

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE I. C. T. S. vs MISREPRESENTATION.

The International Catholic Truth Society is making life weary for the anti-Catholic humbug. It has forced the notorious Shepherd to take her unsavory fictions to regions unknown, and the lightning-change religious artist, Rev. Madison C. Peters, to vacate the editorial chair of the Book World. Now it is on the trail of a Rip Van Winkle who maintains that "Romanism is really a novelty: Protestantism is founded upon eternal truth," and gives the dates of decrees of various councils concerning twenty-two Catholic doctrines and practices, with the inference that in such years those doctrines were first taught by the Church. The Truth Society offers \$500.00 to any public charity if it is unable to prove the falsity of the statement. We fear, however, that the treasury shall not be depleted to the extent of that amount. Besides it is rather an antiquated and exploded accusation, and no controversialist, however desirous of polemical laurels, will scarcely depend upon it as an efficient weapon against Catholicity.

NEWSPAPER EFFUSIONS.

The correspondents who furnish the Roman news for some of the secular newspapers have either luxuriant imaginations or unlimited credence in the gullibility of the public. One reads, for example, that the Pope has designated such and such a prelate as his successor, and that various Cardinals are busy soliciting the support of the Sacred College. This kind of a yarn is published in the big dailies and is copied by minor sheets all over the country. Every Catholic, however, knows that the Papacy is an elective office, and that every Cardinal binds himself by oath to never bestow his sacred dignity by the tricks of the ordinary politician. He swears to never canvass for himself or for others in the election of a Pope: he calls Christ to witness before depositing his ballot that he elects the person who, before God, he thinks should be elected, and we know that the whole ceremonial of election is so regulated as to safeguard the electors from all undue influence.

Whenever we happen upon these precious effusions of Roman correspondents we bethink ourselves of the famous reporter who described Cardinal Satolli officiating "wearing a tunic on his shoulder and carrying a thurifer on his head."

AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

Some time ago Mark Twain accused Protestant missionaries in China of a few things not exactly in harmony with the Golden Rule. Some people were inclined to view the article in question as a new sort of humor, but it gradually dawned upon them that Mark Twain in this instance at least wished to be taken seriously. Rejoinders of course were in order. One gentleman retorted that Mr. Clemens was a "man of low birth and poor breeding"—a rather irrelevant argument, we ween, and unbefitting the lips of a citizen of a country which boasts of a rail-splitter as one of the greatest and best of its Presidents.

Dr. Ament, the agent of the American Board of Foreign Missions, when confronted with the charge of extortion in China, sought shelter behind the statement that the Catholic missionaries demanded not indemnity only, but also a life for a life. That accusation being treated as a fairy tale by Mark Twain, and effectually disposed of by Bishop Farsar's diary, leads one to have no high estimate of the gentleman's veracity. And when we consider that this story was trumped up by the same rev. gentleman who deplored that the "soft hand of the American was not as good as the mailed fist of the German," and who was the official representative of the many who went in for smiting the heathen hip and thigh, one must needs conclude that he was put to severe straits when he advanced as justification of the methods of some of his brethren the alleged sanguinary measures adopted by the Catholics.

But to return. Did the missionaries loot? Dr. Ament says they did, and he ought to know. In an article written for the New York Sun he states: "In explanation of anything the missionaries have done in the line of looting it is only right to say that a famine was predicted for the coming winter etc. It is but justice to them to say that if in the ardor of their desire to provide for their people they did some things that attracted criticism, they did it with the best of intentions." So they did loot—but how the "best of intentions" can metamorphose robbery pure and simple into an action that can be viewed with complacency by a missionary, passes our comprehension. We know, however, that a plea of the best of intentions would scarcely influence a jury in this country. He further admits that his people bought loot from the troops, and seems amazed at anyone not countenancing his approval of such a delicate transaction. As the case stands, it will require a vision of pronounced obliquity to view Dr. Ament and his friends in the light of model evangelists.

Now another individual looms up—a cold-blooded ministerial pirate, with as much respect for other's property as an old-time buccaner. In a letter to the North China Herald quoted by the Springfield Republican he confesses that he looted in good company, and regretted that he did not have enough to strip his enemies—the poor benighted Chinese whom he professed to lead to higher things—of everything they possessed.

So our readers will perceive that the looting question referred to recently by a public print, as being settled with the inference that it was either imaginary or due to gross exaggeration, is still on the tapis and very much alive. The authorities who are charged with the direction of the missionaries should, if possible, put a heavy hand upon the "looters," or at least assure the public that anarchistic practices have not their official sanction. But even so, just think of the perils to which the modern traveller in China is exposed. He may get a Boxerian knock between his ribs or behold up by a preacher, who may possibly regard him as an enemy and relieve him of his valuables, and then write an exultant account of the feat to the nearest newspaper. Personally we prefer, should we ever go to China, to meet the Boxer. There would be no letter.

OUR RESPONSIBILITY AND OPPORTUNITY.

A writer has said that if Catholics were really in earnest they could turn the world upside down. There is probably a grain of optimistic exaggeration in the above statement, but we cannot help thinking that we are in some measure at least strangely apathetic. We work, we know, and devote our energies to the rebuilding of our fortunes. We are keen in social distinctions and dignities: but in matters that concern our immortal destinies and the interests of God's kingdom on earth we cannot be accused of undue enthusiasm. And yet it seems to us that the sowing for the harvest of eternity should be the primary object of our lives. This we profess indeed, but baffle by our actions. While not presuming to preach to our readers, we cannot refrain from saying that the indifference that blinds so many of us, giving our minds and hearts with feverish industry to things that pass, is to us a bewildering problem. But when it comes to a religious question we are likely to be confronted by indolence instead of palpitating and wondering zeal—with deeds that give the lie to our beliefs, and with an ignorance that deems the fleeting things of earth more worthy of pursuit than the things beyond sense. We have, it is true, Catholics in every section of the country who are mindful of the one thing necessary and who obey with alacrity any summons from their pastors. They are, however, always the same familiar faces we behold in our societies, at anything in fact originated for the purposes of churchwork.

Where are the others—and they are the majority—who profess to love their faith and are supposedly eager for its diffusion? It strikes us that one con-

scious of all of the priceless blessings of Catholic truth must perforce do something to manifest his gratitude. And he can do it without a great demand on self sacrifice.

He can take a reasonable interest in the affairs of his own parish. How often do we hear appeals from the pulpit for lay co-operation, and how niggardly they are answered! Very often the poor and unlettered members of the flock are the only ones to respond, while the others who rejoice in the world's goods give money and good will, if you like, but not themselves. And this is what we want. It was so in the ages when men not only believed but realized their belief, and were happiest when planning and spending themselves for the Church. The records of those times, exalting the fragrance of self-sacrifice and warm with love, contrast strangely with the materialism of our lives. Some of us are not a whit better than many without the fold and we fall behind them in schemes for the uplifting and safeguarding of our brethren. If, for example, we realized that the protection of a soul from sin were the noblest task that could present itself to a human being, do you suppose that a pastor would have to appeal time and again for laborers for his Sunday-school and juvenile societies or that the comfortable and cultured would allow the greater part of the burden of parochial work to rest upon the shoulders of those who are less richly endowed? If we realized that we can, each one of us, contribute our quota to the demolition of the obstacles which bar the progress of the Church, and by so doing, to the building up of God's Kingdom within us and of our eternal happiness, we should not be so chary of our co-operation—dumb dogs, when we should speak, and filling all the day, instead of being busy in the vineyard.

It is exasperating this cold and blighting indifference. We have in our faith a fairer possession than broad lands or gold: its history gleamed with a thousand triumphs; its teachings resplendent with the light from on high, and yet we are so like those who have it not.

Said Cardinal Newman:

"We are like others in this, that we are men; that we are members of the same state with them, subjects, contented subjects of the same Sovereign, that we have a dependence on them and have them dependent on us. We need not be ashamed of a fellowship like this, and those who recognize it in us are generous in doing so. But we have much cause to be ashamed, and much cause to be anxious what God thinks of us, if we gain their support by giving them a false impression in our persons of what the Catholic Church is and what Catholics are bound to be, what bound to believe and to do."

THE JOY OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

There is no joy like the joy of a good conscience, and a good conscience can only be enjoyed by a good man. It is a bad—or an uneasy—conscience that embitters the lives of most men. The joy of a good conscience is most deeply experienced by the man who has been truly converted from a life of sin and indifference to a life of serious devotion to his duty as a Christian. It is not a superficial, ephemeral excitement, destined soon to pass away, but a deep, pure joy that spreads over the soul and penetrates to the inmost fountains of feeling, producing a calm and ineffable peace which is as lasting as it is soul-satisfying. Before conversion, the consciousness of unrepented sin filled the mind with an uneasy sense of guilt and remorse which nothing could relieve. The sinner had tried to drown the voice of conscience in the whirl and excitement of business and pleasure. But the ghost of mispent hours and neglected duties would haunt him in a fortunate moment, by some happy providence, he determined to turn over his past life, recalled his neglected opportunities, his failure to correspond with the numerous graces which, by the great mercy of God, had been vouchsafed to him, his heart was filled with a deep sense of his ingratitude and ill-desert, and he was humbled into the dust with compunction and remorse. He resolved to go to confession.

He had little trouble in self-examination. His sins came trooping over his memory till it seemed as if all the sins of his past life came to accuse him at the bar of the divine justice. With deep sorrow and compunction he poured out his heart to his confessor, received absolution and proper direction and encouragement, and then went on his way rejoicing. An immense burden was rolled from his conscience then and he experiences row

an indescribable relief—a peace that passeth understanding and which keeps his heart and mind in the knowledge and love of God.

Thus he experiences to the full the unpeakable blessing of having a Saviour of infinite love and compassion, ready to forgive the greatest sinner. His joy is unbounded. He is no more tormented with an accusing conscience. He is no longer harassed by the remembrance of past sins. It is an accusing conscience that makes us unhappy. "The good man's glory," says Thomas à Kempis, "is a good conscience. Have a good conscience and thou shalt always have joy." Is not that joy worth seeking—yes, even making great sacrifices for? Is it not strange that so many people, some even professing Christians, will spend their lives in slavery and to a bad conscience when it would be so easy and so much better in every way to break away from that slavery and become free men, rejoicing in the unpeakable blessing of a good conscience.—Sacred Heart Review.

CATHOLIC BELIEF.

As Christ Taught the Apostles, so Parents Should Teach Their Offspring.

After our divine Lord arose from the dead He remained yet forty years on earth before He ascended to the Father. During these forty days we read that He frequently visited His apostles and disciples giving most infallible proofs of His being really risen, and instructing them in what they were to do in establishing and extending His kingdom, that is His Church, amongst mankind. And so on the eve of taking leave of them, St. Matthew tells us he said to them "All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth. Going therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

Among the things He commanded them no doubt were the doctrines of the Catholic Church. So faithful to His Divine Master's commands the Apostles agreed about twelve articles or points of doctrine, which they compiled in the form of a symbol or standard of faith, which they were sworn to teach as they went forth on their respective missions. This symbol we know under the title of the Apostles' Creed, which we should so constantly repeat amongst our everyday prayers. There is a true tradition that the Apostles formulated one article each, but there is apparently no foundation for this.

The Apostles' Creed is a summary of the faith to which all Christians are pledged in Baptism. To carry out this pledge, the habit of faith is imparted by the grace of the Sacrament, to be afterwards developed into actual faith, as the child attains the use of reason. For this purpose positive instruction is necessary, and thus here a duty of supreme importance rests with the parents, inasmuch as some of the Articles of the Creed are so absolutely necessary for salvation that no one having come to the use of reason can be saved without distinctly knowing and distinctly believing them.

Christian parents, therefore (and the mother especially is concerned with this), should anticipate the first dawn of reason in their children to get them to repeat these necessary Articles of Divine Faith, in order that as soon as they arrive at the use of reason they may be able to exercise it actually and distinctly believing them. These articles so necessary for salvation are actually styled the "Principal Mysteries." How edifying to see the good Christian mother fulfilling her most essential obligation in teaching her children, one by one according as they are coming to the use of reason, these necessary Articles of Faith. In addressing herself to the understanding of her child, the Christian mother will try by all kinds of endeavors to impress upon its tender heart a dread and horror of offending God by sin, and bring before its mind the doctrines of heaven and hell. Children are susceptible of these impressions from a very early age.

What occupation can be dearer to a mother's heart than to be moulding the virtue of her offspring to piety and holiness? She should not shy the child too young and can understand nothing yet. The understanding begins at the tenderest age to open out for religious teaching. Besides, we are to recollect that the mother is not alone in her work of love. The grace of faith has been already imparted in Baptism, and the mother is co-operating with the Divine Spirit within her child's soul in the duty she is discharging, and she is, moreover, to encourage herself with the thought that the Angel Guardian of her little one is helping her at the moment. A great saint, St. Dionysius, has said, that "Of all divine works the most divine is to cooperate with God in the salvation of souls" and this most divine work is the work a pious mother is performing in instructing her children from the earliest years in the truths and duties of religion. She may be a poor woman—the poorest of the poor, liv-

ing in a wretched cabin by the roadside—yet the eyes of God are upon her, and He looks down with complacency from His high throne in heaven to behold her employed in a work so truly divine.

UNBELIEF IN SOCIETY.

That God and faith have less importance in the eyes of the present generation than among the children of past ages, may appear from the small attention such matters receive in the converse of man with man. If this century does not grill its heretics and outlaw its recusants, it is due almost as much to a growing apathy as to a tolerant spirit. Dogma, revelation and creed are pushed aside; "otherworldliness" is deprecated and worldliness exalted. All consideration of eternal life is thought to detract from the value of this life. If a man believe, he gives no outward sign of it. Thousands do not pray. They pass through life with a vague expectancy of a future existence, but with no virtue sense that it is to be worked for. The churches are largely populated by women. Men remain away. Fully half of the population of our great cities are pertinently described as "un-churches" and "un-Christian."

The motives that make men virtuous and honest have become largely matters of custom and habit rather than of principle. Respectability governs where there is corruption of spirit. Men do not cheat because they wish to sustain a business reputation that is profitable as a matter of credit. Commercial honor is based upon calculation rather than a belief in right and duty. When the calculation has worked itself out, the sudden crash, the gigantic embezzlement or the criminal failure causes to show upon what frail foundations rested this showy superstructure of honesty and honor.

It has been said that society revolves about the institution of marriage. In the ages of faith this institution was a sacrament; God was present at the ceremony. It was a heavenly ordained alliance. The reign of unbelief has nowhere shown its influence more than upon this social institution. It has thoroughly de-religionized the ceremony. The expression, "lead to the altar," has gone out of practice and is peculiar to the days of paganism and immorality. Divorce has been evoked by the spirit of unbelief and commanded to do battle against the institution of Christian marriage. And the society that revolves about this institution has caught the effects of the de-Christianizing influences in all their bearings. They have pervaded and subtly ramified all the energies of the social world, modifying its thoughts as well as its tastes, its aims and duties as well as its amenities.—Catholic Citizen.

THE NEGRO'S ONLY HOPE

During the recent retreat in the Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston, Rev. A. P. Doyle, the Paulist Father in charge, found in his "question box" a complaint from a colored correspondent who asked the priest to explain why it was that Catholics manifested no zeal for the conversion of the black man. Because his Catholic acquaintances never invited him to attend their services he had come to the conclusion that they believed the negro was without a soul. Father Doyle assured his correspondent that Catholics held no such belief. He stated that, in the sight of God, the soul of the black man is no less precious than that of his less dusky brother, and that, therefore, the Church was quite as eager for the salvation of the one as of the other. He called his correspondent's attention to the fact that in this country one religious order, at least, was practically devoting its labors exclusively to the conversion of the colored race. In Boston, he said, the negroes were not only admitted as equals in every Catholic edifice, but in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross a special service was celebrated for their souls every Sunday morning. Father Doyle issued a cordial invitation to his correspondent to join the Church, and he assured him of a hearty welcome.

The negroes of the South appear to understand better than Father Doyle's correspondent the attitude of the Catholic Church towards the members of their race. Not only do they realize that their arms are outstretched to welcome them and that she earnestly bids them to seek the shelter of her protecting shield, but they begin to show an eagerness to accept her invitation. A movement that may result in a wholesale conversion of the colored people was inaugurated in a Baptist convention in Washington last week, when twelve hundred colored Baptists vigorously applauded the sentiment of an orator who advised them all to join the Catholic Church. "As one of the leaders in a local Baptist church," said the speaker, Professor Jesse Lawson, vice-president of the Afro American council, and formerly United States commissioner to the Atlanta exposition, "and as speaking to an audience of Baptists, I say now that only the great and powerful Catholic Church can help us. We may not desire to join the Catholic Church at once, but we will see the way in time. I think it must

be God's will that we effect our salvation through the agency of the Catholic Church. Within the folds of that Church," he continued, "we are assured our rights as citizens and as human beings, and I see no other way in which we may save ourselves and save our future. We are being ground to powder by the white men in this country, and only the Catholic Church can save us. Let us take matters into our hands and let us act." A local paper reports that Professor Lawson's address was debated with enthusiasm, and that each speaker greeted the idea of allying with the Catholic Church as the only hope for the negro in America.

In the Catholic Church alone will the negro be treated as a brother and an equal. To our fashionable Protestant congregations he is interesting as a problem—so long as he remains a thousand miles away—but his presence in their churches is not desired or even tolerated. A St. Louis paper recently published the portrait of a negro who, by accident, had been allowed to join a Methodist community. But the fact was notable simply because he was the only member of a white congregation (Protestant, of course,) in the vicinity. Here in Boston, the home of the original abolitionists, it is a well-known fact that the most ardent friends of the negro in the abstract would never admit him to plane of equality, whether social or religious, with themselves.—Boston Republic.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME

Rev. Walter Elliott has cleverly summarized a few of the reasons why men join the Catholic Church. The well known Paulist Father says: "Men join the Catholic Church from the most diverse and sometimes seemingly contradictory reasons. One class is drawn to her by beauty, attracted by the sweetness of her music and the eloquence of her ritual; some, like Overbeck, paint themselves into Catholicity, or build themselves into her spiritual temple, like Pugin. St. Peter's, at Rome, has made many converts. Multitudes are made Catholics by studying history, some by scientific study of nature, multitudes again by the plain words of Scripture. Not a few are attracted by Catholic charity."

"Why do you want to be baptized?" Inquired a chaplain in a Catholic hospital of a dying tramp who had asked to be baptized. "Because I want to die in the same religion as that woman with the big white bonnet, that's been nursing me." I once met a sailor who, though he could not read or write, had argued himself into the Church and had been a fervent convert for several years. "What made you a Catholic?" I asked of him. "Oh, sailing all over the world," was the answer—a sailor's way of acquiring the idea of the universal. Some come in to do penance, driven by the sense of guilt into her refuges, like La Trappe. I know men who have joined the Church from consciousness of innocence, revolting from the Protestant doctrine of total depravity; the innocence of childhood is happy in the Catholic Church.

"Meantime, not a few philosophers became Catholics, like Brownson and Ward. Father Hecker once told me that the study of the social problems started him to Catholic faith. Frederic towards the Catholic faith. Frederic Lucas affirmed that he became a Catholic because he was a logical Quaker. Dinosa Cortez came back from indifference because the Church was the bulwark of conservative political institutions. Frederic Ozanam, on the other hand, took a firmer grip on Catholicity, because he was a Republican. Pope Leo began one of his encyclicals with the words 'Liberty is God's greatest gift to man.' His letter to the Brazilian Bishops on the abolition of slavery reads like a very radical document. In fact, all roads lead to Rome, if one travels through the world in search of light, or joy, or brotherhood, and all roads lead away from Rome, if travelled for isolation or for contention. The centrifugal force for intellectual and moral humanity is Catholic, and the centrifugal force is Protestant, as the names imply."

SCANDALIZING CHILDREN.

Some parents take no pains to avoid scandalizing their children. They do and say things before them that shock the tender moral sense of the young. They lead them into evil speech. Those reckless parents are most apt to offend this way by sins of the tongue. They discuss before their little ones delicate matters apt to bring on thoughts not pure; or they gossip about the faults of their neighbors; or they offensively criticize their pastor. They seem to forget that little pitchers have big ears, that the innocent may easily have the dirty road of sin opened to them, that their example of backbiting their acquaintances and of insubordination to the priest, are likely to be followed.

They should remember that even a pagan philosopher declared that the young deserve great reverence. Still more they should recall the direful warning of the Lord, that whosoever should scandalize a child had better have a millstone tied to his neck and be cast into the middle of the sea.

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they think nothing of the happiness of being able so easily and at all hours to approach the adorable Persons of Jesus Christ.

DEVOTION TO MARY.

The following valuable essay on the Catholic devotion to the Blessed Mother of God is translated from the French of the Abbe Baitoune, the brother of the celebrated Father Alphonse Ratisbonne, who was instantaneously converted at Rome, in the year 1842, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This translation was made by one of our own contributors, for "Our Lady's" magazine, the Ave Maria. We have been asked to give it, in extenso, to our readers, who will be delighted with so able a presentation of the arguments in favor of the doctrine so dear to the Catholic heart, coming as it does from one born and reared in the black night of Judaism.

"Christianity has implanted in the heart of regenerated man two new affections; the one is the love of our brethren and is called charity; the other is the love of a mother, the love of Mary; and this other love has no name. It would be impossible to find in any language the word to express the sentiments which the Christian soul cherishes toward the Mother of Jesus Christ. It was during the last hour of redemption, when the most adorable Victim was consummating His sacrifice, that the mutual bonds which forever bind the members of the Church to the Mother of the Man God were formed. These bonds constitute the worship of Mary,—a worship inseparable from the worship of Jesus; because the disciples, having become the members and brothers of the Lord, are by these same titles children of His Mother; and as they are children with Jesus Christ, they share in the sentiments of Jesus Christ: they love what Jesus Christ loved; consequently, they love Mary.

Now, love can not keep silence: it must speak, it must sing; it must pour itself out—it must give vent to its emotions, its ardors, and its gratitude. The more closely we are united to Jesus Christ, the more do we feel the invincible need of honoring and blessing His Mother. Most assuredly those who do not possess the spirit of Jesus Christ and do not belong to His family who feel nothing for Mary. In their eyes Christ is divided; He appears but as an abstract divinity, without affinity without any intimate connection with the children of men grafted on His sacred humanity. It is the maternity of Mary that gives us a complete knowledge of Jesus Christ: she is the living link that connects Him with us. By her God becomes the child of man; by her man becomes the child of God. Hence the veneration of Mary, when it is deep and intelligent, is the sign of the true faith, the condition of spiritual progress, the channel of prayer, and of graces, and the secret of the sweetest and most fruitful consciences.

Nevertheless, the cultus of Mary and the worship of Jesus Christ, though they spring from one and the same principle and are indissolubly interwoven in the roots of Christian piety, are distinct and fundamentally different: for the worship of Jesus Christ is an adoration which can be rendered to God alone; whereas Mary is simply creature, an Immaculate Virgin, the Woman blessed amongst all women, the Mother blessed amongst all mothers. Her worship is at bottom but the homage which all the children of men render to their mothers.

It would be childish to think that to rob Jesus Christ of the honors we render to Mary. We have already said it: these honors differ both in character and in meaning; and would be strangely calculating to human heart to think you maintain the dignity of the son by disdaining the titles of his mother. The sentiments of nature, conscience, reason and experience, in accord with Scripture and all tradition, rise against those who reject Mary under pretext of offering their adorations to God alone.

How is it, O my God! that so many Christians, redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, refuse to pay their vows to the Virgin whose heart furnished that adorable blood? How is it that these men, so attached to the appearance to the letter of Holy Scripture, exclude Mary alone from the divine precept which commands all children of men to honor their mothers? Why do they act thus? They maintain, with a zeal which is not according to knowledge, that the Gospel where prescribes devotion to Mary; as if a man needed a command to induce him to love his mother. They fear to wound Jesus Christ by honoring Mary. But, I repeat it, more, is this fear Christian, is it rational? Is a son ever jealous of the glory of his mother? Would Jesus Christ have borne it had His disciples manifested indifference and cold toward one whom He cherished Himself with most filial tenderness, most divine predilection? Will deny our Divine Master, consider merely His humanity, the first of sentiments—filial love, which He Himself deposited in the heart of every human being?

Moreover, it cannot be asserted the Gospel does not authorize the worship of the Holy Virgin. We read the contrary, in the sacred books both the Old and the New Testament; the magnificent testimonies rendered to her by angels as by men, under most striking figures. The Old Testament refers her to us in the deference, respect and love, manifested by Solomon toward his mother Bethsabee. The humble Esther, another figure

"EEN THO' IT BE A CROSS."

BY N. I. W. "Sweet was my weeping, Grief surely leading me, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee."

CHAPTER I.

"Papa, you are ill, I know. Do please let me go home with you." And Kathleen looked up wistfully into her father's haggard face.

"Only a little tired, nothing more. I shall be all right to-morrow." He tried to speak lightly, but the girl's heart misgave her, and still she pleaded, and his own heart pleaded for her.

Richard Desmond was not an old man although his hair was almost white. Grief and care had aged him early. He was in the flush of his young manhood, eager, ambitious and hopeful, when the trouble came upon him from which he never seemed fully to rally. His young wife, the guiding-star of his youth, was taken from him, and he buried the brightest hope of his life. For a time it seemed the blow that had stricken this dear companion from his side had paralyzed his energies and crushed his spirit beyond hope of recovery, but by degrees the little child that she had left him crept into his heart, and warmed and gladdened his father's heart, she became his one all-absorbing care. For her sake, that she might lack no comfort and no advantage, he thought, and planned, and labored. She was called by her mother's name, and the earliest recollection her memory cherished was of playing, strained to her father's heart, she told her of her dead mother, of the Heaven she had gone to, and of how, some day, this earthly exile done, they both should meet her there.

Nearly six years after his wife died he had married again, a gentle, loving woman, who was a faithful mother to his little Kathleen, but she too died early leaving to his care a second daughter whose lovely, dark face was a tiny copy of his own.

With unremitting tenderness Richard Desmond watched over them both from the faintest breath of ill, but Kathleen was his idol always; her place in his love no one could dispute, and his heart swelled with fond pride as, day by day, he noted her growing resemblance to her mother, not alone in the heart, but in the features and the coloring of her manner.

But, above all, in the calm strength and tenderness of her nature. Under his own care she commenced her studies, as, later on, her little sister did also, for Mr. Desmond felt strongly that as long as it is at all practicable a child's education should be conducted within her own home. It was to be the happy, uneventful years of Kathleen's childhood slipped by, bringing at length the time when it became apparent to her father that she could no longer be kept from school, and in fulfillment of a promise made to his dying wife, he had her sent to the little convent and placed her under the Sisters' care. But he missed her sadly. The home her presence made so bright seemed to him no longer home without her.

And now he hung over her, caressing her bright hair, and so lately tempted to let her enter the convent. June was already advanced and the long vacation was near; he felt it would be folly to take her home now. He was not ill, he told himself. But he was strangely weak to-day, and it was only after a hard struggle that he brought himself to say "good-bye" to the girl who had so long been the apple of his eye to the study hall. On another of the visitors had made their adieux and departed. Kathleen followed her father to the door and watched him sadly as he left her. Her heart was very heavy at the thought of his going back home, she looked so ill, she felt so needed, she should be with him. As he descended the steps he turned and met the blue eyes, humid with tears, bent on him, and she heard him murmur—"Kathleen, my little Kathleen!" Then he turned and hurried away as though he dared not look again at her.

Kathleen went back to her tasks with a weight at her heart. That her father had some trouble unknown to her she had long since surmised. Months ago, shortly after the opening of the school term, she had noticed the first appearance of change in him. His eyes began to have a restless, anxious look, his growing steadily upon him, transforming him by degrees from his old, bright, genial self into a man, moody, harassed, and prematurely old. Times without number Kathleen had been on the point of begging him to confide to her the worry which was telling so grievously on him, but, though in everything else there had always been the most perfect confidence between them, on this one subject his shrinking from questioning was so evident that she would always refrain for fear of adding to his distress, ever praying and hoping that the cause, whatever it was, might be speedily removed. But to-day his appearance and whole manner had aroused in her fears that would not be reasoned down. He was ill—really ill. The wan, careworn face that had bent over her, the hungry yearning for her care and the comfort of her presence which had told so plainly by look and manner, haunted her continually. In her anxiety she blamed herself bitterly for not having insisted on going back with him.

Thus she went through the rest of that day and the next in a state of suspense, which, as time dragged on, grew so oppressive that a summons to the office of the Superiores, on the third day after her father's visit, came almost as a relief to her, though it boded the confirmation of her worst fears.

"I went for you, little Kathleen," Mother Amelia said, as she drew the girl to her heart. "I have just had news."

"Of my father?" Kathleen broke in in a hoarse whisper. "He is . . . he is . . ."

"Yes, my child, he is ill."

"Oh, Mother, don't keep anything back! Tell me, tell me, how is he?"

"Evlyn?"—She tried to thrust the embarrassing thought from her. It was not her fault; she would have cared for her little sister had it been left in her power, nay, she would do it yet. But first she must

placed the telegram in the girl's trembling hand.

When Kathleen reached the darkened home she found that already the end was near. The priest with a few friends were gathered about her father's bed. He still lived, but one look at the white, drawn face told plainly, even to her inexperienced, that all hope was vain. Kathleen, kneeling by his side, pleading with him to speak to her, but no word came from the lips nor one gleam of recognition from the dark eyes whose light she had seen. Within a few hours of her return he passed quietly away.

In a dazed, dreamy way Kathleen listened while they told her of the last three days' events. Her father had returned from the city late on the evening of his visit to her, and had retired at once. He felt ill and tired, he said, but refused to allow anything to be done for him, saying that he was a housekeeper that night's rest was all he needed. Next day he went about his duties as usual, seeming, however, very much depressed. In the evening he had examined little Evlyn's work and heard her recite her lessons. When she had put away her books, he took her in his arms and said, half-playfully, half-sadly: "What will papa do next year? He will be all alone, for little Evlyn must go back to school with Kathleen."

Something in his tone or manner seemed to frighten the child for she clung to him, crying. Then he had kissed and soothed her, promising to bring her with him in a few days when he should go to bring Kathleen home. A sleepless night followed, and in the morning he was too ill to rise. Still he made light of it, and seemed to apprehend no serious consequences, but as the evening advanced and he grew steadily worse, the doctor was summoned and, a little later, the priest. Alarmed at last, he begged that Kathleen should be brought to him, and through the hours of delirium which followed, he called incessantly for her, but before she reached his side he had lapsed into unconsciousness.

"Poor Kathleen! It was a terrible stroke. But she might not indulge long in selfish grief. With the anguish of her bereavement came inevitably the realization of the responsibility that devolved upon her. With the self-devotion that was characteristic of her early, noble nature, when the first consuming passion of sorrow had spent itself, she bent bravely to the burden she must henceforth bear alone.

Richard Desmond had been very popular, and it was amid demonstrations of a grief almost real and universal that even on such sad occasions as usual, that he was borne away to his silent home. It was a fitting funeral day, more dismal than any the little town of V. had known in years. The sky hung low like a pall above the dripping earth, and the wind chanted a requiem for the soul that was fled.

CHAPTER II.

On the evening of the day that followed her father's funeral Father Salwyn and Dr. Morley came to Kathleen with a kindly offer of assistance in settling his affairs and arranging for the future of his orphaned children. She accepted gratefully and accompanied them at once to the little room which her father had called his office.

Even had it been feasible it would not have been possible to have kept anything from her. She was quick and intelligent, and insisted on seeing into and understanding the real state of her father's business. It was found to be a miserable complication, which would take time to unravel and set in order, but from the chaos one fact stood out clear—when at length a settlement could be effected, everything would be swept away. Kathleen and her little sister would be penniless and homeless.

As the girls listened and understood something of the record of ruin, there was no shadow of reproach, but rather a great yearning pity in her heart as she realized how heavy was the burden her father had borne.

It was late when at last the mass of books and papers were gathered up and replaced in their desks. The two women looked at each other and then said to Kathleen. She seemed such a child as she stood there, worn with watching and sorrow, so uninitiated to grapple with the rude cares of life. Dr. Morley stooped down and laid the tired head against his shoulder.

"My dear," he said kindly, "don't think any more to-night. Mrs. Mason will make you a cup of tea, and then go to bed and sleep, for you are very tired. You must not worry, but trust us. We shall see that everything is done for the best." Her lips quivered and heavy tears rolled over her face.

But when she was alone again instead of seeking rest or refreshment, she returned to the study and seated herself at her desk. Her head ached and her brain whirled as she strove to bring home to herself the full import of this new misfortune.

Her father had centred such proud and far-reaching hopes in this fair young daughter of his. His pride in her and the love for him that stimulated her to strain every nerve in the effort to gratify it, had spurred her on till she, too, had come to dream ambitious dreams of the future and his brilliant achievements. All these bright hopes had grown up with her till they seemed to have become a part of her life and indispensable to it. And now what was this that had come upon her and threatened to blight the fair prospect forever? No, it could not! It should not be! She sprang up and paced the floor excitedly. There was a rap at the door, but she gave no heed. Presently the door opened and the housekeeper entered "Miss Kathleen," she said anxiously. Kathleen turned, and with a start she saw that she was foreign to her, begged to be left alone.

Then she strove to regain her self-control, and proceeded to lay her plans for the future. There was a small sum assured to her from her mother. It was not much, but with strict economy it might suffice her to go on with her studies until she should be enabled by her own efforts to push herself forward towards the accomplishment of her ambitious projects. Ah, life should be henceforth no idle reverie to her! But she was young and willing and shrank not from the drudgery that must ultimately ensure success. And Evlyn?—She tried to thrust the embarrassing thought from her. It was not her fault; she would have cared for her little sister had it been left in her power, nay, she would do it yet. But first she must

make the means. When her efforts should be crowned, Evlyn should share her success. Ah, for Evlyn's sake she must work the harder. And in the meantime, well, there were places, she knew, where friendless children were cared for. The thought was maddening. But fate had decided, and against the decree of fate there is no appeal.

Poor little stricken child! Was it strange that she should stumble amid these maze to which her feet were all unused? And she was no vain dreamer either. With these dear friends, never quite realized all their interest meant to her of comfort and of confidence, till that happened which debarred her from its enjoyment. Herbert Morley, the doctor's oldest son, was pursuing a medical course at McGill when Kathleen and her sister came to the city. By right of the long and close friendship between their families, and his father's interest in the orphan girls, the young man assumed a sort of chivalrous guardianship over them. His kindness was never obtrusive but it afforded Kathleen a real sense of protection and security. At the moment of her bereavement and its attendant misfortunes, his unspoken sympathy had been very grateful to her. He seemed to understand and appreciate, as no one else could, the full measure of her sacrifice. Day by day he watched her struggling under her self-imposed burden, chiding her as he went, but never failing to lighten it, and looking forward, with consuming impatience, to the time when it should be his privilege to offer her a haven of rest in his love.

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through the long hours, she was seldom tempted to lose her time. Thus, under Kathleen's supervision, she made rapid progress. They were fairly settled now in the new routine. The days and weeks followed each other in fitful monotony. They still had an occasional call from Dr. Morley when business brought him to the city. When, as happened at rare intervals, Kathleen was given a brief holiday, she and Evlyn found over a glad, bright welcome in his family. Even Kathleen, with all her grateful remembrance of these dear friends, never quite realized all their interest meant to her of comfort and of confidence, till that happened which debarred her from its enjoyment.

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they think nothing of the happiness of being able so easily and at all hours to approach the adorable Persons of Jesus Christ.

DEVOTION TO MARY.

The following valuable essay on the Catholic devotion to the Blessed Mother of God is translated from the French of the Abbe Ratisbonne, the brother of the celebrated Father Alphonse Ratisbonne, who was instantaneously converted at Rome, in the year 1842, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

This translation was made by one of our own contributors, for Our Lady's magazine, the Ave Maria. We have been asked to give it, in extenso, to our readers, who will be delighted to see so able a presentation of the arguments in favor of the doctrine so dear to the Catholic heart, coming as it does from one born and reared in the black night of Judaism.

Christianity has implanted in the heart of regenerated man two new affections; the one is the love of our brethren and is called charity; the other is the love of a mother, the love of Mary; and this other love has no name. It would be impossible to find in any language the word to express the sentiments which the Christian soul cherishes toward the Mother of Jesus Christ.

It is during the last hour of redemption, when the most adorable Victim was consummating His sacrifice, that the mutual bonds which forever bind the members of the Church to the Mother of the Man God were formed. These bonds constitute the worship of Mary, a worship inseparable from the worship of Jesus; because the disciples, having become the members and brothers of the Lord, are by these same titles children of His Mother; and if they are children with Jesus Christ, they share in the sentiments of Jesus Christ: they love what Jesus Christ loved; consequently, they love Mary.

Now, love can keep possession: it must speak, it must sing; it must pour itself out—it must give vent to its emotions, its ardors, and its gratitude. The more closely we are united to Jesus Christ, the more do we feel the inviolable need of honoring and blessing His Mother. Most assuredly those who do not possess the spirit of Jesus Christ and do not belong to His family who feel nothing for Mary. In their eyes Christ is divided; He appears but as an abstract divinity, without affinity, without any intimate connection with the children of men grafted on His sacred humanity. It is the maternity of Mary that gives us a complete knowledge of Jesus Christ: she is the living link that connects Him with us. By her God becomes the child of God. Hence the veneration of Mary, when it is deep and intelligent, is the sign of the true faith, the condition of spiritual progress, the channel of prayer and of graces, and the secret of the sweetest and most fruitful consolations.

Nevertheless, the cultus of Mary and the worship of Jesus Christ, though they spring from one and the same principle and are indissolubly interwoven in the roots of Christian piety, are distinct and fundamentally different; for the worship of Jesus Christ is an adoration which can be rendered to God alone; whereas Mary is simply a creature, an immaculate Virgin, a woman blessed amongst all women, the Mother blessed amongst all mothers. Her worship is at bottom but the homage which all the children of men render to their mothers.

Mary, is called to share the throne and diadem of the most powerful of kings. Judith, victorious over the enemies of her people, does not give umbrage to the high priest of Israel when she receives the blessings of grateful piety: "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem! Thou art the joy of Israel! Thou art an honor to thy people!" These exceptional women were the types and living prophecies of her whom Genesis announces, at the very beginning of ages, as destined to crush the serpent's head; of her whom the patriarchs long for as the aura of salvation; whom the prophet Isaiah designates to the world in these words: "A Virgin shall conceive and shall be called Emmanuel, God with us."

Nothing is more significant than the numerous symbols under which the Spirit of God prefigures the promised Virgin. She is, according to the interpretation of the Fathers, the precious sion of the root of Jesse, of whom is born, like a divine flower, the Saviour of men; she is the holy land on which the dew of heaven descends in order that it may bear the fruit of life; she is the unconsumable bush in which God reveals Himself in the midst of the flames; she is the fleece of Gideon, which is covered with a mysterious dew while all things around it are parched with drought; she is the sacred ark containing God's covenant with the sons of Adam; she is the golden vase in which is preserved among the children of Jacob the manna of heaven; she is the cloud which pours over the thirsty earth a fruitful rain; she is the altar of sacred incense which draws down blessings from on high; she is the eastern gate of the Temple of which Ezekiel extols the magnificence; in fine, she is the heavenly spouse, seated at the right hand of God, resplendent with gold and with light, the Mother of the Holy of Holies and of the King of kings, celebrated by the prophets, sung in the psalms, saluted by the angels and the Seraphim.

The New Testament is more explicit still. How indeed, could the Evangelists have separated the name of Mary from the name of Jesus? Need we call to mind all the texts which record the participation of the Holy Virgin in all the acts of the redemption? The last look of the expiring Victim, like His first smile on entering the world, was for Mary. The gift of His Mother which the Heart of Jesus makes to the heart of man is the crowning of all His works of love. How deeply to be pitied are those who do not appreciate and will not understand these consoling truths! Strike out the name of Mary from the Gospel, and you deprive Christianity of its most tender and loving nurse.

According to the more moderate Protestants, Mary is but an ordinary woman "who could not have been the confidante of Christ; a woman about whom silence must be kept, as was done by the sacred writers, in order to prevent all superstition; a woman, in short, whose example could be of use to no one."

What! the sacred writers are silent! On the contrary, the Gospel is full of Mary. If you are afraid lest the worship of Mary give umbrage to the Son of God and lead you astray in the ways of superstition, do not read the Archangel's salutation: "Hail, full of grace! The Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women!" Do not listen to Elizabeth when she cries out in ecstasy at the sight of Mary: "Blessed art thou amongst women! Whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?" Strike out also from the sacred books the texts which narrate the joys of Bethlehem. The Divine Child was still wrapped in swaddling clothes when the Eastern Kings and the shepherds of Ephraim brought Him their mystic offerings. Now, to whom were their burning words addressed if not to Mary? The Gospel expressly adds that these first adorers of the Incarnate God found the Child with Mary His Mother. Is it not in the Gospel also that we find the sublime sentence which sums up the first thirty years of our Saviour's life? He dwelt with Mary and Joseph. He was obedient to them. At that period of time, and long before the Gospel was written, the Virgin of Nazareth was herself the living book in which were inscribed the words and acts of her Divine Son. "She kept all these things in her heart."

Subsequently, at the marriage feast of Cana, Jesus changed water into wine; and the Evangelist who describes that great scene is careful to tell us that "Mary was there," and that it was she who by her intercession called forth this first of all miracles. Let Protestants tear out that page also of the Gospel which records that memorable exclamation of the woman of Israel who in order to honor the Divine Messiah exalts His Mother: "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the breasts that gave Thee suck!" Let them, in a word, strike out of the New Testament the canticle in which, in a divine ecstasy, the Virgin herself foretells her destiny and announces that she is to be the object of the blessings of all ages. "Behold, from henceforth," she says in her canticle of love, "all generations shall call me blessed!"

This extraordinary prophecy so clearly expressed, so manifestly fulfilled, is of itself alone the full justification of the cultus which the Catholic Church renders to Mary. It also contains the implicit demonstration of all other truths of the Gospel. For if the lowly daughter of David had not been indicated by the splendor of the Spirit of God, how could she have predicted so confidently her imperishable glory? How, in the humble sphere in which she lived, shut up in the mountain of

Judea, and long before the birth of Jesus Christ, could she have been able to announce to the world that all generations should proclaim her greatness?

There is nothing more striking in history than the fulfilment of this prediction; and there is no prophecy more widely known, more celebrated, more luminous; none is more clearly and universally realized. Wherever the sun of the Gospel has diffused its heat and its light, from pole to pole and throughout all ages, the sweet name of Mary shines forth beside the name of Jesus; and there is no Name that excites more enthusiasm, more sympathy, more love. Innumerable monuments, pyramids and religious pomp proclaim her glories. The arts have exhausted their magnificence in striving to express the love and admiration of the children of Holy Church for the Delphic, the God-bearing Mother. "Behold all generations do call her blessed!"

A CHALLENGER CHALLENGED.

An Anonymous Defamer of the Catholic Faith Effectually put on the Defensive.

International Catholic Truth Society. Brooklyn, N. Y., May 6, 1901. A "Challenge to the Roman Catholics of America" has been rather freely distributed recently in some of our larger American cities and towns. It offers a most magnificent reward to Catholics, clerical or lay, if they succeed in proving from God's Word certain doctrines taught and practiced (according to their notion) in the Church of Rome. Luckily for the opulent donor, the paper is unsigned, and consequently would not merit any recognition whatsoever, were it not for the boldness of the assertions and the extent of the circulation, thus possibly endangering the simple faith of our hardworking Catholics, and planting the poison of bigotry still deeper in the hearts of our separated brethren.

The "challenge," as it reads, is false to the teaching of Christ and His Apostles, consequently false to God's Word. It is, moreover, false to history, both Ecclesiastical and Profane, misleading as to the teaching and practices in the Catholic Church, illogical in its makeup, and a conglomerated massing and confusing of doctrine, discipline and what is neither doctrine nor discipline. When the foundation is weak, we must not expect much of the edifice. When the premises to an argument are false and illogical, we cannot hope to abide by the conclusion. Now what is the foundation, what are the premises whereon this ridiculous "challenge" is built? It is propped up on the following presumption, that God's Word is wholly and entirely contained in the Bible—that our sole Rule of Faith is the Bible. If we once succeed in showing that this theory is unsound, false to Christ's teachings and His Apostles', then our unknown challenger must needs find at least a logical basis for his tirade against the Church of Rome. He seems to have considerable regard for Scripture and the verity of its teachings. Now he will certainly admit that the Bible is a trustworthy book. In it he will find evidence that Christ is a Divine Messenger, and hence men should receive His message with due submission. But how can we receive this message with certainty since Christ died almost nineteen hundred years ago? What is the sure way of receiving this message unadulterated and faithful to the doctrines of the Divine Messenger? Chillingworth says: "The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants." The Bible then, according to these, must speak of itself. Is this the method Christ desired to have employed in the spreading of His salutary message? There is only one answer to be derived from the New Testament and that is an emphatic NO. The Saviour taught by word of mouth, and we have no example either of writing being attributed to Him, or of any commission to His followers to adopt this system of teaching eternal truths. Their work during His earthly career is outlined in the tenth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel and in the ninth chapter of St. Luke's.

They are sent to preach, to deliver an oral message and to heal the sick. "And going out they went about through the towns, preaching the gospel and healing everywhere." Towards the close of the synoptic gospels we behold a final commission given to the Apostles. "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii, 19-20) "And He said to them, go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. He that believeth not, shall be condemned." (Mark xvi, 15-16) "And that penance and the remission of sins should be preached in His name unto all nations," beginning at Jerusalem." (Luke xxiv, 47) You shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria, and even to the uttermost parts of the earth." (Acts i, 8) It is evident from these and kindred texts that Christ's method for the propagation of His work was oral instruction, preaching, hearing, witness, etc. Note well, moreover, that the Divine Messenger promised His infallible assistance to the Apostles: "Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." And He

promised also to send them another Paraclete or Comforter to abide with them "forever," to teach them all truth and bring to their minds all things whatsoever the Saviour may have said to them. (Vide St. John xiv, 15-26) We find, then, from the Bible, depending upon its trustworthiness as an historical record, that Christ established a teaching body to make known His salutary truths to all nations even to the uttermost parts of the earth; that He promised His abiding presence and the presence of the Holy Spirit with this body representative as a guarantee against errancy and infidelity; that this presence was not merely to extend to the Apostles' life time, but was to continue with their successors "all days even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii, 20) "And I will ask the Father and He shall give you another Paraclete that He may abide with you forever." (St. John xiv, 16) Here it may be well to ask the Apostles understood Christ's commission? Surely their interpretation will be more authoritative than any ulterior to their time. Chapter after chapter of the Acts of the Apostles bears witness that they understood and carried out the commission of the Messiah in the manner stated above, viz., by oral instruction, preaching, hearing, witness, etc. (See Act I, 22; II, 14; III, 12; IV, 20, etc.)

Then as to the Epistles or Letters of St. Paul, James, Peter, John, Jude, they are chiefly a supplement to the Apostle preaching (e.g., I Cor. xi, 2; II Cor. xi, 4; Gal. i, 8; Ephes. i, 13; St. James i, 22; I St. Peter i, 22; II St. Peter i, 20; St. Jude i, 3). There is but one exception, and this even bears us out when we assert that the Bible is not the sole Rule of Faith. It is found in the Epistle of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, verse 14: "Therefore, brethren, stand fast and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word or by our epistles." Furthermore, the Apostles commissioned their co-laborers and successors to adhere to this method of oral instruction. (Vide I Tim. iv, 13; vi, 20) "The things which thou hast heard of me by many witnesses, the same commend to faithful men who shall be fit to teach others also." (II Tim. ii, 2). The Christian Apologists and Fathers of the second century speak in the same strain. Clement of Rome, Irenaeus, Tertullian, et al., tell us of the authoritative weight of tradition as understood in the proper way. Take for instance the words of St. Clement: "Christ was sent from God, the Apostles from Christ. . . They preached in countries and in towns, and the first fruits of their ministry, having tested them in the power of the Holy Spirit, they appointed to be overseers and ministers to all that would believe." "The Apostles made their appointments and arranged a succession, that when they had fallen asleep, other tried men should carry on their ministry." (Greek Patrology, Chap. xlii-xliv, Vol. 1, 292-298.) Now it seems to us that the Catholic view of the spreading of God's Word has been fairly well explained. Until "Mr. Challenger" succeeds in proving that the Bible, and the Bible alone, is the Rule of Faith, he can hardly expect anyone to bother much about his assertions.

We may, however, beg the reader's pardon for commenting upon the following absurdities: "Romanism," says Hon. Mr. Challenger, "is really a novelty, Protestantism is founded upon eternal truth." Why, even profane history will tell you that the Roman Catholic Church was old and hoary before what is called Protestantism was dreamed of. The oldest sect among Protestants is not more than four hundred years old, while the Catholic Church can trace her lineage back to the Apostles themselves. The words are misplaced. Protestantism would be placed in the first clause, Romanism (pardon the objectionable expression) in the second. The Church Calendar, a Protestant Episcopal organ published in New York City, while objecting to the official title of its Church and regarding the same as a misnomer, has this to say of up-to-date Protestantism: "Protestant carries with it the inherent stigma of weakness, and the implied shame of defeat. And now this name relegates the Church in this land to bad company, since it has come to be the common denominator of all, be they who they may or what they may, that does not own obedience to the Pope of Rome, or follow the law of Moses. A heterogeneous crowd it is, of all shades of opinion, of all varieties of faith, or of no faith, respectable in morals, or lax, or distinctly immoral." (P. 78 Church Calendar, Art. of Prot. Bishop of Springfield.) The above statement must be regarded by every sincere minded person as true to the accepted position of Protestantism nowadays. Where, we ask in the name of truth, is the foundation upon Eternal Truth? Which then of the two—Roman Catholicism or Protestantism—is really a novelty—the former, that grand old historic institution, built upon Peter, the Rock, or the latter, the Kingdom divided against itself three hundred times?

Again, "Mr. Challenger" is altogether too safe offering to pay \$50,000 to any Roman Catholic who shall produce a text to prove St. Peter had no wife. Roman Catholics do not claim that St. Peter was unmarried, in fact, the second nocturne lesson of the breviary for the feast of St. John before the Latin Gate, May 6 (which I have recently perused) mentions very positively that St. Peter had a wife. And we know from the sacred text itself that Peter's mother in law was sick with fever and was miraculously healed by the Saviour. Beside

this, there is in the so called "Challenge" a frightful jumbling and misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine and Catholic discipline, for example, the reference to "more meditators than one," "that the Virgin Mary can save us," "that priests ought not to marry," "that the wine at the Lord's table ought only be taken by the priests." The writer of this deceitful and misleading "challenge" should first seek correct information about Catholic belief before he attempts to formulate propositions so utterly false and unfair to the Church which he antagonizes. It is not difficult to read between the lines of this infamous paper and therein discover, not good faith and sincerity, but the triple-headed monster of spite, malice and jugglery with which he may hope in vain to destroy one or tittle of our cherished faith.

Let, however, our adversary think that we are opposing him with words and not actions—the latter are far more powerful—we take occasion to add the following: This wonderful defender of Protestantism and slander of the Catholic Church, who offers financial rewards, but whose name and address are prudently concealed, attempts to mislead the unwary by giving the dates of decrees of various councils concerning twenty-two Catholic doctrines and practices, with the inference that in such years these doctrines were first taught by the Church. Now the International Catholic Truth Society, Arbutnot Building, Brooklyn, New York City, humbly offers \$500.00 to anyone who will place a similar amount in the hands of any representative gentleman of this city, the loser's money to go to public charity, such amount to be paid by us, if we are unable to prove that each and every one of the twenty-two doctrines were taught by the Church centuries before the date assigned by the unknown challenger.

CONVERTS IN IRELAND

It seems as if the day was not far distant when Ireland will be completely Catholic from end to end. In Ulster the Church is at present making great headway.

A book entitled "Some Notable Conversions in the County of Wexford" has just appeared. The author, Esther Kirk, tells in a simple, unaffected way the story of his conversion to the Catholic faith. It is, we believe, generally thought that the number of Protestants who are received into the Church in Ireland is very small. But this supposition is scarcely correct. Ireland supplies quite a considerable number of converts, and it would no doubt be still larger if the efforts made to win non-Catholics were more systematic.

Father Kirk, who was a Protestant curate at Gorey in the county Wexford, seems from the earliest days of his ministry to have been drawn towards the Catholic Church. Others in the same county were similarly inclined about the same time, and in his pages he gives us glimpses of the progress they made towards religious truth. Closely associated with his own conversion in a very special way was that of Mr. and Mrs. Ram and their family. Mr. Ram was the heir of Ramsfort, in county Wexford, a descendant of a first Protestant Bishop of Ferns. A legend dating from early times ran to the effect that the first owner of the property who returned to the Catholic faith would lose all his Irish possessions, and the legend has been fulfilled to the letter, the temporal loss being more than compensated for by the spiritual gain. When Father Kirk first visited the district as a Catholic priest, and he and Mr. Ram drove to the local Catholic church, the people in showing their joy would do with nothing less than the strains of a brass band. Their intention was, no doubt, good, but they gave the newly-ordained priest, who had no desire to play the hero, a very bad quarter of an hour.

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Each London not later than Tuesday morning. When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

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

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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

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

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

Blessing you, and wishing you success. Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully, in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

London, Saturday, June 1, 1901.

FREEMASONRY.

At the inauguration of the new Masonic temple which took place in Rome toward the end of April, the Grand Orient of Italy disclosed the irreconcilable hatred of the leaders of Freemasonry against the Catholic Church.

He conceals this hatred, it is true, behind a cloud of verbiage, but it is none the less apparent because he names "clericalism," and not Catholicism, as the enemy to be overthrown.

After a bitter denunciation of the Pope and the Papacy, he said:

"This is the adversary against which Freemasonry is drawn up. It combats not religion, but those organizations and sects which avail themselves of religion for a detestable and anti-patriotic political purpose. It fights clericalism, not Catholicism. It opposes the usurpers of the faith, not the faith, and by reason of this war against a powerful and disloyal enemy, and against the blind ignorance of deceived crowds, Freemasonry has been compelled to throw a certain shadow of mystery around the names of many."

That is to say it conceals its real designs, and the names of those who are chiefly engaged in carrying these designs into effect, and its mysterious talk about the diffusion of the light of truth is but a sham to impose on the unwary.

SALISBURY ON IRISH AFFAIRS.

Lord Salisbury's declaration in his speech delivered on his return to London, from France, that one of the lessons to be derived from the obstinate resistance of the Boers, is that Home Rule should not be given to Ireland, has created much indignation in Ireland, and everywhere where the publicly expressed opinions of Irishmen have weight.

This is the first message of friendship and gratitude which the British Prime Minister has sent to the brave Irish soldiers who in South Africa fought and won so many obstinately contested battles for England and the British Empire: it is to the effect that Ireland must be governed, or rather misgoverned as she has been for the last three centuries and more.

The reason he gives for his declaration is that a hostile local government can maintain an incredibly stubborn fight against its suzerain, no matter how overwhelming may be the power of the suzerain. But it is precisely the admitted misgovernment of Ireland which makes Ireland show unchanging hostility toward every English Government which is unwilling to give her justice.

There are undoubtedly irreconcilables in Ireland, but the population would not be irreconcilable if the country were well and justly governed, which it will not be until a Home Rule government be established in Dublin.

WHY SHOULD WE CLING TO THE FAITH?

Bishop Walker of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Buffalo, N. Y., created a considerable sensation in his cathedral on Sunday, May 19, by speaking of the paramount influence of commercialism over the Christianity of the present day.

It has, according to the Bishop, produced a most deadly effect upon religion, completely destroying the true sentiment of religion in men's souls.

The Bishop added that most of the men of wealth and influence identify themselves with the Churches to day, not for the purpose of advancing religion or promoting morality, but to make the Churches an instrument for their own social and commercial advancement.

He greatly deplored this tendency, and prayed that the time should come back when religion would be sought for its own sake, and the dollar made subservient to the formation of human character and the promotion of true Christianity.

There is undoubtedly some truth in what has been thus remarked by Bishop Walker, especially so far as the sects are concerned.

The primary principle maintained by Protestants, that the individual judgment is the supreme rule of faith, cannot have any other effect than to beget a want of confidence in the divine character of religion; for no reasoning man can regard as divine the promptings or fancies of his own unaided intellect.

His vanity may indeed induce him to prefer to believe these promptings, and to follow them in practice as his only guide in morals, but by no process of thought can he be led to accept them as revealed truth coming from heaven.

We are not greatly astonished, therefore, at the avowal of Bishop Walker that they are not so accepted, and that most men of influence among Protestants, having no higher motive to lead them to any religion in particular, choose their religion on the consideration what form of religious profession will give them most advantages in social life and in transacting their worldly business.

With Catholics this is certainly not generally the case. No one in this country can, as a rule, expect social or commercial advantages from the profession of the Catholic religion, and there must be, therefore, very few who are Catholics from such a motive as this expectation.

Yet it is possible that, under peculiar circumstances, some few imagine erroneously that they will gain such advantages. This is, however, an unworthy motive for embracing any religion, and if there are any Catholics who are influenced by it, for their own benefit we re-echo the sentiment expressed by Bishop Walker, that they should be Catholic for their religion's sake only, and because it is the one religion which is divine, the one religion which continues, and will ever continue to teach "the faith once delivered to saints," and which points out unmistakably the way which leads to eternal life, and directs the pilgrim on earth to that goal.

Bishop Walker may be justified in his language so far as Protestants are concerned, but he cannot be accurately informed on this matter in regard to Catholics.

A RESULT OF GODLESS TEACHING.

A horrible story is telegraphed from Harbor Beach, Michigan, to the effect that a little girl named Blanche Reynolds, and her brother Eddie Reynolds, aged respectively seven and nine years, were attacked brutally on their way from school by a party of six girls, their schoolmates, whose ages ranged from fourteen to sixteen years.

The two little ones who were the object of this attack began only recently to attend the public school, but, as they were of somewhat superior position in life, they were instructed by their parents to hold themselves aloof from most of the other children. This they did, and they were on this account disliked by the other pupils, who in consequence recently formed a plot to waylay and beat them. This plan was put into effect on May 15th, when at least six girls attacked the two little ones ferociously at a lonely spot on their way home.

The child Blanche was knocked down and kicked until she fainted, and her brother Eddie was similarly treated, though not quite so badly.

When the little children succeeded in making their escape from their assailants, Blanche staggered homeward bleeding and stunned until her arrival at the house of her parents where she fell into her mother's arms, and died within an hour of the injuries received.

The girls who were guilty of this outrage have been arrested, and, as might have been expected, public indignation against the perpetrators runs very high in the town.

It appears to us evident that for this brutality the public school system, which excludes the inculcation of religious teaching in the schools, is more to be blamed than the girls, who have been brought up without moral training, and whose only idea of the relations in which they stand to their schoolmates and the community generally is founded upon a feeling of combined selfishness and pride, which are necessarily fostered where there is no knowledge of any obligations and responsibilities toward God, or duties toward our fellow creatures. The system of teaching which passes over this important part of education is radically

wrong and must result in many such fearful episodes as this which has excited so much horror at Harbor Beach.

We cannot conceive that if these six well grown girls had been trained even in an elementary course of religious instruction, this sad event would have occurred.

It is quite true that there will be always some children among those who attend a large school, who will not feel the full power of Godliness, even when the best of religious teaching is given in the school; but the influence of such teaching will be felt by the pupils generally when there is a religious atmosphere pervading the school room.

If there had been such an atmosphere prevailing in the Harbor Beach school, it could scarcely have happened that half a dozen or more girls could have conceived and carried out so diabolical a plot as that which resulted so disastrously on the present occasion.

Such a recurrence could not be conceived to have taken place in one of our Catholic schools, either in Canada or the United States.

THE REV. PROFESSOR STEEN'S APPEAL.

Professor Steen, who has been forbidden by Archbishop Bond of the Church of England, Montreal, to officiate further in that Diocese, writes to the press a letter replying to the Archbishop's reasons for withdrawing his license.

He takes the ground that he was invited by the staff of the Diocesan college, of which the Archbishop is president, to teach in that institution. As a teacher of Christian apologetics, he says, he was not subjected to any doctrinal tests, but was invited to give up a position in which he was both successful and happy to become a clergyman of Montreal diocese. He considers it, therefore, a great hardship, after five years of exacting work, to be deprived of his position as a clergyman of the diocese.

In January he resigned his position as a theological teacher because his teachings were not approved by the faculty of the college, but he maintains that by his fact Archbishop Bond is not justified in withdrawing his license. He argues that the college staff is merely a private corporation which has, indeed, the right to decide upon the methods of teaching, and the character of the doctrines inculcated within the institution, but not the right to affect the standing of a clergyman of the Church, so far as the Church itself is concerned. He says, further:

"I am practically told that there is no place for me here, and that I had better seek a field of work in the Church of another land and infect it with the dangerous teaching of which your Grace the Archbishop accuses me, and from which you feel obliged to protect this diocese by withholding from me a license. In conclusion I ask you to prove me guilty or to declare me innocent, and I herewith challenge this diocese, or any individuals within it to formulate against me a charge of heresy or dangerous teaching, and to establish it in the Church courts."

We shall not pretend to say whether, under the rules and laws of the Church of England, a charge of heresy could be substantiated against the rev. gentleman, but we cannot do otherwise than admire the vigilance of his diocese the dangerous doctrines of the Latitudinarians, who would uproot whatever faith in the principal mysteries of Christianity is still to be found in the Church of England. It is better that vigilance should be exercised than that the groundwork of revealed truth be destroyed, and that the Church of England should go down, as some other sects have practically done already, into the yawning abyss of infidelity.

It is noticeable that throughout the professor's letter he does not deny that the tendency of his sermons and teachings is to encourage doubt of the mysteries of religion, though he asserts that the complaints against him have not been duly investigated, and that the extracts from his teachings "are inaccurate, distorted, abbreviated, and wrenched from their context."

It is asserted by the press that the professor intends to appeal to the ecclesiastical courts for a reversal of the Archbishop's decision, and that he is backed by the most prominent laymen in the Montreal cathedral parish. It is even proclaimed very freely that it is a question whether the laity or the Bishops are to rule the Church of England in Canada.

It is certain that the Apostles and their successors were appointed to rule the Church of God, according to Acts xx, 28: "Take heed to yourselves and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath placed you Bishops to rule the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood." Accordingly "the Apostles and ancients" (Greek, presbyterie, Latin vulgate,

seniores.) "came together to consider of this matter," (the obligation of circumcison), and gave their decision in the name of the Holy Ghost: "For it hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay no further burden upon you than these necessary things;" and thus all obligation of circumcison was set aside under the new law.

Of course, as the successors of the Apostles are to be found only in the Catholic Church, these words do not apply to the Church of England, which is a human institution, governed, at least in England, by the provisions of the civil law. But it will be seen from this that those who are backing Rev. Professor Steen are reversing the commission given by Christ to His Apostles: "Teach all nations." In their view, evidently, the commission is: "Be taught by all nations, and especially by the Cathedral congregations."

BRESCI'S SUICIDE.

The assassin Gaetano Bresci, who killed King Humberto of Italy, has passed off the stage of life, having committed suicide in prison on Tuesday, May 21. Our readers will remember that as in Italy capital punishment is abolished, Bresci was undergoing a life imprisonment for his crime in the penitentiary of Santo Stefano.

Recently the convict anarchist had been suffering much from extreme excitement, which was supposed to have arisen from remorse, and down to the week before his death he was at times exceedingly violent. At this time his excitement culminated in a violent attack upon his jailor, in consequence of which he was put into a straight jacket. Later he feigned submissiveness to the prison rules, his purpose being evidently to lull suspicion, so that he might get an opportunity to commit suicide, and in this he has at last succeeded. He managed to make a rope out of the bed clothes in his cell, and by attaching this to the ceiling, he was able to accomplish his design by hanging himself. He had several times previously announced his intention to kill himself in order to get away from the harsh treatment to which he considered he was subjected. By this he signified his restlessness under the rule of silence which he found it very trying on his unrestrained sensibilities to observe.

Bresci's wild feelings of revenge are shown by the fact that during his paroxysms of rage he wrote recently on the walls of his cell the word "Vengeance" with his bloody thumb nail. From this we may judge of the horrible state of mind in which people of his class, that is, anarchists, are accustomed to live, or perhaps we should say, rather, to drag out a misanthropical and unhappy existence.

The King of Italy was informed of the anarchist's suicide, and remained pensive for a few moments, after which he said: "It is perhaps the best thing which could have happened to the unhappy man." This remark is not such as we might have expected from a Christian ruler.

The Anarchists of Paterson, N. J., to whom Bresci belonged, are much excited over the event, and pretend not to believe that he killed himself. They say he was murdered in prison at the instigation of the Italian officials—a most unlikely theory, but one which enables them to denounce more emphatically the tyranny of kings and governments.

Bresci's wife has been relating to the newspaper reporter her impressions regarding Bresci himself and the murder perpetrated by him, as well as of the character of Anarchy itself.

Regarding Bresci personally, and the murder he perpetrated, she asserts that it was his individual act.

"He did not plan it with others. Now that he is gone, there is no reason to conceal anything, and I can say absolutely that there never was a plot. It was said that my husband was a leader, and the agent of a band of Anarchists in killing the king. That is not true. His act was an individual act. He conceived it himself. The Paterson Anarchists were as much surprised that he did it, as I was myself. We did not believe it at first. Anarchy, from the little I have read about it, is a propaganda that is too good for this world. It is not practical. That is the trouble with it, and that was the trouble with my husband."

Mrs. Bresci is evidently disposed to let her husband down easily, and to do likewise with the whole horde of anarchist outlaws. We agree with her, however, so far as to say that they are not fit for this world: not that they are too good for it, but that, with all its faults, the world is too good for them. We do, indeed, feel sympathy for her as a bereaved woman. Our charity and good wishes should be extended to all mankind, but we cannot suffer wrong principles to be propagated without a protest. Mrs. Bresci evidently panders to Anarchism, because she expects to become under the pres-

ent and circumstances a protégé of the New Jersey Anarchists.

The ferociousness exhibited by Gaetano Bresci even down to the day of his death, should be an object lesson to the king and Government of Italy, that by their war on religion they are rearing a generation of desperadoes who have neither love nor fear for God or man, for religion or civil law.

Bresci's deeds are only a sample of what the Anarchists are wherever they exist, and the Italian members of that association appear to surpass all others in ferocity. No change can be expected in this respect, for the better, until religion be re-established in the schools of the nation.

THE POPULATION OF IRELAND.

During the last decade, according to the recent census of the British Isles, there has still been a decrease in the population of Ireland, though the percentage of decrease is not so great as in previous decades.

In 1891 the population of Ireland was 4,704,750. This year it has gone down to 4,456,546, the loss being 248,204, or nearly a quarter of a million. This is five and one fifth per cent. of a decrease.

In 1891 the decrease of the previous decade was nine per cent. and in the preceding decade ending with 1881 the decrease was reported at a little over four per cent. Thus it is seen that the decrease during the last decade was considerably less than that of the previous one, though greater than that of 1881.

In 1851 the decrease was nineteen per cent., in 1861 eleven per cent., and in 1871 six per cent. It is satisfactory to know that the diminution of population is becoming less, and that the fact is partly attributable to an amelioration in the condition of the people. There are, however, other causes for this which are not so satisfactory, and one is that the active population which has the energy to seek for a livelihood in other lands has been very largely drawn upon at the previous periods when the emigration was greater, leaving behind, to a considerable extent, the less active.

Ireland is the only civilized country in the world which is losing its population thus rapidly. There can be no more convincing proof given of the misgovernment of the country than this fact. The population would not leave the country if it were not oppressed by bad laws and oppressive taxation, and it is actually the case that these are the causes of Ireland's steady decline in population. This decline dates back to since the year 1815. During 1815 the total emigration from the British Isles was two thousand and eighty-one, but since then the emigration from Ireland steadily increased down to 1851 when it reached 19 per cent. of the total population. Since 1851 the decrease has not been so alarming. It has in fact grown less, but it is a sad commentary on the terrible oppression under which the people have suffered that since 1816, or in eighty-five years, the population has dwindled down to less than one-half of what it was in that year. The only remedy to this state of affairs is to grant to the people the Home Rule, which they so ardently desire.

The enemies of Ireland are delighted and are congratulating themselves on this depopulation of the country; for they know well that it is on the Catholic population that the stress has fallen mostly. But by driving out the population, the Catholic religion has not been at all weakened. It has been weakened in Ireland, but it has gone to strengthen the Catholic Church in other countries—in England, Scotland, America, North and South, and Australia. But the population which has thus been driven out from its own native land has gone towards creating a hostile feeling against England, at all events in those foreign countries in which it has taken refuge, and England would have gained more by making it loyal at home by good laws, than in peopling other lands with a population which will be always hostile to the British Empire.

SUDDEN CONVERSION AND RELAPSE.

A curious case of conversion and re-conversion to and from the Protestant Episcopal Church at Philadelphia is related in the Philadelphia Jewish Exposition. It is that of a former Rabbi of the Jewish Reformed Synagogue, Jerusalem Moses by name, who until about two months ago officiated as minister of a synagogue at Kingston, N. Y.

Mr. Moses is a Polish Jew aged thirty-four years. He came to America as a

young man and matriculated at the University of Cincinnati and the Hebrew Union College of that city, and was afterwards rabbi of a Reformed Jewish congregation at Natchez, and later at Kingston, N. Y.

While here he became acquainted with Rev. Mr. Burroughs, minister of a Protestant Episcopal Church at Roundout, by whom he was introduced to Bishop Potter of New York.

After this Mr. Moses attended a few lectures at an Episcopal Divinity school in Philadelphia, as it was intended he should become an Episcopal missionary to the Hebrews. After a short preparation he was baptized and confirmed as a Protestant Episcopalian, and also renounced his charge as a Rabbi, since which time he resided in Philadelphia.

A very short experience convinced him that he had made a serious error in renouncing Judaism and embracing Protestantism, and he had recourse to Rabbi Dr. Berkowitz to bring about his reconciliation with his synagogue. To effect this he was directed to return to New York to arrange with the Chief Rabbi of the Rabbinical Institute there to make a public recantation of Christianity, and later he is said to have made "open and full confession of his error, and of his desire to right himself with his conscience, his people and his God."

Mrs. Moses did not follow her husband into Protestantism, but deeply regretted the step he took, and is now highly pleased at his return to Judaism.

It should be borne in mind that the Reformed Jewish creed is not the Orthodox creed of the Jews, but a Protestantized form of Judaism, bordering on Rationalism, and, therefore, the changes made by Rabbi Moses from that form of Judaism to Protestantism, and back again, were not so great as might be imagined. It is probable that very little actual change of belief was made by the Rabbi throughout his gyrations from one creed to another. This will appear all the more likely as it is well known that Bishop Potter's Christianity is also of the Rationalist or Broad Church kind. If the Rabbi had desired to know just what Christianity is, he should have been instructed in the faith of the Catholic Church, in which he would not have found a varying creed which adapts itself to all fancies.

Mr. Moses declares that almost from the very beginning he became convinced that he had made a great error in becoming an Episcopalian. His conversion to Protestantism, he said, had brought about by personal disappointments and domestic troubles which had annoyed him mentally during the last few years. Altogether the conversion was evidently not due to any strong religious conviction, and it may safely be taken as equally certain that there was no strong religious conviction in his re-conversion or relapse into Judaism. The most remarkable feature of the whole case is the suddenness of the Rabbi's religious metamorphoses.

THE HOLINESS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

American Herald.

The Catholic Church, and she alone, is holy; holy in her Founder, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the source of all sanctity. It is beyond doubt that the Church is the work of Christ Himself. Therefore she is called in the Holy Bible, "the Kingdom of Heaven," "the Body of Christ," "the Spouse of Christ," "a holy temple and habitation of the living God." He alone is the true Author, the real Founder of the true Church. In fact, He declared His intention of founding a Church when He said to Simon Peter: "I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." His promise was realized, His Church was actually established when Our Lord, after His Resurrection, said to Peter: "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep." Who can ever be able to conceive the greatness of Jesus Christ's holiness? Being God He is infinite holiness itself, and the sum of our conception of holiness shall always remain but the smallest atom of the holiness of God. David, contemplating this Divine attribute, attempted one day to fathom its sublimity; but soon feeling how useless were his attempts, he exclaimed, full of admiration: "O Lord, who is like unto Thee?" "O Lord, what holiness shall ever be found like to Thine?" "Generation and generation shall praise Thy works; they shall speak of the magnificence of the glory of Thy holiness, and shall tell Thy wondrous works." It is impossible for any human or angelic understanding to conceive an adequate idea of the holiness of Christ. All we can say is, that His holiness is infinite. The Catholic Church, therefore, is truly holy in her Divine Founder. How different are the sects separated from our religion! None of them can be called holy, for none of them have Jesus Christ or the Apostles for their founder and their

head. They are all the offspring of proud minds and corrupt hearts.

Luther, Calvin, Fox, Cranmer, Henry VIII., all haughty, scandalous, wretched apostates of the sixteenth century, whom God and His Divine Son could never have chosen to establish or reform His Church, if a reform were necessary. They only, in reality, set themselves up as founders of new Church, because they found that of Our Divine Lord antagonistic to their vile passions, and opposed, as strongly to their scandalous lives. They left the Holy Roman Catholic Church, their Mother, because of her Immaculate Spouse of Christ refused sanction to their lax and immoral principles.—R. M.

JURY PACKING DEBATE.

On the 3rd May in Committee of Supply the British House of Commons, Mr. T. O'Connor, M. P., for the Scotland Division of Liverpool, moved for a resolution of £500 in aid of the Attorney General for Ireland, in order to bring on a discussion on the systematic packing of juries in that country. Amongst the speakers the occasion was the Honorable Ed. Blake, and the Dublin Freeman's Journal commenting editorially on the debate, said: "It would seem almost a waste of re-argument and eloquence that two such splendid speeches as were last night delivered by Mr. T. O'Connor and Mr. Blake should be devoted to the exposure and denunciation of this vile system so wholly incapable of the shadow of defence." The London Chronicle in a review of the debate says: "Blake made a speech of great power, bringing the true spirit of the constitutional year. I said some weeks ago that his speech on the Crown Bill was the best he had delivered this session, but his speech last night surpassed it." Of the speech of Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P. (Literary Unionist), the Chronicle says: "Mr. Russell's speech contained three points: 'It is not to say that Catholics are never disaffected merely on account of their religion, own experience is that juries are packed have been packed myself. (Mr. O'Connor rose, and smiling, said, 'I have packed into jail for assaying you packed.' Mr. Russell continued: 'It is fair to the Protestants to subject them to the peril and loss which follow their judgments.' He approved the conviction of Mr. McHugh, (which had been referred to and continued: 'A wise Government ought to cause as well as to result, would seek a remedy. What is the policy of affairs in Ireland? You are no nearer heart of the Irish people, and you are repeating the sickening round of professions. You have not tapped the source of misery, the iniquitous laws.' The speaker remarks: 'Mr. Russell is like a messenger announcing the final catastrophe in the drama, but he is something more than that. He feels the pathos of his message and he literally quivers with pain when he sums up the sad record of Irish history. The same writer thus refers to Mr. O'Connor, the Chief Secretary for Ireland: becoming increasingly doubtful whether the country type will help him in his relation with Ireland. He is chivalrous, and he is about with him an atmosphere of eloquence which prevents him understanding the of the people.' Here is Mr. Blake's speech: Mr. Blake—I have no intention of calling the attention of the Committee on the particular case upon which the Attorney General and the Government would desire the debate should be held. (The case is that of McHugh, M. P., now in jail.) This case itself with the deeper question—is it a general question of the administration of justice in Ireland, or is it a question of the selection and framing of juries under control of criminal cases. That is the question. It is not a new question; but a question, which, in the case of the more intolerable, (Cheers.) It is a question which demands the attention of a people call themselves free in this land, who are giving the same freedom to the men that they claim for themselves, who demands more and more in this heyday of the land the attention of those who are treating the case in the most contemptuous fashion. Now the Attorney-General England says that no man is made aside because of his religion, and excites the purpose of securing an impartial jury, but when, in the case which we have today to-day, and in cases which we hear day to day, and in the cases which we heard of for one hundred and fifty years history—when in all those cases the general results have been that the Crown used its power to stand by in respect of people composed in a large measure of Roman Catholics. ALL THE ROMAN CATHOLICS until twelve Protestants have been (Cheers.) That is the general rule that is found in the case which we have to-day, and in cases which we hear day to day, and in the cases which we heard of for one hundred and fifty years history—when in all those cases the general results have been that the Crown used its power to stand by in respect of people composed in a large measure of Roman Catholics. ALL THE ROMAN CATHOLICS until twelve Protestants have been (Cheers.) 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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

FRISBY MULLIGAN'S FORTUNE

Prisby Mulligan woke a full hour before sunrise, one beautiful morning in early June, and lay awake thinking until the glorious spectacle of the rising sun with its thousand and one glowing shades and tints recalled her thoughts to earth.

Prisby was the eldest of eleven children whose wallings and woes and manifold wants made the little four-roomed tenement in which they lived, a veritable purgatory to the sensitive nerves and delicate organization of this first born, who, like Cinderella of old, was clad in rags by day and by night in robes of shimmering loveliness.

Not, indeed, that the poor child had a real fairy godmother. Alas! no. Her imagination was the only vehicle she ever rode in. She loved and dreamed about and desired beauty of surroundings, and beauty in the lives of these around her, with a vehemence that was only exceeded by the pain and disappointment of the reality, when she would start from out a most delicious reverie, and find things—what they were.

She was christened "Priscilla" after much and varied expostulation on the part of good old Father O'Hoolihan who had a feeling of personal responsibility in the matter of patron saints.

Before Mrs. Mulligan's marriage she had time for a few things besides work. And during the first year of her married life she had been wont to devote much time to the perusal of a richly illustrated book of Longfellow's delightful poem, in which the beautiful Priscilla Mullins is the heroine.

And by some strange law, the picture features of the old time grace and archness of the Puritan maid was represented in this flesh and blood "Priscilla" of Irish ancestry.

The day before the opening of our story, the child had chanced upon two gypsy women who were telling the fortunes of two or three girls who worked in the factory opposite.

"On, sister," said one of them to the other, "what a pretty young lady! And the bolder looking one of the two—a dark, unpleasant sort of a person with a gaudy shirt waist and a long drooping feature on the brow of her face, said: "Darling, we'll tell your fortune for 50 cents. And, oh! but you have the beautiful fortune."

"Why, I never had 50 cents in my life," said Prisby, adding, wistfully, "couldn't you tell me just one or two things without any money?"

"At this the gypsies softened visibly. "Well," answered the milder looking one of the two, "we'll tell you a little of your fortune and then you must run away."

"You are going soon to live in a palace, where you will have beautiful clothes and servants and horses and carriages, and everything your heart could wish for. Tell the truth, little lady, don't you often wish for things like these?"

"Why, yes," said the child, "I'd love to live in one of them beautiful homes that I look through the windows of when I go to Mrs. Moneybag's house for her washing. But I wouldn't want to live in one of them unless there was peace and quiet there, and somebody to love me."

"My little lady that is just the sort of life you shall lead in the palace. You'll be so happy, you won't be able to speak a word hardly. And now, dearie, run home, and don't forget what I told you."

Forget! Prisby Mulligan was delighted with the prospect of all her cherished dreams coming to pass so shortly that she could think of nothing else. She was thinking of it now, as she gazed dreamily out upon the gorgeous spectacle of the rising sun.

And, alas! later on in the day, as she was walking home from Mrs. Moneybag's house, whither she had been with the washing, her mind was so filled with thoughts of the "palace," that she did not see the man at the railroad crossing frantically waving his arms, nor did she hear the strident tones of his voice, warning her to stop, nor the shrill whistle of the engine on the lightning express.

Two minutes later, her poor little bruised and mangled body was picked up on the track, and Mrs. Mulligan, with the pathos and philosophy born of hardship, had taken the little rigid form in her arms, and whispered into the unlistening ear: "My darling, you're better off." And to her husband she remarked bitterly, that "there was no less month to feed!"

And thus it came to pass that little Prisby Mulligan entered into that palace of her dreams. For what earthly palace or dream of love could compare with the heavenly mansion, where the God of love and beauty lives and reigns.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Fluency of Expression.

Were all students to consider some of the benefits derived from membership in a debating society, undoubtedly would hasten to become an active member of such a body.

The first benefit, and one that is undeniable, is that, by having an active participant in debates, one acquires that ease and confidence so woefully lacking in many students when speaking to a group of persons.

No matter how well a student may prepare a debate, or speech, or essay, the art of his composition is more than counterbalanced by an imperfect, hesitating, stuttering recital or reading of the same. True, one's voice may have something ominous in its tone when heard aloud and alone in a large room, yet this seems so, because the owner of it makes it so. Suppose a student neglects practicing speaking before a body of persons. He advances steadily. At last, commencement day is near. He is to deliver a speech. The college hall is crowded. In the audience are his father, mother, brothers or sisters, or, perhaps, some other dear friend. He knows this and wonders how pleased they will be when he reads the oration. In the meantime they are all expectant, all hopeful, all confident. His turn comes and he bows to the audience. Alas! he bows, begins to speak, hesitates, begins again, hesitates. Thus, by the aid of a prompter, he finishes his speech. After the exercises are ended the disappointed parent or friend offers consolation for the praise that was to be showered on the author of that fine speech, had he only spoken it with ease and confidence. Too late comes regret for having failed to acquire what is termed stage presence.

A second benefit of debating is that it makes us fluent speakers. A student may have his brain filled with lore and that may be the end of it, because he lacks the art of expressing clearly and forcibly his thoughts to others. Then the question may be asked, "Of what use is that knowledge?" The owner of it derives a pleasure through his own contemplation of it, but then, since he has that advantage over others, should he not seek to lighten the pathway of the less fortunate with some rays of his intelligence? Certainly, he should.

Every day brings more vividly to us the fact that college educated men are needed more and more in every walk of life and sphere of action. He is a necessity. Much of the future depends upon him. Then if he fails to be impressive at the right time, no one is blemished but himself. He is not capable of sustaining the responsibility entrusted to him. He fails to make an impression through his inability to express his views or those of his friends. Every college man should have a fluency of expression, as, no matter what choice he makes as to his life work, he will, at some time or other, be called upon to delight or instruct an audience. If he is unequal to the seeming task, the disappointment of his friends is keen. No one thing so much contributes to gaining a fluency of expression as debating. By it we are made ready speakers. The old adage of Bacon, "That reading makes a full man and writing an exact man," would be equally true were debating substituted for writing, although debating to a certain extent presupposes writing.

Other benefits of debating might be mentioned, but we are content to place before the students these two especially, since they are of prime importance to a college educated youth.

Cheerfulness Under Discouraging Circumstances.

"He declares absolutely that he will look only on 'the bright side of things,' and his mother and sister declare that they have never seen him low-spirited or in a bad temper."

There are many people to whom cheerfulness is an easy virtue. They are none too numerous and they ought to be regarded as daily, that a healthy, light heart and a vigorous body make it easy for them to see the bright side of things.

But the young man of whom the St. Louis Globe-Democrat speaks in our opening sentence is a hopeless cripple. To him cheerfulness is not the mere effervescence of high animal spirits nor the overflow of good health, but the expression of religious peace. It is the attitude of a spirit that has met his pain and disappointment and has conquered them.

When Johnnie Walsh was four years old his trouble began. It was rheumatism, and for some years he hobbled about on crutches. But his disease set in and the original trouble grew worse and Johnnie took to his bed.

For eight years he has laid there, slowly and steadily losing the use of arms and legs and suffering also, in more recent years, a partial loss of sight, so that the comfort of reading long at a time is denied him. His mother and sister have little time to read to him, and if he were inclined to grow morbid or impatient he has abundant opportunity.

"Yet let no one go to Johnnie with a word of pity. He will laugh them away," says the reporter. Indeed his strong will and gentle spirit bring others to him both for comfort and for counsel. Children throng about him to hear bible stories and fairy tales; people who read little are instructed by his descriptions of new inventions and of foreign lands, and all are cheered and helped by his patient, Christian spirit.

He is twenty-two years of age and was carried to the polls this fall to cast his first vote, for Johnnie has a man's

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Of Interior Conversation.

Suffer with Christ and for Christ, if thou desirest to reign with Christ. If thou hadst once perfectly entered into the interior of Jesus and experienced a little of His burning love, thou wouldst not care at all for thine own convenience or inconvenience, but wouldst rather rejoice at reproach: because the love of Jesus makes a man despise himself.

A lover of Jesus and of truth, and a true interior man who is free from inordinate affections, can freely turn himself to God, and in spirit elevate himself above himself, and rest in enjoyment.

He to whom all things relate as they are, and not as they are said or esteemed to be, is wise indeed, and taught rather by God than men. He, who knoweth how to walk internally and to make little account of external things, is not at a loss for proper places or times for performing devout exercises.

An interior man quickly recollecteth himself, because he never poureth forth his whole self upon outward things. Exterior labour is no prejudice to him, nor any employment which for a time is necessary; but as things fall out, he so accommodateth himself to them.

He, who is well disposed and orderly in his interior, heedeth not the strange and perverse conduct of men. As much as a man draweth things to himself, so much is he hindered and distracted by them.

If thou hadst a right spirit within thee and wert well purified from earthly affections, all things would turn to thy good and to thy profit. For this reason do many things displease thee, because thou art not as yet perfectly dead to thyself nor separated from all earthly things.

Nothing so defiles and entangles the heart of man as impure love to created things. If thou reject exterior comfort, thou wilt be able to contemplate heavenly things and frequently to feel excessive joy interiorly.

UNANSWERED PRAYERS

"Unanswered Prayers" are made the subject of the following sensible discourse in the Angelus: There are selfish prayers which go unanswered. Human lives are tied up together. It is not enough that any of us think only of himself and his own things. Thoughts of others must qualify all our requests for ourselves. Something which might be good for us, if we were the only person, it may not be wise to grant because it might not be for the comfort and good of others.

It is possible to overlook this in our prayers, and to press our interests and desire to the harm of our neighbor. God's eye takes in all His children, and He plans for the truest and best good of each one of them. Our selfish prayers which would work to the injury of others He will not answer. This limitation applies specially to prayers for earthly things.

There is yet another class of prayers which appear to be unanswered, but whose answer is only delayed for wise reasons. Perhaps we are able at the time to receive the things we ask for. A child in one of the lower grades of the school may go to a teacher of higher studies and ask to be taught this or that branch. The teacher may be willing to impart to the pupil this knowledge of higher studies, but the pupil cannot receive it until the rudiments have been mastered.

There are qualities for which we may pray, but which can be received only after certain discipline. A ripened character cannot be attained by a young person merely in answer to prayer—it can be reached only through long experience. These are blessings which we crave and which God would gladly give, but they come only through long and slow process. God delays to answer, that in the end He may give better things than could have been given at the beginning. An immediate answering would put green fruit into our hands. He waits until it is ripe.

WHY ARE THEY CRANKY?

Why are some pious persons so cranky? They may be religious seem hateful because it appears to be responsible for making them sour. They are disagreeable, unsovable, quick to form rash judgements, and hard on others as well as on themselves.

The reason is because they are at war with the world and the flesh. They know how weak they are and so they constantly impose restraints on themselves, on their feeling, on that open-heartedness that would be apt to make them loving and beloved. The reaction is apt to cause them to be gloomy, morose, reserved.

They know how often they have been tempted to sin by others, and so they are always on their guard against their acquaintances, lest these give them occasion to gossip, wickedly, or act otherwise uncharitably, or in any other way lead them to transgression. This watchfulness against others, is likely to beget a sort of habit of antagonism towards them, and that unfriendliness make them distant, abrupt and self-centered.

The Jesuit Father Merrick has a different explanation. While admitting that some religious persons are cranky, he puts the blame on the devil. He says: "If I meet an agnostic friend, most probably he would say, 'How are you, Father M.? Do come and take dinner

INTEREST IN POLITICS.

He is a member of the church, also, and when, at long intervals, he is able to be carried to church he treasures the experience through succeeding months.

No one can talk long with Johnnie without finding out he is a very earnest Christian," says the reporter, and he adds: "A visit to Johnnie is a cure for the blues. His affliction has been turned into a blessing and his presence breathes sweet peace and comfort."

Cheered by the hymns which he loves, the crippled boy has written others of his own, which his friends delight to hear from him. It is not the accuracy of rhyme or meter that makes these verses musical to those who know their author, but the spirit which breathes of strength and gentle trust.

There is no silver lining to this cloud," says many a man whose affliction is less than half that of this brave lad's. In serene faith and helpful affection Johnnie Walsh has found the bright side of a very dark sorrow, and this has brightened not only his life but the lives of many others.

In the Contest of Life.

"A certain portion of every young man's time ought to be given up to outdoor exercise," says Russell Sage in an article in the Saturday Evening Post on "The Gospel of Saving."

Most of the men who win riches and distinction in the great cities come from the country. They are farmer's boys, a general thing. The free outdoor life they have led equips them with a physique that defies hard work and long hours. Boys raised in the cities have no such advantages. Consequently they cannot stand the physical strain that is thrown on every man who comes to the front. Of late years this is becoming better understood. The boys are going to gymnasiums in the evenings, where they can get a taste of active life. But even a gymnasium, to my mind, does not produce the same result that exercise in the open brings. No sickly lad can in these days hope for a place in the front ranks. The struggle is too fierce, too trying.

The boy who will win must be prepared to work eighteen or twenty hours a day, if necessary. He can do this only if he has taken such good care of his body that he is a good specimen of manhood. All the outdoor games that are coming to the front of late are excellent things, especially for city boys. I don't believe the advantage in the next generation will be with the farmer's boy so much as it has been in the past generation. Thanks to the better understanding of physical culture, the city boy now has excellent opportunities for getting all the healthy sort of exercise that he needs. And he has, in addition the advantage of being in close touch with his fellow beings. He has also unnumbered opportunities for cultivating and improving his mind. This ought to give, and no one but will give, the city boy a big start in the new century. In a measure, of course, this start is offset by the fact that the farmer's boy of today has advantages for securing education that were denied to his father. Every little settlement now aspires to its college or high school, and the courses are so arranged that a farmer's boy may still do a good day's work and yet find time for acquiring an education. When all other means fail we have the correspondence schools, which, when honestly conducted, as most of them presumably are, are a boon to the ambitious boy living hundred of miles away from the nearest institutions where he could hope for higher education."

There are qualities for which we may pray, but which can be received only after certain discipline. A ripened character cannot be attained by a young person merely in answer to prayer—it can be reached only through long experience. These are blessings which we crave and which God would gladly give, but they come only through long and slow process. God delays to answer, that in the end He may give better things than could have been given at the beginning. An immediate answering would put green fruit into our hands. He waits until it is ripe.

THE SACRED HEART.

It was for love of us that the Heart of Jesus was formed in the bosom of Mary. The Heart of Jesus, beat, prayed, suffered for our salvation. It is the Heart of Jesus which inspires all our sacrifices, sanctifies all our sorrows, and is the source of all our virtues.

It is the Sacred Heart of Jesus which pardons us in the holy tribunal of penance, and which speaks to us in the inspiration of grace. It was the Sacred Heart of Jesus which gave us Mary as our Mother. The Sacred Heart of Jesus is the source as well as the channel of all celestial gifts.

We can judge of the price and excellence of the Sacred Heart of Jesus by the price and excellence of His precious Blood, which is of infinite value, as it is the price of the redemption of the world.

Let us resolve during this month of June to fervently unite all our devotions to those of Mary and Joseph, and thus we will worthily honor the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The love of the Sacred Heart will compel the world to accept Him: it is our Lord's last and strongest appeal. Will you not respond and accept all the blessings and graces He offers you? Do not put off until some future time, but now at once become a member of the League of the Sacred Heart and share early in the blessings that are poured out upon those who love the Sacred Heart.

We must look out to God, pass over to Him, lean upon Him, learn to be one with Him, and let love of Him burn love of self away, that our union may be effectual.—Father Faber.

Ethualism begets enthusiasm, eloquence produces conviction for the moment, but it is only by truth to nature and the everlasting intuitions of mankind that those abiding influences are won that enlarge from generation to generation.—Lowell.

with me. I have some old port wine I wish you to taste.

If I meet a very devout friend the first thing he will say, probably, will be to complain of the weather or to inquire why the sacristan lit only five candles at the 8 o'clock Mass instead of six. I reservedly throw all the blame on the devil. I believe the pious people are naturally just as good fellows as the infidels, but the devil won't let them alone. Take a novice, for example. I remember seeing a novice, when I was one myself, passing a broom, seven times over the same corner of a room, with his eyes shut. What was the sense of that? Decidedly our guardian angels, are not going to suggest to us to be silly or cantankerous. Who does it, then? If not nature or our guardian angels, it must be the Old Boy. I hold for a principle that, if the above named individual would only leave pious people in peace, life would be a great deal more pleasant for all of us. I cannot admit that, as a class, devout, God-fearing persons, God-loving persons are naturally disagreeable, unnatural, etc. Therefore, let us blame the devil for it all. There will be no great harm done even if we are mistaken.

Whether this crankiness comes from opposition to the world and the flesh, as the Columbian thinks, or from annoyance on the part of evil spirits, as Father Merrick believes, certainly pious persons ought to be on their guard against it, lest they scandalize their neighbors and make the wicked believe that pious people are churlishness.—Catholic Columbian.

The uses of the woods are many, and some of them for the scholar, high and peremptory. He must leave the house, the streets, and the club, and go to the wooded upland, to the clearing and the brook. Well for him if he can say with the old minstrel, "I know where to find a new song."—Emerson.

A FARMER'S TRIALS.

A sufferer for years The Result of a Fall. IN HIS WEAKENED CONDITION LA GRIPPE FASTENED ITSELF UPON HIM, AND BROUGHT HIM NEAR THE GRAVE.

Mr. William Silver is a well known farmer living near Hemford, N. S. During his life he has passed through much sickness, but now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he is again enjoying vigorous health. To a reporter who recently interviewed him Mr. Silver said: "I am now in my sixty-second year, and I may date the beginning of my trouble to my sixteenth year when I was thrown from a horse's back and had my spine somewhat injured. This was always a weak spot, and it seemed to leave me more susceptible to other troubles, as it grew worse as I advanced in years. As a farmer I always had to work hard, and often to expose myself to inclement weather. My back trouble was finally aggravated by indigestion, and as this affected my appetite, I was very much run down. Finally a few years ago I was attacked with la grippe, which developed into pneumonia. My family doctor succeeded in conquering this trouble, but for six months I was not able to leave the house, and all that he could do for me did not bring back my strength. Finally I consulted another doctor, but with no better result. In fact before I stopped doctoring I had tried four different physicians, and all the time instead of getting better I was growing weaker. Some eighteen months had now elapsed since my attack of la grippe, and during that time I was not able to do any work. My whole system seemed exhausted, and my nerves shattered. On a fine day I would go out for a while, but often I would become so weak and dizzy that I could scarcely get back to the house. One day a neighbor asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought the advice might be worth talking and I sent for a half dozen boxes of the pills. Before they were gone there was no doubt I had found a medicine that was helping me, and I got a further supply. I continued taking the pills for about three months, and before I quit using them I was feeling better and stronger than I had done for years. Every symptom of the weakness that had followed la grippe was gone, and my back which had bothered me for so many years was almost as strong as in boyhood. I have since done many a hard day's work, and been exposed to bad weather, but without any evil effects, and I can truly say Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored me to vigorous manhood."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as the one noted above because they create new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening weak and shattered nerves. They do not purge and weaken like other medicines, but strengthen from the first dose to the last. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.

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