had intensified the august mystery of the Mass. To them it was a veritable mount of transfiguration, for they seemed to see no one save Jesus only.

I left the church with this pentecostal crowd, over whose faces a happy change had come because of the deposit of their sins with the sleepless savior. The morning chill had gone, and the capital of the Montezumas was again bathed in dazzling sunlight.

The power of the cross impressed us as we turned for a last look—the grandest cathedral of the western hemisphere standing on the foundations of the greatest and most terrible temple of paganism.

### A COMPARISON.

Archbishop Kain, the energetic Metropolitan of St. Louis, knows how to tell a good story. In introducing Archbishop Keane to a St. Louis audience recently he related how he and the former rector of the Catholic University, while in college together, had been named the two canes, and how their fellow students had resolved this title into "the two sticks." Carrying this simile further he remarked that he had heard himself compared to a hickory cane, while His Grace of Damascus had at the same time been likened to a sugar cane.

### TWO-FOR-A-CENT CATHOLICS

From the Catholic Columbian.

There is general complaint of a growing indifference among young men to financial needs of their parishes, observes the "Ave Maria." Many of them do not rent a pew, or contribute in any way to the support of the church. The penny collection is the only one which seems to appeal to them. It is probably for their benefit that the Treasury Department contemplates the coinage of half cents.

I remember the first time I went to the convent. It was one of the bright days in June; the air was full of sunshine and the perfume of a mown hay. In the distance could be heard the shrill sweet voices of children as they played on the terraces and in the cut meadow...

A year and three months later I saw my little daughter there. I saw her first parting. She was a beautiful, lovely child, very strong and full of life. I wonder how she would get on with her new life. Would she be happy in her new life? Would she be contented? I called again...

Christmas came quickly, and came, too, looking the picture of health and happiness, with a new tenderness for her baby and sisters; very full of her very full of ambition, having spent those four past months parted again I had no long doubts as to the choice I had made in sending her to the convent.

It was a bright spring day when a letter arrived, telling dear little daughter had measles. I cannot say I minded much. Of course, I felt so child should be so ill, but still as well as she got it over when she was young, especially attack going was of a mild type, I eagerly watched post next morning, tearing envelope rapidly to read the news no longer the mild case I described; my little darling was very sick, and even as "Erna seriously ill." How seemed to stand out on the picture as it trembled in my hands...

Then came the hurried parting, long weary hours in the carriage, flying through country. Would I never journey's end? And all words of a Protestant friend kept ringing in my ears, Mrs. L.—the child is well looked after, as I don't believe. Locking back on it now, those groundless fears; I know that in her own convent could not have got more more watchful nursing.

I arrived at the convent of the "Quarant Ore" in the evening. The Mother told me some hours before already some breathing space had been sleeping. But of hope gave me no comfort for the child was going to die of all others? Surely plenty of other children on earth, plenty already in Heaven, without His taking child that was all the work. And so I grieved and grieved the comfort of prayer passed with their laden hearts sweet trail life still hung sweet.

Soon after my arrival of the "Quarant Ore" in the evening, and for hours I rested, not praying—loosely clasped before the flight of time till a nun "Come out to the garden minutes, you can return would bring back my thoughts, and I would turn in half an hour. Back now, in the midst of life, to the hours I spent how I got to love that gleaming marble altar, flowers, its carved oak so quiet runs knelt so long and the young novice long white veils and gilded in hour by hour. Blessed Sacrament; and the peace, the perfect dwell over it all.

I was not allowed to know her intense I doctors feared the excitement might cause her. No worse, but they were pious, for pneumonia when the child was in the first malady. Could self not to see her longer? "Yes, but words came with difficult the kindly reverend suggestion to ease my grief. I could not see the not at least her child. And so every evening generally about 6 o'clock sweet-toned Angelus would mount the brood together, go down the corridor, till the light would lead to the then down to the There I would stand almost always the

He withdrew, followed by Gurses, who shook his fist at Parmenon, and swore that he would avenge Cecilia.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH OR AGNOSTICISM.

There are not a few people in the world, of greater or less intelligence, who try to satisfy the cravings of their nature for some kind of religion, by professing their belief in a God. They have, very naturally, become convinced that the world did not make itself; that man did not come by chance, and they are, as it were, compelled to admit this one, grand truth which lies at the foundation of all religion—that there is an Infinite Creator, all-wise and all-powerful Creator of the universe.

Now, we hold, and hold firmly and undoubtedly, that the admission of an all-wise-Creator logically involves the necessity of the Catholic Church. It is clear that the design, the intention, the will of the Creator is determined by His handiwork. The Psalmist declares, "The firmament showeth His handiwork." His handiwork in still more wonderful and emphatic manner. It is manifest that we have been endowed with a moral nature. By this we mean that God has implanted in us all, and made it a constituent part of our being, a consciousness of right and wrong in our actions. The faculty which we call conscience is just as much a part of our constitution as intellect, memory or imagination.

That faculty, or intellectual consciousness, commands us when we do right, and reproves us when we do wrong. That shows conclusively that it is the will of our Creator that we should do some things and avoid others.

But how shall we know what is right and what is wrong? In other words, how shall we know what the will of our Creator is? Men, left to themselves, disagree. Conscience alone does not tell us what is right and what is wrong; it needs to be enlightened and instructed in the great principles of morality. The degradation of heathen nations shows the sad condition of man without an enlightened conscience.

It is important to bear in mind that, as conscience points to its Maker for approval, or disapproval, so it must look to its Maker for an expression of His will as to what He would have us do and what avoid. In other words, it shows conclusively that we must have a revelation of the divine will. It seems absurd, on the very face of it, to suppose that Almighty God would impart in our nature so powerful an impression of His will that we should do some things and avoid others, without, at the same time, giving us the means of knowing what that will is—what He would have us do and what avoid.

No, He has not left us thus in ignorance and darkness. He has given us a revelation of His will in Christianity. We need not stop to prove that assertion now, but a much more important question presents itself for solution, namely, "What does Christianity teach?" As it is absurd to suppose that our Creator would leave us without a revelation of His will, so it is equally absurd to suppose that He would give us a revelation without at the same time giving us the means of ascertaining the meaning of that revelation. That he would not leave it to the indiscriminate private judgment of individuals would seem to need no proof; for it is manifest that that would defeat the very object of the revelation. Experience proves that men will differ in their interpretation of the most important documents. In fact, it is impossible to embody human thought or even divine thought in human language so that it will not admit of different interpretations by different minds. In confirmation of this position it is only necessary to appeal to the condition of the so-called Christian world since the great Reformation. Protestantism, which claims to think for itself instead of submitting to the traditional, authoritative teaching of the Catholic Church is divided into a thousand different sects, and the work of disintegration and confusion still goes on, so that that portion of the world in sympathy with Protestantism is fast coming to the conclusion that there is no such thing as a real, supernatural revelation, and is falling back on natural religion and agnosticism.

Nothing could be more unreasonable and absurd. Fortunately, the more candid, thoughtful and conservative portions of the community are very properly turning their attention towards the real old Catholic Church—ever ancient, ever new—as the only reasonable and satisfactory solution of the problem. The real, logical alternative is agnosticism, or the Catholic Church.—Sacred Heart Review.

If all who profess Christianity were to practise the virtues it inculcates for a single day, it would be hard to find an infidel the day after.—Phillip Freeland.

It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine of the early Fathers that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy.—Washington Irving.

world not come to those Jews so odious and detested. Cecilia, crushed by remorse, overwhelmed by the shame of his act, and his heart torn by the thought of his daughter, bowed his head under the weight of those simple words, and could not find words either to complain or to accuse.

Gurses, a silent witness to this scene of woe, seemed much embarrassed. The unfortunate vespillo, first, but involuntarily cause of the young girl's misfortune, felt that all was over with him. His unlucky passion had brought him disastrous results, bitter disappointments, and, at last, a severe beating from which his bruised limbs were still smarting. Moreover, he felt that Cecilia and Olinthus despised him.

But Gurses was a good-natured fellow. He still felt a great tenderness for this young girl whom he had hoped to make his wife, and he swore, in his heart, to devote himself to rearing her from her sad fate, if it could still be done.

"Now me," he said, "to assist you in this task. All I possess is yours to redeem this young girl and to restore her to her father."

"Thank you," replied the centurion, moved by so much devotion. "You are a worthy young man, and I accept your assistance. Let us go together to see this Parmenon. He will have to give us back Cecilia."

The two young men departed, leaving Cecilia, who his hands raised to heaven, was mingling words of thanksgiving and gratitude with the tears of grief and joy that were being delivered by them!

"It is to me she will owe her salvation," Gurses was saying. "It will doubtless be for your benefit, but, at least, I shall have some title to her friendship, and this is a good deal for me!"

"My dear Gurses," Olinthus would reply, "when Cecilia will be my wife, we shall ever remember together your generous assistance."

Gurses was not without feeling a certain sadness when he spoke of his daughter's marriage with Cecilia; but when he compared his own mournful garb to the brilliant uniform of the young centurion, he could not blame the young girl's choice.

"My Venus Libitina!" he would say to himself, with rare modesty and touching candor, "I think I would have done as she did, had I been in her place."

When the two young men reached Parmenon's tavern, they found that worthy walking up and down in front of his wretched door.

It had been agreed between Cecilia's future liberators, that Gurses would be the spokesman. This arrangement flattered the vespillo's vanity. It was natural and proper that he should be the negotiator, since he was the original holder of the claim of which Parmenon had made such treacherous use, and since he was to advance the ten thousand sesterii required for Cecilia's liberation.

We say "advanced," for Olinthus had accepted the offer only as a temporary loan.

Gurses, giving his features the most amiable expression, approached the slave-dealer with a graceful bow, and said, "My dear Parmenon, I came to repay you ten thousand sesterii."

"What does this vespillo want with me?" said Parmenon, disdainfully; and he resumed his walk.

"This vespillo is Gurses," replied Libitina's agent, with a certain pride. "Gurses is a centurion in this centurion, to claim a young girl named Cecilia."

"Ah! very well!" said Parmenon, and a singular smile hovered on his lips. "Only the pretension seems to me rather bold."

"What difficulty can there be?" asked Gurses. "Only this, that I do not wish to sell her to you," replied the trader.

"But," said Olinthus, seized with a vague anxiety, "there is no question of sale here. This young girl was transferred to me in guarantee of a claim which Gurses is ready to satisfy at this very moment. It seems to me that the debt being cancelled, the girl given in pledge must be returned to us."

Upon reaching the crossing of the Triumphal Way, he saw a great crowd of people, and though little curious or inclined to tarry, he was compelled to step, for the street was so completely obstructed that a consul's lictors could not have succeeded in clearing the way.

Olinthus inquired what was the cause of this gathering, and was told that two men were quarrelling and fighting. He was annoyed to be detained by an incident of so little importance, and Olinthus words spoken by a familiar voice made him start and awakened in him a sudden interest.

It was the voice of Cecilia, and the words, accompanied by many curses, were these:—"You wretched vespillo! Infamous servant of Libitina! Parveyor of Caron! May the Styx engulf you! It is through you I have lost my daughter! Take this and this!"

The dull sound of blows were heard, followed by groans. Evidently the vespillo was getting the worst of the fight. Olinthus upon hearing these words had pushed forward, shouting, "How way through the dense crowd. He succeeded in reaching the front rank of spectators, and saw that he had not mistaken the voice. Cecilia was laboring a man who, although a stranger to Olinthus, was no other than our old acquaintance Gurses."

When Cecilia fell senseless on his doorstep, after seeing his daughter carried off by her master, he was picked up and carried in by some neighbors who had witnessed the lamentable scene, the news of which soon spread abroad. Gurses, when he learned that Cecilia had been sold, became very indignant; and, not dreaming that he had been the principal cause of this hateful transaction, listened to the tax-gatherer's home, with the natural father under the most vehement reproaches.

But at the first word spoken by the vespillo, Cecilia, recognizing him, had sprung up from the bed on which he was reclining, and, armed with grief, and three or four times with such vigor that Gurses had sought safety in a precipitate flight.

Cecilia, animated by revenge, had pursued him, and brought him down with a tremendous blow across the legs. A crowd had immediately gathered around the fallen vespillo and his infuriated persecutor. The old man, incapable of appeasing his anger, was continuing to strike the helpless Gurses, when his arm was suddenly seized by an iron grip. It was Olinthus, who had bounded near him, and stayed his hand.

"Has your daughter ceased to live?" he asked, tremulously. "She lives, but it were better she were dead," answered the vespillo, "wretch!" replied Cecilia, still furious, although the sight of the insignia of Olinthus's military rank caused him to pause.

"What do you mean?" resumed the latter, pale and trembling with emotion. "Cecilia is a slave!" "Cecilia is a slave," repeated Olinthus, with a cry of horror. "Yes, I sold her," said Cecilia, gloomily. "I sold her to pay this wretch! What is that to you, centurion?"

And as Olinthus, sinking under this terrible revelation, made no answer, Cecilia raised his stick to strike his victim once more. But Gurses, who had risen, avoided the blow, and the stick striking the pavement was broken by the shock.

"Fool!" cried the vespillo, "You strike me, and there stands the man who has caused your daughter's loss."

And he pointed at Olinthus. "This man has the custody of my daughter's loss," said the unhappy father, with stomp. "How can that be?" "Don't you see that it is Olinthus! . . . Yes, Olinthus the Jew, the Christian, . . . he who was to have married Cecilia!" "Olinthus! That man Olinthus!"

Cecilia was unmoved; but his fingers clutched the centurion's arm with such desperate violence that the sleeve of the latter's fine white agum was stained with blood.

But Olinthus was another sort of adversary than Gurses. With one jerk he shook off Cecilia; with one look he stopped all further aggression. "Touch not the shield of the emperor!" he exclaimed in a commanding voice.

And perceiving the furious demonstration in the crowd to whom he had been designated as a Jew, he drew from the scabbard his short, broad, Spanish sword, the bright blade of which flashed in the sun.

"Make way there!" he said, contemptuously. "The words and the act awed all the multitude; their ranks opened before the centurion."

"Come," said the latter, addressing Cecilia, "take me to your daughter!" Cecilia raised his stick to strike his victim once more. But Gurses, who had risen, avoided the blow, and the stick striking the pavement was broken by the shock.

"Tell me, now," said Olinthus, when they had reached the tax-gatherer's house, "what has happened? what have you done? where is your daughter?" "I sold her," said Cecilia, "I owed this man ten thousand sesterii, which I could not pay," replied Cecilia, designating Gurses. "But he added, looking firmly at the centurion, 'I would have given myself up if my daughter had consented to renounce those accursed Jews to whom you belong.'"

"O my God, I thank you!" thought Olinthus. "Cecilia has remained strong in Thy faith and Thy name, which she has confessed!" "Wretched father!" he resumed, turning to Cecilia, "did not the thought strike you that those accursed Jews would have saved your daughter by paying you?" "And the pontiffs who claimed twenty thousand sesterii for the sacrifice of Jugurtus? And my place?" Cecilia asked.

Oh! he said with fearful bitterness, "I am nothing for that child! She will be should have ascertained what had become of Cecilia."

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"Oh! father, father!" cried the young girl, "this again? you then have not understood me."

"That's it, you cannot. And I shall be sold into slavery! Parmenon can come now. We shall both be the prey of the pontiffs and of Parmenon!"

"Who has said that, father?" "A great jurisconsult, a man of law whom I consulted this morning. It is certain."

"It is impossible, for you at least. As for me, if God wishes it, I am ready to suffer everything."

"No you refuse. You have no pity for me; you consent to your own ruin!" "Father, do not ask me that which cannot be. Oh! I love you, and my heart is breaking. May the God I adore listen to my prayer, and shield you from all harm! At that price I shall bear the greatest evils as a light burden."

"My child," said Cecilia in a caressing voice, approaching his daughter, "can you think that you are not dear to me, and that your misfortune would not be mine? Oh! my daughter, I have suffered, and I suffer much! I only ask one word of you, one single word. Say it: in the name of the gods, I beseech you!"

"I cannot, father! Do not invoke the gods, they are nothing. If what you ask of me were possible, I would do it, believe me. Strong must be your daughter's conviction in her faith, that she should resist when you beseech her for your safety."

"My little Cecilia," said the wretched father, clasping his daughter's hands in his, "do you wish me to die? How could I live if you were not there? what joy would I have left in my life? in this humble home? Dear hope of my old age, where will you be?"

The poor child felt her courage giving way before these loving entreaties and these tears. "O my God!" she prayed inwardly, "help me! I did not think this trial would be so painful!"

"Do you remember your mother?" Cecilia resumed, "your mother, who left you to my care, a mere babe? How would you refuse her?"

"My mother was a worthy and courageous woman. She would understand me, and she would not ask me to break the solemn vow I have made in my heart."

"My daughter! . . . Believe in your heart if you wish; but for the Pontiffs, for those who seek me, and who will come, ah! say that you are not a Christian!"

"Never, father, never! The God I adore claims the secret devotion of the soul, but He wants also that the lips should proclaim Him even before those who know Him not."

"Great gods!" cried Cecilia, "I beseech this child for her life, and she hears me not! I ask her to save her father, and her voice is mute!"

"Father! father! do not say that, for I can give my life for you!"

"Listen to me, child," said the unhappy man, raising his hands imploringly. "You know your father. You know what that slavery which awaits you. But I know it. When you were born, your father had passed forty years in the power of a master. May the gods save my life, by leading me to that man who would buy me! O my child! my life! my own flesh and blood! You do not know that my poor body had become hardened by continual torture, and that Nominatus Capella, to whom I had been sold, could find but one means of inflicting pain; by loading me with iron bracelets to an almost red heat!"

"Horror!" cried Cecilia. "See, child, see here!" and the wretched laying bare his arms and legs, showed his daughter the deep scars left by this cruel punishment. "Well! I could live because I had hope! because, by selling, day after day, half of my ration, I could accumulate a capital. I added thus hunger to my other sufferings, but in the distant future I saw freedom! and it came at it came," continued the old man, growing more excited under the influence of these reminiscences. "I paid for it to the heir of Nominatus Capella, eight thousand sesterii, accumulated painfully during forty years' privations! But I have not sufficient life left me to purchase freedom a second time if I lose it!" he cried with wild despair. "Oh! to die a slave! to die a slave!"

The unhappy man ceased speaking, until his oppressed chest was relieved by convulsive sobs. "Child," he resumed dejectedly, "you have never known the tortures of a slave: the rod which tears, the whip with its lead-pointed lash, the red-hot blades! Would you then face those fearful sufferings?"

"Father," said Cecilia, firmly, "I repeat it, with the help of God, I am ready to suffer everything for Him!—and for you, also," she added, with a look of unspeakable tenderness. "What more can you ask of me?"

AURELIA; OR, THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE.

"On the head of this child," said he, addressing Cecilia, "I swear that what I have said has not been to deceive you, but was dictated by my desire to serve your interests!"

And putting down his little son, he led him by the hand to the door, where a slave took charge of him.

This short episode had deeply moved Cecilia. He now saw Regulus under another light; his confidence was strengthened. He could not think that the man who had shown himself a loving father, and had sworn an oath on his child's head, could think of betraying an unfortunate client.

When Regulus returned he found Cecilia sobbing bitterly.

"All is lost!" muttered the poor man, amidst his tears; "save me! my Lord Regulus, save my daughter! In the name of the gods, protect us!"

"But," said Regulus, "your salvation is in your own hands. It will not be my fault if your daughter perishes in account of her ruin and your own. I hold phlephing her ruin and your own. I let him down who is too far from the shore, or who will not avail himself of my aid. The great Jupiter himself could not do more, I think."

Cecilia, absorbed in his despair, made no reply.

"Come," said the lawyer, wishing to strike the last blow, "this consultation has lasted already too long; it must come to an end. I shall recapitulate, listen attentively and you can decide afterwards. By Hercules! I did not get you into this plight. Listen!"

Cecilia's father looked up through his tears.

"This Parmenon," resumed the lawyer, purposely giving his words a certain obscurity, "far from injuring you, becomes a supreme resource; for you have the means of satisfying him. This being done, the prosecution of the pontiffs directed to you, falls upon him; the law is positive. It is then, Parmenon who must pay this money—admitting that it should be claimed—for the pontiffs, learning that you have punished, will not renew against the master the complaint made against the father. As to your place, I do not see, if the matter is settled in this way, why they should discharge you. By this act of courage you will have shown that you are not friendly to the Jews of Capena gate. This is all I can say to you, my dear client. Think over it. I must go to attend to my business. Regulus rose and snapped his fingers—the Roman way to summon a slave in those days.

The nomenclator who had admitted Cecilia, answered the summons.

"Show this citizen the way," said Regulus.

When the door of the exedra closed, and the lawyer found himself alone,— "The soil was very hard," said he, "but I have done like the rain, I have permeated it. And now, Parmenon can do at the precise moment, or spoil the play by his awkwardness?"

CHAPTER VI.

HOW IN ROME A FATHER COULD SELL HIS DAUGHTER.

When Cecilia returned home, it was night. The unfortunate man could not have said where he had been since morning. He had wandered about, with sinking heart and absent mind, trying vainly to think how he could save himself from the terrible dilemma in which he was placed.

Cecilia sat working by the light of a lamp. Her features reflected the sadness and anxiety of her thoughts. The fearful scene of the previous day, the prolonged absence of her father, who had long failed coming home for the evening meal, those complaints before the pretor, the town-projects and the pontiffs, all these strange events filled her heart with gloomy forebodings.

Then, respecting her father's orders even when they were unjustly rigorous, she had abstained herself, since several days, from seeing the beings dearest to her heart: Petronilla, Flavia Domitilla, Eutychia, and Olinthus, whom she betrothed she was, whose ring she wore, she still hoped for, her only comfort when prayer failed to soothe her troubled soul.

She expected with anxiety the coming of her father, and yet at every noise that seemed to indicate his return, she trembled, like the leaf before the approaching storm. When Cecilia appeared, his haggard looks and the disorder of his garments were enough to reveal to her that something serious had occurred. She felt that she would want strength to bear the new trials which she foresaw, and she raised her eyes to heaven in mute supplication.

"Father," she said after a pause, seeing that Cecilia remained silent, "will you not take some food? I have prepared the dinner you like, and have kept them quite warm by the fire."

Cecilia drew a seat without vouchsafing an answer, and helping himself to the food placed before him by his daughter, commenced eating with avidity.

Hunger and sorrow combined to overwhelm the wretched man. Thought was annihilated.

Gradually, as the warm food caused his system to revive, a healthier glow spread on his pale features, and his eyes brightened. Pushing from him the empty plate, he looked at his daughter; the old tenderness overpowered his heart, and leaning his head on the table, he wept silently.

There was something painful to behold in this great sorrow, those silent tears of a father in presence of his only child. Cecilia threw herself at his feet, calling him by the most endearing names; but he arose and pushed her back with a sort of terror.

This struggle was thrice renewed; the daughter endeavoring to soothe, by her caresses the growing excitement of the father who repulsed her.

A strange fire burned in the tax-gatherer's eyes, and his features wore a dark and sinister expression.

"Cecilia," he said, "what I have to tell you is grave. You have betrayed your father and you have ruined him! Child, have you reflected upon the fate you have prepared for me?"

And without waiting for her answer, he added, looking at her sternly,— "My daughter, you must declare to me that you do not abhor those miserable Jews; that you despise their creed, and that you are ready to return to our gods!"

JUNE 9, 1900.

SPARED!

A Mother's "Deo Gratias."

I remember the first time I went to the convent. It was one of the opening days in June; the air was full of sunshine and the perfume of new mown hay. In the distance you could hear the shrill voices of the children as they played on the green terraces and in the cut meadow grass. All down Rosary walk the roses grew in wild profusion, crimson and pink, and clusters of pots creamy white, brushing their green-trellised palling taking the golden sunshine into their perfumed velvet hearts.

A year and three months later I sent my little daughter there. It was our first parting. She was an impetuous, lovable child, very strong in her likes and dislikes, and I wondered how she would get on with her Superiors in her new life. Would she find them all kind? or would some of them not understand the thoughtless, warm-hearted child? I called again at the convent six weeks later, on my way back from abroad, and when I asked her the question ever uppermost in my mind, she replied without hesitation, "I love them all, mother; they are all good to me." I wondered at her answer then; I no longer wonder now.

Christmas came quickly, and she came, too, looking the picture of health and happiness, with a curious new tenderness for her baby brother and sisters; very full of her studies, very full of ambition, having well spent those four past months; when we parted again I had no longer any doubts as to the choice I had made in sending her to the convent.

It was a bright spring morning when a letter arrived, telling me my dear little daughter had got the measles. I cannot say I minded it much. Of course, I felt sorry the child should be so ill, but still it would be as well if she got it over her now, when she was young, especially as the attack going was of a mild type. But, of course, I eagerly watched for the post next morning, tearing open the envelope rapidly to read the news. It was no longer the mild case first described; my little darling was sick, very sick, and even as I read, the maid entered with a telegram. "Erna seriously ill." How the words seemed to stand out on the pink paper as it trembled in my hands! For a moment I could see nothing else. I remember crying out aloud in my agony, "Oh my God, leave her to me! leave her to me!" I could not pray; only that wild appeal for mercy passed my lips. My heart was full of rebellion. I could not live without the child!

Then came the hurried preparation, the long, weary hours in the railway carriage, flying through the green country. Would I never reach my journey's end? And all along the journey of a Protestant friend of mine kept ringing in my ears, "See your self the child is well looked after, Mrs. L.—as I don't believe in nuns." Locking back on it now, I smile at those groundless fears; for very soon I knew that in her own home she could not have got more loving care, more watchful nursing.

I arrived at the convent about 6 o'clock in the evening. The reverend Mother told me that the child had been aointed some hours before, and that already her breathing seemed easier and she was sleeping. But her words of hope gave me no comfort. I thought the child was going to die. Why mine of all others? Surely there were plenty of other children on God's fair earth, plenty already in His father Heaven, without His taking the one child that was all the world to me? And so I grieved and grieved without the comfort of prayer and the days passed with their laden hours, and the sweet frail life still hung in the balance.

"Give my love to mother when you are writing." But, oh! how hard it was to stand at the threshold and go no further, how hard to exercise that daily act of self-control! My only comfort was to say over and over, "It is for the child's good." And even when saying the words, my heart would beat with a passionate longing to get one glimpse of the dear bonnie face, to hold the soft warm hand in mine, to look into the blue eyes, and kiss the round red mouth! What joy this would have been to me, only God who created that mother-heart within me knew.

Once, as I was sitting in my accustomed place in the church, a little girl entered clinging to her mother. Evidently the mother had come to visit the little one. The child had her arm round the mother's waist, and as they stood there admiring the beautiful sculptured angels on either side of the altar, I looked at them with jealous eyes. Why should that child be well, and mine lie in the clutches of that cruel pneumonia? It never occurred to me that God might say to me, as I said of my sick child when I could not see her, "It is for your good."

Everybody around was so kind. Everywhere I met marks of quiet sympathy. What struck me most was how every nun in that convent, from the sweet Mother Superior, with her air of gentle dignity and face of quiet strength, down to the youngest novices, all seemed to feel for the child and me. If she had a good night, I would not need to get the news early. I would see it in the smiling faces of the nuns as they met me with the glad news on their lips: "You had good news of Erna this morning." Even the little children hurrying along the waxen corridors, carrying their tiny violets, would stop a moment and lifting their shy eyes would ask me how their little companion was. It was loving sympathy everywhere.

I remember one evening entering the church at the twilight hour. There was no light in the nave except from the lamp of the sanctuary, which hung before the altar. Its crimson rays fell on the bowed heads of five little children who were kneeling there, such tiny little ones! As I crept softly into my place, I wondered why they were praying for. One little girl I noticed especially; she seemed about seven years of age, and as I looked at the rapt flower like face, I could see the baby lips moving in the intensity of her fervor. That same evening, some hours later, I found out that these little ones had gone together to the church to pray for Erna's recovery.

Another day I went into town to get some violets for the little inmates of the infirmary. When I entered the florist's, I asked for eight little bouquets (there were eight little children down in the measles) and as the assistant looked around to see if she had the number, "Must they be all the same size?" she asked. "Yes," I replied, "they must be all the same size; I require them for eight little children who are sick, but perhaps you would put a tiny piece of white hyacinth in the bunch for my little girl, just to make it slightly different from the rest." As with deft fingers she made up the purple bouquets, she asked me was my little girl very ill? "Yes, very, very ill." She heard the weary voice and looked up. I suppose the dumb agony in my face must have touched her, for, when I looked again, tears of sympathy overflowed her eyes. I remember her following me out to the door and saying in her quiet voice, which yet had a sob in it, "May God spare you your little daughter!"

Next day there was a procession ending in Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The church is cruciform and opens out on a corridor hung with Stations of the Cross. The doors were all wide open as the procession slowly passed along. I could see them all from the bench where I was kneeling first, the children with their bright faces and sunny hair, then the white-veiled novices, and lastly the nuns, all with their tapers lighting. The air was full of music and the fragrance of the tall white lilies that covered the altar. But my thoughts were with the sick child. Oh! if she could but know I was so near her! Could she think I was forgetting? Could I ever doubt like that? And as I thought, like a lightning flash, the memory of the last few days answered back. Yes, I, too, had doubted.

The perfume of the incense came nearer and nearer. I could hear the deep voices of the priests chanting as I left my place and came down the church, down to the open door, and there knelt humbly waiting for Him to pass. Jesus of Nazareth, the same today as nineteen hundred years ago; the same always! He was coming, the same Jesus Who once walked the streets of Jerusalem and preached with mild face and sad eyes ("eyes sad with our sinning") by the shining sea of Galilee. He came, and with the unbidden tears falling soft as a summer shower, I asked Him if it were His will to leave me the child I loved better than my life. He Himself had wept Divine tears over the tomb of Lazarus, and had known what human sorrow was. Yes, He would know and understand! He had heard the prayer of the Rabbi so long ago, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and given him back his little maid. He would leave me my child now.

And He gave me my heart's desire! My little girl grew rapidly well—so well that in four days I was able to return home with my mind at rest. But, before I left, kneeling in the hush of that quiet church, the prejudice of years broke down, and there with my spring sunshine resting on its walls I

asked God to speak some day to one of my little daughters as he spoke once before in those far away golden years to Mary of Bethania.

My last visit was to the cemetery. As I followed the nun under the narrow gray arch that leads into "God's Acre" and looked at the carefully tended graves of the nuns and children (for six little ones are buried here) my heart was full of a great thankfulness. The same sunshine that streamed into the church fell also on the green graves in the quiet cemetery, and lingered lovingly on the ivy that covered its brown walls. There had been a slight shower a few hours previously, and the grass shone now in the sun's rays like drops of crystal. A bird was singing to its mate from an old tree close by, filling the air with melody. The place was ablaze with sweet spring flowers—crocuses with their golden chalices, tender violets and trembling snowdrops. The bright faces of the sun told me these had suddenly sprung into blossom with the late sunshine. As I turned away I felt that something else had blossomed in my heart, in the love and sympathy of the last few days—something that I would never quite lose again.—A. L. in the Irish Monthly.

THE MISSION BELL.

English Missionary's Unique Method of Bringing Neglected Catholics to Their Duty.

Something of a sensation, according to English exchanges, has been caused by the unique method adopted by Very Rev. Martin Byrne, a well-known English Missionary, to bring some neglected Catholics in the town of Carmarthen to a sense of their duty. Father Martin was giving a mission in the church at Carmarthen, and was meeting with great success, the participants being wrought to a high pitch of religious fervor. But, unfortunately, there are in Carmarthen a few nominal Catholics who are not members of the congregation, who never enter the church, who did not attend the mission, and who never comply with the precept of the Council of Lateran—which is to the effect that those who do not so comply should be debarred entrance into the church during life and deprived of Christian burial after death—and who therefore expose themselves to the incurring of this penalty by excommunication. Father Martin determined to make an effort to bring them in.

The missionary's first move was to ask those who were attending the mission to tell the neglected ones the law of the Church, and to invite them to come and hear the Word of God. When they declined Father Martin sent them other messengers to say that if they would not come they would hear in their homes, or in the haunts of their sin, the bell tolling for the death of their souls as it tolls for the death of the body, while the congregation would pray for their conversion. They still declined to come. Then a most impressive scene was witnessed. The great bell in the steeple was solemnly tolled and as its first deep note floated out on the night air the congregation, at the word of the missionary, knelt and prayed fervently for the conversion of the sinners.

IRISH HUMOR DURING THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

"Drive me to a good hotel, jarvey." "Well, sir, which d'ye want?" "Any will do so long as I can get a room."

"Then, axin' yer leave, sir, y'd better go across an' throw stones at a peeler."

"Why?" "Y'd get locked up thin, sir, an' it's the only way to get a room in Dublin this night, sir, heavn's praised!"

One of the Dublin evening papers came out on Thursday evening with some brief extracts from the leaders in the London papers. This was noticed by a Saxon journalist, who had purchased a copy from an elderly dame in Grafton street. He stood under a lamp post, glancing over the paper with a keen journalistic eye, and then he came back to the news vendor. "Look here," he said, "this paper has nothing in it about the Queen's visit; it is a fraud." "Lor, save ye, sur," she replied in a second's time. "Lor, bless ye, there's the shootin' of the Prince o' Wales in it. How much does yer honor want for a hapenny?"

Near Northumberland road, which may be regarded as the entrance to Dublin proper, an old woman bustled herself selling oranges. For an hour she had a gratifying sale, but as the crowd grew denser she could not move about to entice her patrons, and she lamented the fact openly. As the procession drew near she contrived to push a little nearer the barrier. "Stand back, you wid the basket," shouted the policeman. "Arrah, he reholed the old body at once, "mebbe her reverence 'd like an orange—chape her one all for nothin'." "Stand back, her one all for nothin'." "Stand back, will ye? Her Majesty doesn't want yer oranges." Everybody knows—the policeman fell back on his imagination—"everybody knows she hates oranges." "Then glory be to God, 'tis the color of thim she hates; she's a tidy soul, after all. I wish I had some—green oranges."

A dying man was asked what should be put on his tomb. He answered, "Let this be the inscription: Here lies a fool who went out into the world without learning why he came into it."

NAPOLEON ON THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

The Ave Maria presents in its issue of May 5 an admirable article in response to a request for arguments for the Divinity of Christ for one who rejects the Bible.

Our esteemed contemporary takes Our Lord as a character of history, to be judged by His life, His words, His works and the love which He still inspires in His followers.

Finally it presents Napoleon's remarkable words. Says the Ave Maria: "This striking testimony was first cited, we believe, by Pere Lacordaire in one of his famous conferences at Notre Dame, and is referred to by Cardinal Newman in his 'Grammar of Assent,' and by innumerable other Christian apologists."

After quoting from Rousseau a sentence in which that infidel philosopher wrote, for once, as a theologian—"If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus Christ are those of a God,"—the eloquent Dominican went on to tell of the conversations on religious subjects which Napoleon sometimes held with one of his Generals during his exile at St. Helena, recorded by the Chevalier de Beaumont. On one occasion the conversation turned on the essential difference between Christianity and other religious systems, and on the divinity of its Founder. Napoleon spoke with deep impressiveness, his emotion rendering him eloquent in the highest degree. These were his words: "I know men, General, and I can tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires, the conquerors and the gods of other religions. The resemblance does not exist; the distance between Christianity and any other religion is infinite. Any one who has a true knowledge of things and experience of men will not short the question as I do. Who among us, General, looking at the worship of different nations, is not able to say to the different authors of those religions, 'No, you are neither gods nor the agents of the Deity. You have no mission from Heaven. You are formed of the same slime as other mortals. Your own lives are entirely one with all the passions and all the vices which are inseparable from humanity. Your temples and your priests themselves proclaim your origin? Abominations, fables, and rotten wood! Are these religions and gods which can at all be compared with Christianity? I say no!"

"In Lycurgus, Numa, Confucius, and Mahomet I see lawgivers, but nothing which reveals the Deity. They themselves did not raise their pretensions so high. They surpassed others in their times, as I have done in mine. There is nothing about them which announces divine beings; on the contrary, I see much likeness between them and myself. I can testify to common resemblances, weaknesses and errors, which bring them near to me and to human nature."

"It is not so with Christ. Everything in Him amazes me. His mind is beyond me and His will confounds me. There is no possible term of comparison between Him and anything of this world. He is a being apart. His birth, His life, His death, the profundity of His doctrine, which reaches the height of difficulty, and which is yet its most admirable solution; the singularity of this mysterious Being, His empire, His course across ages and kingdoms—all is a prodigy, a mystery too deep, too sacred, and which plunges me into reveries from which I can find no escape; a mystery which is here, under my eyes, which I cannot deny and neither can I explain."

"Here I see nothing of man. You speak of Caesar and of Alexander; of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm which they were able to awaken in the hearts of their soldiers, and thus draw them with them on adventurous expeditions. But this only shows us the price of the soldier's affection, the ascendancy of the genius of victory, the natural effect of military discipline, and the result of able command. But how many years did the empire of Caesar endure? How long was the enthusiasm of the soldiers of Alexander maintained? Their prestige lasted but a day—the time of their command,—and followed the chances of war. If victory had deserted them, do you doubt whether they have ceased? I ask you, yes or no? Did the military influence of Caesar and Alexander end with their life? Was it prolonged beyond the tomb?"

"Imagine one making conquests with a faithful army, devoted to his memory, after his death! Imagine a phantom, who has soldiers without pay, without hopes for this world, and who inspires them to submit to all kinds of privations. Tarenne was still warm when his army broke up before Montecuculi. And as to myself, my army forget me while I still live, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is the power of my great men! A battle lost casts us down and carries away our friends. How many a Judas have I seen around me!"

"In short—and this is my last argument—there is not a God in Heaven if any man could conceive and execute with full success the gigantic design of seizing upon the supreme worship by usurping the name of God. Jesus is the only One Who dared to do this. He is the only One Who has said, affirmed imperturbably, Himself of Himself, 'I am God'—which is quite different from the affirmation, 'I am a god. History mentions no other individual who qualified himself with the

title of God in the absolute sense. How, then, should a Jew to whose exaltation there is more testimony than to that of any of His contemporaries—He alone, the Son of a carpenter—give Himself out as God Himself, for the self-being? He claims every kind of adoration; He builds His worship with His own hands—not with stones, but with men. And how was it that, by a prodigy surpassing all prodigies He willed the love of men—that which it is most difficult in the world to obtain—and immediately succeeded? From this I conclude His divinity. Alexander, Caesar, Hannibal—all failed. They conquered the world, but they were not able to obtain a friend. I am perhaps the only person of the present time who has any love for Hannibal, Caesar or Alexander. It is true we love our children; but how many children are ungrateful! Do your children love you general? You love them, but you are not sure of a return. Christ speaks, and from that time generations are His by ties more strict, more intimate than those of blood; by a union more sacred, more imperative than any other could be. All those who sincerely believe in Him feel that superior love, of which Time, the great destroyer, can neither exhaust the strength nor limit the duration. I, Napoleon, admire this the more that I have so very often thought of it; and it proves to me absolutely the divinity of Christ."

"I have inspired multitudes to die for me. God forbid that I should form any comparison between the enthusiasm of my soldiers and Christian charity; they are as different as their charity; the electricity of my look, my voice, a word from me, and the sacred fire was kindled in all hearts. I certainly possess the secret of that magic power which carries away other people's minds, yet I could never communicate it to others. Not one of my generals ever received it from me or guessed at it; neither have I the power to eternalize my name and my love in the heart."

"Now that I am at St. Helena—now that I am alone, unaided in this rock—who fights and conquers empires for me? What courtiers have I in my misfortune? Does any one think of me? Does any one in Europe move for me? Who has remained faithful? Where now are my friends? Yes, you two or three, whose fidelity immortalizes you, share my exile." (Here, it is said, Napoleon's voice assumed a peculiar tone of melancholy, irony and deep sadness.) "Yes, our existence has shone with all the brilliancy of the diadem and of sovereignty; and yours, General, reflected this splendor, as the dome of the Invalides reflects the rays of the sun. But reverses have come. By degrees the golden hues are effaced; the floods of misfortune and the outrages to which I am subjected carry away the last tints. Only the lead remains, General, and soon I shall be dust."

"Such is the destiny of great men—of Caesar and of Alexander. We are forgotten, and the name of a conqueror, like that of an emperor, is but the subject of a college theme. Our exploits come under the terms of a pedant, who either praises or insults us. A few months and this will be my fate. What will happen to myself? Assassinated by the English olig-

Nothing Hunts out Corns Like tight boots. Corns are very small affairs, but apply to them a pair of tight boots and all other concerns of life sink into insignificance. Tight boots and Putnam's Corn Extractor (the great and only sure cure for corns) may go together, and comfort will be their partner; but don't fail to use Putnam's Corn Extractor. Franks, cheap, poisonous and dangerous substitutes are in the market. Beware of them. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Polson & Co., Proprietors, Kingston.

Street Incident. "My Dear Sir," exclaimed Lawyer Bartholomew Livingstone, meeting the Rev. Dr. Archibald Wincham on the village street. "What does this mean? I thought you were laid up with all sorts of bad diseases?" "So I was," replied the reverend gentleman, "I had an attack of indigestion from that time on my whole system has been in a disordered condition until I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which has put me on my feet and cured all my stomach troubles."

"I don't doubt it," said the lawyer. "This same medicine cured my wife of rheumatism and my little girl of scrofula. When they say it's the best medicine money can buy, they only tell the truth."

"Yes, yes, so they do," replied the minister, and the two passed on.

THEY ARE NOT VIOLENT IN ACTION.—Some persons, when they wish to cleanse the stomach, resort to Epsom and other purgative salts. These are speedily in their action, but serve no permanent good. Their use produces ineffectual chills, and if persisted in they injure the stomach. Nor do they act upon the intestines in a beneficial way. Parson's Vegetable Pills answer all purposes in this respect, and have no superior.

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archy, I die prematurely, and my body will be returned to the earth to become pasture for worms. This is the destiny, now very near, of 'the great Napoleon.' What a gulf between my misery and the eternal reign of Christ, preached, praised, loved, adored, living in the whole universe! Is this to die? Is it not rather to live? Such is the death of Christ—such the death of God."

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Advertisements must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you, and wishing you success, Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,

D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

London, Saturday, June 9, 1900.

WARNED AGAINST TRAFFICKERS IN THINGS SACRED.

At St. Peter's cathedral, London, on last Sunday an announcement was made at the Masses warning the people against peddlers and agents purporting to have authority to sell articles of devotion such as beads, books, papers, sick-call outfits, medals, etc., and which they claim to be in indulgence. This is never the case.

Such articles of devotion the members of the congregation were instructed to procure from reliable and trustworthy persons, after which they should be brought to the parish priests who are endowed with the necessary faculties for blessing and indulging them.

The parishioners were likewise strongly cautioned against subscribing for papers or magazines holding out as inducements a share in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass or the gaining of stated indulgences. Such practice is altogether out of harmony with the spirit of the Church, and should never, even remotely, be encouraged by the faithful.

THE KENSITES.

Among the vagaries of the Kensites which took place during Holy Week two occurred which are especially worthy of remark. At St. Ehelburg's Church, Bishopsgate, John Kensit went with his wife to the altar rail to receive Communion on Easter Sunday, and it was offered to him in the thin round form similar to that which is used in the Catholic Church.

He refused to communicate and demanded bread, but the vicar would not accede to his demand, whereupon Kensit and his wife left the Church in high dudgeon, and complained to the Bishop of London that "he was debarred from receiving Holy Communion, at the caprice of Dr. Cobb."

Another agitator of the Kensit faction, named Rossy, snatched a crucifix from a clerk who was carrying it in procession which was going to St. Columba's Church on Good Friday. The Church services were impressive and a large number of clergy were taking part in them, when Rossy broke in upon the ranks and broke the crucifix over his knee. He was arrested, and his defense was that he broke the crucifix as a protest against Romanizing practices in the Church services. He was fined and now poses as a martyr.

EVIL LITERATURE.

The Semaine Religieuse in a recent article makes reference to a judicial decision whereby the proprietors of a review published in Montreal were heavily fined for giving insertion to articles vilifying the Christian religion, and also to a recent judgment of a court in New York condemning a book of Daudet which is subversive of morality. The judges declared that it is their desire to suppress all immoral literature, and the Montreal Court took similar ground in regard to magazines which attack or ridicule Christianity. It is, indeed, very proper that such literature should be suppressed, but the remark is made that "a judicial condemnation is not always sufficient to stop the rising tide of a social evil."

What, then, should be done to put an end to this evil and to check the corruption which arises from the circulation of bad literature, whether in the form of bad books or newspapers and magazines which attack the Christian religion or inculcate immorality

by such suggestiveness as is commonly found in so-called light reading.

Of this class of literature, the Semaine Religieuse says:

"Priests, fathers and mothers of families, schoolmasters and schoolmistresses must organize a crusade against bad books, and against books which are light-light. An unanimous word created by hell to palliate the word impure. We must stigmatize the holders and the sellers of obscene literature. Without political or denominational discrimination, the clamor of purity and common sense must be raised to a very high key."

"The thing to do is to denounce those responsible, to lay charges before the proper authorities, to strike those who break the law. In attacking the souls of our sons and daughters, the men of the gutter attack their happiness. We must not allow this."

There is too much of this kind of literature circulated among the people of this country, and we cannot too strongly warn our readers against it.

There are Eugene Sue's and Dumas' novels, and those of the Diches, and even some of Lord Balwer Lytton's, though of Lord Lytton's works we do not thus condemn the whole series, but only such as represent vice as virtue, and make heroes of criminals.

The Semaine Religieuse thus encourages the inauguration of a crusade against such books:

"The task is difficult; granted; but so much the better. The intensity of the evil will excite our courage and double our zeal. The beginning by a few will awaken the latent energies of others. The Catholic soul still vibrates in Canada; but with our hand upon our sorrowing heart, and after having carefully probed the sore, we must say that a crisis is impending if the reading of the young people be not watched."

Courage and confidence! Let us unite our efforts to drive back the plague. We have on our side an immense force in the lives of the young people who know they must answer for the evil coming to their children. We have with us the grace of Christ and the bounty of God."

A SELF-APPOINTED POPE.

For some years it was a much mooted question to appoint the Archbishop of Canterbury a kind of general Primate or Pope of all the independent churches which derive their origin from the Church of England and acknowledge it as their Mother Church.

The idea was not favorably received, as both the Colonial and the American Protestant Episcopal Churches would not give up their independence in this way—an independence which the Colonial churches had obtained not very many years previously.

As a consequence, the last Pan Anglican Council was held without any action being taken on the proposed report under one head.

But it now appears that the Canadian Anglican Church is willy-nilly to be supplied with a supreme head or Pope, though not by any action of the Church itself, but by the self assumption of no less a person than W. M. Lockhart of Alliston, "St. Grand Secretary of the Orange Association of North America." The title of knighthood, however, it must be remarked, is not granted by her Majesty for services to the country, but is conferred by the Orange order to encourage its possessor in denouncing "the Pope of Rome" and the Catholic Church which has propagated the Christian faith for nineteen centuries. Mr. Lockhart, however, is not Pope by divine appointment, nor by favor of the Church to which he presumes to dictate, but by virtue of his own brazen assumption of the office, as may be seen by the following utterance delivered on Wednesday, the 30th ult., at the meeting of the Grand Orange lodge held in this city. The M. H. and Empire thus reports his pronouncement:

"I have recently been shown a book, said to be a gift of a clergyman to a confirmation class in the Protestant Church of England. This book teaches the confession, penance and absolution as taught by the Church of Rome, and the clergyman who presented such book is at the head of one of the theological colleges in connection with the Church in Canada. I can only hope there has been some mistake, and that the grand old Church which has in the past done so much for Protestantism will not in these later days, in Canada at least, have her usefulness destroyed by those who are not true to her Protestant teachings."

This Grand Secretary of Orangism assumes to himself the right of pronouncing definitely what Anglican divines should teach and what repudiate, basing his pronouncement upon the fact that the "Church of Rome" teaches the same doctrines, and that High Church Anglicanism has borrowed them from Rome. But the same objection might be brought against every Christian doctrine. Was it not from the Catholic Church that Protestantism got its knowledge of God and of the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, and our Redemption through the Sacrifice He offered on the Cross?

Protestantism in fact has no Christian doctrine which it found out for itself. It has been a purely destructive and not a constructive religion, and if we except perhaps the two special doctrines of certain Protestants which destroy the infinitely holy and just character of God, there would be nothing left in Protestantism if what has been learned from the Catholic Church were taken away from it. There would be no Trinity, no Atonement, as there is even now no

sacrifice; there would be no sacraments and no public liturgy or form of worship of the Almighty worthy of the name, as the liturgy now in use in the Church of England is for the most part borrowed from that of the Catholic Church.

Pseudo-Knight W. M. Lockhart of Alliston, therefore, shows an utter ignorance of Christianity in basing his objection to High Churchism on its assumed nearness to the Catholic religion. Such gross ignorance is surely not becoming in one who sets himself up as a judge in the faith.

But Mr. Lockhart's ignorance does not end here. He praises the Church of England of the past, evidently believing that the doctrines he condemns are something new in that Church, whereas they are all contained in the Book of Common Prayer, and it is not at all unlikely that the book in which he has "recently been shown" the doctrines of "confession, penance, and absolution" is precisely this standard ritual and confession of faith of his own Church, assuming, as we believe to be the case, that he is a member of the Church of England. But if he is not a member, he is meddling in matters which are none of his concern.

The following quotations will show in what parts of the prayer book these teachings are found:

Confession. 1. On the Sunday or Holy Day preceding the celebration of the Communion service, the minister is directed to give warning as follows:

"And because it is requisite that no man should come to the Holy Communion but with a full trust in God's mercy, and with a quiet conscience; therefore if there be any of you who by this means cannot quiet his own conscience herein, but requireth further comfort or counsel, let him come to Me or to some other discreet and learned Minister of God's Word, and open his grief; that by the ministry of God's Holy Word he may receive the benefit of absolution, etc." (The Communion Service.)

2. "Here shall the sick person be moved to make a special confession if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter. After which confession, the priest shall absolve him (if he humbly and heartily desire it) after this sort. (Visitation of the Sick.)

Absolution: 3. Beside the above two passages enjoining absolution, we have the form of absolution referred to above, in the very words used by Catholic priests, which will be found in the Book of Common Prayer in the order of Visitation of the Sick.

4. In the ordaining of "Priests" the Bishop must say: "Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained."

5. Penance, Confession, Absolution, Contrition, and Satisfaction for sin constitute the Catholic sacrament of Penance. We have shown already that Confession and Absolution are prescribed in the Prayer-book, and it will not be denied that contrition or sorrow for sin is implied therein also. We find, however, contrition inculcated positively in the communion service: "whosoever ye shall perceive yourselves to have offended . . . bewail your own sinfulness." Satisfaction, which by itself constitutes an act of penance, is also prescribed, especially in the following words: "Being ready to make restitution and satisfaction, according to the uttermost of your powers."

It will probably be news to the aspiring Anglican Pope that these things are found in his Confession of Faith; but if we can contribute to fit him for his newly assumed office, he is welcome to the information we give him here toward this end.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS.

Under the heading "Religion in the schools," the Ottawa Evening Journal reports the following as part of a sermon preached by Rev. Thomas Garrett of St. Luke's Church (Anglican) at that city on Sunday, 27th ult:

"The example of the Roman Catholics of Canada in fighting for the right to bring up their school children in the fear and knowledge of God, was urged on the attention of the congregation of St. Luke's church by Rev. Thomas Garrett yesterday morning. Mr. Garrett referred to the remanence of Protestant Christians in this respect. There was no reason why the right to Christian education in our schools, he said, should be monopolized by fellow citizens of the Roman Catholic Church and withheld from the Protestant. If the Protestants go on allowing their children to grow up without religious instruction being made as much a part of their education as instruction in worldly matters, the nation must inevitably lapse into the condition of those degenerate countries which have fallen from the understanding of the Master. If the empire is to preserve its blessings, it must jealously safeguard the worship of the Most High, and rear its school children, the future men and women of the English-speaking peoples, in the fear and love of the Almighty, the All-wise, the All-present."

A Presbyterian minister, Rev. N. A. McLeod, of the New Edinburgh (Ottawa) Church, on the same day complained of the non-increase of attendance that should be at the Sunday school in connection with his church. In the course of his remarks, in order to show the importance of early training, he quoted Cardinal Newman's famous remark

that if he had the children of the empire to train while they were between the ages of three and ten years he would not care who had them afterwards, adding that, in his opinion, the hope of the Presbyterian Church, from a human standpoint, rested in the children, and the future of Christian activity also largely depends upon them.

Again, in an address delivered before the Royal Society of Canada, of which he is President, and which was in session in Ottawa last week, the Rev. Professor Clarke, Principal of Trinity University, used the following words after stating that the ordinary subjects of education do not produce the ideal: "We must bring it about if it is to be brought about by religion. . . . It will be said this is adequately done in the Separate Schools. Yes, all honor to the Roman Catholics of the Dominion. They have not been contented with mere secular education anywhere. But are they alone to be taught religion."

Aye, there's the rub! Who that remembers the bitter fight of fifty years ago for Separate schools in Upper Canada—now Ontario—or the later one in New Brunswick, can fail to be struck with the change that is gradually coming about amongst non-Catholics? The Church is ever right, and this is invariably proved by time.

RIGORISM IN MORALS.

The Methodist General Conference which sat last week in Chicago considered the question of repealing the rule of discipline which totally forbids card-playing, dancing, theatre-going, and other forms of amusement which since 1872 have been under the ban of that Church. The Committee to which the matter had been referred reported in favor of amending the law as to permit these amusements, while the minority report favored the rule as it stands. The minority report was adopted after the bitterest discussion which took place in the Conference. The news despatches state that very sharp and angry discussion was indulged in and the Conference was in a state of wild disorder to the time when the vote was taken, the recommendation of the minority being acted upon by a very close vote.

The Philadelphia Press of May 2nd gives a lucid explanation of the state of the question. It says:

"The subject is treated in two separate places in the Book of Discipline. The general rules in specifying things from which members are to refrain include the taking of such diversions as cannot be used in the Name of the Lord Jesus."

In another part of the same Book of Discipline a number of acts are particularized as imprudent and un-Christian, and among them are:

"Dancing, playing at games of chance, attending theatres, horse races, circuses, dancing parties or patronizing dancing schools, or taking such other amusements as are obviously of misleading or questionable moral tendency. The latter was inserted in 1872, and has caused much dissatisfaction since. Its repeal has been asked for by the New Jersey, New York, New York East, and New England Southern Conferences, but the prospect of success is not bright. The sentiment against any change is strong in the West and is likely to defeat the petition."

The Chicago Tribune asserts that it is not disputed that notwithstanding the prohibition, many members of the Church actually play cards and dance, and yet there is no record of any trial or punishment decreed against those who have transgressed, and it quotes the Christian Advocate as saying virtually that it would be better not to have a law on the subject than to have a law which may be transgressed with impunity.

While it is undoubtedly within the province of the Church of Christ to legislate on such matters, and to restrain its members from them so far as they may be dangerous to morality, or occasions of sin, their absolute prohibition under all circumstances, and under penalty of exclusion from the Church, is a rigorism which is not justified by the laws of God. It was a Methodist minister, the late Rev. Dr. Egerton Ryerson, who invented the phrase "mortal sins made to order," applying the expression to the Catholic Church for insisting on the religious education of children, which is commanded in Holy Scripture, but it is surely a "making of mortal sins to order" to put out of a Christian Church those who engage in innocent amusements which neither Scripture, nor the laws of the Church, which derives its authority from the Apostles, condemn. Is this consistent in a Church which is founded upon a denial of the right of the Catholic Church to lay down a line of conduct for the guidance of its members, and which loudly proclaims the absolute freedom of its members from man-made laws so far as religion is concerned?

The Methodists have constantly abused the Catholic Church for recommending the Evangelical Councils of voluntary poverty, chastity and obedience. But the Catholic Church does not enforce these counsels as if they were laws imposing a strict obligation. She points them out as practices suitable for those who desire to attain perfection, in accordance with the counsel of Christ to the young man who asked of Him the way of salvation. (St. Matt. xix, 21). It is left to the Methodist Conference to "make mortal sins to order."

It is worthy of remark that the Methodist Bishops in the Episcopal address read at the Conference on May 3, while not positively condemning the present regulation, nevertheless recommends that the matter should be left to the individual conscience. The address says:

"It would be profitable to place among the special advisers of the Discipline a brief but cogent statement of the evils which attach to many amusements, of the evils inseparable from others, and of the principles by which a Christian should regulate his choice among and his use of them."

The opinion of the Bishops was, however, over-ruled by the strong vote of Western Democratic Methodism.

THE ANGLICAN CONTINUITY THEORY.

The London Daily Chronicle of May 5 gives a one column review of a new book entitled "A Popular History of the Church of England from the Earliest Times to the present day," by the Right Rev. William Boyd Carpenter, (Anglican) Bishop of Ripon.

This is described by the Chronicle as "an admirable volume" which "ought to have a wide circulation," from which, though we have not seen the volume itself, we infer that it meets well the purpose for which it was written, which was to create among the people of England the notion that the modern Church of England is what most of its divines who write polemically nowadays claim it to be, one and the same Church, substantially at least, with the National Church which existed in England in pre-Reformation times.

The Chronicle, itself a maintainer of the Church of England, declares that the Bishop "has succeeded in describing in approximately just proportion those influences under which the National Church has grown up."

The Bishop recognizes that the Church of each age is largely the child of that age, and in this way he is able to maintain a view of continuity throughout the Reformation period, that is practically unassailable, because it is based on the continuity of the English race." The book begins with a chapter on "The Making of the Race," and this strikes the key-note that is maintained throughout; though, to be sure, in this view of the Church of England it is to be unassailable now, it should include within its fold the vast majority of those who speak the English tongue. It does not do this, and therefore the theory is worthless. However, we may consider the matter under another aspect.

According to this theory, the English people have and have always had the inherent right to construct their own Church in accordance with the views they may entertain at any particular period, and notwithstanding the changes which may be made in course of time in Church doctrine and government, the Church remains the same, and may be called continuous.

If this were correct it should be said that the people of every nation have the same right, for surely it will not be contended that to England or to the majority of Englishmen any special right was conceded by Almighty God to construct a National religion for itself. We would thus have in every nation and in every age different religions both as regards dogma and Church Government, all being in every respect the one true religion which Christ established on earth. The absurdity of this is so evident that it would be an insult to the intelligence of our readers to refute it seriously.

The whole history of Christ as given in the gospels shows that Christ instituted but one Church, under the government of His Apostles. He builds His Church, not Churches, upon a rock, and promises that the gates of hell, that is, the whole power of the devil, shall not prevail against it: using the singular number, and not them in the plural. (St. Matt. xvi, 18).

There is but one Church which has authority to decide on all offences against religion, and he who will not hear that Church is to be regarded as a heathen and a publican. (xviii, 17)

Elsewhere, in St. John x, 16, Christ declares that those sheep who are not of His fold must be brought to it that

they may be one fold and one shepherd.

In the Acts of the Apostles are found recorded the earliest events in the history of the Church of God, and throughout this Apostolic book we find one Church only to which the Lord adds daily such as shall be saved. (ii, 47) This entire book speaks of the progress of the Church, not Churches, in its earliest stage. In the 15th chapter of the Acts we see the authority of this Church exercised in Council, but the Church as a body altogether distinct from the civil authority, and it alone independently of the civil authority lays down articles of faith which are to be believed, and the rules of life by which disciples are to be guided. It is this Church which St. Paul describes in 1 Tim. iii, 15, to be the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth.

This is enough to show that the modern Anglican theory, as the Bishop of Ripon sets it forth, is totally inconsistent with the theory of the Church as laid down in Holy Scripture by Christ and His Apostles. The Church spread throughout all nations is one and undivided, as there is one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism. (Eph. iv, 5.) Where is there room for the successive ages to construct or reconstruct the Church? In all ages it must adhere to the one "faith once delivered to the saints." (Jude, 3)

Before the Reformation, the Church of England was simply that part of the Universal Church which was in England. It was governed by the Pope as Supreme Visible Head of the whole Church, assisted by the Bishops of every nation, and there was no thought that the Church of Christ could be anything else than this universal body, thus governed from the centre of unity.

But the Reformation brought forward new conditions. The Church of England was by English law a new creation. It claimed the name Church of England only by virtue of the might of the English Kings or Queens, and of Acts of Parliament. It introduced new doctrines, a new Church Government, a new form of worship differing essentially from that which had been previously recognized, it had a new head and a new hierarchy altogether distinct from that which had been before recognized as the hierarchy of successors to the Apostles. It refused to submit to the established authority of the universal or Catholic Church, and it could not in any sense be regarded as identical with the Church which had existed since the time of St. Augustine, and among the Britons from a still earlier period, the close of the second century.

This new Church of England was simply a rebellious member which had to be cut off from the universal Church, and so far from being a continuation of the pre-Reformation Church, it had no connection with it, and its name was only got by theft, for previously the Church of England meant a part of the Universal Church. Hence the meaning of the designation has changed. It means now a local Church, distinct from the Universal Church, whereas before it signified a branch of the Church to which all Christian nations belonged, the Catholic Church of Christ.

It is incomprehensible how any man can attempt to maintain the identity of Henry VIII's mock Church with the Church which has come down from the days of the Apostles. This theory so persistently maintained by Anglican divines during the past quarter of a century is nothing more nor less than a deliberate attempt to deceive the public. They know from Holy Scripture that the Church of Christ is a continuous organization which can never cease to teach Christ's doctrine, and which will continue to the end of time, and as they have joined their fortunes with the Anglican Church, they desire to make it appear that Anglicanism is the Church to which Christ's promises were made. But Anglicanism is 1500 years too young to be the one Church which Christ established. His Church has remained intact in spite of all assaults, and it exists to-day in undiminished vigor. It is the Church Catholic, under the rule of St. Peter's successor, who is to day Pope Leo XIII.

Dr. Carpenter asserts in the next place that Pope Gregory gave directions to St. Augustine to make choice of such liturgy or service as he deemed most suitable for the people of England, whether that liturgy were that of the Roman or the Gallican Church. The object of this assertion is to justify the Church of England in adopting a new liturgy and creed. It is certainly a bold assertion, as St. Gregory, even according to Bishop Carpenter's quota-

tion, was recommended to "make choice of what may seem to him most acceptable to Almighty God, should he find anything of the kind either the Roman or the Gallican, or any other Church."

The Bishop surely does not suppose that the Roman, Gallican and other Churches, were so many distinct national independent Churches teaching what they pleased, and having liturgies inculcating different faiths. Anglicanism differs from Presbyterianism, or as even the parishes of Anglicanism differ one from another, though they are side by side.

The Roman and French and other Churches were one in Faith, and equally subject to the head of the Church.

There were slight differences of liturgy, but the faith was the same. As regards variations in liturgy, must be remarked that they were permitted by the head of the Church, some extent so long as the faith was not obscured or changed. It is a matter on which the Church or the people have authority in the Church legislate. There are at the present moment several liturgies in the one Church, though the Roman liturgy predominates.

The liturgy is that form of prayer which is approved by the Church, and as it is not divinely down, the Church has authority to select such forms of public worship as it deems proper, provided the essence of the sacrifice which is instituted by God be not vitiated.

It is a matter of prudence which liturgy may be used in any local Church, but it is the supreme authority of the Church which decides this matter, and accordingly, St. Gregory could lay down rules for St. Augustine's procedure.

But it is a different matter with liturgy of the modern Church of England. That was compiled as a rebellion against the supreme authority of the universal Church, which changed the essential faith which handed down from the Apostle Gregory's directions to St. Augustine cannot be an excuse for the compilers of the Church of England Prayer Book.

Bishop Carpenter also maintains that the first Anglican Bishop, the Rev. Parker and his colleagues served the continuity of the Church being consecrated to their office by four Bishops, viz., Barlow, Cowley, Scory and Hodgkins.

We have already drawn this to such length that it is desirable to conclude. We shall therefore state that there is no solid foundation for this statement. The Chronicle says:

"This way of putting it implies a fact do not warrant. Barlow, Parker's consecrator, had just been Bishop of Bath and Wells in the year 1534, but he resigned the See on the occasion of Mary's and Bourne, then appointed, was recognized as Bishop by Elizabeth in the communion which she directed him and others to administer. Parker, he being deprived of his office, was reinstated by Barlow, who was Bishop of Winchester three days after Parker's consecration; his being Bishop at that date being thus edged."

In fact Barlow was no Bishop. He was never consecrated to the office, even under the illegal and fraudulent appointment under Edward VI, and besides the whole record of Parker's consecration is discredited by the fact that he was known to be fraudulent, having concealed forty or fifty years' event.

It was for this reason that Elizabeth's Parliament passed a law washing law in 1565 whereby the illegitimacy in the consecration of Parker and his colleagues were void. Thus the first Anglican Bishops by Act of Parliament and not by virtue of Apostolic mission.

It will require stronger proof than have yet been advanced to show that the modern Church of England is with the Church of Sts. Peter, Paul, James, John, Andrew, Philip, Thomas, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John the Baptist, Anselm, Augustine and others.

Our readers will further see that Bishop Carpenter fully admitted that St. Augustine undertook his mission to England under the authority of the Pope, namely, Gregory the Great. This fact accord with the attention that the modern Anglican Church was identical with that established by that Gregory?

"The older I grow—and I grow on the brink of eternity—comes back to me the sense of the child at my mother's knee, fuller and deeper its meaning. 'What is the great end of life? To glorify God and to enjoy ever.'"—Carlyle.



OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Home of Evangeline. In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas...

To-day the meadows are stretching out in the sunshine; what is left of the forest primeval has its autumn glory on it...

Every one does not see so much of him. The man from Michigan comes with a perplexed air to ask 'where Grand Pre, anyway?'

'Never! Where is that Minas Basin I've heard so much about? glancing suspiciously around...

'An affable stranger points out Minas, and the man gives a short of contempt. 'Umph! you could drop it...

'And he shades his eyes with his hand and stares at Blomidon so strangely that Blomidon must be properly ashamed of itself.

'Look, papa, cries his daughter, stretching out in the sun, just as the did centuries ago...

'Filled their orchards with apple trees. In the sunny Southland an orchard on a branch of the mother...

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

JUNE 9, 1900.

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

LXXXVIII.

It is commonly assumed that Catherine de' Medici had formed the purpose of cutting off the Huguenot leaders as early as possible...

Still, she seems really to have meant to try this policy, which afterwards Henry could not trust, carried out with such brilliant success...

I need not say that my cousin Collin, in describing St. Bartholomew's, reveals in blunders, for that he does everywhere...

One would think that the Collins and Lanings and such people, held, with the African negroes, that the only way to be sure that anybody has died a natural death is to hang him...

However, to do these people justice, they do not think, like the negroes, that everybody in the old days was either poisoner or poisoned or both...

There is one case of poisoning in the sixteenth century, and that a formally authenticated case, of which I do not observe that Coffin, Lansing, Edgar, or any other of these valiant champions of the pure gospel, make any mention...

Duhr very pertinently asks, What would have been said, if a Catholic king had dethroned, imprisoned and poisoned his Calvinistic brother and sovereign, on the advice of a Catholic council...

Happy is he whom truth teaches by itself, not by figures and words that pass, but as it is in itself.

Of all the mysteries of our holy faith there is none so unfathomable as that of the Blessed Trinity.

It is a great folly for us to neglect things profitable and necessary, and willingly to busy ourselves about those which are curious and hurtful.

He, to whom the Eternal Word speaketh, is set at liberty from a multitude of opinions.

Let all creatures be silent in thy sight; speak thou alone to me.

A pure, simple and steady spirit is not dissipated by a multitude of affairs; because he performeth them all for the honor of God...

All perfections in this life are attended with some imperfections, and all our speculations with a certain obscurity.

The humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than the deepest search after science.

Oh, how quickly doth the glory of the world pass away! Would to God their lives had been answerable to their learning!

How many perish in the world through vain learning, who take little care of the service of God!

He is truly prudent, who looketh up on all earthly things as dung that he may gain Christ.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

First Sunday after Pentecost.

THE BLESSED TRINITY.

Teach ye all nations, and baptizing them, observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.

Of all the mysteries of our holy faith there is none so unfathomable as that of the Blessed Trinity.

It is speaking, of course, for Protestants. It may be interesting to know that the Catholic Church precludes the feast of Pentecost with a public Novena...

It is a comfortable thought that the smallest and most turbid mud puddle can contain its own picture of heaven.

behold a plant or a tree springs forth, bearing a hundredfold; for you understand the process, you know that the sap ascends from the ground into the tree...

Now, my dear brethren, if we cannot understand nature, although we daily study it and make experiments therein, how can we expect to comprehend the Creator of nature?

And because they choose rather to be great than humble, therefore they are lost in their own imaginations.

And he is very learned indeed, who doth the will of God and renounceth his own will.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

First Sunday after Pentecost.

THE BLESSED TRINITY.

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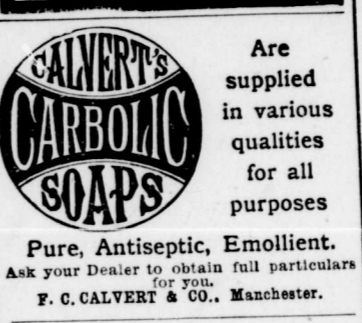
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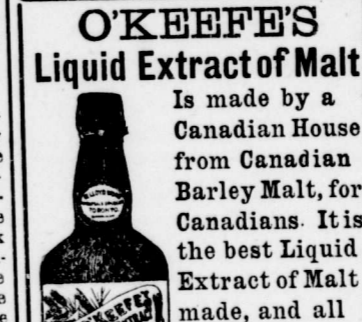
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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Home of Evangeline. In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas.

The poet has preserved to us forever the memory of the simple French-Canadian villagers whom the brutal British soldiers drove out of beautiful Acadia in long ago.

Out in the meadows are stretching out in the sunshine; what is left of the forest primeval has its autumn glory on it from the sky; the ships go by with all their white sails spread; old Blomidon, frowning always in sun or shadow, is blue as blue can be.

We see old Benedict Balfontaine's house with its thatched roof, its gables and its dormer windows, and we see the big hale Benedict in the doorway. He has a pride in his harvest ripening for the sickle, in his flocks and his herds, but ah, so much more in the maiden beside him!

"If you could only see the interest she takes in our nest!" he chirped. "All sorts of bits of bright wool and other materials for nest-building she will have ready for us. Of course you never can see her," with a regretful little twitter. The North is so far away, and you have no wings."

"True, I have no wings," said the orange, hopefully. "But I feel quite sure, if I could let go my hold on this branch, I could roll—oh! ever so fast, over and over—until I should finally reach the far North."

"Dear, dear, no!" chirped the bluebird. "Why it is flights and flights away! You could never get there unless you had strong wings like mine. Could he, my dear?" appealing to Lady Bluebird, who had perched near him, and was listening to the discussion.

"No, no, poor dear!" she cried. "How any one can be happy without wings!" And off she flew, uttering soft little notes of compassion.

"The time came when the orange missed the friendly bluebirds. "Gone to the North, I suppose," he sighed. "Well, if I could fly, I should follow. There is nothing for me to do but grow and grow round and yellow."

"What will come next I do not know." The orange did this work so well that one day he was sent to the North—the largest, roundest orange in the large box of fruit.

"Who would have guessed that I should take a journey?" he thought. "It is almost as good as having wings." How round and yellow he looked in the window of the fruit store, where he found himself a few days later!

"O mother, may I buy that orange?" a merry voice cried; and a bright-eyed little girl pressed her face against the pane.

"Yes, do," whispered the orange, but too softly to be heard. However, Bettie ran home with her orange clasped tightly in her little brown hand.

"Now, don't roll off!" she admonished him, as she placed him on the broad window sill. Outside a pair of bluebirds were hopping on the boughs of a tree, watching with eager eyes for crumbs from Bettie.

"See that orange!" chirped Mr. Bluebird. "How it reminds me of the South and of the poor little orange who so wanted to see our Bettie!"

"So sad!" twittered Lady Bluebird. "It was very painful, my dear," nodding his head. "But I had to tell him, poor fellow! I told him that without wings he could never hope to see Bettie, never reach the North. Now listen, my dear, I am going to sing you a song about him. It is called 'The Disappointed Orange.'"

This seemed to the orange so very funny that, in trying not to laugh hard enough to split his yellow sides, he rolled on the floor. There Bettie found him. I wonder if he told her all about it—Christian Register.

A BELATED APPRECIATION.

From the Presbyterian. Latin in the Romish (sic) Church, is a medium of worship and also of intercourse among all its officials throughout the world.

By it also the government officials of all nations are able to understand each other. Rome never changes, and it speaks officially only in Latin, its decrees and outgivings. State and ecclesiastical, possess one and the same meaning to all who study them in their original form.

This gives her a great advantage, and will long ensure the perpetuity of this ancient language.

THE VOICE OF HEAVEN.

O'er the weary, untilled meadows, O'er the fields of uncut grain, Through the dells and mossy shadows Comes a tone of love and pain; Like a breath from out the blue Hear it calling, calling you.

Yes, incarnate Love is sighing; Soul, be swift and meek to hear! In its tenderness undying, Like an angel's pitying tear; Flute-like, stealing from the blue, Hear it calling, calling you!

Few the reapers, worn and weary, Singing in the twilight dim; "In the Christ light naught is dreary; Sweet is labor—done for Him!" Through the quivering, crystal blue Hear him calling, calling you!

You He needs and you He seeketh; Yours the heart-warmth He would win; Yours to hasten when He speaketh, Yours to feel His peace within. Nearer bends the tender blue; He is calling, calling you!

Sweet among the dewy grasses Morning canticles begin; Leave the wearisome morasses, Leave the sunken swamps of sin! Seek His grace, who, through the blue, Still is calling, calling you!

Light of Heaven, incessant drifting Down upon the golden grain, Brings a solemn, sweet uplifting,— Whose the labor, His the gain, Christ repayeth! Seek the blue, Answer Him who calleth you!

—Caroline D. Swan.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The knack of making good use of moderate abilities secures the esteem of men, and often raises to higher fame than real merit.

A Successful Life. I assume no life can be deemed successful unless it be a happy one. Happiness is the object of universal endeavor, and happiness alone is success.

Of course when we speak of a happy life, we do not mean a condition of uninterrupted bliss. Sickness, death and other disasters lie in wait for every man—even the most successful—making difficult the progress which overcomes them, wounding and blistering the feet which they cannot arrest.

The cup of success cannot be quaffed without tasting some bitter dregs of disappointment. Perfect happiness is not of this earth. By a successful life we mean not one that escaped all sorrow, but one which, by comparison with others, has achieved a large degree of happiness.

To discuss intelligently it is then necessary to agree upon what it is. Having ascertained in what it consists, we can consider how it must be achieved and how it may be maintained.

What is happiness? Is it fame? Some wise men hold that fame is posthumous and notoriety contemporaneous, but without pausing to consider the grounds of that belief, it is certain that the only fruit which fame or notoriety brings to its living possessor is the sense that his fellow men are curious about him. To be gazed at in the street or in a public conveyance soon palliates upon the mind; from being a source of satisfaction, it becomes a source of embarrassment. The prominence which has cost a lifetime of industry and self-denial to acquire can be forfeited in a moment by an ill-considered act or a maladroit expression.

This sense of insecurity in its possession robs it of all enjoyment, and speedily convinces any man with sufficient wit to become conspicuous that he can be considered famous until he is dead. A reward which can be enjoyed only beyond the grave is not a temporal success, and therefore is not within the purview of the discussion.

Is power happiness? Ask the possessor of it, and he will tell you that it is an obstacle to all contentment. Power is a good deal like commercial credit: a man can possess it only while he refrains from using it for his own benefit. An attempt to utilize it for personal gratification destroys it. Whatever power exists, it must be exercised chiefly for its own preservation; and this is true whether the potentate be the czar of all the Russias or the boss of an American city. The imperial autocrat cannot appoint an incompetent favorite to the command of his armies without exposing his throne to destruction by foreign invasion of domestic revolt. He cannot gratify his own caprice in the appointment of a spy; for his very life depends upon the detective vigilance of his police. The American boss must use all his power to enlist the aid of those best qualified to maintain his boss-ship.

The utmost that a life devoted to study can hope to accomplish is to discover the fountain of knowledge; not one of us can ever hope to slake his thirst at it. If knowledge be happiness, then, indeed, is happiness unattainable.

Is wealth happiness? Look at those who possess it, and tell me if you think they are a happy race. Who that has observed in these catcombs of modern cities called safe deposits, the owners of millions, gloomy as the passages through which they move silently—almost furtively—to compartments appropriately named vaults, where, in an isolation absolute as the grave, they count their securities, or change them, will say that, judged by appearances, the very rich lead lives of unclouded joy? The millionaire always appears to be melancholy, but nowhere is he so sad as in the midst of his treasures. He is the only human being who, by the common observation of all men, has never shown gaiety, and who is universally considered incapable of it. I have heard of jolly beggars, but no one has ever heard of jolly millionaires.

The cripple sometimes smiles on the bed to which he is chained. The blind are cheerful in the occupation to which their affliction restricts them.

It is as natural for a workman to sing while the object of his labor assumes a form in which it will be at once the monument of his industry and the source of his wages, as it is for a mother to sing over the cradle of the child she has borne. But who ever heard of a millionaire singing a comic song or whistling a merry tune as he clips coupons in a subterranean cell?

If wealth, fame, power and knowledge be not happiness, in what does it consist? Is it unattainable? No; it is not unattainable; it is not even difficult to reach. It is at our feet, and as often happens, we stumble over the substance which is close to us while straining after its shade in the distance. Happiness consists not in our possessions, but in ourselves; not in what we have, but in what we are.

I think happiness may be defined as absorption in some form of effective labor. You may say some men are unhappy though they work every day—nay, some men declare their occupations are sources of discontent because they are arduous. Do not be deceived. A man's hands may be busy, yet he may be unhappy, but it is because his mind is not occupied by his task. Where all the faculties, mental and physical, are absorbed in any form of industry, there is no time to feel discontent, and still less time to express it.

Believe me, happiness is effective labor. Our possessions are often sources of disappointment, but the labor spent in acquiring them is always a source of satisfaction. Poverty, which spurs man to labor and usefulness, is often a fountain of hopefulness—wealth, which leads to idleness, is always a source of despair and misery.—Bourke Cochran in the Angelus Magazine.

Young Men and Philanthropy. One difficulty we have with our Catholic young men is the lack of personal interest and initiative in works of philanthropy. When there is a question of charity the laymen should be peculiarly at home. And yet there are so many who are most willing, but seem to be at a loss what to do, where to work, how to begin, whom to help. Such persons must sing in chorus or not at all; they are not fitted for solo work. Others are too indolent or indifferent, too much taken up with their own pleasures and the enjoyment of life to undertake anything difficult or disagreeable. Such persons think they have done all that is required of them when they have given a contribution; they must not be asked to come into actual contact with poverty and filth; it offends their esthetic sense. Others take up relief work like a fad; just as they would china painting or golf. There is question whether such would not be better to abandon philanthropy.

There is no need of going afar off for suitable objects of benevolence. Lazarus is lying at your door. He comes to you in every form, childhood, old age, abandoned womanhood, disease, want, despair. Take him to your heart, Catholic laymen, if you would do the work awaiting you! What is to prevent you from helping to banish immoral literature, protecting children from brutality, banishing proselytism from public institutions, encouraging industrial schools, securing the religious rights guaranteed by the Constitution to the inmates of reformatories and work houses, exposing social tyranny and the persecution of the weak and the defenceless, or remonstrating against lawless acts of unformed ruffians.

Do not say that you are incompetent for such a ministry. The well-informed and as capable of the defense of his religion as many of the apologists of the early Church, Justin and Sebastian were with some modification the words of a distinguished author: "It was the narrow-minded slave, the untaught boy, the gentle maid, the bond woman, the helping child, as well as the priest and the bishop, who took up the cross in the early days of the Christian era, and smiled at the accumulated tortures as they entered on the bloody way. It was the soldier in the ranks, the jailer or hang-man suddenly converted, the actor who came to scoff but stayed to pray, the unbaptized Pagan who rose up amidst the throne and washed his robes in the blood of the Lamb. They showed no extraordinary notes of sanctity before the day of triumph came. And so, please God, will it be in every age; the weak will confound the strong, the foolish will overcome the wise in behalf of downtrodden truth. It may, perhaps, be difficult for you to believe it, but you have it in you, by the grace of God, to do as they did if the test ever comes.—Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J. to Young Men's Sodality, the Gesu church, Milwaukee.

TO MAKE CONVERTS.

James R. Randall, writes to the Columbian: "Conversions to the true faith are brought about in curious ways—that is, we are apt to so regard them, in numerous instances. It is not always the learned and theological that win these souls from error and truth."

"A friend of mine who is himself a convert and makes no pretence of erudition told me recently that he was about to bring into the Church his ninth stray sheep. How many of us, born in the faith, and who have had greater advantages than this zealous brother, can positively declare that we ever converted one person? Just as faith is a gift of God, the power to convert others is in the same category. Some very holy men, eminent in a

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variety of ways, who forsook dissent and even became Catholic priests and prelates, could not, with all of their zeal, prayers and masses, convert their families, while some poor, humble creatures, making their living by the sweat of their brows, performed prodigies in this direction. "Well, we must keep on trying by word and deed, remembering that good example is one of the best methods, and that more flies are caught with vinegar than with vinegar."

THE COMPELLING POWER OF CATHOLICISM.

The inability of even sincere non-Catholics to recognize where they are grossly inconsistent with themselves on the subject of Catholic practices and the effect of the Catholic system on the human character is strikingly illustrated in several chapters of "The Realm of the Habsburgs," by Sydney Whitman, a brilliant but extremely bigoted writer. The book is saturated with that curious tendency toward differentiation between the Catholics of one country and another as though the people constituted the system or made the universal faith. To the Catholic reader such fatuity, when it does not appear artificial or mere literary fencing, must seem an insupportable verbiage of intellect, an inexplicable freak of nature. Speaking of Catholicism in Austria this writer says, for instance, that "it is very different from Catholicism in Italy; in fact, it is nothing unusual for devout Austrians who visit Italy to become thoroughly disgusted with the transparent and unreal priest mummery of the Eternal City, and, to come back confirmed skeptics."

If an author is really in earnest in setting down such stuff as this as serious observation, what are we to think of him when we find separated by only five lines of linking matter from it this calm acceptance of a statement on the subject of "mummery" made by a noble Austrian lady who had been visiting her and wondering why she had taken the veil: "Yes, I admit I am no longer your friend, Mizi; I am only Sister Barbara now. It was a struggle at first to give up the world, but now it is all over—peace and quiet happiness. I know you think it all fancy and superstition; but what you take to be superstitions are only symbols to us. The reality is in the heart."

And the perverse bigotry of this writer is coerced at last into telling the truth, like an evil spirit compelled to testify by the power of the Divine exorcist: "There are many who feel with us that the mind-paralyzing influence of priestcraft handicaps a people in fighting the battle of existence as we must all nowadays fight it. Are these convinced, however, that the majority of us have something with which to replace it? Thomas Carlyle, at all events, would seem to have despaired of it, for in his old age he jerked out despairingly: "There is only one religion—the Mass, the Mass!"

No writer in all the world had done more to decry and heap scorn on the Mass than Carlyle. And he was compelled in his despair to eat his own words.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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GOUNOD.

A letter written by Gounod shortly before his death to his confessor, who was about to go on a long journey, shows the fervor as well as the faith of the great musician. "No, dear Father," wrote Gounod, as quoted by the Paris correspondent of the Tablet, "I will not allow you to start on your journey into that cold and distant country without sending you a little of the warmth of a heart which is ever so close to yours. We can not get away from those we love; for we retain them as long as they keep us in that unity which is the sole principle of union here below, until we are reunited forever on high. . . . At any rate, you must not allow me to leave for the other world before you return; for it is your duty to sign my way bill and to launch me on the ocean of purgatory, on which God grant I may not have too long a journey. Besides, you really must be here for our fate, which I have every hope of celebrating at your anointed hands."—Ave Maria.

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