

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1907

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AN ABOMINABLE NUISANCE.

Our readers know that the Hon. M. Lemaux said recently that "the law barred from the mails the 'news' which ministers to prurient curiosity." Another matter that needs attention is the picture and post card nuisance. We refer to the kind designated as "high art," "chic," by the critics, and as indecent by those, who, however they may regard themselves as judges of art, have not lost their moral sense. We know not whence these pictures come, but that they are in the possession of children is indisputable. The publishers of this impure trash tell us that these pictures are copies of celebrated works of art. This they repeat unctuously and with much iteration as if it justified the dissemination of menaces to the purity of the home. They may be "celebrated" but they neither exhaust the resources of art nor represent the work which is a source of holy inspiration. If they are interested in art it is not necessary to exploit the nude. Nor are they obliged to prefer studies of the "human form divine" to those which are smirched by no stain of lubricity. We should pay no attention to the platitudes "to the pure all things are pure" and should stamp out the pictures and post-cards which have no educational value, and for the most part, are of the gutter and brothel type of art.

STRANGE INDEED.

It is strange, by the way, to find in some Catholic homes no sign of the faith of their occupants. They might be pagan or anti-Christian or indifferent, but, so far as pictures go, they are not Catholic. Instead of representations of God and His saints, we have mythological scenes, smirking, half-draped women—art, in short, that is bedeviled with temptation and that blights and destroys the whiteness of children's souls. One must needs wonder at the ignorance and criminal carelessness of these parents. They do not seem to know that there is art that has caught and put on canvas, visions of the good and beautiful. They are ignorant of the fact that a picture wrought by a pure heart can open to us vistas of holiness, and can exercise upon the child's soul a very salutary influence. But they are proud of their ignorance; and glad, seemingly, to proclaim themselves as supporters of the art that is the source of moral leprosy. They care not so long as they have upon the walls of their homes any old thing recommended by the critics who journey to the pocket of the public by the way of sensuality. Instead of expressions of sensuous beauty and lustful passion would it not be better to have figures of Christ and His Holy Mother. Raskin says "that there has probably not been an innocent cottage house throughout the length and breadth of Europe in which the imaged presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of woman." Would not a picture of the Madonna, "veiled glory of the lamplight universe," have some meaning for a Catholic.

A GOOD CITIZEN.

In New York lives a gentleman named Anthony Comstock who is the target for the cheap witticisms of those whose fad is the art of the dissecting table. Mr. Comstock believes that art should minister to our instruction; his opponents, that it should cater to morbid curiosity and lustful passion. The former stands for purity; the latter for pictorial eroticism as a means to make money. For art they care not; but they look kindly upon the dollar and seek it from the young and old of befouled imagination. We should like to believe that we have not such as these among our citizens. Certain facts, however, warrant us in saying that we also are cursed by those who pander to vice, and whose trade is to make the members of Christ the members of an harlot. Not openly of course. But some "drummers" can and do carry into quiet towns the pictorial abominations that get into the hands of children and of their elders who have muddled ideas as to what purity consists in, and, who, judging their fellows by themselves, place this holy virtue among the impossibilities. When we jest at what is the brightest ornament of either man or woman we proclaim our own degra-

dation and witness to our own filth. But men do account it as of little consequence and lend themselves to the dissemination of the wares of hell. These human buzzards are a menace to the purity of the household.

A FACT OFTEN SEEN.

"Without doubt," says John of Salisbury, "whoever oppresses ecclesiastical liberty is punished either in himself or in his offspring." The grasses of many years are on the grave of John but his words live, who in their time played the role of the enemy of religion. Of them remains but a memory—and the Church moves on to the eternal gates under the direction of the Pontiffs who seek not their own but the things of Jesus Christ.

TRUE TO HER COLORS.

Whenever the civil power has tried to tamper with the constitution of the Church ecclesiastical authority has never used the language of compromise or expediency. When, for instance, the Emperor Constantine wished his authority to prevail in certain religious matters, the legate who presided at the Council of Nice, wrote to him as follows: "Do not meddle with ecclesiastical precepts lest you prescribe precepts to those from whom you should rather learn: to you hath God given empire, to us He hath entrusted the things of the Church. It is neither lawful for us to govern the earth, nor for you to touch the censor." Said Gregory VII, in reference to Henry IV. "Never, by any prayers or manifestations of friendship or of enmity, could he obtain from us the consent to say or think anything for his sake, contrary to justice." In this course, by the help of God, we will constantly persist so long as we shall live not daunted by any peril of life or death. Clemencean and his allies will pass, but the holy Church with its chiefs under Christ and according to His promise, will remain forever.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Some Canadians neglect no opportunity for amusement and recreation. They believe in a "good time," and to have it spare neither time nor energy. It seems to us, also, that in some quarters of this country Catholic young men are the sprinters and rowers—the chief contributors to the outdoor pleasures of their fellow-citizens. The local prints record their prowess on turf and water but they have no chronicle of their achievements in any line of serious work. We are not disposed to be critical at all on this matter, but if we wish to keep step with the times, to retain the ground won for us by our fathers, we must exercise our brains as well as our muscles. The laurels of the athlete fade quickly, but the labor devoted to the study of our principles of current issues strengthens us morally and mentally, and enables us to give the community in which we live something far better than athletic feats. Speaking some years ago to young men, Archbishop Ireland told them "that their principles lent a dignity to those who defended them, who lived by them. I want to hear from you," he said, "when there is a gathering of citizens for the correcting of some abuse. Do not allow any good movement to be lost because of your indifference: send in your name and promise your cooperation."

This is good advice from one who knows, and might, if given attention, dissipate many a prejudice against us.

HURRY UP GENTLEMEN.

Did we not hear some time ago that prominent laymen were hard at work on a scheme for the federation of Catholic societies. It seems to us that we were told of an interchange of thought and inspiration; of a chain of sympathy and love that would bind us the more closely together, and enable us thereby to concentrate our strength and activity on the things worth while, and to fashion leaders to bear our standards. But where is the scheme? The skies were blue when we heard of it, and now the skies are gray and it comes not within our range of vision. Has the enthusiasm whose praises they hymned so gracefully died out? We know not; but we are certain that Federation will not be without support. Hurry up, gentlemen.

A REMINISCENCE.

Do our readers remember that when the Italian steamer Sirio was wrecked the crew behaved as do the most of men gripped by the fear of death. But

a non-Catholic editor held up the sailor to the scorn of his public, and cried out: "Behold the fruits of the Catholic Church." In perverted language he denounced the Papacy as the source of cowardice and treated us to a dazzling display of adjectives, some of which we retain for special occasions. But the Anglo-Saxon had verbal jewels strewn over him. Fed on the "open Bible," swathed in bonds of honor, opposed to clericalism, he could, and would not be, an coward. No, sir. When the "Larchmont" failed to reach its pier we looked for another stirring dissertation on sailors, but so far we have not seen it. Was the disaster due to the debilitating influence of priestcraft or to panic and another kind of craft? But we suppose that the editor is too much interested in the "extreme but reasonable measures" of French atheists to dilate on things nautical.

THE DANGERS OF MIXED MARRIAGES.

ONE OF THE WORST DRAINS UPON THE CHURCH IN THIS COUNTRY, SAYS BISHOP MATZ.

In a pastoral read in all the churches of the diocese of Denver, Bishop Matz lays down the most stringent rules governing the marriages of Catholics and non-Catholics. He ordains that in future no Catholic man may marry a Protestant woman in that diocese. No dispensation will be granted for such a union. The Bishop bases his action upon the fact that the children of such marriages are, with practically no exceptions, invariably lost to the faith, as shown by statistics in possession of the Church. The Protestant mother has the raising of the children, argues Bishop Matz, and the father seldom insists on their being brought up in the faith.

In the case of a Catholic woman marrying a Protestant man, the man must submit to a course of instruction before the priest will be permitted to unite them in matrimony. The idea of this is that the father may understand who is the expert of him and comprehend the tenets of the Church in which his children are to be raised.

"Mixed marriages—marriages, namely, of Catholics with persons not baptized or baptized Protestants, constitute one of the worst drains upon the Church in the United States," says the Bishop in his pastoral. "Our numerical strength in this country would be much greater only for these unfortunate mixed marriages. The United States census reports are authority for the statement that 65 per cent. of these marriages are lost to the Church. We know that 80 per cent. is nearer the truth. The reason for these losses will be found in the want of Catholic education in mixed families. It requires the concerted efforts of father and mother to raise a Christian family, and the education here implied must be conveyed by example and precept; of these two, example is by far the most powerful. But how can we expect a non-Catholic parent either to teach or to practice the moral precepts of the Gospel as interpreted by the Church? The most we may hope to obtain is liberty for the Catholic party to practice his religion and raise the children in the Catholic faith—in other words, non-interference. Now it turns out that this policy of non-interference is a practical denial of Christianity."

EXAMPLE IN THE HOME. "The mother, for instance, teaches the children their prayers, takes them to church on Sundays and tell them they cannot eat meat on Fridays, etc. The children never see the father say a prayer, he never goes to Mass with them on Sundays and eats meat on the Fridays as on any other day of the week, etc. Now if it is true that words teach, but example draws, when these children come to the age of understanding they will notice these different practices and ask for an explanation. "Why must I go to Mass, instruction, confession? Papa doesn't do any of these things. Can't I have a piece of meat to-day, the same as my papa?" And when once these children may assert their independence, which teaching, think you, will they follow? Moreover, as a rule, these children are not sent to the Catholic schools for their education. The Protestant father does not believe in parochial schools; he says the Public schools are good enough, and he does not intend paying double for the education of his children. You see, the Christian Catholic education of mixed families is vitiated at home by the non-Catholic parent, and positively banished from the school, where it ought to be most positively and formally inculcated in the tender minds and plastic hearts of the children. So much for non-interference."

WHAT THE CATHOLIC RISKS. "There is one thing which no doubt struck you as something very remarkable—namely, the singular preference shown our Catholic girls by Protestant suitors who are pleading for their hands. The reason is a very simple one; a man contemplating marriage naturally will look for the best woman he can find. He knows that for virtue and purity a good Catholic girl has no superior; her piety, modesty and deep sense of religion make her appear as a model mother for his children. Then he knows that the confessional is to him an absolute guarantee that his purity and its inseparable companion, fidelity and love, shall be safeguarded to him against all odds. He knows,

furthermore, that he never need be afraid of a divorce, since the Church will not countenance divorce. Hence his determination to win that suit. But, on the other hand, what guarantee does he or can he offer the girl? Is it religion? He has none; moreover, Protestantism from its very dawn has countenanced divorce and is doing the same to-day. He may, therefore, at any time, should he get tired of his wife, discard her and marry another. She has nothing but his word, and against that she is required to pledge her virtue, her honor and her existence for life. We ask is that fair? And why should a Catholic girl expose herself to such dangers by entering upon such a one-sided contract? "Is it that she might procure a home and support and be no longer obliged to make her own living? But if to get this home and support she must jeopardize her eternal salvation and that of her family, is it worth the bargain? Then is she very sure of that home and support? Certain it is that she will have to work just as hard after as before her marriage. And if one day she finds herself abandoned, cast off and left with a household of little ones clamoring for bread, and obliged to make a living for her family, What then? Are these cases so rare that they may be passed over as mere accidents? Go into our orphanages, asylums and homes for dependent children, our reformatories and houses of the Good Shepherd and find out how many of their inmates came there just from such homes, ruined by heaven's curse following upon such marriages contracted in defiance of the laws of God and of His Church."

STRINGENT REGULATIONS. "Considering the baneful effect of mixed marriages and the constantly increasing number of calls for dispensations, we believe that the time has come for the application of stringent regulations calculated to check this evil, save the Church from the enormous losses incurred through mixed marriages and protect our Catholic men and women from such a galling yoke as that of an indissoluble union with one who is not of the faith and who for this reason can never be one kind and one heart in that bond, of all the most holy and most intimate union with God in the one true faith."

"The powers for dispensing in mixed marriages vested in a Bishop are delegated faculties and can only be used according to the mind of the Church. Now the Church grants these dispensations only after safeguarding all the rights of the Catholic party—namely, perfect liberty to practice his religion; freedom to raise the family in the Catholic faith and a solemn pledge on the part of the non-Catholic to provide a Catholic education for the children should the Catholic parent come to die. These promises in printed form are to be signed by the non-Catholic and will be kept in the archives by the priest in reference in case of need. Catholics contemplating a mixed marriage should in time procure from their pastor a copy of these promises to be presented to their Protestant suitors in the very beginning of their courtship. When all preparations for the marriage have been made and the day for the ceremony has been selected, there is no time any more for adjusting the points; nor is it fair to present the promises at this juncture."

"No Bishop can grant a dispensation unless promises are secured and we possess the assurance that they will be carried out. It is clear from what we have said before that a simple non-interference on the part of the non-Catholic cannot secure the raising of the family in the Catholic faith; for this will require a positive co-operation with the Catholic father or mother, which co-operation in the event of death shall have to be carried alone by the Protestant. But how can he assume such a responsibility unless he knows what the Catholic Church teaches? Therefore, we demand that every Protestant wishing to marry a Catholic submit to a course of instruction to prepare himself for the discharge of his duties in helping to raise a Catholic family. We shall grant no dispensation unless this request is complied with, and we warn Catholics to take up this matter in time with their non-Catholic suitors."

The raising of a Catholic family in a mixed marriage where the father is a Protestant is a most difficult task, but if the mother happens to be the Protestant, then it becomes an impossible task. The mother has by far the largest share in the raising and educating of the children. The children are a more intimate part of the mother, since they are kneaded in her own flesh and blood. Therefore if she is not Catholic she will never be able to raise a Catholic family. Therefore, we positively shall refuse to grant a dispensation in a mixed marriage where the woman is a non-Catholic, and we warn all Catholic young men against forming such acquaintances with a view to contracting marriage." — Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

The Rev. Gilbert P. Jennings delivered a splendid talk on the relation of art to religion at the Cleveland Art School Thursday afternoon. He spoke chiefly on the Catholic Church as the great inspirer and patron of art, of the debt genius and world owes to the munificence of the Popes and of faith as the strongest impulse to artistic achievement. Great art, he said, was produced only by great Christians, and Catholicity alone had inspired it because it was the only vital religious system. The address bristled with good points, and was heard by a large and appreciative audience.

WHAT THE POPE SAYS.

SOCIALISM IS CHRISTIANITY'S BITTEREST ENEMY.

Catholic Mirror.

The Holy Father has addressed the following letter to the leading members of the Italian Economic Social Union: For the first general assembly called to elect the President and Director of the Economic Social Union for Italian Catholics, you, to whose care the constitution of the Union is entrusted, recently asked for the Apostolic Benediction in a letter which was a real consolation. Indeed we are well aware of your complete devotion and absolute obedience to the Roman Pontiff. Yet your new and warm profession of them comes opportunely to mitigate the dissatisfaction we feel at the conduct of other sons of such harmony with our wishes and directions. All the more is this the case because in your words we can recognize not only your sentiments alone, but those of many whom the common bond of beneficent action united with you. We refer to those associations in the economic and social order which we see grouped round this centre in good number from every part of Italy.

We also learn with pleasure that you have undertaken the publication of a review which serves to instruct Catholics and initiate them practically in the action which it is in the province of your union to take. It is a proof, in addition to so many others that you have given of your intelligent activity. Nevertheless, grateful for the comfort you afforded by the homage of your sympathy and your ready zeal, we pray the Lord to grant you His lights abundantly and not to cease seconding your works with His grace. Assuredly, considering of what kind and how great your activity has been so far in the field of labor assigned to you, we have much reason to rejoice with you.

But, beloved sons, if you desire, as we ardently do, that beginnings so auspicious should have a still more prosperous development, it is necessary that the spirit of religion should always, in increasing measure, penetrate and invigorate and animate your work in all branches. Although this is directed to the promotion of the temporal welfare of the people, it is not confined within the narrow circle of economic interests, but is devoted, with noble purpose, to social restoration, aiming at the right ordering of human society.

Now, religion being a jealous guardian of the moral law, which is the natural foundation of the order of society, it follows, that to bring disordered society back to order nothing is more needful than that religious principles should be made to thrive. Wherefore the better to accomplish your responsible task and to meet our expectation, they being instructed and qualified by you will constantly strive more and more to mark the impress of Christianity on the movement you direct. And in doing this you will have in view not merely the common good, but also that of your members; and particularly, in attending to their material advantages you will seek to safeguard their spiritual interests. It is of the highest importance that in the light of the doctrine of Christ they should justly estimate human things and see how far beyond the defective goods of this transient life should be placed those of the life eternal.

Thus and not otherwise can you efficaciously oppose the progress of Socialism, which, breathing hatred of Christianity, advances with ruin in its train—blotting out the hopes of Heaven from the hearts of the people—to destroy the fabric of society, already shaken. Your active charity will suggest to you the institutions that should by preference be promoted within the Union. To us those called professional societies seem most suitable, and again in a special manner we recommend you to be solicitous as to how you proceed in establishing and conducting them. You will, therefore, take care that those who are to become members undergo a fitting preparation; that is, persons on the nature and scope of the association, on the duties and rights of Christian workers, and on the teachings of the Church and the Pontifical documents that are most closely concerned with the labor question. In this connection good fruit will be borne by the work of the clergy, who in their turn will find here fresh help for rendering the sacred ministry more efficacious amongst the people. Hence, the workers so prepared will become not only useful members of the professional societies, but also energetic co-operators in extending and defending the practice of the Christian doctrines. We have these associations much at heart, also because we look to them for material and moral aid for those workers whom necessity compels to seek work, for some time, in foreign regions without having protective assistance. The zeal of the pastors of souls will bring forth precious fruit in the field where it is aided by the provincial, diocesan and district associations for the protection of the emigrants which we hope to see springing up in all the centres of temporary emigration. For the rest, it will be your care to derive the advantage of moral improvement not only from this peculiar form of association, but likewise from others, which appear to have an exclusively economic character, raising them beyond their immediate purpose to the more exalted objects of education and culture.

Finally, beloved sons, as to your general arrangements, we have already by the rules for the establishment of diocesan committees, given life and impulse to a disciplined movement, which, under the surveillance of the Bishops, ought to develop the social

action of Catholics in the different dioceses according to local needs and the requirements of the time. We have desired then, as was fitting, to harmonize the careful autonomy of local institutions with the episcopal government of the Church. The effective assistance and favor of our venerable brethren are not wanting to this work of common utility, and judging by their zeal, will not, we are certain, be wanting in the future. To make Catholic action, especially the social side of it, stronger and more complete, we wish that the diocesan committees should concentrate their efforts upon this Social Economic Union. Thus the forces of all will receive an increase of energy from unity of direction. And accept, beloved sons, with great courage, the weighty charge we impose upon you. Many are the difficulties you have already passed through. You will perhaps meet with others. But to keep up your spirits it will be sufficient to remember that you will never lose the support of good citizens, the help of our authority and the assistance of God. Meanwhile, as a pledge of divine favors, we grant the Apostolic Benediction with particular affection to you and to all your families.

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Meanwhile, as a pledge of divine favors, we grant the Apostolic Benediction with particular affection to you and to all your families. Given, at St. Peter's, Rome, on the 20th of January, 1907, the fourth year of our pontificate. PIUS, Pope.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Cardinal Luigi Macchi, secretary of apostolic briefs, died March 29, after a sickness of only twelve hours, of apoplexy.

Miss Alice Laurent, daughter of the chief of the Abenakis Indians at Pierreville, Canada, took the veil in Ottawa a short time ago. She is the first Abenaki Indian to become a nun.

The problem of supporting the French priests and Bishops is becoming a serious one for the Holy See, for six dioceses are reported to be absolutely without funds to carry on religious worship.

The Tablet announces that the Rev. Alexander R. Goldie, M. A., Trinity College, Cambridge, formerly Vicar of Elveston, Derby, and rector of Roma, Glasgow, Macleodfield, was received into the Catholic Church on March 8, at Bath, by Rev. Dunstan Sweeney, O. S. B.

German Catholics have done a most gracious act of international charity. A news note from Rome says that much gratification was expressed at the Vatican when it was learned that a few days ago the Catholics of Berlin had sent to Cardinal Richard 23,000 marks to help the French Church in its present financial distress.

The Bishops of Switzerland have published a collective letter to their flocks urging them to support Catholic newspapers. They said: "Whoever takes a journal hostile to the Church participates by so doing in its bad deeds. Subscribe to Catholic newspapers and when you have read them pass them on to others to read."

Much interest is manifested in Dr. P. Hartmann's sacred oratorio "St. Peter," which was performed for the first time at Carnegie Hall, New York, last Wednesday, under the direction of the author. Dr. Hartmann ranks amongst the very first of Catholic writers of oratorios and has been honored by the Holy Fathers and Emperors Francis Joseph of Austria and William II. of Germany.

At Goldfield, Nev., one of the new but rapidly growing towns of the west, the sum of \$7,000 was subscribed the other Sunday for the purpose of erecting a large church. A fine site has been secured, and a handsome stone church to cost \$30,000 will soon be under course of erection. A new rectory, also of stone, will be built in the near future.

The lives of sixty infants, all less than one year old, were saved recently by the heroism of the Sisters of Providence at the burning of Bethlehem, the Brightside Nursery, Springfield, Mass. The big frame structure was wrapped in flames almost before the fire was discovered. Several of the Sisters were nearly prostrated by the nervous tension incident to the fire.

Alexander Beaubien, the first white child born in Chicago, who arrived thirteen years ahead of Fernando Jones, the oldest living citizen, died at his home, in that city last week. A widow, two sons, two daughters, eleven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren survive him. Not only did Mr. Beaubien have the distinction of being the first white child born in Chicago, but he was the first to be baptized by a Catholic priest, which baptism did not take place until he was six years old.

The Rev. Henry Gibson, rector of Bolton le Sands, in the Diocese of Liverpool, England, who died the other day at the age of eighty years, was sprung from a family remarkable for devotion to the Church. Three sons became priests, a fourth child became a nun, and she is still living, at the age of eighty-six years, in the Benedictine priory of Colwich, Stafford, under the name of Mother Mary Gabriel.

A memorial meeting in honor of the late Count Creighton was held recently in the Auditorium, Omaha. The principal speaker was the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, who paid a warm tribute to his dead friend. "John A. Creighton," said Mr. Bryan, "had learned the meaning of the word 'others.' He never for a moment thought that his wealth was for himself, but for others. The man of whom this can be said has truly fulfilled the law." Initial steps were taken to erect a monument to Count Creighton's memory.

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A STORY OF IRISH LIFE BY VERY REV. CANON F. A. SHEEHAN, D.D., AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "LUKE DELMEGE," "UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STARS," "LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

NODLAG. Christmas morning came round; and the snow was still heavy in cleft and hollow; whilst on the open roads it had been beaten by many feet of men and horses into a sheet of yellow ice that made walking very troublesome and dangerous. The great white sheet was yet drawn across the landscape to the horizon; and on distant mountains it shone clear as amber in the light of the wintry sun. The eyes of men were yearning for the more soothing green color of field and copse; for in this country, where we are so unaccustomed to snow, the eyes soon begin to ache at the dazzling whiteness, and seek relief in little spots or nooks of verdure under the shade of trees, or in hidden places where the great crystal flakes could not penetrate.

The family had gone to early Mass, some to Ardpatrick or Ballyragan, some down to their own parish church; for, despite the inclement weather, there was some pleasure in meeting friends on such a day, and exchanging Christmas greetings. The boys who had been home early from Mass went out with their sticks to hunt the wren and Hy, Droelien I echoed from copse and thicket, as the young lads shouted the hunting cry far away across the mountains. The rest of the family got back early from Mass also, and the deep hush of a Christmas Sabbath fell swiftly down over the entire land, for it was a matter of honor in Ireland that each family should be swiftly gathered together, and have their fireside consecrated against all intrusion on that day. So far is this rigid tradition maintained that it is most rare to find any one sitting down to the Christmas dinner who is not an immediate member of the family circle; and the happy-go-lucky intimacy of other days, when a neighbor might freely cross the threshold with a "God bless the work!" is sternly interdicted on that day. The strict privacy of each household is rigidly maintained.

When night fell, all gathered together around the table, where smoked the Christmas dinner. This, too, was invariable in every Irish household. The roast goose, stuffed with potatoes and onions, the pig's head, garlanded with curly cabbage, a piece of salt beef, and an abundance of potatoes, was and is, the never-changing menu in these humble, but Christian households. In places where there is a little more pretension, a rice pudding, plentifully sprinkled with currants, or a plum pudding, is in much request. And then the decks are cleared for action; and the great Christmas cake, black with raisins, is surrounded and steamed by smoking tumbler of punch; and all relax for a cosy, comfortable evening of innocent mirth and enjoyment around the glowing fire of turf and logs, on the sacred hearths of Ireland. And there are songs and dances galore, and absolute fraternity and equality, and servant boys and girls mix freely with the family on this great holiday of Christian communion; and many a quaint story is told and many a quaint legend is unearthed, as the memory of the old travels back into the past, and the hopes of the young leap forward to the future. And all then was limited between the four seas of Ireland; America had not yet been discovered; and the imagination never travelled beyond the circle of the seas. And so there was nothing but Ireland to talk about, nothing but Ireland to adore; the Ireland of the past so dark, so tragic, and the Ireland of the future so uncertain and problematical.

Late in the evening, or rather night, in this little home of Gienenaar, the thoughts of the family took a melancholy turn. The song had been sung, the story told; the girls and boys were tired after jig and reel, and the whole family circle were gathered around the fire now smouldering down in hot cinders and white ashes. The dim, crimson light predomined, as them dim, crimson light predomined, as the huge giant shadows were cast on the walls and upwards where the blackened rafters glistened under the dark, smoked-begrimed thatch. After a long silence, the vanthees, Mrs. Connors, with her hands folded upon her lap, said, looking intently at the fire: "I hope we'll all be well and happy, this time twelvemonth! Sure 'tis little we know what's before us! We'd ever think last Christmas that we'd see what we saw this night!" "There's no use in drivin' it up to-night, Bess," said the old man. "The comin' year, and every year of our lives, is in the hands of God!" "Thru' for you," said the vanthees, "But sure, how can we help talkin' about what our hearts are full of?" "Tis all over now," said her husband, spreading his hands before the embers. "At last, we may hope so. As long as the Counsellor is in the fore, the people are safe."

"You never know," said her wife, whose feminine instincts inclined to despondency. "It's clear as noon day, that there's thim in the country still that 'ud swear black was white, and night was day." "Ontil they're made sich an example of," said a deep voice from the settle, "that no wan of their seed, breed, or generation shall be left to swear away honest lives agin."

"They say," added another of the boys, "that Clompper Daly (Clompper Dawley is the name by which the famous informer is still spoken of in the parish), is sported away already; but the other ruffian is under thralin' agin be the police in Dublin to swear harder the next time."

"They're to be pitted, the poor, misfortunate crachures," said Edmond Connors. "It must be hard times that driv' them to such a trade."

"Wisha, thin, father," said one of the girls, who could make bolder on her parents than her brothers, "I wish you'd keep your pity for them that deserve it better. Hard times, indeed! As if anything could excuse wholesale perjury and murder!"

"You have your feelings, Kate," said the old man, "and sure I don't blame you. 'Twould be a lonesome Shrove for you, if Willy Burke hadn't done what he done."

This allusion to Kate's approaching marriage with John Burke only exasperated her the more. "Yes, father," she said, "but as Donal here sez, what pertection have any of ye, so long as any of that dirty spawn of informers is left in the country?" "Twas a brave ride, surely," said the old man, not heeding. "I had Dr. O'Brien say from the altar, that in a hunder' or two hunder' years' time, there'll be ballads and songs about it."

"You hard him say, too," said Kate, flushed and excited with the dance, and the thought of her lover's peril thus brought back to her mind, "that he hoped every approver and informer would clear out of his parish, and have no trace behind them in wife or child."

"Go out, Donal," said the old man, not relishing this turn the conversation was taking, "an' bring in a creel of dhry turf and fagots for the fire. Sure we have some hours yet before bed-time, and the sight of the fire is good." "And," he continued, turning around, "Donal promptly obeyed, and took a look at the cows in the stalls, and see they're all right agin the night. It is as cowld for thim crachures as it is for ourselves."

Donal, a "boy" of thirty-five or forty, went out into the keen frosty air; and first approached the outhouse where the wood was kept. Having collected a goodly bundle, he went over to the great long rick of black turf, now blanketed under a heap of frozen snow. He could not find the usual creel; so, lighting a stable lantern, he went over to the byre where the cattle were stalled for the night. Three of the beasts were comfortably asleep in their stalls; the remaining three bent down their wet noses, and breathed on something that lay on the floor. Surprised beyond measure, Donal went over, and stooping down saw his turf-creel, and lying therein, warmed and saved by the breath of the dumb oxen, was the sweetest and prettiest child he ever saw. The little creature opened its blue eyes at the lantern light, and stared and smiled at its discoverer. The cows drew back, their services were no longer wanted. But one came back from the stalls; and, as if loath to leave its little charge, put down its wet nose again, and breathed the warm vapor of breath on the infant.

The big Donal was so surprised that, as he said, you could knock him down with a feather. But, leaving the lantern on the floor, he came over leisurely to the house, smiling at the surprise he was going to give the family. Then he stopped a moment, debating with himself what would be the most dramatic form in which he could make the revelation. Like a good artist, he finally decided that the simplest way would be the most effective; so he pushed open the kitchen door, and said: "Come here, Kate, I want you a minit."

lay at his feet, blinking up at him with her clear, blue eyes, as the ruddy flames from the wood and turf now leaped up merrily again. He at once recognized the child whom he had seen in the arms of the half-demented creature who had accosted him on the bridge; and he remembered, and smiled at the remembrance, how earnestly he had implored her to commit that child to the care of some Christian household, who, for the love of God, would preserve the little life and cherish it.

The vanthees, at last, impatient at his silence, said: "Wisha, thin, Edmond Connors, wan would think ye wara't in yer own house, ye're so silent, sittin' there and twirlin' yer thumbs, and with yer well! Well! Can't ye say somethin' to relieve our feelin's?" "I think," said the old man, deliberately, and with a little chuckle of amusement, "that it 'ud be no harm if ye warmed a little sup of milk and gave it to the crachure."

"Thru' for you, faith," said his wife. "You always sez the right thing, Edmond Connors, if you don't say much!" The milk was warmed; and the little creature drank it eagerly, and brightened up after its simple supper. And then began an eager search in its clothes for some sign or token of its birth or parentage. This was unavailing. The little garments were clean, and sound, and warm; but no scrap of paper nor sign of needle afforded the least indication of who the child was, or whence it had come. And the uncertainty gave rise to a warmer debate about the religion of the child, and whether she had been christened, and what might be her name.

"An' Av, she's christened," said one of the girls. "Av she was the blackest Protestant in Ireland, she'd have her child baptized." "Begor, that's true," said another. "An' faith, it might be some fine lady that's tired of her little baby."

"Nonsense!" broke in Mrs. Connors. "There's not a decent woman in the land would abandon her child like that." "Take my word for it," said one of the servant girls, "the mother that carried that child is no great things. Perhaps 'twas that mad 'uman who was around here a couple of weeks ago."

"The mad 'uman!" said Edmond Connors, for the first time, turning around. "What mad 'uman?" "Some poor angashore of a crachure, that kep round here a couple of weeks ago; and she asked us this where Edmond Connors lived," said his wife. "We tried to be civil to her; but she cursed and melted us all, yourself in the bargain."

"And had she a child wid her?" asked the old man innocently. "We don't know. She had some bundle in her arms whatever. But we thought she was getherin' up for the Christmas time. But whoever she was, she was no great things. We wor glad when she took her face off av us."

smiling child up in his great arms, "do you think He sint it as a sign and token of nothin'? And whin the same all-merciful God saved me from the gallows and a grave in Cork goal, where I might be rotting to-night, instid of bein' here amongst ye, wouldn't it be a nice return to show out this little orphan into the cowld, hard wurld outside? No!" he said with emphasis. "If God has been good to us let us be kinder wid wan another."

There was no reply to this. The young men would have liked to side with their father, but they were afraid of their mother's keen tongue. The girls were bolder; and the elder, Joan, or Joanna, a very gentle, spiritual being, said meekly: "I think father is right, mother. We mustn't fly in the face of God."

"Here," said the mother, completely conquered, "let ye nurse her betune ye. I wash me hands out of the business intirely." "Take the child, Joan," said the father, handing the infant over to his eldest daughter. "So long as there's a bit, bite and sup in the house, she shall not want, until thim that owns her, claims her." "Do so," and nurse her betune ye, and may she bring a blessing on yer house, Edmond Connors," said his wife. "But av it be the other way, remember that ye got yer warning."

"What will we call her?" said Joan, taking the infant from her father's arms. "We must christen her agin be some name or another." "We'll call her Bessie for the present," said the old man. "An' laste honor we can pay yer mother—"

"Be this and be that ye want," said his wife in a furious temper. "I had always a decent name, an' me never brought shame or blame on thim—"

"Here, here," said Donal, to end the discussion "anything will do. Call her Nodlag, (Pronounced Nulug—Irish for Christmas,) after this blessed night."

And Nodlag remained the child's name.

hearts that this was but a mere formality to be gone through to comply with the law. They would be acquitted by the Solicitor General himself in his opening speech.

As they passed into the dock to surrender to their bail, Edmond Connors was aware of the dark figure of a woman, clad in black, and with a black shawl tightly drawn about her head, as she stood so close to the door that her dress touched him lightly. The young man on guard apparently did not notice her, or made no attempt to remove her from a place usually occupied by officials. As her dress touched the old man, he looked down; and she, opening her black shawl, revealed the pallid face and the great wild eyes of the woman he had accosted on the bridge. At first he shuddered at the contact. Then, some strange influence told him that it was with no evil intention she was there. Yet, his thoughts began to wander wildly, as his nerves sank under the fierce words of the indictment, charging him with intent and conspiracy to murder; and the words of the woman would come back: "An' isn't the rope swingin' for ye a-yet?"

To their utter dismay and consternation, too, O'Connell, their champion, their deliverer, did not appear; but there was the arch-enemy, Doherty, "six feet three in height, and with a manner decidedly aristocratic." On went the dreadful litany of their impudent crimes; on went the appeals to prejudice, sectarian and political; all the more terrible for the passionate tones in which it was uttered, and alas! there was no stern friend here to cry, "Stop! That is not law!" Counsel exchanged notes, looked up, hesitated; but it needed the fearless and masculine tribune to block that stream of deadly eloquence. Overawed by the position and personality of the Crown Prosecutor, and afraid to get into close contact with him, they were silent. And then the approvers came on the table.

It would seem to ordinary minds incredible that the evidence of these ruffians, completely disproved on the score of self-contradiction, and rejected by the mixed jury at the Special Commission, should ever be demanded again. But it was. The scene in that hall, should be again summoned before the Judges. Besides, the belief in O'Connell's great forensic abilities, so well manifested before the Special Commission, created a hope that the jury, that no matter what pressure was brought to bear by the Crown, no jury could convict on what had already been proved to be the perjured and suborned evidence of approvers. In fact, it was fully believed by the general public, that the Crown would not renew the prosecution. Hence, during the months of January and February, great contentment reigned in the humble cottage at Gienenaar. The early spring sun shone on an usual, brightened certainty in the public mind, that no matter what pressure was brought to bear by the Crown, no jury could convict on what had already been proved to be the perjured and suborned evidence of approvers.

There clearly then was but one course. Jury consults; and hands down a paper to the Judge. And Edmond Connors is dismissed from the dock—a free man. As he passed out with a courteous, but dignified: "I thank ye, gintlemin!" He felt a cold hand touch his own. He pressed it tightly, as much as to say: "Yes, I understand. I owe my life to you, for having protected your little child."

Such is the strange magnetism that flashes from soul to soul in this world, when the mighty current is directed by kind thoughts, helpful deeds, and divinely human sympathies. He whiled away the day in handshakings from friends, and weeping congratulations from those who were dear to him. For the friends of all the other prisoners were there; and where there was a common cause, there was a common triumph. He lingered around the little parlour, and got home to his little paradise beneath the black hills. He felt himself bound in honor to wait and share the certain triumphant acquittal of the men whose shoulders touched his in the dock. But, as the evening shades closed in, and no news came from the courthouse, he decided to get out the common cart, with its bed of straw and the quilt, in which the peasantry then, and now, used to travel from place to place, and he made all his preparations for his night journey homewards. Donal, his eldest son, was just turning his horse's head from the city, when he would about arrested them.

"We might as well wait and be home with thim," said the old man. "A few of the crowd came up. There was, alas! no triumph on their faces, but the pallor of great fear. "What is it? how did it turn?" asked the old man. "Wallis acquitted, Lynch, convicted and sentenced to be hanged," was the reply. "God preserve us!" said the old man. "'Tis only the turn of a hand between the crowd and the grave."

how would Donal take it? Would he have manliness enough to rise above the traditions of his class and do what would be most noble and generous? Or would the inborn instincts of the Celt revolt at the thought that the child of such blood should be harbored as one of their family? It was really a coat of the die, how Donal would take it; but it was absolutely necessary to make the revelation, and, with a silent prayer to Him Who sits above the stars, the old man coughed, and said: "Are you awake, Donal?"

"Yerra, why wouldn't I be awake?" said Donal, rubbing his eyes; for he had been dozing. "Where are we?" "I knew you were dozing," said his father; "and sure small blame to you. We're between the half-way house and Mallow."

"The night is so dark," said Donal, illogically, "I didn't know where we were. Did we pass the half-way house?" "An hour ago," said his father. "Don't you see the wild castle of Ballinamona over there on the heights?" "Sure enough," said Donal. "We'll be in Mallow in an hour. I wonder what time it is?" "Betune three and four in the mornin', I think," said his father. "We'll have the light soon."

"Tis a wretched cowld," said his son, whipping up the horse. "Why didn't you stop at the half-way house? Sure any wan would want a drink to-night." "The old man was silent. The occasion was not auspicious. Then he resolved it must be done. "Donal?" "Yes, sir!" "I have somethin' to say to you that's on me mind. Did you notice anythin' in the Court to-day?" "Nothin' but the usual blagardin' and ruffianism," said Donal. "I'm glad we're done with judges, juries, and informers forever."

This staggered the old man; but he knit his brows and went on. "Thin you didn't remark the evidence of Daly and Nowlan?" "I did," said Donal, drily. "Maybe the grace of God is tetching the ruffians; or, begogs, maybe they got a bribe." "That's it," said the old man, gleefully. "They did. Daly was bribed."

"I didn't think you used to do much in that way, sir," said Donal, half-joking, half-raising. "An' it must take a big bribe to get thim ruffians to spake the truth." "No, thin," said his father. "It was a little, weeshy bribe enough; and 'twas God sint it." "I'm glad you're left to us, sir," said his son; "but, be all that's holy, I'd rather see the palm of the palm of these traitors to creed and country."

The omens were growing more inauspicious; but the old man was determined. "Donal," said he, "can you keep a secret?" "Did you ever know me to blab anythin' you ever told me?" said his son. "No!" was the reply. "An' that's the reason why I'm goin' to tell you somethin' that I wouldn't tell to any wan livin', except the priest and yourself."

night, out she'll go on minit I cross the thriln... "Is that the way?" said the father, oath "I'll say nothin' to pilled his son. "But out may the devil fly away belongin' to her."

"There's more ways oath than by shakin' in." "You can't do what you but which," he added "but you spon't do without know."

"Thin, who's to pro his son, sullenly. "I'll prevent you, vint you," said the old "Gienenaar is mine th no wan will tetch that my name is Edmond Co Donal knew well the tion of his father when his mind to a part action; so he dropped manner, and pleaded w another side.

"The Connors of never disgraced till no never thought I'd see father would bring sh upon us."

"Dhrop that, I say man," or maybe only your mother to-night. "To think," said sullenly, "that the decent families tions should cover the former—oh, my God! I stand it?" "By holdin' your ing your oath," said h "And do you want that this won't be kno "I tell you 'twill be week's out; for there a grave that could kee enough from thim oc—thin they'll burn o fore our eyes."

"The sacret is in th years," said his fa won't tell it." There was a long father and son, for breaking beyond the soon the sun would b the dark shoulder. They soon entered th Mallow Bridge. Not mind Dogs barked hind stable gates, as the cart rumbled ov but these sounds soon quiet, as t the wooden bridge t river, and heard the the waters beneath. thought seemed to str suddenly reined in th fronted his father. "Father," said h voice, "forgive me fo you just now. Sure that you were to bla you know more to b sint me to the co ought to know knew that night w were bring in to th have told me to th pit. Father," said noticing the silence "say you never kn informers' child you upon a decent fire t forget all."

GIORDAN

SOME FACTS CONCERNING SAINT JOHN OF THE BAPTIST, SEcularist.

Here are some facts the new weekly pub the Eternal City of "patron saint" of secularists: "Bruno's writing of clearness the kind cleared—in turn partisans, skeptical the faction; his mo loved freedom of th he pronounced ot differed from his wa worthy of persecuti less, to be bears or serpents. of tyranny that h language to expres miserable Henry I Elizabeth of Engl "A nymph of heaven Amphitruo, a div worthy to rule no other worlds." Hi so foul and revoltin far quoting; his masses, or the 'pro a long string of ab he exhorts the no "to crush those p peasants." His co so rocks with filth would not be tolerat ence in any Englis

"The simple fact Ave Maria, in th Bruno, erected in l ing but a symbol o of the Papacy a land the apostate century as a m thought is to work his life, his avoc he may be thought

night, out she'll go on the road the mink's great the shrill.

THE ROMAN PARSON.

People often wondered how Greaser became a Catholic.

"I'll say nothin' to no wan," replied his son. "But out she'll go; and may the devil fly away wid her an' all belongin' to her."

It was in the Wild West, where six-shooters are commoner than fountain-pens, and their use far better understood.

"There's more ways of breakin' an' catchin' than by shakin'," said his father, "You can't do what you say you'll do, but which," he added, determinedly, "you won't do without tellin' what you know."

Tough as he was towards outsiders and rivals, Jim was a faithful "parner" to his friends and his domestic life was above reproach.

"Dhrop that, I say," said the old man, "or maybe only wan of us 'ud see your mother to-night."

Whatever expectation of relenting Jim's moment of rough courtesy had raised, had now to be put aside and with a rapid silent prayer the priest braced himself for the encounter.

"I tell you 'twill be known before a week's out; for there never yet was dug a grave that could keep a secret deep enough from them we know."

"I see you mean to shoot, Jim Pranty, but if you are not a coward you will listen to what I say first."

"The sayret is in God's keepin' and yours," said his father. "And He won't tell it."

"I ain't afraid of your tongue; you can jaw if you like; you'll not jaw me off my point."

"There was a long silence between father and son, for now the day was breaking beyond the hills; and very soon the sun would be peeping above the dark shoulder of Kookekraura."

"No. But I tell you you won't be able to do it. You loved that little woman in there; you will go on loving her; as long as you live you will never be able to forget that I was God's messenger to her in her last moments."

"I'm glad to see you, Jim Pranty, but if you are not a coward you will listen to what I say first."

"I don't know what you mean. It is enough for me that I am summoned. No priest refuses a sick-call. But I didn't know her illness was a dangerous one."

"I'm glad to see you, Jim Pranty, but if you are not a coward you will listen to what I say first."

"You can't shoot me like a dog." "Well Jim, her dying or not is in God's hands. But you can't shoot me like a dog."

"I'm glad to see you, Jim Pranty, but if you are not a coward you will listen to what I say first."

"Why can't I?" "Because I'm not a dog. If there is any shooting you'll have to shoot me like a man, and don't you forget that."

"I'm glad to see you, Jim Pranty, but if you are not a coward you will listen to what I say first."

"You'll come then?" "Come? With a heart and hall."

"I'm glad to see you, Jim Pranty, but if you are not a coward you will listen to what I say first."

"Remember I never go back on my word."

"I'm glad to see you, Jim Pranty, but if you are not a coward you will listen to what I say first."

"Never mind that. By the way, have you had any one to help you nurse her?"

"I'm glad to see you, Jim Pranty, but if you are not a coward you will listen to what I say first."

"Good man. Well, just bustle around and freshen up the room a bit and make the little woman look as nice as you can. You know even a dying woman takes account of such little things. I'll be there five minutes after you."

"I'm glad to see you, Jim Pranty, but if you are not a coward you will listen to what I say first."

"Gosh! you're a cool hand. But I never go back on my word."

"I'm glad to see you, Jim Pranty, but if you are not a coward you will listen to what I say first."

A few minutes later Father Amblesford with holy oils and Viaticum, crossed the Pranty threshold.

"I'm glad to see you, Jim Pranty, but if you are not a coward you will listen to what I say first."

Meanwhile the alarm had been raised. The first couple of shots had been explained as just Greaser keeping his eye in with a bit of practice.

"I'm glad to see you, Jim Pranty, but if you are not a coward you will listen to what I say first."

When the "boys" saw the blood on Father Amblesford's face and his left arm hanging helpless, there was an ugly threat in the cry, "He's been trying to kill the priest."

"I'm glad to see you, Jim Pranty, but if you are not a coward you will listen to what I say first."

At last the poor energies quite failed; even a whisper became impossible, and a last glance at the head sank wearily back to the priest that his turn had come again.

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you can. I'll watch and do for you all that the Church can give."

Father Amblesford's face and his left arm hanging helpless, there was an ugly threat in the cry, "He's been trying to kill the priest."

THE CASE OF DR. CRAPSEY. It is hard to determine the exact status of the Mr. Shepherd, who is acting as counsel for Dr. (Rev.) Algon Crapsey, in his appeal to the ecclesiastical court from the ruling which convicted him of heresy.

Best for Baby. To keep baby's skin soft, and pink, and healthy—all you need is "Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap.

So he flung open the door and beckoned Jim in. The latter saw at once the fruits of peace of soul, by a light in the eyes, that had not been there since the days of their courting.

The doctor took Father Amblesford to his surgery for an comfortable treatment, and the sheriff lingered long enough to say, "Greaser, you're well out of this. The hand that put those three bullets in that neat little row could just as easily have put them in your brain."

Following is part of Mr. Shepherd's argument, which shows with clearness of a remarkable degree, how inconsistent must become the religious belief of a man who casts loose from the moorings of Faith.

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CARDINALS PLEADED FOR "CHIC"

WHY THE WORD WAS ADMITTED INTO THE DICTIONARY OF THE FRENCH.

The reception of Cardinal Mathieu, on Feb. 8, by the Academie Francaise led M. Jules Claretie to write in Le Temps a few reminiscences of Cardinal Perraud, whose seat among the immortals has fallen to Cardinal Mathieu.

Cardinal Perraud was thin, ascetic looking and, as his successor said in the oration he made last week, like a saint of the thirteenth century. One of those often seen on a stained glass window.

"I don't believe I ever saw him smile," M. Claretie writes, "It so happened that he often arrived at a meeting of the academy when the members were at work on the dictionary, and late would have it that at that moment on many occasions certain words no longer used in society, but often met with in Moliere were under discussion.

"But it did not trouble the Cardinal he didn't seem even to hear. He was not heedless, but 'remote.' "One day he had reached the letter C, and the word 'chic' was being discussed.

"It's slang," said some. "Look it up in Littré," said others. "You'll see that as a familiar term it has been in use a long time."

"It means," said a learned member, "a man who understands chicness."

"It's an artist's word. A picture may have chic."

"It comes from the German schick."

"Or rather, the Spanish chico."

"So the discussion raged, until the point had almost been reached of treating it as a word of the boulevards and leaving it to slang dictionaries, when Cardinal Perraud broke in: 'Allow me a word.'

"And with much humor and fancy quite unexpected he defended the word whose fate had almost been settled.

"Let me tell you why," he said. "When the centenary of the Normal School was being celebrated the pupils composed a little play for which they built a theatre. It so happened that I found myself obliged to cross the stage to get to my seat.

"When the scholars saw one who had been one of themselves and had become a Cardinal making his appearance on the boards, although only for a moment and by chance, their astonishment was great. Then they clapped their hands and began calling out 'Chic! Chic! Chic!' and I'm sure that a word current in the Normal School has a right to be quoted by the Academie Francaise."

"Thanks to this little speech, the word took its place in the dictionary."

"It was the only time," adds M. Claretie, "that the Cardinal ever threw off his seriousness."

A New Orleans woman was thin. Because she did not extract sufficient nourishment from her food. She took Scott's Emulsion. Result: She gained a pound a day in weight.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

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The Catholic Record

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Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Oshawa, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey :

Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, DONATOS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.

Mr. Thomas Coffey :

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.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, J. D. FALCON, Arch. of Loretta, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APR. 27, 1907.

ALCOHOLISM.

The stand which medical science takes with regard to alcohol is a scandal. Scarcely ever is the subject discussed without the most contradictory opinions being advocated, first on one side and then on the other.

Not only does medicine owe it to itself, as a science, to come to a more definite and unanimous conclusion concerning the use and dangers of alcohol, it owes it to society, of which, physically, it is the guardian.

may point to one cause or nervous condition: but morality and religion will powerfully plead with all classes to drive the demon from the hearts he has only too successfully corrupted.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

The second question which our correspondent sent us, refers to the baptism of Christ by St. John. He asks: "Why should Jesus, the Messiah, be baptized by St. John?"

The account given by St. Matthew is as follows: "Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John to be baptized of him. But John forbade Him, saying, 'I have need of Thee, and comest Thou to me?'"

St. Jerome gives three reasons why Christ wished to be baptized by John. That because He was born a man, He might fulfil all the righteousness and humility of the law.

St. Augustine and others, assert that Christ by His baptism sanctified all water, and by His corporeal contact with it, ended it with regenerating power, since by this very act Christ designed water for the sanctification of men by washing them in the sacrament of baptism.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

A lengthy mandament was read in the churches of the Archdiocese of Quebec from Archbishop Begin on Sunday, 14th instant, in regard to the formation of two new and important organizations, one L'Action Sociale Catholique, and in particular L'Oeuvre de la Presse.

MEDIATE AND IMMEDIATE OPERATION.

When the Rev. Mr. Mackay, to whose views on confession we made reference lately, announced positively that he did not believe in an institution which stood between God and man he was merely reasserting his belief in Calvinism.

Then not only is there no need of a Church, there was no need of the Incarnation. If we can be, and are, immediately, directly regenerated by the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity in His divine nature, what valid reason can be given why the Word was made Flesh?

This interjected remark called for a strong protest from the member for L'Islet, in the name of his fellow French Canadians and his co-religionists throughout the whole country.

Mr. W. Roche. What profession did the French speaking immigrants follow? Mr. A. Lavergne. I think most of them were farm laborers.

Mr. Sam. Hughes. Clergymen who were driven out of France by order of the French Government!

Mr. A. Lavergne. I hope we will get more of them because they are the very best class of immigrants we can have in this country.

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clear the way for modern rationalism which has emptied their churches and stripped them of what little supernatural character they ever had.

A GRATUITOUS INSULT.

An episode occurred the other day in the Parliament at Ottawa, which will not be quickly forgotten by the principal actor, Col. Sam. Hughes.

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broad lands of Canada, such men as Colonel Hughes should be controlled or treated with perfect contempt. However, it is just as well that he should understand that his coarse remark will never be allowed to go unchallenged by true lovers of their country, whatever may be their ancestral origin, their religious creed or their political opinion.

THE MEMBER FOR NICOLET.

One of the ablest debaters in the Canadian Parliament is Mr. Charles R. Devlin, member for Nicolet. Indeed his record as a speaker extends beyond the Dominion. As a member for Galway in the Imperial House he established a reputation which placed him in the front rank as a public speaker.

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forests, and of our autumn woods, breathe through his poetry, and proclaim, better than any avowal of his, how much he loved the land of his adoption.

The predominant characteristic of his poetry is its simplicity and naivete. There is no attempt at the sublime, no grand metaphors, no brilliant flights of fancy. On the other hand, there is no straining after effect, no far-fetched sentiment, no vague nuances of thought that perplex the reader.

His subjects, too, are in keeping with his style. He writes not of kings and princes, but of the simple country people, who are the nearest to nature's heart, and the best exponents of a nation's traditions.

Canada, indeed, owes a debt of gratitude to the memory of the man who in his own charming style revealed to us the wealth of homely virtues, true poetic sentiment and keen appreciation of the beautiful, whether in nature or in art.

THE CHURCH IN TORONTO. The dedication of the new St. Peter's church marks the advancement of religion under the zealous care of its pastor, the Rev. Father L. Minehan.

A GREAT LOSS. The death of Dr. Drummond is a loss, not only to Canadian literature, but to Canadian manhood. He was a poet; and more than a poet. He was one of nature's gentlemen. Kind, and as approachable as a child, he was never so much at home as in the company of children or the simple country folk.

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our autumn woods, his poetry, and his...

by birth, there is no oh of his humor and nature, and sympathy...

ing, the blackbird's note, in the hawthorn hedge, the blue jay's shrill cry, the chick in the nest.

most characteristic of simplicity and naïveté. It is the simple, the direct, the unadorned, the unadorned, the unadorned.

He writes not of kings or of the simple country of the nearest to nature's best exponents of a...

ons. He was thorough in the history, the popular religious sentiments, of the habitant. With a hand he has painted him...

le yet intelligent, realistic, fond of his home with a heart full of native affection of the old time of long...

described him to us in of his life. "The little h the double joint in his daring lumberman with fleecé" and "bottes an andian-errant, the voyal-to-do farmer, proud of marriageable daughters, the old habitant sitting...

ey corner, smoking his smoking of the days of his wood. ned, owes a debt of grati- from the man who in...

ing style revealed to us of homey virtues, true and keen appreciation and when in nature at is enshrined in these ashed cottages on the...

St. Lawrence. To all a, either personally or seems, his untimely death a personal loss. Though he, numbered among his friends many of that Church, who...

his many noble qualities heart, and honored him in his most reverent manner always wrote of the faith in religious customs that were...

God rest his noble Canada ever keep green the him, whose writings made appreciation of the charac- Canadian fellow-citizens human nature, after all, our own—and for a more...

between the two races ned to live and prosper, in this fair land of ours the flag and the same laws. F. O'S.

CHURCH IN TORONTO.

ation of the new St. marks the advancement of the zealous care of its Rev. Father L. Minehan, that if the number of...

not increase in propor- are increasing. What is their credit and that of chief pastor, is that more and more of new churches gives the spiritual wants of the...

the Peter's is the second new His Grace Archbishop dedicated since this year more are in contempla- the North-East of the city in the North West. In Toronto there are sixteen St. Peter's parish was the...

of four parishes. Up to of dedication, April 11th, aid in the frame building, earlier years served as a during the week and a Sunday. Then a fine com- was built and the old...

APRIL 27 1907. Vespers the celebrant was the pastor, Rev. Father Minehan. The Very Rev. Father J. J. McCann, V. G., preached on the text: "Thou art Christ the Son of the living God."

THE DANGERS OF YELLOW LITERATURE.

The London Advertiser of the 15th contained the following synopsis of a sermon delivered on the previous day by Rev. Father Tobin, of St. Mary's church. We hope every parent who reads his words will give them the most serious thought. In this, our day, much of the literature coming from the printing press is of the most vicious character, produced because there is a market for it. It is high time the commodity were given an unmarketable value. All who love religion, country and home should keep this literary small-pox out of the hands of their children, and parents should show them a good example by denying it entry to the household.

Rev. Father Tobin, assistant rector of St. Mary's church, in his sermon yesterday morning said, that while there are many classes of literature which should be debarrd from the home, the worst and most insidious that pastors and parents have to guard against is the so-called funny page of the Sunday paper.

The Government of Canada had realized this, and had passed a law which practically shuts out of Canada the cheap and demoralizing Sunday paper, which ruins the respect of children for their parents, and blights all attempts at the exercise of parental authority.

Unfortunately, some Canadian papers have seen fit to attempt to undo the good effects of this law of Canada and have begun to supply their readers with yellow and so-called funny pages which all thinking people agree are a curse to the home and the children.

Catering especially as they do to the young, such pictures do incalculable harm by teaching the children disrespect for parental authority. This is the first downward step of the child. Once the father and mother become no guide to the child, the rest is easy.

"Some of the illustrations in these funny sheets are positively indecent," Father Tobin said, "and not infrequently the pictures are accompanied with reading matter the tenor of which is absolutely opposed to the most sacred doctrine of Christianity."

Father Tobin then read an extract from a daily paper, in which the people were advised to do their own thinking, and to not allow the Church or anyone else to think for them. This is the teaching of the free thinker, and a very dangerous doctrine for the people to follow, he said. He also read another extract from the same paper which he declared to be a sample of rank infidelity and atheism.

"It is the duty of parents, who are held responsible by God for the guidance of their children to see that such a paper as this is not allowed to enter the home," Father Tobin continued. "And if parents are so neglectful as to allow the demoralizing Sunday papers and funny sheets to get into the home, it is the duty of the children to refuse to read them. Such literature is an insult to the Christian faith."

In conclusion, Father Tobin advised his hearers to read good books—first the New Testament, which should be read by all; then good Christian works, and finally, good, wholesome books for amusement.

A NEW IDIOCY.

The Toronto Star is authority for the statement that a Protestant Secret Society, somewhat on the lines of the defunct P. P. A., of unhallowed memory, is about to be formed in Toronto. We are told that "only Protestants of the staunchest type are admitted into membership. It will be a political organization, giving allegiance to no political party, and will endorse and support only those who approve of the Protestant succession."

Furthermore we are told that "several public men in high position in Toronto have allied themselves with the organization, and are among its most energetic workers, one public man being authority for the statement, that the society will have 10,000 members inside of a year, and will wield a powerful influence at the next Provincial and Federal elections."

The purpose which inspired the organization of the new society has only been hinted, but it is said that "the appointments to office made by the Whitney Government have not satisfied those who are at the back of the new movement. It is claimed that the completion of the Ontario Cabinet is too unreservedly Roman Catholic, and that too much consideration is being given to those of that religious faith by the present Conservative administration."

The existence of the P. P. A. gave our non-Catholic friends in Ontario such an experience that we were inclined to the belief that such another enterprise would not be put on the market by the political mediocrities for at least a generation. If this new anti-Catholic and anti-Canadian cabal is given life, we would strongly advise the rank and file to profit by the experience of those who were members of the P. P. A., and see to it that their contributions are placed in a very strong safe, and that an able-bodied bull dog be chained thereon.

THE LATE DR. DRUMMOND.

We have much pleasure in reproducing the following gem from the pen of Dr. Fischer, on the death of the late Dr. Drummond, the poet of the habitant:

THE POET OF THE HABITANT. (Dr. William Henry Drummond, died April 6, 1907.) The singer's voice is hushed forevermore. Glad, bird-like voice that sang of humble things. Of birds and flowers and children—whisperings of life that stole through Quebec's open door. His strong, clear voice grew louder more and more.

Whole nations loved him. The bright golden strings Of his sweet lute now wait his touch, while kings Of thought and turn his living pages o'er His was the poet's soul, which in the morn That moves across Lac Grenier's bosom wide: He sings of home and hope and that strong tide.

Of lasting love which should men's hearts adorn. In his song garden, God should his side, No wonder then his rose had no thorn. WATERLOO, ONT. DR. WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

LAST WEEK we made reference to the great success of Miss Gibbs, as a vocal artist, in London, England. We omitted to state that part of this young lady's musical education was obtained at the Rideau street convent, Ottawa. Her mother had also received her musical education at the same institution.

A MOMENT OF GRACE.

The first snow had just fallen in a town of Scotland, an event that somehow gladdens the heart of young and old. Especially are the street urchins elated when the first snow comes. Boys are ever boys and they will throw snow balls.

Thus it happened in this Scotch town. A Catholic priest crossed the market place on his way to a sick person. When the boys noticed the priest they chose him as a target, continuing their morning's sport. Snow balls came from all sides, descending on the bowed head of the priest, who was in the midst of his prayer. He passed on quietly as though oblivious of what was going on around him. A storekeeper—an infidel and priest-hater accidentally witnessed the whole affair.

Months passed and the priest had forgotten that winter morning. Again, one spring day, the same priest hastened across the commons to visit a Catholic servant girl to whom he was called because she was very sick. The priest stepped into a store and respectfully asked of the aged proprietor: "Sir, can you tell me if a servant girl in your house attends the Catholic Church?"

"What do you wish of her?" inquired the man. "Have to speak to her," replied the priest, "I heard she is very sick and wishes to receive the Holy Sacraments." "The girl does not live in my house, said the storekeeper, "but you are the very man I wish to see: take a seat, for I have something important to say to you."

"I am at your service," the Father answered and both withdrew to the room adjoining the store. "Do you remember last winter, reverend sir, when a lot of snow balls was thrown at you by mischievous boys?" "Yes; I have an indistinct recollection of the sport the lads had at my expense, though indeed I had forgotten all about that occurrence."

"Not I," rejoined the storekeeper. "That occurrence lingers in my mind yet, for it made me think: 'What might be the reason that men are persecuted simply because they happen to be Catholic priests, while no one bothers about our ministers? What is it that gives the persecuted ones that wonderful calmness under provocation severe enough to make other men not only lose their temper, but commit reprisals? In a few words, the result of this trifling occurrence was, that I made inquiries about the Roman Church and her priests. I bought Catholic books and began to study them. I prayed for light and am ready now to become a Catholic myself. Will you accept me Father? and give me instructions. I long to be made a member of that Church which has been persecuted ever since its establishment and flourishes in spite of all persecutions!'"

The good priest was overjoyed and began his instructions there and then. The merchant was a very apt pupil and had the happiness to be received into the Church by the man, who he had seen ridiculed for his Divine Master's sake. God's ways are wonderful. Here the mischief of children who knew not what they did, and the noble mind of the object of their pranks, brought to the bosom of Mother Church an acceptable son.—The Christian Family, by a Narrator.

METHODIST TRIBUTE TO THE LITTLE SISTERS.

The Central Catholic of Winnipeg, Manitoba reproduces from a daily paper of that city an item relative to a sermon recently delivered there by the Rev. S. P. Rose, a Methodist preacher, who was formerly in Montreal. Dr. Rose's theme was self-sacrifice, and after citing a case of self-sacrifice as shown by one who died for his country, he passed on to the grander example of those heroes and heroines who were never heard of but who lived for their country, laying down their lives daily and in this connection he spoke of the Sisters of Mercy who has entreated to be sent to the leper colony. This was a living death beside which death on the battle field was easy. Then came this tribute to the Sister: "Criticize the priests of Rome if you will, object to the doctrines of that Church as you have a perfect right to do, but let no man in my presence say aught against the Sisters of that Church. The Sisters of the Poor in Montreal are doing more work and better work for the relief of the poor and distressed in that city than any other organization."

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

SERMON BY ARCHBISHOP GLENNON. The Bible, the dignity and meaning of its eternal truths and its significance and place in Christianity was yesterday discussed by Archbishop Glennon in his sermon at the New Cathedral Chapel. He said, in part:

"I speak to you to-day concerning the book I hold in my hands; from which I have read the gospel, appropriate to the Sunday; a book dear to the Catholic heart, the most wonderful book in the world—I mean the Holy Scriptures. I have not time to tell you how many editions it has gone through; how many languages it has been printed in, how many storms it has been the innocent cause of, how many creeds have been extracted out of it, or how many calumnies have been uttered in its name."

"I feel the greatest literary production in the world, there has in turn arisen the most voluminous literature dedicated to its criticism, history and explanation. Its subject matter ranges all the way from earth to heaven, from divinity's highest concept to humanity's lowest condition. It covers the vast field of duty, destiny, faith and hope; it sweeps the ages from the first evidences of recorded time, until that latest day where St. John, in apocalyptic vision, sees that time shall be no more."

"Some regard it as a poorly constructed collection of myths; others have made it the only and absolute rule of their faith—the only thing left on earth to bind them to their God. Where would we place it? My brethren, in answer I would direct your attention to the words of the gospel I have just read for you. St. John says, (chapter xx, verses 20-31): 'Many other signs also did Jesus in the sight of His disciples that are not recorded in this book. But these are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the son of the living God; in other words, St. John's special purpose appears to be to prove the divinity of Christ.'

"So, then, in these matters, we place Christ, the Teacher, first and after Him the apostles, John and the others, who were the pupils, the witnesses and, in turn, the teachers. 'And then, thirdly, these same apostles, John and the others, substantiating particular tenets of the Christian revelation and facts of our blessed Lord's life, by writing those books and letters that go to make up the New Testament.'

"Now, the Church, already established by Christ, gradually gathered together these precious documents, set to seal of her approval on them and established what is called their canon. But this work was slow, and it was not completed for three hundred years after the death of our blessed Lord."

"Thus you can see, my brethren, apart from the physical and logical impossibility of a book ever becoming a court of appeal, and at the same time a safe guide and leader for men on their way to God, how, for three hundred years at least, (the canon of Scripture not being in existence) it could not possibly be the guide for the people of those centuries, the norm of their faith or the law of their spiritual life."

"I know that exception may be taken to such a supposed minimizing of the Holy Scriptures, placing it, as it were, in a second place, and making it suffer while we would exalt the Church; but, my friends, that is not my purpose. I only want you to have correct views in regard to these sacred volumes, how they originated and how they are to be placed, as history, right reason and sane religion would place them. No purpose have I of minimizing, for when we understand the close association between the Church and the Scriptures we will readily understand that no invidious distinction or comparison can be made between them. It is the Church's earliest leaders and holiest men who wrote them; it was under the Church's fostering care that these books were gathered together; it was in the blood of her devoted children that the Church reproduced them. When other manuscripts were lost, through time's decay or the seizure by the invader, the Church's loyal sons, monks and hermits in their convents, stood guard over the precious treasure, ready to give in its defense their hearts' blood, while others within the cloister wore their lives away that verse after verse might be set in more splendid illumination."

"And that which the Church, through all these centuries, has so faithfully guarded, which she has woven into her theology, set in her liturgy, read into the hearts of her people, which her priesthood recounts in their sevenfold daily prayer and her people with every chiming bell and every passing hour, has still for her beholding, her seal of approval on the holy book and her earnest wish that all her people should take it to their hearts, as the Church has taken it to hers."

"Nor is it because of its mere historical or literary excellence that the Church would commend it. Though all indices of music have been set in its adorning, and all true poetry found in it a standard; though the orator may seek there an inspiration, the teacher a guide, the literature a master, and the saint a benediction, yet it is not for these things the Church would specially commend it; but primarily and above all, because it is the inspired word of God. Heron lies for us the great value of the sacred Scriptures, that, though the writers of the various books were human, yet what they have written is in some manner guided and guarded, so that it expresses the truth, and the truths expressed are before us with the seal of the divinity."

"I have the scholars and the doctors the professors and the preachers are to-day very much wrought up about these questions. From the exaltation of worship they have fallen, many of them, to the pitiful conditions of carrying articles, so that that which was their idol has now become their victim. But, in spite of these deplorable con-

ditions, and perhaps also because of them, the duty becomes more pressing on us to rally to the support of the Holy Scriptures, and to proclaim, with the faith of those who first read them, that they are indeed the good tidings, the gospel of truth, coming from the Lord our God."—Western Watchman.

THE HOLY SEE AND CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY.

Few questions, writes Lucien Ronce in Etudes Franciscaines (Paris), have so much divided Catholics in France, Belgium and Italy during the past few years as that spoken of as Christian Democracy. Many and fierce have been the polemics that have raged round the signification and the application of the expression in its barest form, some objectors finding it impossible to discern any difference between Christian Democracy and "Christian Socialism," the former, it is alleged, being equivo- cal and dangerous. Are we, then, on account of accidental meanings with which the expression may be clothed to condemn and discard the term? According to the advice of the late Pope, we may accept it, providing we refrain from clothing it with any political signification. A study of the meaning of the term Christian Democracy is of first importance. It was invented at the last Congress of Malines where the term "Catholic Democracy" was also heard for the first time. A little later, French publicists began to use the term, and about the same period Italy became familiar with the expression. In its etymological and traditional sense, Democracy means government by the people, as Monarchy signifies government by one, and Oligarchy government by several. Pope Leo XIII described Christian Democracy as "a democracy devoid of all political sense, and meaning only organized Christian benevolence in favor of the people."

In Belgium and in Italy, nevertheless, it was found almost impossible to dissociate the idea Christian from the idea political, in as much as certain Christian democrats included social reforms in their Christian Democracy. In France there arose a party which claimed to see in Christian Democracy, as they understood and accepted the term, a Christian doctrine more in sympathy with a republican form of government than any other, holding that the establishment of popular government was the natural aim of the Gospel of Christ. Nothing, he it here said, in the history of the Church, nor any change in its teachings, has ever given cause for such an idea. According to the teaching of the Church at all times, all government to be in accordance with the true Christian idea, must be exercised, not in favor of the governors, but in favor of the governed. So long as States accomplish this, the Church is indifferent as to what constitutions they may be endowed with. It is for time and circumstances to decide.

In keeping out of its programme the levelling of social conditions, the abolition of private property, Christian Democracy takes its place at the pole opposite to Socialism. As the late Pope expressed it, says Ronce: "The Socialists will have it that power belongs to what is known as the working classes alone; that equality of fortunes can only be brought about by the levelling of fortunes; that the right to own property be abolished, and that the instruments of production and all kind of patrimony become common property. Christian Democracy is founded, on the contrary, on the principles of true justice. It will permit no attack upon private property, nor upon the right to possess and to acquire. It will retain the hierarchy of the classes, and consequently, there is nothing in common between it and Social Democracy. And in order to indicate the nature of Christian Democracy, His Holiness takes care of its functions."

Here, for example, are some of these suggested functions: Credit banks for rural districts; employment bureaus and benevolent organizations; professional and labor unions; schools of practical agriculture; Catholic co-operative banks; promotion of emigration; insurance against accidents and old age. These functions are to be considered as under the surveillance, not only of the laity, but also of the clergy, although "in order not to incur canonical difficulties or civil responsibilities which are unbecoming to the clerical state, the placing of priests at the head of institutions is to be avoided."

Nevertheless, it is not to be supposed that the clergy of a country which should confine its zeal to the administration of the sacraments, to religious teaching, or to works of devotion, would be doing for the people all that might well be expected of it. The clergy has no right to withhold its interest from those matters which concern the well-being of the people. That the French clergy have abstained from mixing with the people during the past quarter of a century in France, and that a consequent lack of sympathy between priest and parishioner has arisen are facts which will not admit of controversy. Unity of action among all those who are interested, and no Catholic worthy of the name can withhold his interest, is the first paramount need. A hierarchic co-ordination of the whole social life of Catholics, with full autonomy and liberty is the great essential. This cannot be accomplished without an authoritative press, as the lamentable crisis in France at the present time, clearly shows us. And before our publicists shall be allowed to teach and guide the community, it is essential that a ripe experience be theirs. Ardor and enthusiasm without experience are apt to overlap themselves; and the over confidence of young men has great dangers not only for themselves, but for those they pretend to instruct. Age must co-operate with the young, the expert with the untied, in order that the best results may be obtained from the fusion of maturity and enthusiastic youth.—N.Y. Freeman's Journal.

WHAT WOULD LEO XIII. HAVE DONE?

On every side we hear the people saying: "Had Leo XIII. lived this French trouble would have been prevented." Not a few Catholics are half convinced that it is so. But that is an illusion originating in lack of knowledge. Pius X. did not provoke this fight. It was raging long before he mounted the Pontifical throne. As far back as 1880, Waldeck-Rousseau framed a law which made it penal offense to be a member of a Religious Congregation, and only the troubles arising from Gambetta's death, Boulangism, the Wilson decorations, the Panama scandals and the like prevented its enforcement. On April 2nd of the same year, Clemenceau unrolled the entire plan to the Grand Orient, saying: "If, after the suppression and dispersal of the Religious Congregations, the abrogation of the Concordat, and the general secularizing of the schools and other public institutions, the Catholic preserve any influence in the country, it will be easy to extirpate them entirely in the name of the common law by rendering the services of religion impossible, by the application of some article or other contained in the Penal Code. Therefore, whilst merely asking for the separation of the Church from the State—an excellent formula, since it can be so agreeably presented to the people—the Republican party must in reality pursue its ultimate object, that of suppressing the Church in the State."

This programme of twenty-six years ago has been carried out to the letter, and Leo noted every step in its destructive development. It was while he was still living, that Waldeck-Rousseau resuscitated his malignant law of 1880 in his declaration of November 14, 1899, that if he could suppress the Congregations he could secure a billion francs for workmen's pensions. He passed the law and then hurried it into the Chamber, who hurried it on without the slightest regard to justice or even decency. Leo XIII. saw all that. He knew, as Viviani has declared in the Chambers, that it was only one of the steps in the plan which they proposed to carry out to the bitter end, jusqu'au bout. The aged Pontiff witnessed all this ruin which he had vainly endeavored to avert by every conceivable concession, even imposing on French Catholics the severest possible test of their loyalty to the Holy See. He saw that all his indulgence, all his kindness, all his concessions had been absolutely futile, and it is thought that the calamity which he had utterly failed to prevent hastened his end. This heritage of woe he handed down to his successor.

It is idle to say that the diplomatic tact of Leo XIII. would have prevented the crash. Leo XIII. would have resented the visit of President Loubet, or he would have renounced the principle upon which his quarter of a century of seclusion in the Vatican was based. He exacted a diplomatic courtesy of which Pius X. has never dreamed, and, indeed, is almost incapable of. Leo XIII. would have demanded the resignation of one or two unhappy Bishops who were used as instruments by the French Government to precipitate the crisis, or he would have proclaimed himself a partisan of vice and rebellion. He could not have accepted a radical alteration in the constitution of the Church or promote schism in abolishing the dependence of priests and Bishops on the Pope, especially as what was conceded to France would have been demanded elsewhere; he could not possibly have approved of a measure which every man who has any regard to the rights of property must pronounce to be spoliation; he could not have assented to what had long been openly proclaimed by its abettors to be the extinction of all religion in France; nor could he have

COULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

The following questions were dropped into the question box at a mission to non-Catholics in Virginia: Don't the conscience of priests always condemn them for teaching what Christ disapproves or have they smothered their conscience, by committing themselves to priests? Don't the devil sometimes get priests off the earth before they die? Or do you yet know?

Do you claim that all Catholic people will go to heaven? Do you also teach that no other than the Catholic will go to heaven? Christ says I will build My Church and that it will stand as steadfast today as ever. We are waiting for Christ's second coming for His Church to be established, and of Christians, but not of Catholics. What are you expecting?

Has the priest any more power to forgive sins than any other man (or person)? You priests claim that you can answer any question scripturally and prove it by the Bible itself; if so, why then are not the members of the Church allowed to read the Bible? Why (if you Catholics are right) don't you priests and church members go out among the Protestants, even into their churches, and teach them? Why haven't priests got the suitable hours in plain view of their people?

These questions bear the undoubted stamp of sincerity. They have been all asked in good faith. While they bear just a little tinge of acrimony, which the missionary is quite accustomed to, and wisely ignores, still 90 per cent. of the questions is a strong desire to know.

The question next to the last has the most wisdom in it. Why, if you Catholics are right, don't you priests and church members go out among Protestants, even into their churches, and teach them? Some one who knows the people of this country well recently said that "there are a hundred thousand people who are knocking at the Church door for entrance. They only need the helping hand of the sympathetic priest to lead them to the altar."—Church Progress.

IRELAND AND FRANCE.

"These protests against the persecution of the Catholics in France did not miscarry—Rome at least," says the Catholic Transcript. "The Vatican shows its appreciation of them by publishing the documents in book form. The volume will give evidence of the feelings entertained by English-speaking Catholics respecting the action of the French Government. Only the other day the faithful of Dublin, assembled in Phoenix Park, had something to say about the closing of the Irish College in Paris. Rome sets a high value on these expressions of sympathy coming from a people who have tasted the bitter chalice of persecution. O'Connell told Montalembert that the French and the Irish were 'first cousins by blood and brother by the adoption of battle.' But that was when France retained something of the splendor of the ancient faith. There are few Montalemberts to be found in the France of the twentieth century. The Liberator's faith still lives, vigorous and militant, among his countrymen. Witness the demonstration made by the Catholics of Dublin."—Sacred Heart Review.

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Safest Medicine for Women's Complaints

Women certainly do neglect themselves. They work too hard—over-tax their strength—and then wonder why they suffer with diseases peculiar to their sex. Most cases of female trouble start when the bowels become inactive—the kidneys strained—and the skin not cared for. Poisons, which should leave the system by these organs, are taken up by the blood and inflame the delicate female organs.

Fruit-a-lives

(FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.) REMOVE THE CAUSE OF these diseases. "Fruit-a-lives" sweeten the stomach—make the bowels move regularly every day—strengthen the kidneys—improve the action of the skin—and thus purify the blood. "Fruit-a-lives" take away those distressing headaches, backaches and bearing-down pains, and women well as strong. "Fruit-a-lives" are fruit juices, intermingled with some of the most potent purgatives. At all drug stores. One box—6 for \$1.00. At all druggists—or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, N.Y.

assented to the final insult which the last phase of the law could have presented to him, of letting his clergy be merely occupiers of their own churches, and dependent on the decree of a minister who may change it to-morrow, and who, while cynically granting this leave, is turning the priests and Bishops out of their homes and sending the seminarians into barracks. All the diplomacy of the world would not have forestalled the execution of a programme which was formulated in 1870, was actively begun in 1879, by Grevy's Ministry, whose eleven members counted four Protestants, five conspicuous Freemasons and two of foreign or schismatic origin, and which is now manipulated in its final stages by a Minister of Worship who says "we must have done with this idea of Christianity," a Minister of Labor who boasts of "having extinguished the light of heaven with a magnificent gesture," and a Prime Minister who, with indecent ribaldry, boasts that he is "a son of the devil." Anyone who fancies that such people can be mollified by concessions is welcome to his opinion.

Pius X. will no doubt be defeated in this battle which is not of his making; which has been deliberately provoked but which would never have been undertaken against a stronger power. Wreck may be piled upon wreck before it is ended; but after the anarchists of France have wrought their own destruction, and perhaps that of their country, the principles of justice and liberty will have to be reasserted, a society established on law and order and not on the passion of the political plunderer who has seized the reins of Government, a regenerated society will have to be organized, and in that rehabilitation the Church will be called to assist.—The Messenger.

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Solitude is the audience chamber of God.—W. S. Lander.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourth Sunday After Easter.

KINDNESS.

"For the anger of man worketh not the justice of God." (St. James i. 20.)

Brothers, these words are an echo of the Wise Man of old. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Turning away wrath, and indeed every other sin, is God's work of justice or righteousness, and man's anger is not fitted to do it. Wrath does not destroy wrath, nor is it calculated to destroy any other evil, unless it be divine. The fear of the wrath of God is good, but the fear of the wrath of man is the mean vice we call human respect. I say this because there are many persons, fathers and mothers of families in particular, who would make souls better by inspiring them with fear—by showing anger.

We know that a kindly manner is a better means of correcting than a harsh one, because it is God's way. God employs fear in converting sinners, to be sure, but not so much as love; nor does His fear hold out so well as His love when there is question of perseverance, and, finally, as love on our part is necessary to forgiveness, so God's love is the supreme and essential instrument in saving sinners' souls.

You may object that God punishes sinners in hell, and that, certainly, is the prison of the divine wrath. True. But more men are saved from hell by the loving patience of God than by the terrors of His justice. Take an example from our Lord: throughout the whole course of His life He showed anger only towards those who themselves lacked kindness. The Pharisees, hypocrites as they were, were lashed by our Lord, because they were hard, pitiless and censorious. The rich glutton, Dives, is buried in hell because he shut his heart against the dying beggar at his door. But the harlot Magdalen is converted and saved by our Saviour's kind looks and encouraging words. Even Judas himself would have had full pardon if he had not neglected the patient, gentle reproach of the most loving of Masters. Our Lord's way with sinners is the best. He may have said severe things to sinners, but before He dismissed them He gave them honey to eat, to take off the bitter taste of His reproaches.

But it is not enough to say that "the anger of man worketh not the justice of God," it worketh the malice of Satan and of hell. "Provoke not your children to wrath," says the Apostle. Angry words make men angry, and instead of producing virtue breed vice. I know of hardly anything more miserable than the fate of a boy or girl doomed to grow up in the home of a scolding mother or a bad-tempered father. Children fed on unwholesome food have defective digestion; that is to say, bad food in early life hinders the good effect of good food in later life. So with the human soul; as bad food makes a weak stomach, in like manner scolding and threatening and quarrelling make a weak character—timid and sly and hypocritical, or just as bad—violent, abusive, profane.

We sometimes hear a scolding parent say of wayward children, "They make me curse." Take care; if they make you curse now it is your own fault, and the chances are that they will make you burn hereafter.

In conclusion, brethren, let us all, whether we exercise authority or live in intercourse with our equals, be kindly in our manner, mild and considerate in our language, patient with others' faults trusting more to persuasion and to affection than to authority, bearing in mind that "the anger of man worketh not the justice of God."

GOOD EXAMPLE SAVES SOULS.

We hear much nowadays of the power of the press. It is immense, no doubt. Great also is the power of the effective speaker and orator. But there is another power that yields incalculable influence in society to-day, and of that we hear very little. It is the power of good example. The press and the orator may become impotent in their utterances, or through other circumstances lose their popularity, and thereby to a large extent their force for good; but the power of good example is ever an unvarying quantity. We read lately of two striking instances, through each of which a conversion resulted. The first relates the story of a Catholic commercial traveler whose saying his beads one night before going to bed was the means of converting a fallen away fellow Catholic. The conclusion of the narrative runs:

"A few months afterward the priest of the village wrote to me about as follows: 'Your Irish friend was genuinely repentant and transformed. He died the other day a holy death.' Fervently did I thank God that He had made me in this case the humble instrument of His boundless mercy, and that my rosary was the means of a soul's salvation. How we should be careful of our conduct. How we should give good example and shun bad company! Good example saves souls; bad example may damn them."

This force of good example is at work when we least expect it. The second instance illustrates this very strikingly. Cardinal Merello, the eminent Swiss prelate who died in 1892, was astonished while leaving the sanctuary of his cathedral late one night at being accosted by a non-Catholic lady who had concealed herself in the office in order, as she informed the prelate, to discover whether he actually believed in the real presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Observing him when he supposed himself to be alone in the church, and seeing the reverence and devotion with which he genuflected and prayed when passing in front of the tabernacle, she was convinced of the genuineness of his faith—and her conversion followed.—Rev. Lewis Drummond, S. J.

God wills that we should imitate His help unceasingly, in order that He may then more generously bestow on us His benefits and help, so that we may be constantly united to Him.

CHURCHLESS CHRISTIANITY.

No one who has kept abreast of the times can have failed to remark the great change that has come over the teeming millions of our country in the matter of religious belief. We were, not many years ago, a reverential, church-going people; at present, the great majority of those who are not Catholics are classed among the "churchless" multitudes. Writers of various shades of belief, misbelief and unbelief, have not failed to notice this fact, and not wishing to brand the people of the United States as altogether irreligious, have sought out different loopholes in their efforts to avoid or evade what would seem to be necessary deduction from conceded premises. "Religion," it is said, "is being more and more differentiated from church-going; our people have ceased in great measure to be church-goers, but religion is as deep as ever in their hearts."

Following on the heels of this statement to the startling and oft-repeated question, "Is Christianity dying in our midst?" the answer is glibly and hesitatingly thrown back, "Dogmatic Christianity, yes; real Christianity, no." Now what are we to think about this churchless, undogmatic Christianity? It cannot be denied that religious questions do arouse a certain amount of interest, and many persons there are who really wish to have near at hand some ready-made opinion on such topics. But as the great mass of our people must toil for a living and have no time to think out their religious holdings for themselves, they turn in many cases to the daily newspapers. Travelers in our fast express trains—flyers they are called—are much interested in our method of filling the water-tank of the locomotive without the inconvenience of stopping the train. By an ingenious device the water alongside the track splashes up the inclined plane into the reservoir. A somewhat similar process, along mental lines, we see going on every day, morning and evening, in the subway. Live men and women are being hurled to their places of business and back; but not wishing to waste time they are anxious to secure a so-called thought-supply for the occasional chat of the morning and the longer talks of the night. Hence they do their best to have a few ideas splashed in upon them from several watery journals. No one, however, will dignify this process by the name of thinking; and yet it is precisely such an unsatisfactory mode of procedure that gives rise to the many superficial views concerning churchless and undogmatic Christianity of which we hear the echoes on all sides of us.

This absence of real thinking also explains how it comes to pass that the moment a man denies some article of Christian belief, he is proclaimed by writers of a certain stripe to be highly intellectual, and how it is continually insinuated that if some of us still hold to the faith once delivered to the saints it is only because our reason has become partially or entirely atrophied. Now we consider it high time to call a halt on all such shallow talk and writing, and to ask the men and women of our day to demand proof of what they hear and read and not to be satisfied with mere assertion. Before forming a serious and thoughtful judgment on the connection between a Church and Christianity, we must have a clear idea of what is meant by Christianity, and of the function which a Church is called upon to fulfil in such an organization. If Christianity is only another name for humanitarianism, as if a Church differs from a lecture hall only by its peculiar style of architecture, then the whole question is easily settled. If men and women frequent their churches only in order to have transferred from pulpit or platform to the occupants of the pews somebody's comments on the passing events of the day, then, indeed, have the churches outlived their destiny and hereafter the great cathedral of nature may well away with all more elaborate and more expansive ecclesiastical edifices that if the Church is the real house of God, if it is the hallowed spot where God's life-giving sacraments are dispensed to His loving children; if it is the school of divine truth where, not man's views, but the unchangeable Word of God, is proclaimed with authority, then indeed Christianity must not be churchless.—Rev. Wm. O'B. Pardow, S. J., in Parish Monthly.

THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

The socialists in Rome have recently made one hundred and sixty-two francs and some centesimi out of a miracle, but it is probable that they now wish they hadn't. Twice a year for a great many years, and down to the present day Naples is stirred to its depths by the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of its Patron, St. Januarius. The miracle takes place under the eyes of thousands; men of science have examined it critically time and again and have always remained puzzled—when they are not Catholics. But a few weeks ago the socialists of Rome announced that they would publicly repeat the miracle. On the appointed day a few hundred persons gathered in their Cass del Popolo. They saw a phial containing some coagulated matter which they were told was blood placed between four lighted candles, and they were told that in a few minutes the thing would liquefy. But even this simple trick was so badly arranged by the organizers, that the liquefaction did not take place until the stage manager, alarmed at the growing impatience of his audience, held the phial over one of the candles and shook it violently several times. Thereupon two Catholic chemists who were present publicly challenged the socialist-miracle-workers to perform the experiment under scientific examination, and agreed to forfeit a thousand francs if it could be shown that the conditions of the real miracle of St. Januarius could be repeated. The socialists accepted, the money was deposited—and then the two organizers of the trick

disappeared without leaving any address. When they turned up again they announced that they could not accept the conditions made by the Catholics and suggested others. The Catholics accepted even these—but the socialists disappeared from public view a second time and now their organ, the *Avanti!* has called the challenge off. The net result of the incident has been to convince many who know nothing of the Miracle of St. Januarius that it must be genuine.—Rome.

A CHANGE OF HEAT.

WHAT REV. MADISON C. PETERS THOUGHT OF NUNS AND CONVENTS TWELVE YEARS AGO AND WHAT HE THINKS NOW

From the Monitor, Newark.

Some few years ago when the editor of the Monitor was conducting a little Catholic magazine, *Good Tidings*, he received the following letter from Rev. Madison C. Peters:

"Coleman House, 'Asbury Park, N. J., Aug. 13, 1894.

"To the Editor *Good Tidings*.

Your article on Convents and Calumnies has been handed to me. Permit me to say that Mr. Couderc made the offer to the *Times* to get me a permit to visit a convent or nunnery at midnight. But I have written to the city editor of the *Times* (perhaps two months ago) and asked 'what has become of Mr. Couderc's offer.' You must surely know that he could not get me such a permit. Yet your papers have published again and again Couderc's offer, but they are not honest enough to say that he could not deliver the offer. I defy him now, or you, to let me go through any nunnery or convent in this country. I to name the conditions. The money shall be yours if Couderc will walk up. Will you tell me and your readers why Catholic countries have suppressed those dens of slavery, iniquity and treason?"

Yours truly, MADISON C. PETERS."

It is with no bitterness nor any desire to revive an incident upon which Madison C. Peters must look back with the blush of shame, that we republish now this letter. On the contrary, it is with a sentiment of charity which seeks to show the advance in right thinking and just judgment in a neighbor. How Mr. Peters' views have changed in the twelve years since this letter was penned!

Protestants have failed to satisfy either his intellect or his heart. He has become a free lance. His pulpit is now the stage of a theatre; his religion, whatever his mind suggests. Of course, he will not be long satisfied with his present religious position. Stranger things have happened in this strange world of ours than the conversion of Rev. Madison C. Peters to the Catholic Church.

But as regards the Sisters, we take pleasure in quoting from a recent sermon of Rev. Mr. Peters. He no longer wishes to prow in the darkness of midnight; he sees in the full light of day the lives of the Sisters and their manifold good deeds. He says:

"The Catholic Church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. Protestantism has swung to the other extreme and not put stress enough upon good works. Good works won't save, but faith without works is dead. Our religion is too much talk. We have too many women's meetings and not enough Sisters of Charity. Kindly, generous, loving acts—people believe in that kind of religion.

"The Catholic charities, covering every conceivable case of need and suffering, put Protestants to shame. One orphanage is worth a whole ton of tall talk. Christianity is not only a recipe for getting to heaven; it is rather a powerful incentive to make this world better for our being in it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE "CHEAP" CATHOLIC.

The older a priest grows the less patience he has with that class of Catholics known in the common parlance of the country as bad pays, or by the more significant and more opprobrious title "dead beats." They are, as a rule, the most censorious and the most exacting. They are the first to insist that everything in connection with the Church be kept in the best possible shape; that it be well lighted, heated and ventilated, and that it be an eminently respectable place of worship. They insist, at the same time, that a priest be a gentleman, a scholar and a saint, and especially the latter, for saints have acquired a reputation for living on meager annual allowances. It is this more or less intangible element known as "gall" which confronts the priest at every step in his dealings with this common brand of cheap Christianity, and which makes him lose patience and occasionally give utterance to unpalatable truths.

All that the Church asks and expects is that people contribute according to their means; no more, no less. Yet, if it ever becomes a question between the soul of a penurious person and his money, she solemnly adjures him to keep his money and save his soul, i. e., if such a soul can be saved, which is, to say the least, very doubtful.—Rev. J. T. Roche in *The Ought-to-Be's*.

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend.—Raskin.

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IMMORALITY AND LOSS OF FAITH.

There can be no question that Matthew Arnold put his finger on the real plague-spot of France in pointing to the worship of the goddess *Lubricity* there. Decadence of morals has led by inexorable sequence of cause and effect, to decadence of faith. But the immorality that has sapped the faith of France is not a thing of yesterday. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, is as true of nations as of individuals—no one falls all of a sudden to the lowest depth of moral degradation.

Here is the condition of things in that country about the middle of the seventeenth century pictured for us in a letter to Anne of Austria by the Venerable Father Eudes, founder of the Endists and of the Nuns of the Good Shepherd, who laboured there no less zealously during that century than Pere Olier or St. Vincent de Paul to restore all things in Christ: "The unclean spirit wages relentless war against chastity, that virtue which is so dear to Our Lord and his Blessed Mother, and without which no one shall see God. He makes every effort in this corrupt age, to supplant this virtue in France by the opposite vice. He employs many diverse means for this purpose, among others these six, which France herself furnishes him with. The first is balls and dances, which are the occasion of numberless sins—a fact that makes St. Chrysostom declare that the dance is a whirlpool of perdition which engulfs a great number of miserable souls; St. Ephrem and other Fathers, that it is the invention of the devil; and the convocation of the devil; and a council of the Church, that it is worse to go to dances than to servile work on Sunday. The second is lascivious theatrical plays which are more dangerous than dances and cause the damnation of more souls. The third is the lascivious novel, which he makes use of to entice people to commit no end of sin. This is why the learned and pious Gerson declared and most justly in speaking of a novel of this kind which appeared in his time that if he had not known the author to have repented before his death of having written it, he would no more have prayed for him than he would for Judas. And yet all France is poisoned with such literature, which enjoys the sanction even of His Most Christian Majesty the King. The fourth is the lascivious song, which is printed, sold, and sung in the public streets, a thing which plays havoc with the morals of the young. If songs were printed or sung that dishonored the King, who would endure it? The fifth is the luxury, vanity and frivolity of women in the matter of dress, about which all the holy Doctors of the Church say such terrible things, calling dress the ornament and pomp of the devil which Christians promise to renounce in Baptism—a solemn promise to God which those who 'glight can not hope to have part with him. The sixth is lascivious statues and pictures which are the occasions of more sins than one can imagine. But one can hardly see anything else today in the homes of many Christians where one ought to see rather pictures of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles and other Saints."

This is a table of scandals and sins which it is timely for Christians everywhere to examine their consciences upon. Meanwhile things have gone from bad to worse in France.

Since that time, as Cardinal Newman says of another evil tendency:

"Phaethon has got into the chariot of the sun; we, alas! can only look on, and watch him down the steep of heaven." To mention but one of the prolific sources of immorality catalogued by Father Eudes, so rotten is the light literature of France to-day that one may wish some show of reason set down French as a good language for young people not to know.

In the same letter the Venerable Eudes inveighs against duelling, and speaks with not less justice than wit, of those who "lose their lives in the duel as 'the devil's martyrs.'"—Antigonish Casket.

THE DYING WORDS OF A HOLY PRELATE.

BISHOP STANG TO HIS FRIEND, MGR. DORAN OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The last words in writing of the lamented Bishop Stang of Fall River, Mass., were in a letter to his friend, Mgr. Thomas F. Doran, LL. D., V. G. It is impossible to add anything to the beauty of holiness expressed in them, except perhaps to note their supreme thankfulness for the gift of faith their suggestion of the dying words of St. Teresa: "Thank God that I die a child of the Catholic Church!" "Before the throne of God I will plead for your temporal and eternal welfare. I desire that my funeral be as simple as possible; no costly coffin and worldly show of pomp. I die a poor sinner craving for God's mercy, forgive with a cheerful heart all we think that they offended me, and I humbly ask pardon of all whom I have grieved without real need. "I thank the priests of my own dear diocese for all their kindness, respect

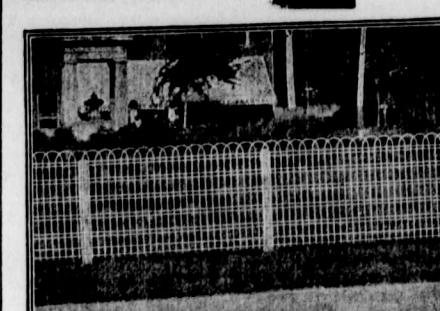
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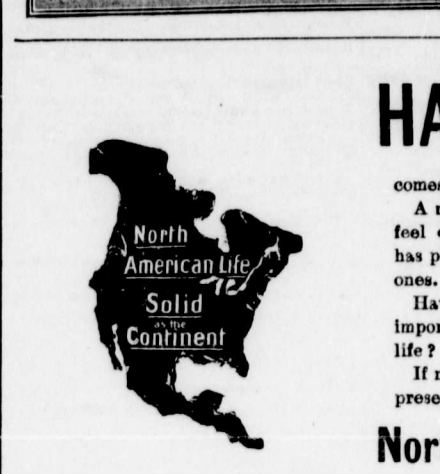
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and loyalty to me. I hope they will be true and devoted priests to their dying hour.

"The religious communities which have been my joy and consolation will with such literature, which enjoys the sanction even of His Most Christian Majesty the King. The fourth is the lascivious song, which is printed, sold, and sung in the public streets, a thing which plays havoc with the morals of the young. If songs were printed or sung that dishonored the King, who would endure it? The fifth is the luxury, vanity and frivolity of women in the matter of dress, about which all the holy Doctors of the Church say such terrible things, calling dress the ornament and pomp of the devil which Christians promise to renounce in Baptism—a solemn promise to God which those who 'glight can not hope to have part with him. The sixth is lascivious statues and pictures which are the occasions of more sins than one can imagine. But one can hardly see anything else today in the homes of many Christians where one ought to see rather pictures of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles and other Saints."

"For all eternity will I thank God for the gift of the true faith. Time would not suffice to give adequate thanks for the Catholic faith. I will bless this mercy in heaven forever.

"I intended to preach the Catholic truth for many a year yet. God has willed it otherwise. If our non-Catholic friends only knew what we do believe and worship, how anxiously they would seek admission to Mother Church."—The Pilot.

THE POPE AND THE POOR.

One of the first things the Pope did after his election was to order a distribution of relief to the poor and distressed of Rome. Cardinal Mennichi (he has since gone to his reward) was summoned from his apartment in the Vatican to see the Pope. At that time His Eminence knew more about the finances of the Holy See than did Pius X. for he had almost the sole care of them. He knew too that they were

CONSTRUCTING FIREPROOF OUTBUILDINGS.

Serious efforts have recently been made, to reduce the frightful loss from lightning and fire on Canadian farms. And they have been wholly successful, not only in securing a thoroughly lightning and fireproof construction, but also in bringing the price down to and even below, that of the old-time board and shingle barn.

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CHATS

Wherein Success and most become rich but not men is to be... (The text continues with various conversational snippets and observations.)

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ourtesy," says St.
country is one of his
Himself. Who of His
His sun and His rain
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Wherein Many Men Fail of Success.
Success is attained by few in its best
and most valuable form. Many men
become rich and many become famous,
but not more than one out of a hundred
men is ever truly successful. A man
may be able to write a masterpiece of
literature and still not be able to keep
his own life pure, or beauty on canvas
and not be able to make his own life
beautiful. He may be disipated, and
he may not be able to tell the truth
and, therefore, he is not successful,
even though he has painted the prize
picture of the year or written the most
successful book of the season. A man
who has many friends is successful in
one sense because no one can have a
large friendship unless he possesses
many good qualities. I think the
faculty of making friends is one of the
most valuable gifts of man, and when a
good man has it he is usually a very
successful person. Of course if a
bad man has that faculty he uses it to
his own advantage and to the detriment
of his friends, who soon desert him
under such circumstances. And as a
man to have friend must "show himself
friendly" I think it a good sign for a
man to be always companionable. I
do not think money means success; far
from it. There are thousands of men
who have accumulated large fortunes
and are still unhappy and dissatisfied
with themselves. They have done
nothing else but make money and have
sacrificed everything to that one end.
They have in many cases sold their
honor, and hence they are poor, while
the world calls them rich. It should
not be hard for young people to choose
what wealth they most desire—the wealth
of character or wealth of money. They
ought to know which will bring them
the most happiness from mere observa-
tion. Many wealthy men are known to
commit suicide, while a man of strong
character was never known to put an
end to his life. The pleasure of living
is too great for a successful man to end
it.—Joseph Jefferson.

You Cannot Win the Race Without
Training.
Were you to decide to risk your reputa-
tion, your material welfare, your
whole future upon some great physical
or mental contest which is to extend
over a considerable period of time, you
would begin long beforehand to train or
discipline yourself for the decisive con-
flict. You would not go into it handi-
capped, if possible to avoid it.

Now, at the beginning of the new
year, every person who is ambitious to
make his life count, to do what is worth
while, is entering upon just such a con-
test.

When making so great, so decisive
an effort, which affects the whole future,
the first thing to do is to get absolute
freedom from everything which
strangles ambition, discourages effort,
and hinders progress; freedom from
everything which saps vitality, enfee-
bles, and makes one inert. To get
every obstruction out of the way and
have a clear path to one's goal.

No matter how ambitious a runner is
to win, if he does not train off his sur-
plus fat, or if he insists upon wearing
an overcoat, or is hampered with other
extra clothing, or runs with cramped
or sore feet, his race is lost.

The trouble with most of us is that,
while ambitious to succeed, we do not put
ourselves in a condition to win, we do
not cut the cords which bind us, or try
to get rid of the entanglements and ob-
structions that hinder us. We trust
too much to luck.

To eliminate everything that can pos-
sibly retard us, to get into as harmoni-
ous an environment as possible, is the
first preparation for a successful career.
There are tens of thousands of people
who have ability and inclination to rise
out of mediocrity, and to do something
worth while in the world, but never do
so because they cannot break the chains
that bind their movements. Most of
us are so bound, in some part of our
nature, that we cannot get free, cannot
gain liberty to do the larger thing pos-
sible to us. We go through life in the
smaller, the meaner, when the larger,
the grander would be possible to us
could we get rid of the things that
handicap us.—O. S. M., in Success.

What Contributes to Success.
By Rev. C. E. Smith.
Opportunity! Are you making the
best of yours? Remember, it is the
principal factor in life's successes,
whether they be in their nature mater-
ial or spiritual. Lately, however, we
can see this readily enough so far as
material things are concerned. It is
not always the ten-talent men who fill
the chief positions, nor is it always
the one-talent men who are in obscure
places. In Church and State men very
slenderly equipped by natural gifts
are oftentimes seen standing higher
than their fellows. And it is some-
times a source of wonder to us how
they attain pre-eminence. So, too,
we think it strange that possessors of
many gifts are among those who all
their lives remain unknown and un-
appreciated.

you can do but little. Be it your
wisdom to watch for it and, if need be,
to wait for it till it comes. Then God
gives you space and power to make the
fullest use of it.—Catholic Columbian.

We compare our circumstances with
those of others who are more fortunate
and brood over "the slings and arrows
of outrageous fortune." The tendency
to dwell upon our ills grows with time.
In the beginning it can be checked
easily, but in time it becomes like a
torrent gaining impetus with its de-
scend, until it is beyond control. Now
and then we receive the sad news that
one whom we esteemed as upright and
godly has allowed this morbid tendency
to obtain such headway that it unsettles
the reason and with it the sense of
moral responsibility. Then we learn
of the self-destruction of such a one
and we are not surprised. It was al-
most the inevitable consequence of a
false, one-sided view of life that is
supported by neither common sense
nor religion.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

RALPH'S VICTORY.
"How I hate babies!" And the
speaker squeezed the pea-pod he held
with a force which sent the peas scat-
tering over the porch floor.

"There goes Archie down the road,
fishing; and here I am, shelling peas
just like a girl!"
Poor Ralph! He thought his fate a
hard one. He had been the only one
until a few months ago, when Baby
Bess, came, somewhat to Ralph's dis-
gust.

Since then he had been called on to
do many things which he disliked.
Ralph was not at all a bad boy, only
just a little selfish, and fond of having
his own way.

This morning he and Archie had
planned to go down to the creek fishing,
and, of course, baby had to have an ache,
somewhere, and cried so hard that
mamma had to take her, and ask Ralph to
shell the peas. The pan was full, and
it would take a long time, he knew,
and there was Archie just gone by; it
was just too bad!

He set the pan down, and after a
moment of irresolution, he slid off the
steps quietly, and started across the
meadows for the spot where he knew
Archie was this minute, dangling hook
and line, trying to tempt the wary fish
with a big fat cricket.

He knew just how big and fat they
were for didn't he and Archie hunt for
them under all the old boards and stones
they could find and put them in an old
can?

Ralph stopped to wipe the perspira-
tion of his face with the sleeve of his
calico shirt. The sun was very hot,
and the drowsy hum of insects was
quieting in its effect.

A fleeting vision of a cool back
porch, with morning glories of every
hue dancing and nodding aimlessly in
the last time that he would not do so again.
Ralph was not having a very happy
time. He tried to make himself out a
martyr; it was so mean, he said; he
always had to stay home while the rest
of the fellows had a good time; but
then he thought of the chubby little
sister, whom he didn't really hate,
after all, and the sweet-faced mother,
who was always thinking up nice things
for him.

him, for he knew he was the cause of
it. And how glad he was to think he
had come back!

Stealing up behind her, he clasped
his arms around her, saying in a rather
husky voice:
"I didn't go way there, mamma; I
only went part way, and here I am
ready to shell the peas—and—mamma,
I won't hate baby any more."
"Bless my little man!" said his
mother, kissing the top of his tousled
head.

"It's all right, mamma," said Ralph.
"What's a fellow good for, if he can't
give up something once in a while?"
And he and mamma had a long talk
together, while they were shelling the
peas.

At supper that night, papa came in
with a long mysterious bundle, and
put it in the corner; Ralph eyed it
curiously, but held his peace, for papa
was smiling at mamma in a knowing
sort of way, and Ralph thought, "He'll
tell me quicker if I don't ask him any-
thing about it."

After tea, papa said, "Ralph, come
for a little walk with me."
Now Ralph liked those walks with
papa very much; papa knew so much
about the birds and trees, and told
such funny stories about when he was
a boy. So he started gladly and never
noticed that papa had the long bundle
tied to his back.

"Would you like to know what I
have here?" asked papa.
"Guess I would!" said Ralph eagerly.

"Well, my son," said papa, gravely,
"early this spring your uncle Ralph
wrote me a letter, and said he wanted
to give his name-sake something he
could keep. He presumed you were
like all boys, sometimes good and
sometimes naughty; with plenty of good
traits, and not a few faults, so he wrote:
"When Ralph has won a victory over
some grievous fault give him what I
send, with my love."
"Your mother and I talked it over
this noon, when you were playing, and
we decided that the first real victory
over your bad habit of playing truant,
was to-day, when you had the courage
to come back, after going half way.
Mamma and I are so glad, for we have
been waiting all summer for this, and
you know how many times we have
been disappointed in you."

Ralph's face flushed; he knew just
how many times he had promised, and
how many times he had broken that
promise.
"Well, my boy, I'm not going to
lecture you any more; you know right
from wrong, and having said that, and
some day you will be a man to be proud
of. Here is Uncle Ralph's gift, and
may you have a great deal of pleasure
with it."

Ralph undid the package with rather
shaky fingers, and gave a howl of de-
light when he brought to light a beau-
tiful three-joint fishing rod, and a reel,
too. Not one of the boys had a reel!
Ralph's heart was full, but the only
expression he gave to it was the very
boyish one:
"Bully for Uncle Ralph!" and,
a moment later, "Oh, but I'm glad I came
back!"—Francis Littlefield Sherrill.

TOO FUNNY FOR A PRIEST.

F. C. Burnard, the editor of Punch,
when he joined the Catholic Church,
leaving Cambridge University, Eng-
land, had some thought of becoming a
priest. He went to a community at
Bayswater, over which Dr. Manning
ruled before he was Archbishop of
Cardinal. Another Cardinal of the
future was also an inmate—Father
Herbert Vaughan. But the humorist
was not to be bound down by rule and
law. The novices were kept perpetu-
ally laughing.

One day Burnard compiled a rather
controversial letter to a relative in the
world, and handed it, as he supposed,
to the father superior, but he gave by
mistake a good humored skit on the
father superior himself. That most
grave and reverend master read it with
care, handing it back to the uncon-
scious writer with the dry remark, "I
think I should not send that."

When Burnard was one day ordered
outside an upper window to clean it,
the novice master, at his request, got
outside first to show him the way, and
the window was at once closed by
Burnard from the inside. There the
master stood, admired by a crowd in
the street below, until rescued by Dr.
Manning, who addressed the culprit in
tones of studied severity. "You be a

THE "THREE HORSE TEAM" FENCE

It is pretty generally conceded
that one three-horse team,
with one driver, can accomplish
about as much work as two
two-horse teams and two
drivers.

It can do so because a three-
horse team is heavier and
stronger than a two-horse team.
Just think of the economy of
using a three-horse team!
Similarly, the Frost Fence,
because it is heavier and strong-
er, is the "three-horse team" of
wire fences. It will outlast any

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.

FEAST, APRIL 30.

Catherine was born at Siena in 1347.
Her father, by trade a dyer, was a vir-
tuous man, and especially solicitous to
leave to his children a solid inheritance
of virtue. Her mother had a particular
affection for this daughter above her
other children; and the accomplish-
ments of mind and body with which she
was adorned, made her the darling and
delight of all who knew her. When
but seven years of age, she made a vow
of virginity, and afterwards endured
bitter persecutions for refusing to
marry. Our Lord gave her His Heart
in exchange for her own and stamped
on her body the print of His wounds.

At the age of eighteen years she re-
ceived the habit of the Third Order of
St. Dominic, in a nunnery contiguous
to the Dominican convent. From
that time on, her little cell became her
paradise, prayer her element, and her
mortifications had no longer any re-
straint. For three years she never
spoke to any but God and her confessor.
Her days and nights were employed in
the delightful exercises of contempla-
tion, the fruits whereof were super-
natural lights, a most ardent love of
God, and zeal for the conversion of sin-
ners, offering for that end continual
prayers, fasts and other austeri-
ties. All her discourses, actions, and
her very silence, powerfully induced
men to the love of virtue, so that no
one, according to Pope Pius II., ever
approached her but who went away
better.

In a vision, our Saviour is said one
day to have presented her with two
crowns, one of gold and the other of
thorns, bidding her choose which of the
two she pleased. She answered: "I
desire, O Lord, to live here always con-
firmed to Thy passion, and to find pain
and suffering my repose and delight."
Then eagerly taking up the crown of
thorns, she forcibly presses it upon her
head. The earnest desire and love of
humiliations and crosses were nourished
in her soul by assiduous meditation on
the sufferings of our divine Redeemer.
After many arduous labors in behalf of
the Holy Church and the Apostolic See,
St. Catherine died a holy death at Rome
on the 29th of April, 1380, being only
thirty-three years old. She was buried
in the church of the Minerva, where her
body is still kept under an altar. She
was canonized by Pope Pius II., in 1461,
and Urban VIII. transferred her festival
to April 30th.

A DISTINGUISHED CONVERT.

There died last week in Rome Mrs.
Morgan Morgan, widow of the late
Rev. Mr. Morgan, Episcopalian clergy-
man at Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire.
The deceased lady, says the Monitor
and New Era, belonged to the dis-
tinguished family of the Scottish
Leslies, and on one side traced her
descent from Queen Margaret of Scot-
land. She became a convert during the
lifetime of her husband, wrote
many popular stories, and contributed
a bright interesting life of her saintly
ancestress, Queen Margaret, to the
publications of the Catholic Truth
Society.

She was an exceedingly interesting
person, of old-world courtesies, and

Makes Child's Play
of Wash Day
Read the Directions
on the Wrapper

SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP

being a brilliant conversationalist,
gathered round her, wherever she went,
quite a salon of the local talent. She
lived chiefly in Rome during the last
ten years; latterly being a great suffer-
er in many ways, but was cheered and
helped by a few friends, who tried to
make some amends for the neglect of
her own immediate connections, who
had remained Protestant.

She was a soldier's daughter, her
ancestors for seven generations un-
interruptedly being officers or generals
in the army; and she bravely took the
step that conscience prompted, and
was received into the Catholic
Church by the late Magr. Campbell, in
the Chapel of the Scots College, Rome.

Through sunshine and sorrow, she con-
tinued ever the same bright, benevo-
lent, and charming lady, until death
brought the final summons, but not be-
fore she had received the last sacra-
ments from the Dominican Father
Mackey. Being a Tertiary of St.
Francis, she was laid to rest, clad in
the Franciscan habit, in the Campo
Santo of her beloved Rome.—Catholic
Columbian.

Live each day the true life of a man
to-day. Not yesterday's life only, lest
you become a murderer, nor to-mor-
row's lest you become a visionary;
but the life of to-day, with happy yes-
terdays and confident to-morrows.—
Father Faber.

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supplying extra nourish-
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flow of milk and builds
up the mother's strength.
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just as good.

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General Agent, TORONTO

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er, is the "three-horse team" of
wire fences. It will outlast any

two of the lighter fences. Just
think of that for economy.

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material—laterals, stays and
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it will fit the surface,
level and hilly, with an accu-
racy which no ready-made
fence can begin to approach.

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it in strength, rigidity or neat
appearance.

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your property.

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