

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXVI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1904

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A DEPLORABLE FACT.

A correspondent complains that the names of some of our lads are on the roster of Protestant organizations. We do not doubt it; and so long as Catholics continue to give advice and no work there will be the same ground for complaint. It must be evident to them as to us that this fact speaks eloquently of our neglect. Why are our boys in non-Catholic clubs? Simply because we do not interest ourselves in their behalf. We let them drift, and when others give them what we, through indolence and selfishness refused, we become querulous and try not to understand that we are to blame. And we have our gatherings, which waste hours, and all the while there are scores of gamins, our brethren, whom we can, and ought, to help for this world and for eternity. This is a work that counts and makes the angels rejoice. It will bring comfort to the death-bed, and it will, this guidance and enlightenment of souls, plead for us with God. We know that children of some well-to-do Catholic families are permitted to become members of non-Catholic societies. For this there are sundry reasons. Some of us have an idea that Protestant organizations are more refining in their influence than those under Catholic auspices. The articles in the code of refinement of those who believe this stand for well creased trousers, fine linen and for externals. They do not grasp the fact that a good Catholic is every inch a gentleman—gentle and pure, chivalric and manly, because he has open to him the source and sustenance of all true gentility. This refinement is not a thing of convention or of raiment, but it is interwoven with every fibre of the being.

We do not uphold our societies as perfect, but we do say that a Catholic who, either because he has foolish parents who wish to curry favour with Protestants, or because he deems himself a too superior person to consort with Catholics, is a traitor to his own. Ordinarily also he loses by the transaction. Sensible Protestants contemn him for his lack of backbone. Catholics pity him.

AN IGNORANT WRITER.

In a previous issue we referred to a learned professor's use of the term "Dark Ages." We cited statements of non-Catholic scholars to show what repete it has on the learned world. It is surprising to see it on the pages of a Quarterly, and more surprising still to have it from the pen of one who pretends to guide and to instruct others.

And these students may go out from their Alma Mater to talk a language which must confirm the ignorant in their prejudices and excite suspicion of the scholarship which it clothes! But we pity the poor people who may be influenced by them. They ask for bread and receive a stone; for running waters, and are led to turbid pools; for peace, and they are taught the gospel of hatred. And all the while this Professor, and others like him, who are hopelessly out of date in their methods, are warring not only against Catholicism, but against themselves, against the authority which they might otherwise enjoy, for the words "dark ages" are damned by historians of all creeds; at variance with facts and reproached by the men of this generation who are not chary of tribute to the literary and artistic and political achievement of these bye-gone days. It adds no value to any argument, and to those without the fold who know anything, it is but a reminder of the time when any weapon was good enough to use against Rome. Goldwin Smith, we believe, has placed himself on record to that effect. The editor of Queen's Quarterly, in which appeared the article containing those words, should use his blue pencil more frequently.

A Word of Encouragement.

Give the young and struggling a word of encouragement when you can. You would not leave those plants in your window boxes without water, or refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall on them, but you would leave some human flower to suffer from want of appreciation, or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle alone on stony soil, shrubs that can wait for the dews and sunbeams, vines that climb without kindly training, but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one knows and no one cares," blights many a bud of promise. Be it the young artist at his easel, the

young preacher in his pulpit, the workman at his bench, the boy at his mathematical problems, or your little girl at the piano, give what praise you can.

THE MIND OF THE CHURCH ON JOAN OF ARC.

Following is the decree of the Church declaring the heroic character of the virtues of Joan of Arc:

It pleased the wisdom of God, Who loves to dwell among men, to bring it to pass in the fifteenth century that a maid with a strong heart, whose courage equalled the courage of Deborah and Judith, should vindicate by one more claim the incomparable holiness of womanhood which we find in Holy Scripture: "She girdeth her loins with strength and strengthened her arms; yea, she layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." It was fitting that a nation distinguished for the glory of its name and its military virtues, should receive the gift of such a prodigy. In former times France owed her safety and her honor to the Maid of Orleans; to-day let her learn, in the troubled circumstances that vex her, to seek peace and justice with confidence at the hands of the maid upon whom the Church has bestowed the glory of heroism.

The venerable servant of God, Joan of Arc, was born in the village of Domremy, near Vanouleurs, on the frontiers of Champagne and Lorraine, Jan. 6, 1412. Her parents were very pious and of a humble condition. In her early childhood, busied with household duties and sometimes the shepherding of her father's flocks, she lived a life hidden in God, devoting herself, so far as she could, to prayer in the village church. Burning with a great love for her neighbors, she visited the sick, comforted the afflicted and ministered to the needs of all with such generosity that it often came to pass that she left her bed and deprived herself of sleep that some wearied traveller might find repose. Her life was thus passed in obscurity until she reached the age of eighteen years.

In those times the affairs of France were in a lamentable state. Charles VII., completely demoralized, had been forced to flee into the interior provinces of his kingdom. There he was surrounded on all sides by the English, the Bretons and the Bourguignons; his troops were decimated and indeed he had few left; almost on every hand his fortresses succumbed; and he could scarce retain his kingly title. And thus far the whole force of this terrible war had been directed against the ramparts of Orleans. Orleans! This, in the eyes of the English, was the doorway to France. That city once taken by assault, the whole country far and wide would fall prey to their victorious onslaught.

Under these melancholy circumstances, when the most energetic chieftains had lost all courage and all power of initiative, the safety of the nation hung upon a woman. Four years ere this, she had beheld the holy angel Michael, surrounded by a multitude of angels; she had heard the voice of the prince of the heavenly host; he had bidden her go in all haste to Orleans and bring Charles to Rheims to be made king. At first the girl was lost in amazement, but the visions and the voices came again and again, and the holy archangel Michael was joined by two virgin saints, Catherine and Margaret. Then she yielded to the commands of heaven, and, as a proof of her obedience, vowed before God that all her life she would remain a virgin. Anxiety to keep her secret and the necessity of confiding it to her parents caused her deep distress.

At last, having surmounted all these difficulties, she persuaded her uncle to conduct her to Vanouleurs and bring her before the governor, Robert de Baudricourt, who at first received the overtures of the maid with bitter railery. Finally, cutting short the delay, he provided her with arms and a little escort of cavalry and had her taken to the king. When the venerable Joan came into the presence of Charles VII., and there revealed to him certain secret things which no one knew save himself only, he placed her at the head of the army and she set forth for Orleans.

Forcing her way into the city by a furious attack, she reduced, one after another, all the enemy's works and, destroying all the towers of defence, planted her standard upon the walls. By this miracle all the region was delivered, and she compelled the hesitant Charles to be made king at Rheims.

Having accomplished, better than a man would have done, the mission which God had intrusted to her, she faced the unrighteous recompense of human ingratitude with the same courage and the same constancy. Captured by the Bourguignons during a sortie, she was sold, by infamous treason, to the English, who condemned her to the most cruel of deaths. They took her to Rouen, dragged her before the magistrates, and brought all manner of accusations against her, saving only the accusations of unchastity. The trial was conducted by corrupt judges, and the innocent girl was sent to the stake. She submitted with courage, on the 30th of May, 1431, her eyes fixed upon the cross of Christ; as she poured out her soul in ardent prayer, and, in the presence of an immense multitude, implored God to forgive her murderers. Twenty-four years after her death, Pope Calixtus III., appointed the Bishop of Reims and several others to plead her cause. Though the decision was reversed, men have rehabilitated the memory of the venerable servant of God, whose innocence, established by

an almost unanimous avowal, cannot be contested. And such was the renown of her sanctity and of the miracles with which, increasing day by day, God has been pleased to honor her, that petitions were addressed to the Apostolic See by the most distinguished men, coming from all nations, but especially from France; and just as in olden times the virtue of the Maid was vindicated by the Vicar of Christ, so to-day men have asked him to decide that the honors due to the saints be rendered to her.

So, having collected various testimonies in the diocese of Orleans, Verdun and Saint-Die and submitted them to the Congregation of Rites, Pope Leo XIII., of blessed memory, signed the introduction to the cause on the 27th of January, 1894. Then followed the apostolic procedures, and, their validity having been approved, the Sacred Congregation of Rites took up the discussion of the heroic character of the virtues of the venerable servant of God—first in a preliminary meeting in the palace of Cardinal Ludovico Maria Paronelli, on the sixteenth day of the month of January of the year 1901; again in the preparatory assembly of the Vatican on the sixteenth day of the year 1903; and, finally in the same place, at the plenary assembly, coram Sanctissimo, before our Holy Father, Pius X., on the fifteenth day of the month of the same year.

Then the question was propounded by the Most Reverend Cardinal Domenico Ferrata, historian of the cause: "Is it certain that the heroic virtues of faith, hope, and love toward God and man, and the cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, strength, and temperance, together with the virtues, subsidiary to them, were practiced by the venerable servant of God, Joan of Arc, to a heroic degree, in the cause and for the effect under discussion?" All the Cardinals of the holy rite and all the consulting Fathers passed in their votes. The ballots having been carefully counted, our very Holy Father, Pius X., after saying Mass, entered that illustrious hall of the Vatican and seated himself upon the pontifical throne. He then called Cardinals Cretoni, prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and Dominico Ferrata, historian of the cause, and also R. P. D. Alessandro Verde, and myself, the undersigned Secretary: and in our presence proclaimed that:

It is certain that the heroic virtues of faith, hope, and love toward God and man, and the cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, strength, and temperance, and the virtues subsidiary to them, were practiced by the venerable servant of God, Joan of Arc, to a heroic degree, in the cause and for the effect under discussion, in such sort that a formal discussion may next be entered upon regarding the four miracles.

And the Holy Father has ordered that, on the 15th of January of the year 1904, this decree be published and afterward placed in the acts of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

SERAPHINO, CARDINAL CRETONI, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

DIOMEDE PANICI, Archbishop of Lodi, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

TO NON CATHOLICS.

LARGE CONGREGATIONS HEAR THE NEW YORK APOSTOLATE FATHERS AT ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S—MINISTERS ARE INTERESTED.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times

The lectures for non-Catholics by the New York Apostolate Fathers at the Church of St. John the Evangelist are attracting large congregations, even at the noonday course. A number of ministers are among the faithful attendants, some of them taking notes. Rev. Dr. Guinon and Father Courtney alternate in giving the lectures, and Catholics to hope, love to God in the middle aisle, which are reserved for them. The brief noonday discourse is more like an informal talk, though delivered in a manner and containing matter that must be convincing to open minds.

The first of the series of lectures for this week was given on Monday evening by Dr. Guinon on the conversion of St. Paul. He said in substance: "The conversion of St. Paul is one of the most stupendous facts of history. Saul of Tarsus is the negation of St. Paul the Apostle. His life, up to the moment of the episode on the Damascus road, is the direct antithesis of his after career. A bigoted, persecuting Pharisee, in full career, without previous warning, suddenly becomes inflamed with zeal for the conversion of the Gentiles to the Risen Christ. What was the cause of this revolution? The facts in the case are now beyond dispute. The two epistles to the Corinthians, as well as Romans and Galatians, are universally accepted to-day as the genuine writings of St. Paul. They vouch for the historical accuracy of the threefold account of the conversion in the Acts.

WHAT IT MEANS.

"Rationalists are alive to the consequences of accepting the account of the event without qualification. It means the acceptance of the supernatural. It means the certainty of Jesus' bodily resurrection. It means Jesus is very God. The historical value of the records can no longer be impugned with any show of scholarship. So they cry, hallucination! They make Paul an epileptic and have recourse to word-causes—such as hysteria—to explain away the supernatural character of the incident.

"Now all the symptoms of illusion

are wanting. Paul never doubted the reality of his vision. He not only saw, he heard and he spoke to Jesus. It was no revival of a previous image. In all probability Saul never saw Jesus in the flesh. Hence his query: 'Who art thou, Lord?' There was no recurrence of the vision. He had mathematical certainty of Jesus' death. His previous Jewish training and strong prejudice would not allow him to imagine a risen Jesus. His whole career before and after remove all reasonable suspicion of hallucination. However, the fact is people have imagined that they saw what was not really, but such 'stuff as dreams are made of.'

"Hence the man who is predetermined not to admit divine personal intervention in the world, in the face of all the evidence, historical and psychic, will say 'heated imagination' whereas the man who sees God's intelligent workings in the gliding of the cloud and the colors of the lily will accept Paul's reiterated statement that He saw the Risen Christ and by Him was called directly to be an apostle. The will or a moral attitude plays a great part in the formation of a man's religious views. St. Paul was intensely in earnest. He feared not the truth, though it might run counter to his own views. 'Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?'

"He foresaw the alienation of those who had been his warmest associates; the odium he would incur by adopting the new doctrine; the persecutions to which he would be subjected by previous friends, and the privations that would come in consequence of his loss of ecclesiastical and political office. He wanted the truth. He was willing to sacrifice everything earthly for its attainment. I count all things to be but loss, for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord. For whom I have suffered the loss of all things and count them as but dung, that I may gain Christ."

INFANT BAPTISM.

On Tuesday the topic at noonday was "Infant Baptism." Rev. Dr. Guinon said in part:

Though in the early centuries of the Church a large liberty prevailed at times when the infant was healthy, 'twas always the rule from Apostolic days to baptize all infants in danger of death. From the eleventh century the rule has become universal to baptize all infants. The silence of the New Testament is not an argument against infant baptism. In the infancy of the Church the general command to baptize and its inseparable connection with regeneration, viewed in the light of Jewish circumcision of infants, would be sufficient warrant for baptism of infants. In the first half of the third century St. Cyprian in his letter to Fidus tells how sixty-six Bishops in council decided that in no case should baptism be deferred to the eighth day after birth, according to the manner of the circumcision.

"Explicit as is the teaching of the Church on the necessity of infant baptism, she has never decided officially the eternal destiny of an unbaptized child. In the course of the centuries this open question has been decided by theologians in three ways—first, by denying infants to bodily pain; secondly, placing them in a state of natural happiness; thirdly, trying to secure their supernatural happiness.

"From the twelfth century onward the more popular opinion among theologians has been that they are not capable of supernatural happiness, but will be damned to hell after the judgment. This opinion was championed before a preparatory congregation to the fifth session of the Council of Trent. No decision was given.

"The Jesuit Perrone considering the peoples and families and individuals to whom the Gospel has not been preached, concludes that they are in a state of natural happiness, there is in many cases a lack of cooperation on the part of some, who, while never denying their Catholic faith, are very careless in the practice of its teachings and requirements. It is of these the late Holy Father deploringly said: 'Not to know Jesus involves no perversity or ingratitude, but after having known Him to reject or forget Him, is nothing short of insanity.'

It will be hard for the Protestant, still harder for the infidel, to be brought within the fold, if those of the household of faith are unfaithful to its tenets and are a reproach to its communion. We Catholics must be models to the whole outside world. We have been blessed beyond measure in receiving the priceless pearl of faith, let us not lose it by carelessness and neglect. All have a mission in common with the ministers of God—and that is by word, and especially by example, to lead others to serve God in the one true faith. If we are faithful in following the Church, we are faithful in following Christ. It is we who are to be the light to Him. Our Lord Himself tells us all to be model and exemplary, for He says: 'So let your light shine before men, that others seeing they too may adore their Father who is in Heaven.' On every title man belongs to God. By Creation, Redemption—He made the world—He redeemed and regenerated it. His Church lifted it out of darkness into light and she has civilized the world by Christianizing it, and it must remain Christian or else fall back into its former chaos and barbarism. God is the beginning and the end—so Christ proclaimed Himself and said He is the way, the truth and the life.

Though Christ was born over 1900 years ago, He is as if he were, born anew to every age, and every age should hail Him its Saviour, and follow His leadership in His onward march to

did not come without her. 2. When He came, He made the access to Him lie through her. 3. When He went, He left her to be to the Church what she had been to Him, and in fact always works in the Church by her, and never without her.

"JESUS THE REDEEMER OF THE WORLD."

This is the Church's divinely-appointed work, namely, trying to win the world for Christ, and to recapture from it and from Satan the minds and hearts of men, through which in their blindness they have been lured away from Him. Some success, great success, has attended the efforts of the Popes, and their aids, the Bishops, priests of the Church, and the world has seen the little grain of mustard seed grow up into a great, strong tree, beneath the shade of which the nations have found rest, refreshment and peace. We have seen the blood of the martyrs become the seed of the soil, and from twelve poor, illiterate fishermen we have seen a mighty Church gradually looming up, until now it commands the respect and the admiration of the whole world.

With a love begotten of his high office as Vicar of Christ, the Holy Father's heart is bleeding for the return of all who believe in Christ into the one true fold; nay, more, he is struggling by his exhortations, and his prayers to draw them away from the rock and shoals of infidelity towards which they are drifting. He points out that there can be only one true religion, as there is but one God; and that he that is not with Christ is against Him, and he that despises the Church and its head, despises Christ Who founded the Church and appointed its head. Individuals, the flower of Protestantism, in large numbers, have been won back to the Church, and are giving evidence by the holiness of their lives, but the great masses are still groping in the darkness and are threatened with infidelity and spiritual shipwreck.

Such has been the case with the sects, how sad the state of the millions and millions of men who are in the darkness of infidelity itself and spiritual death, and whose life is so hard to draw out of their deplorable condition. For the sects there is hope, much hope indeed, and every day hundreds are returning to the Church, but for the infidel hope is well nigh lost. "Still, while their life there is hope."

"Jesus, the Redeemer of the World," is the Church's battle cry. She tells all men to receive the Son of God, their Lord and God, their Redeemer and their King, and to find Him their brother through His humanity, and their God through His divinity—that He is the new Adam and regenerator of the human race, in whom it has been redeemed and saved, and the means whereby it will be brought to its God and Creator in Heaven, there to have all its longings satisfied and its desires fulfilled in the possession of the Beatific Vision forever. Nobly does the Church do her part for the enlightenment of men's mind and for the salvation of their souls; and ably is she assisted by faithful Bishops and priests the world over, who are untrudging in the preaching of the good news, and the administering of the life-giving sacraments, and by the people's faithful cooperation we see religion flourishing on every side, and its temples of piety and halls of learning, its hospitals and orphanages, and other institutions of charity rising in ever-increasing number—still, side by side with all this progress, there is in many cases a lack of cooperation on the part of some, who, while never denying their Catholic faith, are very careless in the practice of its teachings and requirements. It is of these the late Holy Father deploringly said: 'Not to know Jesus involves no perversity or ingratitude, but after having known Him to reject or forget Him, is nothing short of insanity.'

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Heaven, overcoming sin and death on the way. He is King of the Heaven and earth, and of His Kingdom there shall be no end. Let us then be faithful, loving, docile subjects here on earth, that one day we may reign with Him forever in Heaven. The New Year bells are still ringing joyfully His sweet and comforting song. "Peace on earth, good will among men." Let us fill our souls with the heavenly melody and echo as long we may, the message it tells us that "Jesus is the Redeemer of the World," and that accepting and following Him we will have light, peace and joy here, and life, rest and happiness hereafter in the endless ages of Heaven. Hail Aurora of our Eternity! Hail, thrice Hail, "Jesus, the Redeemer of the world!"—Bishop Colton in Buffalo Union and Times.

There are at present thirty two students for the priesthood in the Scots College at Rome, and six of these were until lately members of the Church of Scotland.—Antigonish Casket.

When Archbishop Sharrett, Apostolic Delegate, was in British Columbia recently, he visited Kamloops, where the Indian Catholics received him with every expression of joy.

Mrs. Wright, the wife of the new Governor-General of the Philippines, is a Catholic. She is the daughter of Admiral Semmes, of the Confederate navy. Her children are all being brought up in the Catholic Church.

Bishop Conaty has purchased a Methodist church in Los Angeles for the use of the members of St. Thomas' parish. It will be prepared for use as a temporary church during the construction of a new edifice.

It has been stated on several occasions that Robert Louis Stevenson, shortly before his death, reportedly having written his famous letter in defence of Father Damien. The editor of the Ave Maria, however, has a letter from Mrs. Stevenson, in which she gives an emphatic contradiction to the report.—Antigonish Casket.

The generosity of a non-Catholic at Syracuse, N. Y., might well prove a source of emulation to some of our own people about to make their wills. Jas. J. Belden, recently deceased, bequeathed to St. Joseph's Hospital \$50,000; St. Vincent de Paul Orphan Asylum and House of Providence, \$5,000 each.

The splendid library of Leo XIII., which contained more than 5,000 volumes most of them magnificently bound presents, has been dispersed by order of Pius X. A close examination of each volume was made and those which were of the greatest importance were placed in the Vatican library. All the others have been distributed among the ecclesiastical colleges of Rome.

Milwaukee, Jan. 31.—Rev. Charles H. Schultz, formerly rector of the St. Stephen's Episcopal parish in this city, to-day publicly renounced allegiance to the Episcopal faith and was baptized and received into the Catholic Church. He was formerly instructor in an Episcopal institution and at one time connected with the "Little Church Around the Corner," New York.

A few days ago the Pope took a stylographic pen from a Protestant journalist's hand and pronounced a Benediction. He returned the pen, saying: "No one has a nobler mission than a journalist in the world of to-day. Bless your symbol of office. My predecessors consecrated the swords and shields of Christian warriors; I choose rather to beg blessings upon the Christian journalist's pen."

According to the press cablegrams, the Congregation of the Propaganda on the 18th inst. decided to propose to the Pope the erection of the Diocese of St. Johns, Newfoundland, into an archbishopric, and the appointment of Bishop M. F. Howley, of St. Johns, as Archbishop. It is also proposed to create a new diocese at Lunenburg, Que., and to erect the Apostolic Vicariate of St. George, Newfoundland, into a bishopric by appointing Right Rev. Neil McNeil to be Bishop of St. George.

Miss Louise Drew, the daughter of John Drew, the actor, was baptized into the Catholic Church Jan. 15th, by Rev. Father O'Keefe, C. S. P., at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, at Columbus avenue and Fifty ninth street, New York. Mrs. Anna Williams, an aged actress, acted as Miss Drew's godmother. Miss Drew's mother was present and her father telegraphed his approval from Providence, R. I., where he was playing. Miss Drew is twenty-two years old. She became attracted to the Catholic Faith at one of the Paulist missions.

Already some two thousand Catholic physicians have announced their intention of participating in the project of the International Pilgrimage to Rome. The general purpose is to assemble a large and representative gathering of Catholic physicians from all parts of the world, and by means of the congress which they will hold, to display the reality of the cures effected at Lourdes. No better homage could be rendered to the Blessed Virgin for the Jubilee Year of her Immaculate Conception, and it is to be hoped that America will be well represented.

Signing with the cross was first practiced by Christians to distinguish themselves from the pagans. In ancient times kings and nobles used the sign of the cross, whether they could write or not, as a symbol that the person making it pledged himself by his Christian faith to the truth of the matter to which he affixed it.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

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my goose, that the like of them weren't to be seen in the parish."

"And how could I foresee—"
"Yes, sir, but you did, though; you knew in your heart and soul he was a thief, and especially when he got drunk, that nothing was too hot or heavy for him."

"You knew that well, sir. And what's more, Mr. Guirkie, you encourage the villain in his thievery, to my own knowledge."
"I encourage him?"

"Yes, sir, you. When Captain Petersham sent him that wet day last week for his coat to Castle Gregory, with a token to his sister, it was six bottles of brandy he asked for, instead of the coat, and you gave him a shilling of your own very fingers, for playing the trick."

"I declare!" exclaimed Uncle Jerry again, after a moment's reflection; "I believe I must admit—"
"O, admit—you're very good at admissions, but where's the use of them? As't you just as bad as ever, after all your promises and admissions? God help me, anyway; my heart's broke with you; so it is."

"Indeed," replied Uncle Jerry, tapping his lips with the tip of his riding whip, and looking as crestfallen as a boy caught stealing apples, "indeed, it's nothing but the truth; I'm very troublesome, I suppose, to everybody I have any dealings with. But you'll excuse me, Mrs. Motherly; it's time I was gone, if I mean to go at all; and he began to slide off towards the hall door."

"Stop," cried Mrs. Motherly, as he lifted the latch; "you're not going out that way, are you?"
"Why, look at your leggings!"
"My leggings!"

"Yes, don't you see you've buttoned them on the wrong legs!"
"That's nonsense!—the wrong legs!"
"Nonsense or not, it's the fact, nevertheless; and tongues are both on the inside, and the buttons too."

"Well, I declare," said Uncle Jerry, turning his little leg round and round, as if seeking for some pretext on which to justify the blunder; "I declare," he repeated, "I declare upon my word and honor, it's very strange, but surely I must have been asleep, when I put them on."

"O, you needn't be trying to make any excuses about it—it's just of a piece with all the rest," said Mrs. Motherly, handing him a chair to sit on, while she knelt down to adjust the difficulty; "that's the first time you buttoned your own leggings these five years," she continued, "and you buttoned them wrong. It ought to be a lesson to you, Mr. Guirkie; it ought to teach you that you can do nothing right."

"Well," replied Mr. Guirkie, with a little more irritation in the tone of his voice than usual, "I'm not so particular about the buttons, perhaps, as a little to be; but it's only a small matter after all—like your best of it."
"Small matter, indeed! I would like to know what part of your dress you're particular about, large or small?"

"Hush, Mrs. Motherly, hush, I say, or you'll wake the doctor."
"I'll not hush, sir; I can't hush; I'm responsible for you, and I must speak."

"Ain't nuttin' much to tell," Hans began haltingly; "jus' 'bout a lil boy five year ole wad got strayed off from hees mudder when we work up at Gran' Reeber where no more people lives. He wades pury hungry dat year, foh de deer all been gone sout' t'ward Gran' Prix, where de moss ain't all been covered wid freeze. It been so col' de trees snap lak glass w'en de wint' strike deom hard."

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CROOKED HANS.

A SIMPLE STORY BY WHICH ONE HERO RECOGNIZES ANOTHER.
By Helen F. Huntington.

Not all heroes are on the rolls of the Legion of Honor.
"Ten days more of this!" grumbled the Hero, looking about at the bare rough walls of his prison. "And ten nights!"

It was the first time he had complained of anything. The three men smoking by the stove looked over at him collectively.
"Got misery?" demanded the man in the leather shooys.

The wounded man nodded mutely and put his hand to his breast. He sat bolt upright in the stiff little stretcher, his head swathed in bandages, and a frieze greataoat loosely buttoned over his shoulders, for the room was draughty in spite of the roaring fire. He was a hero in the hearts of his rough companions because he had risked life and limb by standing at his post when all others deserted; but the men of Murdoch were a silent lot; their deepest thoughts seldom passed their lips, wherefore no one had told him how he stood with them.

The door opened suddenly letting in a driving gust of wind and a big, gaunt lad, who shuffled into the room with a lurch that emphasized his awkwardness of figure and carriage. His big hat's were crooked and stiff, and several fingers were bent almost double. But for all that he could swing an axe at the lumber camp as well as the best of his fellows. Every night since the stranger's advent, Crooked Hans had appeared at the shack at the same hour and taken his seat behind the rusty stove, always hoping to hear something of the great world beyond the silent, snow-bound forests of his home.

"Well, Hans, what news?" asked the Hero, unenthusiastically, knowing very well that Hans had no news to tell.
"News don't come this way between seasons," remarked the man of the leather jacket.

"Then tell him a yarn, one of you, to speed the time along."
"We don't have much use for story books, neither."
"I don't care about made-up stories. Give me something true. Things happen even out here, I suppose, don't they? Come, talk up, the youngest first. I'll do my part when my turn comes. Hans, tell us a story."

"Hans great very red de face, and turn his great feet further under the stove. 'I dunno news, meester,' he stammered apologetically.

"Tell 'im 'bout the Norris kid you found in the snow the winter you got your crooked hands and feet," commanded the man in the leather coat, whom nature and habit had made spokesman.

"Oh, heem jus' a lil babby," said Hans awkwardly, "an' I not fetch heem home. Th' half-breed do dat."
"Tell him how you found 'im," the other man admonished austere.

To the Hero he added, soberly, "Twas then he got his crookedness, savin' a widdler's son from freezin' to death."
"Yes, tell me about it," urged the Hero, drawing his coat closely about his shoulders and looking intently at the stolid, homely face of the young Dane.

"Ain't nuttin' much to tell," Hans began haltingly; "jus' 'bout a lil boy five year ole wad got strayed off from hees mudder when we work up at Gran' Reeber where no more people lives. He wades pury hungry dat year, foh de deer all been gone sout' t'ward Gran' Prix, where de moss ain't all been covered wid freeze. It been so col' de trees snap lak glass w'en de wint' strike deom hard."

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THE WORST PITFALL.

Two grave, quiet-looking men stood on the steps of a big house in Washington some years ago. They were watching four bright children get into a cart and drive down the street, throwing back kisses and "good bye" to papa and papa's friend, the General.

The young man, the father, was General Phil, Sheridan—' Fighting Phil,' as he was called in those days. The General, the old friend, said: "Phil, how do you manage your little army of four?"

"Don't manage; they are mischievous soldiers, but what good comrades! All the good there is in me they bring out. Their little mother is a wonderful woman, and worth a regiment of soldiers. I often think what pitfalls are in waiting for my small brave soldiers, all through life. I wish I could always help them over."

"Phil, if you could choose for your little son from all the temptations which will beset him the one most to be feared, what would it be?"

General Sheridan, leaned his head against the doorway, and said soberly: "It would be the curse of strong drink. Boys are not saints. We are all self-willed, strong-willed, maybe full of courage and thrift and push and kindness and charity, but woe to the man or boy who becomes a slave of liquor! One of my brave soldier boys on the field, when he gave me his message to his mother, he should be killed, said: 'Tell her I have kept my promise to her. Not one drink have I ever tasted.' The boy was killed. I carried the message with my own lips to the mother. She said: 'General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city.'"

"Dee il boy's mudder nurse me lak she been mah mudder, too, an' I ain't don nuttin' 'tall, foh de half-breed bring de babby home, meester."

The man in the leather coat looked at the speaker, without visible emotion; then he turned to the Hero and said: "Twas then he got his crookedness. He was in the worst fix I ever saw—his hands an' arm clawed an' shewed by the wolves an' feet frozen to the bone!"

"Hans, come here," said the sick man imperatively.

The lad rose and shuffled over to the bed, and the Hero raised himself and looked first at the great awkward feet at the mishapen hands, then at the queer, homely, old young face. Then he took both the crooked hands in his and pressed them hard.

"You are the bravest lad I ever knew," said he in a voice of caressing tenderness.

A sob rose in Hans' throat and a strange, unaccustomed smile lighted his face for an instant, like a flash of sunlight upon dark, still water, revealing a glimpse of unsuspected beauty hidden in the depths of his mute heart. Then he drew his hands away and shuffled back to his place behind the stove—Criterion.

THE CHURCH—A DEFINITION.

From the Advent Pastoral of the Bishop of Newport.

The Church is the vehicle, or medium, by which we have the security that what passes as the Faith is the Faith. * * * When a Catholic, then, holds the Catholic faith, and thanks God for that glorious privilege, he must never forget that he receives his faith, not directly from Almighty God, but from the Church of Jesus Christ, actually existing in the world. The Church is like a person—a person who never dies—a living witness who was present when Christ went up to heaven, and is here to be seen and heard at this very day in which we are now living. There has been no interruption either of her existence or of the attendance of her messengers. * * * As each generation of men has appeared in the world, she has been found ready to receive them and to instruct them in the name of Christ. And it is clear that, except the Incarnation itself, no fact of history or of human life could be more momentous for every generation than this uninterrupted living presence, this wonderful moral personality, whose shadow looms gigantic over all the course of these twenty Christian centuries. No man has any right to ignore her or to deny her. She is in the world, and a part of the world's great scheme. She stands for Christ's will, Christ's redeeming love and Christ's undying solicitude. To each individual soul of man and woman she is of essential concern. Happy are those who, from their tender years, have peacefully and thoroughly imbibed her teaching and learned their faith as from a mother's lips! Happy are those who, as life goes on, learn more and more—who, whilst they ever find fresh illumination in her daily utterances, appreciate her for what she is, and realize how significant an interference of God in earthly affairs is this creation of a visible organ of His Holy Spirit."

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THE PRIEST-EDITOR.

The priest-editor is the typical editor. He is a teacher in a dual capacity, accredited both by God and man. Because he is amenable to higher power and because he is never a mere hireling, he is far less liable to make a false step than is the layman and far more likely to recover himself if he do. Because he is in relationship so intimate with the mystic Sacrifice of the New Law he is incomparably more ready to comprehend and act up to the lesson of the Cross which is of the very essence of Christianity. Were the priest-editor to represent we should not have to deplore so much Catholic backsliding, so many degrading alliances with so called religious liberalism, so much time-serving worship of the supremacy of the State. But it is the old, old fashion: the harvest is most ample; the laborers are few. We cannot have all our Catholic papers directly under the control of the Church. We cannot legislate for the greatest good but only for the least evil.—John Francis Waters, M. A., in Champlain Educator.

What Makes Life Worth Living?
"Is life worth living?" It depends entirely on what the life is. Some lives are not worth living as they are, but the fault rests with the men who live them. The drunkard's life is not worth living, but it is his own fault. The blasphemous life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The thief's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The goldsmith's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault.

"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Is such a life worth living? No, for the best of those that. "Let us study dress and appearance." And is such a life worth living? No, for the chattering ape does that.

A Godless life is a worthless life; but a Godly life is always worth living. And what is it that makes life worth living? The presence of Christ in the heart.

ABOUT DANCES.
Editor Freeman's Journal:

The Church tolerates certain dances, while she certainly must beware that, as St. Francis de Sales says, "the best of dances are bad," and as Rev. L. A. Lambert (in his translation of the Christian Father, p. 233) speaks of "the dangers which more or less accompany such entertainments." People, young and old, some of whom are never, or only very seldom, seen at Mass on Sunday look to such places. Why? I always thought that it was especially at balls that the "devil goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

Why are married people, and young folks, and even priests allowed to hold and personally attend balls (during Advent, even)?

Dear Editor, I am a great reader of your paper. I trust you will help me over this stumbling block. I never took any stock in balls or dances of any kind, but my children insist on going to them, and I am filled with grief at seeing some very deplorable results of these balls in my family. They have formed acquaintances in these balls that will be the ruin of my family.

Please give this query a corner in one of the columns of your invaluable paper and oblige. A STURGEON MAN.
St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 25, 1903.

[Dancing in itself is not wrong, not essentially wicked. If it were the Church would not tolerate it under any circumstances. But dancing is so frequently, nay, in modern social conditions, is almost always so surrounded by circumstances that it becomes a centre of dangerous influences. Public dances, to which any one can go who pays an entrance fee, are especially dangerous. They give opportunity to the pest-breeding profligate to make acquaintance with young and inexperienced people who would consider association with him elsewhere as respectable. Many a once good woman's blasted and ruined career may be traced to such public dances.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

AGAINST THE VAIN JUDGMENTS OF MEN.
However, he answered them sometimes, lest his silence might give occasion of scandal to the weak.

Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a mortal man? To-day he is, and to-morrow he appeareth no more.

Fear God, and thou shalt have no need of being afraid of man.

What can any one do against thee by his words or injuries? He rather hurteth himself than thee; nor can he, whoever he be, escape the judgment of God.

See thou have God before thine eyes, and do not contend with complaining words.

And if at present thou seemest to be overcome and to suffer a confusion which thou hast not deserved, do not repine of this and do not lessen thy crown by impatience; but rather look up to Me in heaven. Who am able to deliver thee from all confusion and wrong and to repay every one according to his works.

Catholics Who Set a Bad Example.
The Review of St. Louis: "The Church has a right to complain of those hymns, who, better instructed and enjoying some prominence as well as influence among their fellows, choose to send their sons and daughters to colleges where the teaching is non-Catholic, and the whole atmosphere irreligious. Not only do they thereby discredit their own Church and its institutions of learning, but they recklessly endanger the souls for whom they are directly responsible to Almighty God, while their example leads other souls into the same danger.

Archbishop Bruchesi's Mother.
A very touching incident took place at the dinner which followed the religious ceremony in connection with the 25th anniversary of the ordination of Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal. When the numerous clergy present had taken their places at the table, His Grace entered the dining-room accompanied by his venerable mother, whom he placed to his right, and the touching occurrence was greeted with rounds of applause.

THE BLOOM OF HEALTH.
Little children always need careful attention—but they do not need strong drugs. When any ailment comes they should not be drugged into insensibility with the so-called "soothing" medicines, nor should they be given strong nauseous, gripping purgatives. The very best medicine in the world for such troubles as colic, sour stomach, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, worms, colds, simple fevers and teething troubles is Baby's Own Tablets. If your little ones suffer from any of these troubles give them the Tablets and see how quickly they will bring back the bloom of health. Give the little ones an occasional dose of the Tablets and you will keep them well.

Mrs. Robt. Hanna, Elgin, Ont., has proved the truth of these statements and says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets the best remedy for indigestion and teething troubles." The Tablets cost 25 cents a box, and may be had from druggists or by mail from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holo-way's Corn Cure; it is effective every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

PROFIT

The matter of feed is of tremendous importance to the farmer. Wrong feeding is loss. Right feeding is profit. The up-to-date farmer knows what to feed his cows to get the most milk, his pigs to get the most pork, his hens to get the most eggs. Science.

But how about the children? Are they fed according to science, a bone food if bones are soft and undeveloped, a flesh and muscle food if they are thin and weak and a blood food if there is anemia?

Scott's Emulsion is a mixed food; the Cod Liver Oil in it makes flesh, blood and muscle, the Lime and Soda make bone and brain. It is the standard scientific food for delicate children.

Send for free sample. Be sure that this picture is the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

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SEND NO MONEY Just mail to us at once your name and address, and we will send this handsome, latest style Neck Scarf for your free inspection. You can wear it, try it on, and if you don't like it, the greatest bargain in fur you ever saw, such a fur Scarf as your local dealer would ask you at least \$5.00 for. This magnificent Scarf will return it at once. The Scarf is made of the finest quality of fur, and is guaranteed to be a real fur Scarf. The Scarf is made of the finest quality of fur, and is guaranteed to be a real fur Scarf. The Scarf is made of the finest quality of fur, and is guaranteed to be a real fur Scarf.

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1904. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

EARLY CHRISTIAN ART.

In the Queen's Quarterly Professor Falconer of the Presbyterian college, Halifax, N. S., writes on early Christian Art. This is a subject which does not appeal to the average non-Catholic writer, and we were not a little surprised to see it descanted upon in the pages of the Quarterly.

His account of the origin of the catacombs is not clear. "Roman law," he says, "forbade burial within the walls of the city, so that the Christians found it necessary to excavate corridors as places of interment."

Further evidence of the Professor's methods we submit the following: "With the fourth century came the touch of decay—elaborate inscriptions, appeals to martyrs for their intercession, the foreshadowing of the medieval doctrine of the saints and realistic portraiture."

THE CROSS IN THE CATACOMBS.

Says the Professor: "There are surprises for us in these catacombs. For example, the cross is not found in the paintings of these early centuries. Not that it was ever held in slight esteem, but then Christians may have shrunk from a bold realism of their most sacred symbol, which had been turned by their enemies into an object of shame."

This statement is incorrect. It is true that the Discipline of the Secret safeguarded the mysteries of religion from the scorn and ridicule of the Pagan. Hence, while these paintings and frescoes conveyed little or nothing to the mind of the unbeliever, they held a precious meaning for the believer.

It is an incontestable fact that the cross is found everywhere in the catacombs. Archaeologists tell us that among the paintings on the walls of a chapel in the cemetery of Lucina, which dates from the first cemetery, the cross is discernible.

THE RESURRECTION.

"The same fine feeling," according to Professor Falconer, "no less true to the Gospels than to their artistic sense, forbade their attempting any

portrait of Christ in any scene of His resurrection."

We must not forget that the early Christians worked to edify and instruct. When they painted the figure of Orpheus they portrayed Christ for the faithful. To have done otherwise would have been to "cast pearls before swine."

That there is no scene of Christ's resurrection in the Catacombs is not so certain as the professor would have it. Bongard assures us that the Resurrection is depicted either historically— which is rare, however—or under the symbol of Jonas. This was intelligible to the Christian.

ANOTHER GLARING BLUNDER.

The Professor continues: "There are also very few pictures of the Virgin, though one which may belong to the earlier half of the second century stands out from a great many commonplace figures by reason of its charming composition."

Inaccurate this—and something else. De Rossi, lauded by Protestant archaeologists for his erudition, and recognized by them as the chief authority on the catacombs, discovered in 1851 a picture of the Infant Jesus and Mary, which dates from the second half of the first century. The labors of De Rossi prove beyond question that "more than sixty representations of the subject have been found in the cemeteries belonging to the first four centuries."

STILL ANOTHER.

A further evidence of the Professor's methods we submit the following: "The fourth century came the touch of decay—elaborate inscriptions, appeals to martyrs for their intercession, the foreshadowing of the medieval doctrine of the saints and realistic portraiture."

Leitnitz, to quote Dr. McSweeney, tells us: "It is certain that in the second century the memory of martyrs was already celebrated, and that religious assemblies were held around their tombs."

We could cite a hundred inscriptions which show forth the belief of the early Christians in the invocation of saints and prayers for the dead. They have been found at the doors of the various crypts rude and ungrammatical, scratched here and there in the plaster, but all testifying to the fact that these doctrines which we profess to-day were held by the Christians of the early ages.

THE ANTI-TYPE OF MOSES.

The Professor alludes to the representation of Moses striking the rock, but makes no comment on it. The very opposition, says Chatard, so marked in the New Testament would of itself exclude the frequently recurring figure of Moses. The rod in the hand, typifying power, might lead one to think it might be the prophet like unto Moses to be raised up, Christ Himself. But Christ is not the one who strikes, but the thing struck; for, as St. Paul says: "They all drank of the spiritual rock that followed them and the rock was Christ."

rary. Over the head of the man striking the rock is read the name Peter.

Peter is the antitype of Moses: he is the leader of the New Dispensation. So speaks St. Ephrem of Syria in his sermon on the Transfiguration on the Mount. Moses, the oecome of the Father, he says, saw Peter the procurator of the Son.

The catacombs give evidence of the early belief on the forgiveness of sin, the sacrifice of the Mass, the Blessed Eucharist. Limits of space forbid us saying more on this subject just now, but we hope to return to the Professor's article in a future issue.

A BIGOTED WRITER.

One word more. Prof. Falconer concludes by saying: "We are on threshold of the dark ages and created art has fallen asleep." Surely an inappropriate phrase this to find in the writings of a Professor. Throughout the article, however, this gentleman sees things with a strangely unsympathetic eye.

THE AGES OF FAITH.

And Frederic Harrison: "He who would understand the Middle Ages must study from beginning to end the long and crowded Pontificate of Innocent III. The thirteenth century, then, is an opportune period to test the aims and influence of the Catholic Church. If it be true, as we are told at times, that the Catholic Church is opposed to human enlightenment, that it is the enemy of mental development, surely this was its time—the favorable opportunity. Quite contrary, however, is the course which the Church pursued; and, therefore, I take it that the facts which the thirteenth century presents should suffice to refute the groundless accusation which ignorance and bigotry have not hesitated from time to time to advance in their embittered hostility against the Catholic Church."

THE OTTAWA CITIZEN.

The attention of the ex-reverend news-editor of the Ottawa Citizen staff is called to the fact that the fall and proper title of the body of which the Reverend Wm. F. McGinnis, who lately visited that city, is President, is "The International Catholic Truth Society" not the "International Trust" nor yet the "International Truth Society (Catholicity)," as was stated in recent issues of that paper.

THE FOOLISH POLICY OF M. COMBES.

During 1903, and just after the general election in France, whereby Premier Combes was sustained in the war he is carrying on against religion, a Paris newspaper, L'Illustration, published a political map of the country, showing the electoral districts in which deputies were elected to sustain or oppose the irreligious policy of the Government. The districts which support the Government are printed in white, while those which favor religion are in black. The first thing noticeable on this map is the sad fact that the anti-clerical districts predominate. The central South-eastern, and Eastern portions of the map are decidedly anti-clerical, though there are numerous black spots indicating that in the districts thus marked, religious deputies were elected. In the South, the two opposing parties are pretty equally divided, but the dark color of the North-West shows that from the borders of Belgium down to Vendee and Deux-Sevres inclusively,

the nation is decidedly religious, there being but a few spots in white.

This territory includes Brittany, La Manche, La Vendee, and Calais, all of which districts fought so bravely at the close of the eighteenth century against Jacobinism and the reign of Terror, when "Terror was King."

It was at Treguier, in the heart of this district that Premier Combes last September set at defiance the Catholic instincts of the people by unveiling publicly a statue of Ernest Renan, who had no other claim upon the respect of the French people than that he was the writer of a blasphemous history of Christ, in which he openly endeavored to destroy the Christian religion to its foundation, by attacking the truth of the gospels and making Christ appear as an impostor.

THE HOLY FATHER'S WEALTH.

The London Tailor some months ago, speaking of the imaginative journalists who are so fond of giving graphic accounts of what happened inside the Vatican, and of which they knew nothing beyond what the sight of the bare external walls suggested to them, declared that they might at least have compared notes before publishing the results of their observations, as thus they might have made up a story which would be at least self-consistent, even though it might not be quite true; but, as it happened, they hopelessly contradicted one another and gave the public an opportunity to say that they are all—journalists.

"The writer continued: "They remind me of the story of the American preacher who harrowed the souls of his hearers with a dramatic description of the scene at Ruyard Kipling's deathbed. 'But, sir,' objected a wide awake parishioner, after the service, 'Kipling's not dead.' 'Not dead!' quoth his reverence, 'ain't he? Well, I guess it must ha' bin some one else, then. Anyhow, the moral's the same, an' the name doesn't matter.'"

And so it is with the story which has been circulated for some time past to the effect that vast treasures were found which has been hidden by Pope Leo XIII., and had been handed to Pope Pius X., when they were discovered by the Chamberlain some time after the coronation of the latter.

The Roman correspondent of the London Times has written to that paper, that notwithstanding repeated assertions of the anti-Papal journals that the original story is correct, there is absolutely no foundation for it. It was invented solely for the purpose of making the world believe that the Holy Father has immense wealth at his command and of preventing the contributions of Peter's pence for the purpose of enabling him to carry on the affairs of the Church.

When the Holy Father himself heard of these reports being circulated, he said: "He would be glad if they were true." He has, in fact, no income beyond what the generosity of the faithful throughout the world gives him, and these offerings vary so much from year to year that they cannot be counted upon as a source of income.

The expense of administering the affairs of the universal Church is very great, as the rule of the Pope over the whole Church is efficacious and constant, and numerous officials and Congregations or Committees for the transaction of all sorts of business connected with the Church, must be maintained. But for the personal maintenance of the Holy Father a very small sum is needed, as his personal expenses are kept at a very low figure. There are in fact very few Bishops whose personal expenses are so small as those of the Supreme Pontiff.

the evil to be of too great magnitude for them to grapple with it, and that the city administration should take the matter up.

Father Giglinger is greatly disappointed by the fact that he meets with so little encouragement from the officials, but he declares that notwithstanding all this he is not discouraged but will continue to the bitter end the fight which he has begun. He has engaged a legal firm from outside the city to prosecute the matter, so that he may have lawyers for the purpose who will not be terrified into inaction by any local influences. He does not propose to fight the saloons as saloons, but aims only at the suppression of those saloons which have an evil reputation, yet he asserts that not one saloon in Scott county has a legal existence.

Father Giglinger asserts that a barefaced attempt was made to bribe him to inaction, but he intends to continue the moral crusade to a finish. He says: "I was offered quite a large sum of money to draw off, with a prominent business man as a medium; but it will make no difference. The man approached me and asked if I would like to make \$500. 'Of course' said I, 'any one would like to make that much money. What shall I do for it?' 'You don't have to do anything,' he said. 'That's easy,' I answered. 'Well, that's right' said he, 'you just do nothing and you can have \$500. Plain enough, wasn't it? But I have been doing something, and I don't expect to receive that little present.'"

THE GODLESS SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK.

It is not to be expected that any merely human institution will always work smoothly in every respect, or that however good and useful such an institution may be in itself, it will entirely escape the efforts of wicked people to turn it to an evil purpose. Very recently it was revealed that through a number of female Mormon teachers who are employed in the Public schools of New York, large quantities of Mormon literature had been circulated among the children attending the schools of the city.

The kindergarten schools attended by the children of wealthy parents were especially made use of for this purpose. The literature set forth the worldly advantages to be derived by females who should become Mormons. By means of the schools, this literature was disseminated among many families in the hope that the young women and girls whom it reached would be induced to go to Utah to become the wives of Mormons, or if they are not old enough for this, to attend "the grand and glorious schools of the Latter Day Saints in Utah," which are described to be "the only schools worth going to at all, and which will do them more solid good in one year than any other school will do in ten years."

It is, of course, a consequence of the system which pays no attention to the religious principles of its teachers, that it is possible for these Mormon teachers to be employed by the School Commissioners, and that the opportunity is afforded them to obey the commands they receive from the Mormon elders to take every occasion which presents itself to them for the propagation of Mormon principles, and the spread of literature which will bring recruits to the population of Mormondom.

"THE WICKEDEST CITY."

Between its dancing houses of the worst character, and wine rooms in which open drunkenness and debauchery run riot, Davenport, Iowa, has earned the unenviable reputation of being "the wickedest city of America."

It was recently called so by Bishop Cosgrove, who is the Bishop of the See; but the Rev. George Giglinger, a priest of the city has undertaken the Herculean task of cleansing that sink of iniquity by suppressing these two evils, for which end he has begun a vigorous crusade.

Father Giglinger declared recently that he laid the information before Secretary of the Treasury Shaw that the internal revenue laws are being violated, and the Secretary turned over the complaint to J. W. Yerkes, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, who sent two secret service officers to inspect the situation. These found that at the unlicensed resorts a call for beer was always responded to by the production of a bottle, and the women said it was got from the nearest saloon, though it was well understood that it was kept in the house.

Father Giglinger declares that boys and girls are being physically and morally ruined by the wine rooms, and he brought an accusation against the proprietors before the last grand jury, but the county officials refused to cooperate in the work of reform. The Grand jury also was discharged without taking action, though they had before them the names of seventeen witnesses who would testify to the magnitude of the existing evil. It appears that the Grand Jury thought

Miss Cregin, the young lady who is principal of the junior department of the school on Hester street, and Miss Julia Richman, the superintendent in whose district the school is situated, brought eighteen boys to the court as witnesses against Lewis, and to describe the system by which he operates. From their testimony the facts we have stated are established fully, and Miss Cregin herself is fully acquainted with the mode of procedure, as she has fully informed herself thereof during the three years she has been principal of the school. She has been incessant in her efforts to stamp out the "Fagin evil," but has been only very partially successful in repressing it; and in spite of all she has done with this end in view, the promoters of the system have al-

ways been the Miss Cregin, Lewis's agent Park begin 10 cents. and in the how they c ing pocket plan is for A crowd of pupils hav Then they and work it At th in gangs of the actual run, but innocence, and the sec him, and is found n- able featu boys who of pilfering behaved in their trad the boys v to be acc tors, and put on an recited in which had forehand, misfortun cused." Miss R She said into gang first tang as apples advance t and lastly take wat she had Protective were brot theatres. "that th go to the The d securing added othe men who little bit as the c likely pu ery. Th the nam is their were in t them cal and in con verse walls of The pa are urg State or der to which is the chil those of system i ing caus inals," a descript The F these th which pi as yet before t there a similar particular dren in Jews, were v dence s years of These son to tion can ha a thing ioned liech of New ever t recently City; which the Pal jects of where compet only se state al We u tend t can be schools these a as the structi teache impeac mentio scale t gation ive me system Then life w heart's are no heart. And which toward gangs, of "dot Observ

It has often been seen... the case of men of an inveterate habit of a superior energy, perseverance and yet fail to profit...

The necessary... Unquestionably we must... facts, and the realities of living...

What does it cost you? Misunderstanding... sufferings and persecutions... your country?...

Let us be outspoken... Let us be outspoken... Let us be outspoken... Let us be outspoken...

It was a well-dressed... business man, and his neighbor, a fellow passenger...

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCLXXXVIII.

The two Baptist editors of whom we have been speaking, in saying that if the Church of Rome had her old power she would doubtless recommence her old persecutions of the Protestants...

Certain it is that most of the great Protestant creeds remain unchanged. The Scottish Confession of Faith makes it the duty of the civil magistrate to suppress heresy and schism...

The decline, in England, of persecution against the Catholics was much slower, and persecution had its times of recrudescence, but the matter followed the same general course.

All this was not because the English Catholics were becoming more powerful, for, as Willard Ward shows, they were steadily losing both in influence and numbers, down to 1829.

We see then that facts give Froinde himself the right to remind Protestants that the gradual abatement of persecution, in the lands of either religion, is much more the result of a lessening will to persecute...

Church dues, it may be, were smaller years ago, but remember that your little \$2,000 church was the best in your town.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Sixth Sunday after Epiphany.

PREQUENTING THE SACRAMENTS. Last Sunday you know, my brethren, I was speaking of the necessity of frequent confession and Holy Communion...

It is true that one Holy Communion is, as you perhaps have heard, enough to make a saint; but actually it will not often do so.

Setting this aside, future persecutions are likely not to be Christian, but Jacobinical and anti-Christian.

THE NAME OF THE LORD. The second commandment, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," is prohibitive in character.

Those in the second class are more serious offenders and unfortunately most frequently in our courts of law.

God's House. Church dues, it may be, were smaller years ago, but remember that your little \$2,000 church was the best in your town.

THE HIDDEN PRIEST.

Queen Elizabeth was as viciously cruel to Catholics in England as in Ireland; her infamous record of bigotry...

Readers of Thackeray will recollect the description of "the priest's hole," the hiding place of "Mr. Holt," in "Henry Esmond"...

They then took to themselves the whole house, which was of good size, and made a thorough search in every part, not forgetting even to look under the tiles of the roof.

THE HIDDEN PRIEST. Queen Elizabeth was as viciously cruel to Catholics in England as in Ireland; her infamous record of bigotry...

JAPANESE NUNS. A very interesting picture is being distributed by the director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the Boston Archdiocese.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS. A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

Aids to Worship. To worship God is man's essential act; for this he was created. Worship is a mental and intellectual act...



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Abbey's Effervescent Salt. can always be depended upon to restore the system to its natural condition and keep you in good sound health.

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Table with columns for Receipts and Disbursements. Receipts: Dec 31, 1902, To Net Ledger Assets, 84,773,785 35; Dec 31, 1903, To Cash for Premiums, 1,132,616 91; To Cash Income on Investments, 248,746 78.

Table with columns for Assets and Liabilities. Assets: Dec 31, 1903, By Mortgages, etc., 1,003,604 06; By Stocks, Bonds and Debentures, 3,148,345 88; By Real Estate, including Company's Building, 374,396 62.

NET SURPLUS. Audited and found correct. JOHN N. LAKE, Auditor. WM. T. STANDEN, Consulting Actuary.

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education he can never hope to take matter correctly which he does not understand when he takes it. For instance, a man may be expert in stenography, and if he does not understand German he cannot take a German speech; but a man who understands that language can readily do so with any system of stenography and transcribe his notes afterward.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

COAINA, THE ROSE OF THE ALGONQUINS.

By Anna H. Dorsey. CHAPTER V. LURED INTO THE SNARE.

Everything wore a change for Coaina—everything except the consolations afforded her by the divine sacraments. There was no change there. Untainted by the world, for whose salvation they were established, neither time, malice nor all the powers of hell combined can shake them from their eternal foundations, or strip them of the least of their attributes.

and saw Tar-ra-hee regarding her with a grave and sad expression of countenance. A crimson blush mantled her face; she stood suddenly still, while her fearful eyes rested with a wild and startled expression on his face. He walked to the side door of the chapel, where thick vines drooped over a sort of trellised work, forming a vestibule screened with leaves and flowers, and beckoned her to him.

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which quickly kindled, and threw out a ruddy blaze which illuminated every part of the room. Then opening the letter, she read:

"My child, come to me directly, to the hut just beyond the pines, outside the Iroquois village. Two young girls are dying, and will be baptized if you will come to them. Hasten.

Without waiting a moment to consider, Coaina stepped in to see if her cousin still slept and finding that she did, she wrapped her cloak about her and went forth, as she thought, on an errand of charity, at the bidding of her spiritual guide, but instead of that she was lured away, like a young gazelle, into the share of the hunter, to suffer the crowning effort of the malice of her enemies.

That night also, Tar-ra-hee received a mysterious notification "to keep watch from day-dawn until sunrise," from a cliff which was overhung by an uprooted hemlock tree, that projected over the road leading to the Iroquois village, and commanded a view of two or three miles extent. He was told "to expect something which would unravel a mystery, and open his eyes to the truth." Troubled in heart, and full of but one thought, he determined to go, hoping that the unravelled mystery would be the full exculpation of Coaina.

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The Mercenary Spirit. Unquestionably we must bow before economic facts, and recognize the difficulties of living; from day to day it becomes more imperative to continue with one's forces in order to succeed in feeding, clothing, housing and bringing up a family. He who does not rightly take account of these crying necessities, who makes no calculation, no provision for the future, is but a visionary or an incompetent, and runs the risk of sooner or later asking alms from those at whose parsimony he has succeeded. And yet what would become of us if these cares absorbed us entirely? If, were accountants, we should wish to measure our efforts by the money it brings, do nothing that does not end in a receipt, and consider as things worthless or pains lost whatever cannot be drawn up in figures on the pages of a ledger? Did our mothers look for pay in loving us and caring for us? What would become of filial piety if we asked it for loving and caring for our aged parents?

What does it cost you to speak the truth? Misundertakings, sometimes, sufferings and persecutions. To defend your country? Weariness, wounds, and often death. To do good? Annoyance, ingratitude, even resentment. Self-sacrifice enters into all the essential actions of humanity. I defy the closest calculators to maintain their position in the world without ever appealing to aught but their calculations. True, those who know how to make their "pile" are rated as men of ability. But look a little closer. How much of it do they owe to the unselfishness of the simple-hearted? Would they have succeeded had they met only shrewd men of their own sort, having for device: "No money, no service?" Let us be outspoken; it is due to certain people who do not count too rigorously that the world goes on. The most beautiful acts of service and the hardest tasks have generally little remuneration or none. Fortunately there are always men ready for unselfish deeds; and even for those paid only in suffering, thought they cost gold, peace, and even life. The part these men play is often painful and discouraging. Who of us has not heard recitals of experiences wherein the narrator regretted some past kindness he had done, some trouble he had taken, and had nothing but vexation in return? These confidences generally end thus: "It was folly to do the thing!"

Sometimes it is right so to judge; for it is always a mistake to cast pearls before swine; but how many lives there are whose sole acts of real beauty are these very ones of which the doors of heaven are open to man's ingratitude! Our wish for humanity is that the number of these foolish deeds go on increasing.—Charles Wagner.

Making Success in Stenography. He was a well-dressed, keen-looking business man, and he was tiling his neighbor, a fellow passenger in a north-bound car, about his troubles in getting a stenographer to suit him. "I never saw anything like it," he said. "I have tried at least half a dozen young men within the last three weeks, and I cannot get one who can take dictation correctly. Now, you know, I do not speak very rapidly, yet every now and then I was told to repeat what I had said, asked to spell a name, etc., which was enough to irritate any busy man. Then, when the letters were transcribed, I went over them with dread, for I found them misspelled, wrongly interpreted and sometimes whole sentences omitted. "Yet all of these men said they were first-class stenographers and were swelled up with importance. I got rid of them in a hurry and I am still looking for the right man. When he comes he will be appreciated and well paid, too."

His neighbor happened to be an expert stenographer in one of the courts of New York county some years ago, and he readily sympathized with the business man. "The trouble is just here," he said. "Young men and women learn stenography nowadays not as a profession, but look upon it as a stepping-stone to something else. They never make a greater mistake. Stenography is as much of a profession as that of a lawyer or a doctor, and takes just as many years to accomplish. Of course the general idea is that you can learn shorthand in four or five months, but that's only a dream. "In the first place, to be an expert stenographer a man must have an excellent education as a foundation. He must know a little of everything. He must be well posted on the topics of the day, have a cool head and a steady hand; have a smattering of law; be conversant with medical terms, and a first-class English scholar. "If a stenographer is deficient in

Coaina realized the truth of this in a wonderful degree, for the more her "kinsmen and friends stood aloof," the more constantly did she seek rest for her wounded spirit in the life-giving sacraments, and shelter her troubled mind in the shadow of the sanctuary. She could understand nothing except that a time of tribulation had come upon her; she could do nothing save put her trust in the justice and mercy of God, and the tender compassion of Mary, and patiently await the result. One day after confession, Father Etienne asked her "if she had ever received any gifts from Ahdeek, the Iroquois?" "Never, my father."

"Do you often see Ahdeek, Coaina?" "Sometimes, at any aunt's lodge."

"Never, my father. Why should I?" Ahdeek is nothing to me. "Very well; I do not see why I should doubt your word, Coaina."

"Thank you, my father," she replied gently. "My tongue never lies."

"Be careful, my child, that it never does," said Father Etienne. Then after a pause, he added: "There are evil reports abroad concerning you, Coaina; I doubt them all, and shall continue to do so until their truth is proved. If false, you are reviled without cause, and God Himself will succor you; if true, then, my poor child, you are guilty of the most detestable hypocrisy. Being only man, I cannot read your soul, and in the absence of proof of your guilt or innocence, I dare not withhold the sacraments from you. The responsibility rests, then, upon your own soul. Go in peace."

She would have spoken, but a sob choked her utterance, and rising from her knees she hastily left the confessional, and fell, rather than bowed, at the feet of the image of the Immaculate Mother. She could not fashion the anguished emotions of her soul into words; she felt, like her divine saviour, all the bitterness without the guilt of the things whereof she was accused, and of which she was yet ignorant. Low sobs expressed her bitter suffering, and every tear she shed was an eloquent appeal to the compassion of God, as she knelt there, the innocent victim of the malice of her enemies.

No prayer ever uttered by prophet or saint can compare with the adoration or self in dumb resignation to the Divine will. His face may be hidden for a while by the cloud which veils it, but He is ever near; and when His designs are accomplished, He disperses, by a single breath, the shadows which hid Him, and lifts up the fainting soul with tender consolations, ofttimes crowning her with glory and eternal honor.

Where was Tar-ra-hee? He had returned from Montreal, and remained at home a week. One evening Coaina, after decorating the shrine of the Blessed Virgin with a garland of rich flowers which she had that day gathered in the forest, knelt down to recite the Rosary. While she dropped bead after bead, she thought of the sorrows that had crowned and pierced the Immaculate heart of Mary, feeling all the time the sting of her own strange grief, until tears gathered in her eyes and rolled over her flushed cheeks. A quick, soft step entered the chapel, and then some one knelt, unperceived by her, not far from her. Covering her face with her hands, she bowed her head, resting it on the feet of the pure image of the Virgin Mother, and murmured: "Thou wilt not forsake me, my Protectress and Mother. Be thou my friend and consolatix; then if all the world forsake me, what need I fear?" Her devotion uttered the shoulder, and a familiar voice uttered her name in a low tone. She turned quickly recognizing the voice,

