

The Catholic Record.

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

1315

VOLUME XXVI

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1904

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DESERVING OF ATTENTION.

Judging by the quantities of patent medicines sold there must be much sickness, imaginary or otherwise, among the people of Canada. A dealer informs us that the demand for nostrums is on the increase. Compounds of every description which are manufactured by syndicates or some enterprising and philanthropic gentleman find purchasers. But a short time ago we read that a Canadian city which does not boast of a large population received three car-loads of a certain popular and fashionable patent medicine. Now either the denizens of that city have more than their share of bodily ailments, or they find the medicine extremely palatable. Perhaps the glowing tributes paid it by the men and women who lie to it for relief, may influence the citizens into purchasing it. But the fact vouched for by medical journals that this particular nostrum contains a goodly percentage of alcohol may also account for such popularity as evidenced by three carloads of it sold we understand for about fifteen thousand dollars. How much of it goes into other centres of population, and into rural districts whose inhabitants were up to a few years ago content with the home-made remedies, we are unable to ascertain. But the amount, it may be safely assumed, is enormous.

Now here, we take it, is a matter which deserves some attention. We do not mean to impugn the veracity of the individuals who tell these touching stories about their insides and how they were benefited by the medicine. They may imagine that it is a purveyor of health, or, as it is hinted, some of them may receive artificial stimulus so as to encourage them to concoct advertising literature. What we desire to point out is that a patent medicine containing a large amount of alcohol is calculated to work evil in many a household. It is masquerading as a medicine, and the sooner the authorities show it up in its true colors the better will it be for the community.

MORAL CRIPPLES.

An esteemed pastor writes us that the attraction of the "road house" is on the wane. We are glad of it, and we hope that its influence will dwindle to the vanishing point. Time was when it was potent in its charm for those whose idea of a "good time" was to make several kinds of idiots of themselves; and so the information of our reverend friend may be indicative of saner methods of thinking and acting.

We are quite sure that the festive boy is not allowed so much latitude as heretofore. He is very properly labelled a nuisance. He may be endowed with the good qualities which his companions would fain attribute to him, but the man whose habits of life dishonor himself and his home, who as it happens betimes causes the tears to well from a mother's eyes, is not worth talking about. He may talk deprecatingly of his weakness, but they who are not moral cripples regard it as a criminal weakness. There is no sympathy wasted upon this kind of man. He is out of the firing line. He may be a good subject for an hospital, but he is out of place—and this fact is being forced upon him daily—in a world where a worker needs every ounce of muscle and brain at his command. He may of course be gifted, but it is well to remember that he is not in the way and can be credited with qualifications which produce nothing and offer no obstacle to another's progress. Our readers may remember what Dudley Warner says about brilliant drunkards: "It is a temptation to a temperate man to become a sot, to hear what talent, what versatility, what genius almost always attributed to a moderately bright man who is habitually drunk. Such a mechanic, such a mathematician, such a poet he would be if he were only sober; and then he is sure to be the most generous, magnanimous, friendly man, conscientiously honorable if he were not so conscientiously drunk. I were not so notorious that the world suppose it is now promoting men have been lost to the world in this way. It is sometimes almost painful to think what a surplus of talent and genius there would be in the world if the habit of intoxication should suddenly cease; and what a slim chance there would be for the plodding people who have always had tolerable good habits."

THE RHODES' SCHOLARSHIPS.

The following, taken from the Catholic News, London, G. B., will interest our readers:

By the terms of the bequest of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the German Emperor has the nomination of a certain number of young men who are to benefit by the "Rhodes" Scholarships" at the University of Oxford. His Majesty has just made his two first nominations, and it is interesting that they should be both in favor of Catholics. The two students in question are the son of a Bavarian Minister of State (Herr von Muller) and Count Hely de Talleyrand Perigord, a nephew of Prince de Talleyrand, who is also Duke of Sagon in the Kingdom of Prussia. These two young men have both entered on residence at Oxford, where they will study for two years.

There are altogether about seventy five Catholic resident members of the University now at Oxford. Nearly sixty of them are young laymen, while the remainder are members respectively of the Benedictine and Jesuit Halls, presided over by Don Oswald Hunter-Blair, O. S. B. of Fort Augustus, and Father O'Fallon, S. J. The lay Catholic undergraduates have a chapel of their own and a resident chaplain, Mgr. Kennard, Canon of Clifton. They are scattered through the various colleges of the University, the larger number being at Christ Church, New College, and Balliol; but they nevertheless are very much in touch with one another, chiefly through the "Newman Society," which meets frequently during the term for debates, reading the papers, and social intercourse.

FAIR PLAY WANTED.

We trust that our readers know the value of printer's ink. We trust also in their readiness to resent any insult to the Church. We avow that it is difficult to be patient with the prudent folk who are forever preaching the mildewed doctrine that things will come right, and that after all the intelligent non-Catholic is a foe to the open and above-board antagonist of the Church and all things connected with it. It is consoling to know this doubtless, but for that, we prefer a good hater who shows his weapons, to the smiling and urbane individual who may have a knife up his sleeve for our benefit. This beautiful liberality and good will loom large in theory, but in everyday affairs—well it, takes betimes a good microscope to find any vestiges of it.

We do not mean to insinuate that our separated brethren who stand for anything in the community are prone to indulge in vilification of things Catholic.

But all the same it is well to keep a judicious eye on the publications which solicit our patronage. Not that we are inclined to grow restive if we do not notice eulogies of the Church. Our past attitude will dismiss any charge of that nature. But we merely ask for judiciousness and impartiality; in a word, for fair play. For instance, in criticisms of books, we desire to see the hand of a critic who is not too ignorant, or too bigoted to recognize the fact that not every book which comes from a non-Catholic pen can with justice be recommended to Canadian readers. We object in the interest of truth, and therefore of our fellow-citizens, to a mass of absurdity doing duty in a novel as a presentation of Catholic doctrine. And here, by the way, would be an admirable opportunity for the intelligent non-Catholic to demonstrate his oft-reiterated horror of dishonorable tactics. However, if the Catholic layman call attention to such as soon as it is printed, and send a little note to the Editor to the effect that a continuance of the policy will result in a decrease of subscription, and advertising, this critical nuisance may not be so noticeable.

The argument that touches the pocket is always of weight with some genre of the press. It works wonder even with the editors who cultivate the "smile that is childlike and bland" on their editorial page and on other pages give one the idea that the "heathen Chinese" has not a monopoly of "ways that are dark."

MEDDLING IN POLITICS.

The editor tells us that "we are accused of meddling in politics." He does not intimate what punishment he has in store for us, but it may, we fear, be something awe-inspiring—even a sentence to hear and abide by the rules which the preternaturally-wise critics may draft for our benefit.

"Meddling in politics" is, we know, the one unpardonable sin of which a Catholic newspaperman can be guilty. He may do anything else; he may write obituaries and marriage notices, and on occasion weave a wreath of eulogy for certain individuals, but he must not trench on political questions. This we have learned by experience. Not so long ago we said a few words concerning the school question, and we heard a peremptory command:

Hands Off! Timidly we ventured to ask the reason and we were informed that it was not our business. We might of course have pursued our quest for the true inwardness of the command, but the vision of a sapient individual—and there are so many of him—who would cry: "Stop the paper," prompted us to abandon it. That, however, a Catholic journalist must not do this or that—for instance meddle in politics—may be in the code of etiquette of some worthy persons hereabouts, but it is not in ours.

Moreover, we have never espoused the cause of any political party in Canada. But in affairs which make for the common weal we believe that we are bound to contribute our quota to right government. We have, and we may have occasion to do so again, advised Catholics to exercise the franchise in an intelligent fashion. To this end we have encouraged them to study current issues so as to know just why they deposit their ballot. A menace to a nation is the citizen who takes his cue from the professional politician and who is without a shred of an opinion he can call his own or a iota of knowledge of the issues on which he should pass judgment. If all this be "meddling in politics," we plead guilty but without regret or purpose of amendment.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

The Flood City, (Johnstown, Pa.) is known to the world. The world stood silent in deep sympathy when the wires flashed the news of the calamity that came on the Conemaugh Valley in May, 1889. Through the pluck and energy of those left, a fairer Johnstown has risen over the ruins of the old. The population has doubled since then. Fine business blocks, splendid hotels, and commodious and luxurious homes are seen on every side.

The Church is in the lead. There were four Catholic churches before the flood—now there are nine. During the coming year there will be two more. St. John's is the oldest. Fathers Michael, Xavier and Urban gave a very successful mission which lasted two weeks, and during that time was announced a non-Catholic mission. Cards of invitation, and an explanation of the object of the mission, with a list of the subjects for each evening, were enclosed in envelopes, and the Catholics were asked to send them to their non-Catholic friends. Three thousand were sent out.

Father Xavier lectured every evening, beginning Monday, 23rd, and ending Monday, the 30th. His lectures were masterly. Never were the truths of faith put forth more clearly. His rich voice breathed charity and good will to our separated brethren in every word. The vast crowds drank in the message with a greedy ear. All were warmly favorably impressed, and the comments were very flattering and complimentary. The members of the Cross, a young man, a young woman, and a young girl, were turned away from the doors, who could not find standing room. The church can seat twelve hundred; besides, every available space was used for temporary seats. The sanctuary, sacristies, and the steps outside the sanctuary were packed with men.

The church itself, grand and beautiful as it is, was an object-lesson to every non-Catholic. They were filled with admiration and awe when, the electric lights being turned on, the majesty and beauty of St. John's stood revealed to them. After service many lingered to take a nearer view of the altar, statues, stations, and all were won to the zealous, humble, and eloquent follower of St. Paul of the Cross. Several evenings hundreds were turned away from the doors, who could not find standing room. The church can seat twelve hundred; besides, every available space was used for temporary seats. The sanctuary, sacristies, and the steps outside the sanctuary were packed with men.

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I need not describe the method followed by Reverend Father Xavier in these lectures. Your readers are familiar with them. Questions of every description poured in, and their answers gave additional interest to the great work. Twelve hundred copies of "Clearing the Way" were given away along the way. The members of St. John's parish never do express their surprise at the attendance of non-Catholics and their eagerness to obtain a book. "I never would have believed it," was the common expression heard on all sides.

One lady, who came to be received, said: "Well, I've four children, and I want them to be baptized with me. When I informed my husband of my intention of becoming a Catholic, he said: 'Well, if you and the children become Catholics, I suppose I'll have to go.' 'Clearing the Way,' to study." Some of his friends, hearing what was his intention, said to him, "If you become a Catholic we will also; so get us a book, 'Clearing the Way.'" and as the lady said: "I expect, Father, you will have several come, into the Church from my neighborhood."

Father Xavier asked a young man as he came up for a book, "Are you a non-Catholic?" "I am more a Catholic than anything. You cannot tell me anything about the devotion of priests

to duty. I saw them in the Philippines cast themselves into the trenches to assist a dying soldier, when bullets were flying around thicker than hail."

A mother and her seven children were baptized. Several others are under instruction, and some are waiting for the consent of their family to take the step.

A general interest in the Catholic Church has been aroused.—The Missionary.

JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

As the sun is the center, around which all the rest of the universe revolves, so Our Divine Lord is the center of our spiritual world, and all religion and spirituality find its end in Him. He is truly the "Sun of Justice," and He lifted up in our spiritual firmament to give by His grace, light and life, strength and encouragement to our souls. Jesus, therefore, is the Light of the World. Thus He was foretold, and St. John calls Him "the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world."

How changed is earth when the sun goes down in the western skies; the shades of night close in on the day, and the world would be enveloped in darkness, bright stars shed their soft rays over us to keep us in hope till the dawn of another day. So, too, in our spiritual life; with God as our light all is sunshine and brightness; everything is sacred, the light of Our Lord illumines our path and guides our steps; but let that light be withdrawn, let the darkness of evil overshadow us, let the fell destroyer Sin cut us off from Our Lord and the light of His countenance, let Satan rob us of our life, which is the grace of God, how sad our lot! and how the clouds of sin blacken our lives and plunge us into the depths of misery and wretchedness, well nigh to despair.

Such was the state of the world before Our Lord's coming—man was in sadness and despair because he had sinned, and torn himself away, in his folly, from the smiles of His God and His Creator, but mercy triumphed over justice, and Isaiah's words were fulfilled, and the promised light came, in the person of One Lord, the promised peace and joy were brought with Him in the Cross. He offered up on the Cross. "I am the Light of the world; he that followeth Me walketh not in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Our Lord well knows the many pitfalls that threaten to ensnare us; He understands the fallacies and errors that Satan ever arrayed against us. He sees the many wicked and lukewarm persons striving to tempt us and lead us from truth and virtue, and as an offset to all these, He rises up in all the splendor of His divinity, and in all the power and perfection of His humanity and declares Himself our light, saying, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth Me walketh not in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

As Our Lord becomes the light to all men, He would like all men to reflect its presence one to another, as a guidance and salvation to their souls. So He told His Apostles that they were lights, set up as on a candlestick that all men might see and learn from them. He bade Christians at large to be shining examples of every virtue, saying to them, "So let your light shine before men, that seeing, they too may glorify their Father Who is in Heaven."

Our Lord as the light of the world is reflected through His Church; the Holy Father is the chief satellite of Christ the light, "the Sun of Justice," and the Archbishop and Bishops in their respective Sees as the Apostolic Delegates of His Holiness; the Pope are the lights for their particular flocks to guide them from the darkness of this life into the light and glory of Heaven. They are other Christs indeed as are all the faithful priests of God; and they reflect the divine light and illumine the path of all who accept their guidance.

Let us be docile children of Holy Church, that we may be true and faithful children of God, fathers, brothers of Christ and co-heirs, to the Kingdom of heaven, for Our Lord said to His Apostles and therefore to their successors, "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you," and "He that hears you hears Me," and "He that despiseth you despiseth Me." Let us love Our Lord, for His goodness, in He coming our light, and let us joyfully follow in the paths He will lead us on. Let His light be the lamp of our minds, the burning zeal of our wills and the fire of our hearts, so that He be for us all that He would be, Our Light and Life, our security and our salvation, our joy and peace for time and eternity.—Bishop Colton in Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

Law of Confession.

Yukon Catholic.

Cardinal Belarmino, the great Jesuit theologian, is of the opinion that confession is the hardest requirement of the Christian religion. His words are: "If there is anything in the Catholic Church that seems severe and difficult, without doubt it is confession. For what is more disagreeable, what more burdensome, than that all men, even the great and powerful, even kings and rulers, must declare their sins, however secret or shameful, to priests who are themselves men, and must submit to judicial sentence and punishment? So manifestly difficult is this law of confession that it is quite incredible that the pastors of the Church would have dared to introduce it or

would have been able to induce the faithful to accept and observe it for so many centuries if it did not rest on divine ordinance and institution."

A MOST CATHOLIC GOOD WORK.

What does the Society of the Propagation of the Faith accomplish in a single year! Last year, 1902, it disbursed from the Central Council in Lyons, France, the sum of over \$1,200,000 among 315 dioceses, vicariates, and prefectures apostolic. But this great sum was only one-fourth of the total applied for by needy missions in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Oceania, and it was a task of no small difficulty to apportion the funds so as to reach first the extreme needs.

There is no good work which comes so near to including all other good works in itself as the work of the Propagation of the Faith, none so truly Catholic, and none, without, so easy, in the way that it is now systematized among us.

The Church in America received from the Propagation of the Faith from 1882 to 1890 the sum of \$6,000,000. Now that the Church is in many places strongly entrenched, and its followers numerously well-to-do and even rich, gratitude dictates a return of generosity on the part of the American Catholics. The annals of the Society, published every two months in Baltimore, and sent free to all perpetual members are most interesting and stimulating to missionary zeal. There should be more perpetual members—the cost is but \$40—and in the Archdiocese of Boston, where the Society is so well organized, under the direction of the Rev. James Anthony Walsh, scarcely one need be outside of the ordinary membership.

It is shameful when Protestants excel in missionary generosity.—Boston Pilot.

EARLY MARRIAGES ARE THE HAPPIEST.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The common experience is that the happiest marriages are those which take place early in life, and that when an elderly man or woman gets married, we are not speaking of widows and widowers—they more frequently make a mess of it. The reason for this is not hard to find. It is absolutely essential to the happiness of wedded life that there should be common conceptions. Two minds cannot always think alike; two people cannot always desire the same thing. One of them must, therefore, give way. Young people can learn to do this more readily than older ones. As to the wisdom of getting married and marrying young, there should not be two opinions. Home life is the most wholesome and the very best estate, and every woman should be a homemaker. There are many things, as society is now organized, which mitigate against the virtues except among the rich and the very poor. Among the very poorest classes of the population poverty is not considered a bar to marriage. But there is a great class in every community which is ambitious to "keep up appearances," and which thinks it cannot afford to marry. The young woman has been used to living with a certain amount of luxury, and there is a disinclination to fall lower in the social scale by living in a cheaper neighborhood and with fewer of the comforts and conveniences of life. Each one wishes to begin where the parents left off. Plain living and high thinking are no longer the aspirations of the many.

"The Insanity of Genius"

Many years ago, one Ephraim Chaffin of Green county, Wis., made a will which, on his death, was the subject of contest, it being claimed that he was insane; and among the facts adduced to support this claim it was alleged that "he thought that rain could be produced by concussion of the atmosphere caused by the firing of a cannon. He owned two cannons, and offered to bring on rain in a dry time by firing them, if his neighbors would buy the powder."

The case is reported in 32 Wis., p. 561. It is an interesting instance of the estimation in which inventive genius is sometimes held. Twenty years after Chaffin's death the "rain-makers" came into vogue, using the same device that he would employ. An scientist do not laugh at the idea, either.—Catholic Citizen.

Pius X And The Sacred Heart.

This is an extract from the address of Pope Pius, when, as Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, he presided over the Eucharist Congress assembled there in 1897: "Is it not to protest against the ignoring of His world wide royalty, that our Lord manifested His Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary, and that He addressed to her those words so full of hope and encouragement, 'I wish to reign, and I will reign, in spite of Satan and all who resist.' That word is wonderful, and we must dwell upon it. For my part, I trust in it; and by all means in my power I shall endeavor to promote, cost what it may, the reign of Christ."

From its very origin he approved the general and perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in the churches allied with Montmartre. Moreover, he appointed a special day for such adoration in his archdiocese of Venice; and we are told that he has always been animated with an ardent zeal to propagate the worship of the Sacred Heart.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The recent death of Lecky, the historian, recalls, says a correspondent, the following passage from his "History of Rationalism" which somewhat disproves his pet theory that in rationalism is the salvation of society:

"The world is governed by ideals, and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more salutary influence than the medieval conception of the Virgin. For the first time a woman was elevated to her rightful position and the sanctity of weakness was recognized as well as the sanctity of sorrow. No longer the slave, the toy of man, no longer associated only with ideas of degradation and of sensuality, woman arose in the Virgin Mother into a new sphere and became the object of a reverent homage of which antiquity had had no conception. Love was idealized. The moral charm and beauty of female excellence was for the first time felt. A new type of character was called into being, a new kind of admiration was fostered. Into a harsh, ignorant, bright-eyed age this ideal type infused a gentleness, a purity unknown to the proudest civilizations of the past. In the millions who in many lands, in many ages have sought with no barren desire to mould their character into her image, in those holy maids who for the love of Mary have separated themselves from all the glories and the pleasures of the world to seek in fastings, vigils and humble charity to render themselves worthy of her benediction, in the new sense of honor, in the chivalrous respect, in the softening of manners, in the refinement of tastes displayed in all the walks of life, in this, and in many ways, we detect its influence. All that was best in Europe clustered around it and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilization."

UNSOOUND WORDS.

Commentated in the Dolphin.

A book published in New York has this title: "Christ the First Pope and Peter His First Successor." To speak of Peter or any other Pope as the successor of Christ is offensive. The words vicar and successor are mutually exclusive. One who has a successor in office has ceased altogether to wield the powers belonging to that office. Christ has not so ceased. He is always the living and energizing Head of the Church.

Mr. Roosevelt is not the vicar of Washington, the first President, because he is the successor of Washington. Peter is not the successor of Christ, because he is the vicar of Christ. The Governor of the Philippines may be a vicar of the President, not a successor.

It is not right to speak of Christ as the first of a line of rulers extending back nineteen centuries. He is not thus distant from us. Pius X is as near to Him as any predecessor. Christ is the ever-present King in His Kingdom. He came on earth to take possession of "the Throne of David His father." He took possession of it and then placed upon it His vicar or Vicar, through whom "He shall reign in the House of Jacob forever." Through the Pope, not merely by the appointment of Peter, but also by the appointment of His Headship an abiding reality to us. To compare this vital and continual relationship of Christ to His Vicar with that of a first ruler to his successor in office is more than misleading—it degrades our Lord. As He is a priest forever, and therefore has no successor in His priesthood, though many are ordained priests to minister to Him in the abiding act of offering up "the Lamb as it were slain;" and thus make the offering visible to men so in like manner, is He a King forever, and therefore has no successor in His kingship, though there are many appointed to minister to Him in the work of ruling the Church, one of these being in the viceregal office specially instituted to make Christ's Headship visible to men.

To Hate our Pride.

No matter how many years we may have been practicing the spiritual life, the day on which we begin to hate our pride, the day we realize its loathsomeness, that day we begin a new life.

Jesus Loved us and Desires to be Loved by us.

It is of faith that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, gave Himself up to death for love of us: "He hath loved us, and hath delivered Himself for us." (Eph. 5:2.) Hence, the saints, reflecting on the death of Jesus Christ, have thought they did little in giving their lives, and all they possessed, for the sake of a God Who so loved them. . . . you yet done for love of Jesus Christ? As He died for the saints—for St. Lawrence, St. Lucy, St. Agnes—so He died for you also. What, at least, do you mean to do with the life you may yet have remaining, and which God grants you on purpose that you may love Him? Henceforward, look often on the image of your crucified Lord; and as you do so, remember the love He bore you, and say to yourself, "My God, Thou hast, then, died for me!" Do this, at least, and do it often; for if you do, you cannot help feeling sweetly drawn to love a God Who has so loved you.

We believe ourselves to be perfect when we do not perceive our defects; when our conscience reproaches us, we try to get rid of the thought.—Bosnuct.

PALMS

ANNA HANSON DORSEY, AUTHOR OF "COIANA," "PLEMMINGS," "TANGLED PATHS," "MAY BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX. CONTINUED.

BY THE WAY OF THE CROSS THEY WIN THEIR PALMS.

Camilla, being one of the ladies of the imperial household, heard almost as soon as it happened of the Emperor's discovery that Nemesius was a Christian, and of his mad fury on the occasion. She lost not a moment, but was on her way to the villa on the Aventine before the order for his arrest was promulgated. Having reached it, she went straight to Symphronius, in her usual energetic way, with his assistance, dispersed and placed in safe-keeping Claudia's orphaned pensioners, and had the sick and disabled adults removed to the sheep-farms and olive lands, that lay some distance farther back among the hills. Her precautions were well-timed for that very night, whose orders were not to molest the daughter of Nemesius, but to lead the fond father, anxious and uncertain as to her safety, to his home by night, or through secret ways by day; and it eventually he was discovered, both were to be arrested.

"Thou wilt see him again, dear child; until then meet him at the foot of the Cross with Mary, our Advocate, who consoles and delivers all who suffer for the love of Her Son," said Camilla, when, having accomplished what prudence suggested, she had gone in to Claudia, to acquaint her, as gently as the cruel facts of the case admitted, with the cause of her visit and try to sweeten the bitterness of her grief by the consolations of faith.

Shedding in the weeping child tenderly to her bosom, but sought not to check her tears, for she surmised—and truly—that it was the pain of separation from her father that most grieved her, and that she longed only for his presence to suffer with him.

"Yes," she answered, presently, making a brave effort to compose herself: "that is where his thoughts will be, and there, too, shall mine be—at His feet, with His Holy Mother. O Camilla! is it sinful to weep?"

"No, my little maid, not tears like thine. The divine Christians often wept; He was acquainted with all human sorrow; and it is His way to let affliction prove by their patience and resignation how much they love Him, how blindly they trust Him, knowing that His ways are the best. And, after all," she said, as if answering some thought of her own, "there's but a breath between this land of exile and heaven."

The faith of this noble woman, sure and steadfast, ever rested on Christ as unwaveringly as an eagle's eye upon the sun; it was her celestial Sun, in whose light she lived, moved, and had her being, fearless in whatever she undertook for His honor, and willing to suffer death for His glory—a brave tender, heroic spirit.

Camilla remained until the little girl grew more tranquil—until her sorrow and its mist of tears were glorified by hope in the eternal promises of Him on Whom her innocent soul rested; then the lady left her with great pity and love surging together in her heart for the human desolation that had, all at once, fallen upon the child. It is true that Zilla was there; but what had her poor, grieved, pagan heart to offer her idol, except endearments? what to give except vigilance and devotion, and the hatred and revenge that inspired her towards those who had brought mourning and weeping into this beautiful and lately happy home? The woman was nearly mad with grief.

Days passed, and Nemesius had not yet been taken. The two Consuls, Quirinus and Maximus—on whom devolved the duty of his arrest, with the comfortable assurance that they should suffer in his stead in case they failed—strained every nerve, and were ceaseless in their vigilance and zeal to secure their object. And there was yet another—the wily Cypriote—who unbeknown to them, was employed by the prefect, with a patient, patiently engaged in hunting down the noble Christian.

The spirits of the two cruel Consuls began to flag, and the ardor of their pursuit to be dampened, as time sped on and there was yet no sign of their victim; they almost believed the culprit had slipped away from Rome, also how could he have so long eluded their search? But Nemesius had not left Rome; he was in the Catacombs, and engaged in ministrations of mercy, and daily sent and received loving messages from his little daughter on the Aventine, by Admetus, who, as little as Bardi, and as active as a squirrel, had ways of slipping in and out of the extensive gardens in the most surprising manner, eluding the vigilance of the soldiers on guard day and night, who if they heard a rustling in the trees overhead, thought it was the birds darting in and out; or a tremulous stir among the long grasses and undergrowth at night, though it was a hare, the sound was so slight and passed so swiftly.

Checked by hearing from her father, and the certainty that he was in a place of safety, Claudia's thoughts in her loneliness were drawn nearer and nearer to the Celestial Land; closer and closer did her innocent heart cling to the divine Christ and His Virgin Mother. There was such an atmosphere of purity around her, that, now and then, when a rough, half-barbarian soldier, from his covert of espial, caught a glimpse of her white-robed, graceful figure as she passed fearlessly through the garden-alleys to the places she loved, he would draw back with an involuntary movement of reverence until she went by.

But at last, when the soft September sun lay golden on the beautiful land—when on the slopes of the hills and over the undulating, flowery stretches of the Agro Romano were seen processions of

peasants in holiday attire, bringing home the grapes from the vineyards to the wine-vats, with Bacchic songs and choral lays, accompanied by the music of double flutes, zithers and pipes of reed, their wagons loaded with baskets, in which the great red and purple clusters of the delicious fruit of the vine were heaped up, covered with blossoms; while the sleek oxen, garnished with scarlet poppies, vetches, and corn-flowers, moved lazily along—the end drew near, and the events that followed, given in the "Acts of the Martyrs" and by tradition, succeeded each other with such rapidity that we may not linger.

One gloomy, lowering night Nemesius had left his underground "City of Refuge" to carry aid and consolation to certain sick and desolate Christians, who were living in the old southern cellar of a hotel in the suburb of Rome. Having accomplished his charitable purpose, he was returning, his thoughts so absorbed by celestial meditation that he did not observe the direction he had taken, until a strong light suddenly glared athwart his eyes. Startled, he halted, looked around, and saw that he was at the Temple of Mars, where at that moment Quirinus and Maximus, with others, were offering their devout and unfeigned worship to the marble statue of holy worship. His soul revolted at the insult to the supreme and only true God. Single-handed he had no power to stay the impure rites; but, knowing the efficacy of faith and charity, he knelt on the stone-flagged road, and, lifting up his heart in strong appeal, he besought Our Lord by the operation of the Holy Ghost to enlighten the minds of those idolaters, that they might know they were worshipping devils instead of divinities; and so bring them to a knowledge of the Faith as it is in Christ.

At this moment, while Nemesius is beseeching God's mercy on their benighted souls, the Consul Maximus, a cruel persecutor of the Christians, was possessed by the evil spirit, and suddenly cried out, in the hearing of all present: "The prayers of Nemesius are burning me!"

The Cypriote who had been stealthily creeping behind Nemesius for some short distance, having accidentally caught sight of his majestic figure at a moment when, for a wonder, he was not thinking of him, and convinced when the light from the Temple shone out upon him that it was indeed he, ran in and informed the Consul Quirinus that Nemesius had fallen into his hands, and was outside invoking his Deity, and working Christian sorceries.

"It questioned," he said to the astonished soldiers, "as ye go through the city, answer that ye are conveying a noble Roman virgin to be sacrificed to the gods, and guarding her as Roman soldiers now guard innocence."

Nemesius made no attempt to escape in the temporary panic and confusion caused by the terrible death of Maximus, but suffered himself to be bound and led away to the Mamertine, where he was cast into one of the lower dungeons. When his capture was reported to the Emperor, the latter cried out: "Now shall the gods be avenged! Torture and death will be nothing to this man; we will reach him and rend him through his child, the pretty, dainty maid! Bring him before the tribunal in the morning, and if he refuses to sacrifice to Jupiter, give her in charge to the courtesan Lippa, and remand him to the Mamertine." Then he returned to his wine and feasting and his lewd pleasures.

Fabian had confidential agents in his pay employed to find out and report to him everything they might learn concerning Nemesius; and the morning after his arrest the first news he heard on leaving his bath was that the commander of the Imperial Legion had been taken and cast into the dungeons of the Mamertine. The sun was barely risen, but, ordering his horse, he dressed quickly, and, without breaking his fast, was soon galloping along the road to the Aventine.

The scene that greeted him when he reached the villa, although not entirely unexpected, verified his worst forebodings, and kindled in his breast a concentrated fire of rage and grief which for the moment held him speechless; for on the portico, surrounded by rough soldiers, who had been sent to bring her away, stood the beautiful child, attired in a dainty, silver-broidered tunic and white silken robe, with her face like purest marble, her fine abundant hair falling in golden ripples over her shoulders. A clasp of pearls outlined her neck on the shoulder, and around her neck she wore the fine chain of gold to which was suspended the crystal medallion of the Virgin Mother, *Advocata Nostra*, that now lay close against her wildly-throbbing heart.

This was the first scene of violence Claudia's innocent eyes had ever beheld. Did she think, as she gave one frightened look at the stolid, coarse, merciless faces of the soldiers, of what Fabian had once said to her when she was blind—that "there are in the world human monsters and beings so frightful as to make one rather wish to have been born blind than to see them?" If she did, it was but a flash of memory; for her heart swiftly turned towards the divine Christ at the moment He was betrayed into the hands of His enemies, and she remembered her words to Camilla when she heard how they took Him away to crucify Him: "If I had been there, I would have asked them to kill me, and spare Him; and now she did not falter, but offered herself again to Him, although shrinking in all her nature from the cruel,

brutal wretches in whose midst she stood. Zilla and Symphronius hid pleaded and wept in vain for her release, but were driven away with curses and threats, and now from a distance watched through their fast-falling tears for the end, which they were powerless to avert.

The soldiers were preparing to lead their victims away, when Fabian, dismounting from his horse, pushed way through them, and, reaching her side, took her hand and drew her to him. "What does this mean?" he cried, his voice stern, his countenance frowning. "Lay not a touch upon her, ye base hounds! or there'll be but a short step between ye and hell!"

They hesitated, for as soldiers they were accustomed to yield instant attention to the voice of authority; but their lieutenant, an old, grizzled veteran, commanded them to close in and obey orders.

"Whose orders?" demanded Fabian. "The Emperor's. And who mayest thou be to gainsay them?" was the curt, angry reply.

"A friend of the Emperor's," was Fabian's quick response. As a Roman, well versed in the laws, he knew the weight of an imperial order, and the penalties attached to disobedience. "There is some mistake. Why should the Emperor order the arrest of a child like this?"

"She is a Christian," answered the lieutenant, with a grim laugh. "Yes, Fabian, it is true: I am a Christian," outspoke the child, in clear, sweet tones. "Oh! foolish lamb, to run thy head into the shambles!" he whispered, knowing but too well how helpless he was to save. "How wilt thou convey her hence?" he asked the officer.

"Our prisoners walk." "What are thy instructions in this case?" "We have none." "Then it will not matter. Symphronius," he cried, "come hither, old man, and bring out thy dead lady's litter for her child. And here, ye fellows, I will give ye silver for a carouse when of good to night," he said, with a furious scorn, as he threw his purse among them.

The once elegant litter, its rich silken curtains no faded and dust covered, its splendors of gilding and fine decorations mildewed and nibbled to tatters by mice, was brought forth, and, after arranging the cushions for comfort, Fabian tenderly lifted Claudia in, leaned over and kissed her forehead, drew the curtains together, and moved away.

"I questioned," he said to the astonished soldiers, "as ye go through the city, answer that ye are conveying a noble Roman virgin to be sacrificed to the gods, and guarding her as Roman soldiers now guard innocence."

It was usually recognized by those qualified to judge that John Veridden had a complex nature, and this not only in the sense in which all human nature is complex, but in an unusual kind and degree. The man had certain theories of life, high sounding and far reaching, and a lofty and certain average which raised him above the average mortal and caused friends to prophesy for him a brilliant and splendid career.

Whereas, on the other hand, he permitted himself to be drawn into correspondingly low depths, amazing to his admirers. His forehead was massive, his eyes stern and self-centred under bushy brows, his mouth hardened into rigid lines, which told of thought and effort. His was a countenance, in short, which spoke of the fierce strifes of the years, of the storm and stress through which a strong nature, however, when the eyes became, as it were, electrified by the gleam of a luminous thought and a smile about the mouth grew at once human and tender, resembling that of glacial flower of the Alps which blooms in untoward places and brightens amid all-pervading desolation.

Now it was that particular expression which John Veridden's face wore when Father Harvey first encountered him. The place was foul with odors, blended from many sources; the close rooms on either side of narrow passages fairly swarmed with human beings, who passed day after day up and down the creaking stairs; too often with evil words on their lips and evil thoughts behind the mask of heavy and stolid countenance. Yet here John Veridden, forever seeking amongst the dark places of great cities, had found a lily.

Snowy white it gleamed through the gloom, and golden was the heart within as the stem of that queenliest flower. On the top floor of that tenement, truly a "had eminence" in the darkest and most squalid of its apartments, this young girl, Belinda Morris, existed. For she lay upon a couch crippled. Her delicate, pearly skin was framed in shining hair; her eyes were blue, and should have been, in John Veridden's opinion, tragically mournful blue. They should have been weighed down by the sorrows of humanity, but in her case they were not; instead of which there was a deep calm in their luminous depths and a joyousness, as of sunny childhood, in their smiling.

As Father Harvey entered, John Veridden sat beside the invalid's couch, reading from a poet, the poet of nature, who has the magic gift of turning the blue of the cornflower, or the yellow of the primrose, or the tints of an evening sky, or the glint of sun on a city pavement, into words that burn. He had that John Veridden called a message for humanity; and most certainly the crippled girl's pale face was aglow with pleasure. Perhaps its light was reflected in part from that which shone in the aspect of the man beside her. John Veridden was at his best, and his rugged countenance was transfused.

Father Harvey paused and regarded the two with astonishment. He knew

own opinions as I to mine," laughed the priest, "and though I dissent from almost every one of your views, an honest foe can be met with respect and deference."

"Are you an honest foe?" queried the cynic. "Idle to say that I am no foe at all to you as an individual," smiled the priest, "and as to my honesty, why, if I be an honest man, in the words of the world poet, God keep me so." However, the subject of our discourse was to be lilies, their treatment and their care.

"Well, then!" cried John Veridden, "putting aside metaphor, I say and repeat that that girl yonder has a beautiful nature, capable, if taught, of attaining the highest flights. I mean to educate her and place her where she belongs—in the aristocracy of intellect."

"She has, I agree with you, a beautiful nature," observed the priest, "in the highest degree of grace. And I mean, Mr. Veridden, as her pastor, and so responsible for her, to place her where she belongs—amongst the chosen of God."

The two men stood and regarded each other under the pitiless glare of the sun, with the sickening, fetid atmosphere of the crowded thoroughfare about them. There was defiance on the one part, a calm earnestness on the other.

"She is like," said the priest, breaking the stillness, "the snow as it falls from heaven, unsoftened and free from sin as human nature may be."

"Do not mention sin, sir, in her connection," growled John Veridden. Father Harvey laughed as he said quietly: "Your poet of nature styles the Virgin Mother 'Our tainted nature's solitary boast,' and he is right. But the question I wanted to ask you, Mr. Veridden, is simply this: How do you account for the marvelous preservation of this lily in such surroundings?"

He waved his hand and the cynic was aware that this gesture included not only the all-pervading squalor and low level of living, but the drunken father and the slovenly stepmother. Yet he answered boldly: "By nature's laws, preserving her highest products."

"Wrong, Mr. Veridden, wrong," cried the priest, "this exquisite nature has been preserved by the faith and the virtues springing from the faith of her Irish mother, dead a little more than a year ago, and by her own fervent practice of religion."

"You mean that she has been preserved by the iron restraints of your Romish Church, which have kept her in fetters, imposed iron restraints, restricted her already limited life into narrow bounds?" questioned John Veridden.

"Which has rather taught her bright soul to soar above bonds into the eternal regions," corrected the priest; "has shown her the light beyond the prison gates."

He paused, and even the cynic before him was struck with the expression of his face. "Think you, Mr. Veridden," he went on, "that without the living grace of the Sacraments, of prayer, of faith and practice, this girl (and mark you, numberless others) could breathe this atmosphere without becoming vitiated, to take lower ground altogether, could Belinda Morris have ever comprehended your flights of poetry had she not been prepared for it by the divine poetry of the Church?"

John Veridden was silent, unconvinced, but perplexed and too honest to deny what he could not controvert. "One thing I ask of you before we part," asked the priest earnestly, "and this has been my chief reason for desiring this conversation with you; that you will not by word or glance seek to unsettle the girl's untroubled faith. Believe me, it is her only comfort and solace in all misfortunes, but it is her safeguard. Remember the awful responsibility you would incur, and for which, be certain, you would have to answer at the bar of divine justice."

John Veridden glared. He was conscious at first of a furious anger against the priest's impertinence. Then he rathar liked his chief reason for desiring to come in on Saturday afternoon to hear her confession and to bring her Holy Communion early on Sunday morning. The priest then followed his ungracious companion down stairs and out into the street. At the door stood Mrs. Morris, the crippled girl's stepmother, in conversation with a group of women, as a rowdy and untidy as herself. A silence fell upon them and there was an intense deference in their manner towards the priest, an uneasy, depressed self-consciousness which made John Veridden secretly indignant.

But Father Harvey had a word for everyone of the group, calling them by name and addressing a few pleasant sentences to each upon the weather or the children or some local happening in the neighborhood. When the two men, priest and cynic, had passed on to find a few moments upon the pavement, the sidewalk, and filth sprawled over the sidewalks, drunken men reeled past in doorways kept women gossiped and coarse speech, "Our lily then, sir, as the avowed enemy of all priest-craft, and all reputations," interrupted John Veridden. Then you know me, sir, as the avowed enemy of all priest-craft, and all reputations, and knowing all this, you meet me on terms of courtesy, even of friendliness."

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and Heaven knows what besides. She's as full of mysticism as an ancient solitaire." Yet with all John Veridden's sharpness there was a whimsical gleam of humor in his eyes as he spoke.

"And pray, Mr. Veridden, what has been the effect on Belinda's mind?" asked the priest calmly. "The effect of a narcotic!" cried John Veridden. "She bore pain, she smiled through tears of agony, she answered her drunken brute of a father like an angel and bore with that fault-tongued stepmother, because, as she said: 'What does it matter if we're happy in heaven one day?'"

"And what does it matter, John Veridden?" asked the priest. "Why, I say, what do you mean," blustered the cynic.

"Simply that I ask you, with your experience of life, of its light places and its dark, its so-called pleasures and intellectual enjoyments—what does it all matter compared with something that is stable and permanent and that something complete happiness?" "Are you trying to entangle and confuse me with your sophistry?" roared John Veridden.

The priest shrugged his shoulders. "Go home and think it all over," he said: "take every possible argument for and against my theory and tell me if I am doing wrong in striving to bring Heaven into the lives of the poor and miserable."

"If you believed it, sir, it might be different," sneered John Veridden. A crimson flush arose from Father Harvey's chin to his very forehead, but he spoke quietly. "I pass over the insult; the Catholic priesthood take that as their daily bread, but I ask you as man to man, here face to face and eye to eye, do you believe that I am living that I falsehood? Do you suppose that I have sacrificed home, friends, comfort, some measure of wealth, the career that I might have followed in order to teach systematically what I know to be false. Have I no shining Paradise as my goal, no country of perpetual gladness to solace me for the heart-breaks of this?"

It was a strange scene, that squalid and dingy parlor, and those two of widely different views standing thus confronting each other. John Veridden eyed the priest for an instant or two of intense silence, then he exclaimed in a broken voice: "I spoke hastily; I believe you are sincere in your belief."

From that moment, when his belief in man was reconstructed, became possible a still more tremendous resolution—his ability to believe in God. He went home, his whole nature in chaos, but with his dark places prepared for the great light that was approaching. All that night John Veridden wrestled, prostrate on his face, upright, pacing restlessly, kneeling at length in supplication.

The first of that terrible vigil was a hasty line to the priest: "I was wrong and you were right. You best understand the culture of lilies." In a convent chapel was seen at length the climax of this simple story of life. A solemn impressive service taking place was the investiture of a novice with the habit of religion. The novice was fair and slender, with eyes of luminous blue, and the hair that fell under the sacerdotal scissor of John shining gold. A large slice of John Veridden's nature had gone to a surgeon of international repute, who had made the infirm whole and transformed the cripple of the east-side tenement into the prospective nun. While the choir intoned the "De Profundis" and arose triumphant in the "Te Deum" the strong soul of a willow cynic was wrung with a fierce, human pain, which perhaps but one spectator guessed. John Veridden had given of her limbs, the education of which he had once dreamed, Christianized under the guidance of Father Harvey, and perhaps in return he had hoped to keep her always with him, to give her a home and a name and a measure of earthly happiness. But, following the path traced out for her by her spiritual guide, Belinda had found her way into that closed garden where the lilies bloom forever, awaiting their transplanting to the eternal meadows.

Despite his conversion, it was not easy for John Veridden at first to understand the meaning of vocation, but he was very humble in the ordeal and freely acknowledged that he was unworthy of Belinda and that she was secure in a sheltered home.

"She is safe now," whispered Father Harvey, when the ceremony was over, "and, believe me, for her it is best. Our lily will bloom now forever in the eternal gardens."

"But what will become of me? How shall I ever find her there," groaned the former cynic in deep anguish of spirit. "In our father's house there are many mansions," said the priest solemnly, "and in one of them, through faith and love and through what you will do for these, my little ones, you have some day found your lily."—Anna T. Sadlier, in The Pilgrim.

How Mary Loved God.

St. Bernardine asserts, that Mary, while she lived on earth, was continually loving God. And he adds further, that she never did anything that she did not know was pleasing to God; and that she loved Him as much as she knew He ought to be loved. Hence, according to Blessed Albertus Magnus, it may be said that Mary was filled with so great charity that a greater was not possible in any pure creature on this earth (L. de Laud Virg. c. 30.) For this reason, St. Thomas of Villanova has said, that the Virgin, by her ardent charity, was made so beautiful, and so enamored by love of her, that, captivated as it were, by love of her, He descended into her womb to become man (Cono. 5. in Nat. Dom.) Wherefore, St. Bernardine exclaims: "Behold a Virgin who by her virtue has wounded and taken captive the heart of God." (Tom. 2, Serm. 61.)

JANUARY 2, 1904.

POST CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

Commemoration of birthdays is a custom as innocent as it is natural. The human soul is the noblest work of God; no temple more sacred, no work of art more admirable. Every human being coming into this world is a more wonderful creation than the world itself. Hence a commemoration of the event is entirely in order.

A man may rise to political place and social distinction, but if a true soul burns within him he will realize that he can never rise higher than his manhood. That is the gift to be prized on one's birthday.

How few of the public men of the world receive public recognition for their coming into the world! Monarchs, indeed, on that day are tendered special homage from their subjects. But the homage is perfunctory. When the king dies his memory, too, dies.

There is one Name, and only one, in all time the anniversary of whose birthday is commemorated with heartfelt rejoicings down the ages. He lived in an obscure province in a far-off land. No royal crown encircled His head. He wore no court, He commanded no army. He sought no conquests by the sword. He was identified with no political system. He entered into no deal with the rich and the potent. He sought no honors. He promised no temporal reward to His followers.

On the contrary, He assured them that they would be persecuted for His sake, and He declared that no man was worthy to be His disciple unless he took up his cross and followed Him! He was born in poverty, He lived in poverty, and He died the death of a criminal, stripped naked on the cross. To all appearances, as man judges things, His life was a failure. His persecutors jeered at Him in His agony; but, lifting His eyes to Heaven, His only response was: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." And, bowing His head He died. And then they said His Name was dishonored, and His memory would perish.

And, according to all human calculation, that, indeed, was the way it then looked. His enemies had triumphed. His disciples were dumb. His Master, denied, even, that they knew Him. To all appearances never was man so crushed, never cause so overwhelmed.

Foreseeing what was to happen, He said to His apostles: "Let not your hearts be troubled. You believe in God, believe also in Me. You now, indeed, have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your hearts shall rejoice, and your joy no man shall take from you." This He said to them on the eve of His passion; but the fearful tragedy on Calvary had routed it all from their minds.

But it came to pass even as He had foretold. And they rejoiced. Endowed with supernatural strength, they were no more the cowards they had shown themselves. Going forth, they preached His Name everywhere, glorying in persecution, and deeming it an honor to lay down their lives in the confession of His Name.

And the nation that delivered Him to death—His own nation—what of it? Its Temple destroyed, its government blotted out, and its people scattered to the four winds, to this day wanderers over the earth. And the empire whose name and by whose authority the awful crime was committed—an empire that towers in power and grandeur above all empires in history—what of it? A crumbled ruin, and over its imperial eagle is fixed the symbol of the Crucified!

"Wherefore God hath exalted Him, and hath given Him a Name that is above all names, that in the Name of Jesus every knee shall bend." Who asks for signs and wonders? Amid the darkness that covered the world at the Crucifixion the Centurion that supervised the execution, heathen though he was, cried out: "Surely this is the Son of God!" And now in the blaze of twenty centuries, His light tends to a season is covered in space with the civilized world; and from thence when the Name of Jesus was first publicly proclaimed—civilization dates its Calendar, which shall govern Time till Time shall be no more.—P. F. in Irish World.

Let us go back to the beginning of time; let the heroes and prophets and philosophers and conquerors and lawgivers and wise men and poets and reformers—let them all, in all nations and all ages, pass in review before us. Who among them is to be compared with Him? Who even approaches Him? Why is it that Moses, or Numo, or Socrates, or Plato, or Solomon, or Mahomet, or Homer, or Virgil, or Dante, or Caesar, or Shakespeare, or Alexander, or Napoleon, or Washington—why is it that the personality of no man that ever stood before the world impresses the world as He does? The reason is simple. They were creatures only. They came into the world when they were called; their character was formed by their surroundings; they played their part, each in his own way and they passed away, leaving on the canvas pictures more or less dimmed by time. But He Who made the world came to His own as the Saviour of the world. He came in His own time and of His own will; and of His own will, and in His own time, He took His departure.

Yet He is ever present with us! Under sacramental veils He is present always, in all lands, blessing the world; and to them who receive Him He giveth power to be made sons of God."

Napoleon was possessed of a mind as keen as it was capacious. He would study everything, and discuss every thing. His six years' prison life on St. Helena gave him time for reflection. The personality of Christ was one of the subjects he discussed, and here is what he is quoted to have said:

"Superficial minds may see some resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires, the conquerors, and the gods of other religions. The resemblance does not exist. I see in Lycurgus, Numo, Confucius and Ma-

homot merely legislators; but nothing which reveals the Deity. On the contrary, I see numerous relations between them and myself. I make out resemblances, weaknesses and common errors which assimilate them to myself and humanity. Their faculties are those which I possess. But it is different with Christ. Everything about Him astonishes me. His spirit surprises me, and His will confounds me. Between Him and anything of this world there is no possible touch of comparison. He is really a Being apart.

"The nearer I approach Him and the more closely I examine Him the more everything seems above me; everything becomes great with a greatness that crushes me. Christ expects everything from His death. Is that the invention of a man? On the contrary, it is a course of procedure, a superhuman confidence, an inexplicable reality. In every other existence than that of Christ what imperfections, what changes!

"I defy you to cite any existence other than that of Christ exempt from the least vacillation, free from all blemishes and changes. From the first day to the last He is the same, always the same—majestic, simple, infinitely severe, infinitely gentle.

"How the horizon of His empire extends and prolongs itself into infinity! Christ reigns beyond life and beyond death. The past and the future are alike to Him.

"The existence of Christ, from beginning to end, is entirely a mystery. I admit; but that mystery meets difficulties which are in all existences. Reject it, the world is an enigma; accept it, and we have an admirable solution of the history of man.

"Christ speaks, and henceforth generations belong to Him by bonds more close, more intimate, than those of blood; by a union more sacred, more imperious, than any other union beside. He kindles a love which kills out the love of self and prevails over every other love. It is a phenomenon inexplicable, impossible to reason and the power of man; a sacred fire given to the earth by the new Prometheus, of which Time, the great destroyer, can neither exhaust the force nor terminate the duration. This is what I wonder at most of all, for I often think of it."

Here the voice of the Emperor assumed a peculiar accent of melancholy and of profound sadness: "Yes, our existence has shone with all the splendor of the crown and sovereignty. But reverses have come, the gold is effaced little by little. The rain of misfortunes and outrages with which we are deluged every day carries away the last particles. Such is the destiny of great men; such is the near destiny of the great Napoleon. What an abyss between a profound misery and the eternal reign of Christ, proclaimed, worshipped, beloved, adored, living throughout the whole universe!"

These are the reflections of a man of the world; but the fact that he was a man of the world, lacking in religious feeling, all intellect and no sentiment, instead of discounting his reasoning here should rather enhance it.

Yes, both the worlds bear witness to Him. It is written that even the devils believe Him to be the Son of God—"believe and tremble." Let us, whom He has saved, believe and rejoice.

Hence, on the anniversary of His coming into the world, we should sing hosannas to Him. For who is like unto Him? and whose natal day should be honored as His? On that day the choirs of angels led the celestial courts on high and came down to earth to worship Him. On that occasion man was honored even above the angels, for in His incarnation the Son of God became our Brother, while the angels are but His servants, and most thankful for being so highly favored.

And, indeed, notwithstanding the waywardness of human nature, this joyous and sympathetic disposition toward our Blessed Saviour seems to be the tendency of men. For what birthday is honored as His? Its celebration (which is not limited to a day, but extends to a season) is covered in space with the civilized world; and from thence when the Name of Jesus was first publicly proclaimed—civilization dates its Calendar, which shall govern Time till Time shall be no more.—P. F. in Irish World.

MORNING PRAYERS.

Good morning! It is a very simple matter, yet so oftentimes would wonder, or possibly be offended, if any one forgot or neglected this simple act of politeness and token of friendship. Now there is One who is always more near to us than any of our friends; One who loves us more dearly than the fondest mother; One who just yearns for that mark of affection, the "Good morning." It is God Almighty Himself. How often people pass Him by without as much as noticing Him! Yet they demand as a matter of course that He should provide for their minutest wants during that very day! They demand the enjoyment of His company in heaven though they slight Him days without number on earth. What if they slighted their friends and neighbors in like manner? Would they be welcome at the banquet table, or at some game, after such rudeness, not to say unkindness?

There are those that imagine they must make a long address to God; that is to say, recite all the prayers given in their prayer books for the morning greeting. As that is not practicable, they imagine themselves dispensed from talking to God at all, and need not notice Him in any other way. This is a grave mistake.

What is required every morning is that you go down on your knees immediately after rising or dressing, bless yourself, devoutly and reverently greet your Heavenly Father and your Blessed Mother Mary with one "Our Father," one "Hail Mary," and then thankfully profess yourself a Catholic with one "Believe in God," Close with one "Glory" and the "Sign of the Cross." That will take you just sixty seconds, sixty seconds. You want the protection of God and the Blessed Virgin upon

you during that day and success in whatever you undertake. Well, this simple Pater Noster, Ave Maria and Credo will insure you against loss better than any insurance company; at least, against real loss, which is damage to your soul.

Moreover, the opinion is well founded that if you punctually persist in this little practice of saying your morning and evening prayers devoutly you will insure your everlasting salvation; that is to say, Almighty God will in return provide you with so much grace in the shape of light and courage that you will work out your salvation without fail.

Don't say: I forget my prayers. Forget to greet your God! Do you ever forget the breakfast? Well, there are those who forget their breakfast, who for the life of them could not forget to talk to their God in the morning before showing themselves to any one else. Would you forget your little speech to God and Mary any morning, if you were paid \$1 each time? And is not God of more value to you than a piece of money, and Mary, your mother, still less?

Don't say: I have no time. Tut, tut! No time to speak to God, but plenty of it to gossip even before sunrise! If you must be at your post at a given hour, then have some one rouse you, even though you had to pay for it; but never once neglect to beg your God with one Pater, Ave, Credo, to God with one Pater, Ave, Credo, during that day. The saying goes that alarm clocks owe their invention to a sleepy monk who could not rouse himself in time. So he contrived an automatic alarm, and thereafter never failed to be in his place at the right hour. He was in earnest, therefore succeeded. People who are in earnest always succeed. "So where there is a will, there is a way." So will there be, if you be determined and exert yourselves for the love of your Heavenly Father and your Blessed Mother Mary. Just a little generosity, if not self-interest, will help you to never miss a Pater, Ave and Credo, either morning or evening with an additional act of contrition at night.

Of course we do not want it understood that this is all a devout Christian should ordinarily address to God at morning or night. A pious soul will have much more to say to the Father in heaven. We only wish to meet the excuses of lukewarm and indifferent creatures, who do not think it worth the while to pay their respects to God, even at the cost of the slightest inconvenience, and who thus deprive themselves of graces which are indispensable to work out their salvation. Moreover there may be and really are persons who have not the time to say many prayers in the morning. These should rest satisfied that if they practice the little proposed they will do themselves no harm, and will be able to care for many words, after all. He man who desires that his religion be sincere, the Pharisees recited many prayers, yet they were not acceptable, nor were they justified for all their long prayers.

OUR BOYS. To the mind of many the average boy carries more cussedness to the square inch than is healthy for himself or good for the community. He is too "nice" or lovable like his sister. His deportment is simply horrid. His business won't stay on; his fingers won't keep clean, and a mudhole has an attraction for him that seems to argue well in favor of a large prenatal experience. Everybody appears to feel that something should be done toward his amelioration, but what to do and how to do it are the difficulties. One thing is certain, namely, that the average boy is too often neglected. People do not seem to understand boys—do not care to do with them. If there be but one boy in a family the chances are that his mother will compel him to wear long curled locks and quasi-feminine raiment, thereby making him the butt and laughing stock of his playmates and turning his whole child nature into wormwood and gall. If there are many boys in the family they get little more care than the family cat.

A boy is not, after all, so hard to be understood. He is an open book compared to his sister. He is as a rule honest and manly and if taken in an honest and manly way will be found neither unsympathetic nor ungrateful. He may fight, if he has any pack, and thereby scandalize the average boy; but he is never hateful or ungenerous, and is ever willing to "let the dead past bury its dead." Only he needs training, bringing up, help.

After a boy leaves school he begins to be troubled as to how he is to spend his evenings. Very often his home is not attractive. He has been taught no domestic accomplishments capable of satisfying his natural craving for amusement. He knows how to read, but is unacquainted with any form of literature save the school reader, and that, he fancies, rightly maybe, is a consequence of man's first disobedience. He does not know music like his sister. He can whistle a little, but dare not. He is clumsy—generally in somebody's way; and when there is company "he feels like a wanderer and vagabond on the face of the earth. Then he knows that yonder where the lights of the corner grocery shed their rays on the just and the unjust "other fellows" are having a good time he years for the large excitement which the streets yield, and that freedom which he is taught is the birthright of every one born under the starry flag. Very soon he bursts his bonds. The family circle knows him no more, and he is gone.

Whoever wishes to mold the boy's character must take him just at this time. Save him now from the contagion of the streets, from the pitfalls that you see for him at every corner, and his magnificent manhood will be a more than sufficient return for any labor expended.

The coward sneaks to death; the brave live on.—Dr. Geo. Sewall.

SERVANT-GIRL AND SAINT.

St. Zita, virgin, patroness of those at service, lived at domestic service all her life—sixty years—in one family. She became a great saint, but there was much in her life that furnishes a good example for all who are in a similar position. She displayed all the Christian virtues in a remarkable degree even in early youth. She had the great blessing of a good Christian mother who carefully trained her in the ways of virtue and innocence. As she grew poor, Zita was put to service at the age of twelve years, with a leading citizen of Lucca in Italy. Her sweetness and modesty as a child had charmed every one who saw her. In her new situation, she was most assiduous in devotion to her duties. She looked upon labor not as an irksome task which she was perfectly justified in shirking as much as possible, but as a necessary duty. She was thorough conscientious and devoted to the interest of her employers, and sought continually to please them. She was scrupulous in the observance of all her religious duties, rising very early in the morning so as to be able to assist at Holy Mass before beginning the duties of the day.

It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding Zita's conscientious devotion to duty, her sweetness of temper and constant anxiety to please, she was allowed by the good Lord, for her greater trial and perfection, to be very much misunderstood and even persecuted. Her mistress was very much prejudiced against her, and her passionate master could not bear her in his sight without transports of rage. Her very piety seemed to anger him. Her fellow servants ridiculed her, treated her most shamefully, and often beat her. Yet she never repined, she never complained or lost patience, but always preserved the same sweetness in her countenance, and the same meekness and charity in her heart, and abated nothing in her devotion to her duties.

Of course a virtue so striking, and conduct so altogether beautiful and attractive, could not go always unappreciated. Her master and mistress discovered, at last, what a treasure they had in their humble and devoted servant, and they changed entirely in their conduct towards her. Her fellow servants gave her credit for her virtues, and treated her with the greatest kindness and cordiality. Now the humble saint, who was severely tried, if possible, by the respect and kindness which were lavished upon her, than she had been by her persecutions. But her humility triumphed over all. She was finally made housekeeper, and the entire management of the household was committed to her with entire confidence. This confidence was not economy, but she strove to manage all things to such an extent under her management that he allowed her to do all the works of charity which her ardent love for the poor prompted her to do. In her last sickness she foretold her death, and having received all the Sacraments of the Church with great devotion, she died in the odor of sanctity, thus leaving a beautiful example to all who are called to the service of others.

WORKS NOT WORDS. Men who claim a harmonized observation with the trend of passing events tell us that the demand of the day is for words, not words. This they tell us is the demand of the hour. The criterion for measuring men. We should like to believe it. We could then feel the power of Mammon waning and hope for the re-establishment of the rule of honesty and justice which obtained in the days of our fathers. Were such the witness a wider appreciation of the magnificent accomplishments of the Catholic Church.

Works and not words has ever been one of her glorious inspirations. She alone it is who teaches that even faith without good works availeth not unto salvation. She alone it is who moulds her practices in conformity with that precept. Works and not words; deeds and not declarations. Let the world be the honest enough to measure her by that standard. She and her children are willing. In fact, only too anxious for the test.

Every year gone to make up the centuries since her divine institution marks some monumental accomplishment which even appeals most eloquently to the present. Under her banner all humanity is marshaled in true equality. She it was who broke the chains which bound woman to a barbarous slavery. In the quest of souls her ministers have traversed unknown waters and explored the wilderness. At this hour they are laboring in lands where civilization dare not dwell. With equal splendor shine the works of her children in other fields, in every field. But enumeration is impossible here.

Nor is there reason to delve into the past for proofs. Weigh her by the works of the present. Count the crosses that mark her houses of worship. Tabulate her monasteries and convents, her colleges and schools, her hospitals and homes. What has the world to weigh against these works? And this is only aggregating. He who would attempt complete enumeration must set himself almost the task. He must tell the trials and sacrifices of the priesthood in its saving of souls. He must detail the devotion of the sisterhood in its multifold works of prayer, of teaching, tending the infant, the infirm, the aged, the leprous and every form of human ill.

But why proceed? Are not these sufficient? If then works, not words, is the world standard of the day, why does the world refuse to measure the Church by its own standard? When it begins to be honest enough to do so great results will follow. Sparks of the true faith will be kindled in many bosoms; the darkness of doubt will be dispelled and a kindly light will lead the way into the Catholic Church.—Church Progress.

Do Not Treat Drunkenness as a Joke.

A paper contributed to the British Journal of Inebriety by Dr. G. H. R. Dabbs on the treatment of drunkenness in fiction and the drama, may furnish food for thought. He says: "I was once speaking to a man who held the record of police convictions for drunkenness. He was a gentleman born, and had been a great athlete. I met him in a prolonged parenthesis of sobriety, and I believe his brain-cells were at the time he conversed with me fairly free from alcoholic somnolence. He said: 'Depend upon it, the habit that society has of treating drunkenness as a comic incident has something to say in the matter of how the drunkard is led to regard it.' I have often thought over this phrase, and not always with absolute equanimity. I took up an old volume of an illustrated comic paper the other day, and I found allusion after allusion to drunkenness, and always from the laughable side."

LOOKING FOR THE RESURRECTION.

We are just as much concerned with the life that follows after death, as with this little day that passes and is all too quickly spent. The difficulty with many of those who do not accept our doctrine of the middle state is this: They have not an active belief in the immortality of the soul. That doctrine enters into the very flesh and blood of the Catholic. It is a part of the Catholic mind. The Catholic cannot think without it. The Catholic idea embraces the past and the future, just as well as the present. We are bound up with the living, and the yet unborn and the dead. We are not, standing without faith before the tomb of Lazarus. We are looking for the resurrection. We continue in communion with them. "Your friends are only sleeping." "This sickness is not unto death." "Your dead shall rise again." "Do you believe this?" "Yes, Lord, I have believed, and I have known that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." "Thou art the Resurrection and the Life."

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

THAT HE WHO LOVETH GOD RELISH HIM ABOVE ALL THINGS AND IN ALL THINGS.

He who has a relish of thee will find all things savoury. And to him who relish thee not, what can ever yield any true delight. But the wise of this world and the admirers of the flesh are far from the relish of thy wisdom; because in the world there is much vanity, and following the flesh leads to death. But they, who follow thee by despising the things of this world and mortifying the flesh are found to be wise indeed; for they are translated from vanity to truth, from the flesh to the spirit.

Such as these have a relish for God and what good soever is found in creatures, they refer it all to the praise of their Maker. But great, yea very great is the difference between the relish of the Creator and the creatures of eternity and of time, of Light Uncreated and of light enlightened. O light eternal transcending all created lights, dash forth thy light from above which may penetrate the most inward parts of my heart.

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th 1899.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your paper with interest.

It is but a few months since one Professor raised a considerable commotion by lecturing in the presence of the Emperor William on the impossibility of reconciling what is said in the Bible with discoveries which have been made by Assyriologists in their researches in the region of Babel, and the Emperor himself, though a religious man and a sincere Christian, was entrapped into practically admitting just what Herr Dilthey wanted, making at the same time profession of his unchangeable belief in Christianity.

Another Professor is now announced with a great flourish of trumpets that he has made the discovery that all religion is "the fantastic work of human imagination."

These statements are all mere assertions without any attempt at proving them, and have already been refuted over and over again by theologians.

1. What Herr Ladenburg asserts is nothing new, but has been taught in substance by Haeckel and other Darwinists and materialists.

2. The propositions are exceedingly superficial, and show that the speaker is entirely ignorant of leading theological and philosophical problems.

3. The glorification of the French Revolution of 1789 shows that Professor Ladenburg's sentiments are the result of a blind hostility to the Christian religion, and not of close, accurate and scholarly investigation.

From the single fact that any beings exist, it follows that there is a God infinitely perfect, the Great First Cause from whom all existence must spring, and that God is eternal, infinite in wisdom and power, and thus the words of the prophet and king, David, are verified:

"The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands. Day to day uttereth speech, and night to night sheweth knowledge. There are no speeches nor languages where their voices are not heard."

"The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands. Day to day uttereth speech, and night to night sheweth knowledge. There are no speeches nor languages where their voices are not heard."

by the Association before which he lectured, and that not one had the courage to call his statements into question. This gave us a sad insight into the degradation of unbelief into which the University to which Professor Ladenburg is attached has fallen, and we learn that other German Universities are sunken to a level just as low.

The Professor's argument against miracles, that "God is not above His laws in nature," is the climax of absurdity, and his inference is equally absurd that "it is now almost an axiom that a miracle never did, and never will take place."

What we call "the laws of nature" are simply the generalization of man's necessarily limited observations on the properties of created matter. Those properties being given to matter by the Great First Cause, Who is God, are necessarily subject entirely to God's will, and if His will for their continuance were to cease for a single moment, they would for that moment cease to exist. Hence God is the constant Preserver of nature and nature's laws, as He is likewise their Creator.

It must be admitted, therefore, that as God, even by the withdrawal of His will for the permanency of nature's laws, would cause them to cease entirely, much more by the positive act of His will can He suspend them. Further, it is rational to believe that when the occasion arises for the manifestation of His greatness, He may suspend them, and this suspension is what we understand by a miracle.

A miracle may be attested to us either by our own observation of the fact, in which case we are made eye-witnesses of it; or it may be made known to us by the same means as any historical fact, that is to say, by the testimony of witnesses who were not themselves deceived, and of whose truthfulness we are certain.

We have this superabundance of proof in regard to the miracles recorded of Moses and the prophets in the Old Testament, and of Christ and His Apostles in the New Testament.

The ten plagues brought upon Egypt, the passage of the Red Sea, the miraculously supplied quails and manna on which the Israelites were fed in the Arabian deserts for forty years, the miracles of Christ wrought by Him whether present or absent, whether by word or physical act, or by a mere act of His will, as the change of water into wine at Cana of Galilee, and the feeding of many thousands at a time with a few loaves and fishes, on two different occasions, the raising of the dead to life, and His own resurrection from the dead, besides innumerable other miracles, were all public facts, the witnesses to which could not have been deceived, nor could they have been imposters.

It was by His miracles that God, both under the Old and the New Law, made manifest that He was with His ministers and His Church, and by those miracles He exhibited His power, and convinced those who believed in Him of the truth of His assurance to them:

"I will be your God, and you shall know that I am the Lord your God."

Professor Ladenburg's fancies are therefore founded on a false philosophy which is refuted both by the exercise of right reason and by demonstrated facts.

RATIONALISTIC TENDENCIES.

There was a sharp discussion at a recent meeting of the Toronto Knox College Postgraduate Conference on "the Morality of the Old Testament," and an opportunity was afforded to those ministers who hold discordant views in regard to the inspiration of the Holy Scripture to make known the tendency of modern Presbyterianism on this question.

The discussion arose from the reading of a paper by Dr. I. F. McCurdy, Professor of Oriental Literature in Toronto University. The Doctor took the ground that the accounts given in Scripture of the great patriarchs were meant merely to convey the belief that under God's protection and favor, the people of Israel had prospered beyond the surrounding nations, but that they were not strictly true. They are more like the modern ethical ideas which make heroes of such men as Palmerston, Bismarck, Gladstone, Jamieson, Funston, and Roosevelt, who were ready to attack the territories of their neighbors, and whose aggressiveness found many defenders who believed their aggressions to be carried on in the interest of human freedom. He could not believe, however, that Saul's

expedition against Amalek, which is said to have been undertaken on God's instigation, was really commanded by the God of Love.

Several clergymen spoke in favor of these views, among whom were Rev. Drs. Eakin of Guelph, Rev. T. L. Turnbull of Oneida, and Rev. Robert Haddow.

This attitude toward Holy Scripture was vigorously combated by the Rev. Drs. Gregg and Caven, both of whom maintained that the Bible is truly the Word of God. Professor Caven had much sympathy for those who found difficulties in the Pentateuch, and other books of Scripture, but he thought that those who attack the veracity of these books go too far. Dr. Gregg strongly condemned the disbelief in the historicity of the Bible, and especially of the Pentateuch, as expressed by Dr. McCurdy, and in fact he was tempted to think that Dr. McCurdy does not believe in God at all.

Dr. McCurdy did not withdraw one inch from his position, but stated plainly that many of the younger ministers of the Presbyterian Church are of views similar to his own on this and other questions. He asked that the older ministers should excuse these younger ones who do not attach so much importance to the belief in the strict historical accuracy of the Old Testament as the older clergy do.

The Rev. Professor Gregg suggested that the Toronto Presbytery should have a conference in which these questions which are causing a good deal of both sides should be carefully discussed.

Our reason for calling attention to this discussion is to show to what extent the modern rationalistic views of Holy Scripture have impressed themselves upon the minds of the rising generation of Presbyterian clergy. We have no doubt that this change will continue to operate among the clergy, until some day, unexpectedly, they will declare themselves as no longer bound by the traditional teachings of the Presbyterian Church in regard to the truth of Scripture as God's unerring Word.

A PROPOSED CHURCH UNION.

Delegates of the various Presbyterian churches of the United States met recently in New York city for the purpose of preparing the way toward effecting a union on the basis of their common creed, which is the Westminster Confession of Faith, modified by the revision which was adopted by the General Assembly which met in Philadelphia last May.

The delegates who met in conference were from the Northern and Southern Presbyterian organizations, the Reformed Church, the American Reformed, the "Cumberland," and "the United Presbyterian" Churches. A resolution was adopted to the effect that "after full, frank and prayerful conference it is agreed that some form of union is desirable, which shall consist in either the complete consolidation of some of the Churches, or such federation as shall preserve the identity of the various bodies, and provide for effective administrative co-operation, which means that the union shall be nominal, if it be found impossible to make it real.

So far as doctrine is concerned, there is no very great difference between the various branches of the Presbyterian body. The revision of the Westminster Confession which was adopted last May by the Northern General Assembly seems to have been rather a step towards promoting the union movement, instead of being, as might have been expected, an obstacle thereto. The Northern Presbyterian Church of America which adopted the revision is itself the most numerous of all the Presbyterian bodies, and it is almost certain that the Southern Presbyterians are generally of opinion that it is desirable that they themselves should adopt an amendment to the Creed, similar to that which now forms part of the creed of the Northern Church.

The Cumberland Presbyterians had long ago adopted an amendment which they intended should cover the same ground over which the Northern revision extends. Thus the three principal Presbyterian bodies will find no cause for perpetuating their schisms in the fact of the recent revision, which will, therefore, prove rather to be an assimilation of doctrine than otherwise.

But there is a serious diversity in regard to the attitude of the different bodies toward the civil Government of the country and the wording of the Constitution. The Cumberlanders maintain that the Constitution of the United States having in it no reference to God's existence, or His supreme authority over the universe, is, therefore, an atheistical document which no true Christian should countenance, and they infer that to vote at elections under the Constitution, or to accept any civil office is a denial of God. This antagonism to the Constitution of the country is regarded by the other Pres-

byterian bodies as unreasonable, and the chasm between these and the former organization is wide. It is possible, however, that this difficulty in the way of union may be bridged over by a compromise in the articles of union, which might leave all parties concerned free to believe as they choose on this point. If a union were effected on these grounds, we have no doubt that Cumberlandism would gradually disappear by absorption, as the difference is one of practical life, and the Cumberland peculiarity would naturally give way by close contact with the more practical and reasonable doctrine of the great bulk of the united Church.

The Cumberlanders themselves would undoubtedly foresee this natural outcome of union, and would be prepared to accept this consequence if they are not over strongly attached to their peculiar belief.

But there is another point on which the difficulty appears to be more formidable: that is, the race question.

In 1861, on the outbreak of the American civil war, the Presbyterians of the Confederate States formed themselves into a distinct Church, owing partly to differences in regard to the status of negroes in the Church, and the same question forms a stumbling-block to reunion even now. The Christian Observer of Louisville, says:

"The Cumberland Presbyterians are hesitant about a union which brings them back into ecclesiastical relations with the colored people. The Presbyterian Journal tried to suggest an arrangement which shall be satisfactory to both parties, to this effect: 'To recognize the right of the colored brethren to have separate presbyteries and synods, with either presbyterian or synodical representation in the united general assembly.' And lo! it has fallen upon the very plan which has been in use for years in our Southern Presbyterian Church."

Another Presbyterian organ, the New York Observer, approves this proposition, saying:

"Should the Cumberland Presbyterians composing the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, colored, prefer to continue as a separate body, they might be allowed representation in our general assembly by a commission without the right to vote, so that the great united Presbyterian Church might keep in touch with all the colored Presbyterians in the South, and be able to give such help as we should give in the effort of Christians to elevate and evangelize the race that has been so long oppressed."

St. Paul wrote to the Colossians: (iii. 4-11.)

"When Christ shall appear, Who is your life, then shall you also appear with Him in glory. . . . Where there is neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all, and in all."

And again: (1 Cor. xii. 13)

"For in one Spirit we were all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free."

But it appears that this rule does not prevail with the white Presbyterians of the United States and their colored brethren.

The Presbyterians are not alone in obliging their colored brethren to form a distinct Church from that of the whites, as all the principal Protestant denominations do the same. Thus the Protestant Episcopal Church Standard, commenting on the proposal in the recent Pan-American Council of the Episcopal Church to give the colored people colored bishops, says:

"It is a work of great perplexity and difficulty on account of the antipathy of race which prevents the colored people and the whites from co-operating with each other on terms of equality even in ecclesiastical affairs. That fact being admitted, the remedy seems to be to permit the two races to conduct their ecclesiastical affairs separately from each other, while both remain loyal in their allegiance to the authority of the Church to which they both belong."

The truth of the matter is that the Catholic Church is the only one which treats her children alike, whether rich or poor; white, red, black brown or yellow.

If the matter of the unity of Christ's Church which is "one fold, under one shepherd" were not of so great importance, it would be amusing to note that the whole question is treated by all concerned as one to be arranged according to the whims of men and not the laws of God and the institution of Christ.

CHURCH MUSIC.

W. M., of Chatham, N. B., enquires: 1. Why are the first words of the Gloria and Credo sung in a loud voice in the celebration of Solemn Mass, whereas other parts of the Mass are said in a low tone? 2. When was the custom of so doing introduced? 3. What does this mode of singing symbolize?

sentiment expressed. The subdued, or low tone is used in the most solemn parts of the Mass, namely, during the Canon, because we naturally express in a low tone the solemnity of the occasion. The congregation, however, may and ought to join in prayer with the priest, and for this purpose prayers appropriate to this part of the Mass are given in the prayer-books with which the people should be supplied. The very words of the priest may be accurately followed by those who use books in which an exact translation of the prayers of Mass is given.

The higher tones employed in singing express vehemence, either of desire or joy. They may be also used for the outward expression of thoughts in which we desire all to participate. Thus it will be understood that the tidings of great joy announced by the angels to the shepherds of Judea that "this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David," and the triumphal hymn sung by the angels at the birth of Christ are appropriately sung in the loud tones of gladness. The beginning of this hymn is "Gloria to God in the highest; and on earth, peace to men of good will." This hymn is represented by the "Gloria in excelsis Deo," which is sung in part by the priest, and in part by the choir representing the congregation. The part sung by the priest and the sentiment of joy which prevails in this hymn are to be found described in St. Luke's Gospel, ii. 10, 14.

The Nicene Creed is the profession of Catholic Faith, as opposed to the Arian heresy which was condemned by the Councils of Nice and Constantinople in the years 325 and 381. This Creed was made by these two Councils. It was issued substantially by that of Nice, and completed by that of Constantinople. It is sung aloud at Mass because our profession of Faith should be public, according to the words of Christ and His Apostle St. Paul:

"Whosoever, therefore, shall confess Me before men, I will also confess him before My Father Who is in heaven." (St. Matt. x. 32.)

Every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father." (Phil. ii. 11.)

The priest sings part of these hymns, and the choir part to show that priest and people unite in the sentiments expressed.

2. We learn from the "Iber Pontificalis" or "Pontifical Record" that the "Gloria in excelsis" was added to the Mass by Pope St. Telesphorus who occupied St. Peter's Chair from A. D. 127 to 138.

The date of the Credo, we have given above. St. Damasus, who ordered the singing by priest and people (or the choir), reigned from 366 to 384.

3. Our correspondent's third question is answered under the first heading.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE CHAPLAINCY.

A despatch from Washington informs us that the Republican Senators assembled in caucus, decided on Dec. 14 to select Rev. Edward Hale of Boston as Chaplain of the United States Senate, his term of office to begin on January 14, 1904.

Dr. Hale is a Unitarian clergyman aged eighty three years. He has accepted the nomination, and as the Republicans rule the Senate, there is no doubt that he will be the coming chaplain of that respectable body.

Dr. Hale is personally very highly esteemed for his amiability of character and for his learning; but, notwithstanding all this, as a Unitarian, he is regarded by all the so-called Evangelical or Orthodox Protestant churches as outside the pale of Christianity. Every one knows that Unitarianism denies the most fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion, the divinity of Christ, the everlasting torments of hell, the miracles of the old and New Testaments, the efficacy of Redemption, and other most important truths.

Dr. Hale is the same venerable clergyman who was admitted somewhat over a year ago to receive the communion in a Boston Episcopal Church while two Bishops of that Church were officiating on an occasion of extraordinary solemnity. The whole Episcopal Church of the United States was set in commotion by the fact, the more so as it was understood to be the second time that such an intercommunion of the Episcopal (the Anglican) and Unitarian Churches was proclaimed by a similar demonstration of common faith!

The Rev. Dr. Hale was the medium of that intercommunion on both occasions; but on this most recent occasion, the incident became the cause of an almost universal protest from the Episcopal clergy and press throughout the country; and other denominations took a hand in the discussion, some being for and some against the proceeding, according as their sentiments were for or against the teaching of any specific doctrine by the Christian Church.

ists, also, the opportunity was taken to denounce Unitarianism in the most public manner as a denomination without any claim to be regarded as being part of the great Christian "Church," or "Confederation of Churches," which ever may be the most accurate designation.

It is now a foregone conclusion that the aged Unitarian divine will be the next Senatorial Chaplain; and thus it will be the deliberately declared conviction of the Senate of the United States that Unitarianism is one of the forms of Christianity to be recognized as on a par with other Christian Churches, so called.

Will it be said again, after this, that the United States is a Christian country? As an organized Church, Unitarianism is but a small sect in the United States, but the Unitarians point out with pride to the fact that their principles are widely diffused throughout the country, and form a prevailing belief among Protestants of all denominations. The choice of a Unitarian Chaplain for the Senate may be taken as a confirmation of this assertion.

It is not to be wondered at that the system which lays down as its primary and fundamental principle that each Christian has the inherent right to judge for himself what is the actual teaching of Scripture, should finally reach the conviction that Christianity has no real doctrines which all Christians are bound to accept. European Continental Protestantism long ago reached this stage, and we cannot be greatly surprised should the Protestantism of America arrive soon at the same conclusion. The Senate's choice of a chaplain is an indication that even now it is very near the goal to which it is rapidly tending.

LORD WOLSELEY AND THE RED RIVER REBELLION.

To the Editor of the London, Eng., Times.

Sir—All Canadians will read with surprise, many with regret, and not a few with some indignation, the chapter in which Lord Wolseley sums up his recollections of his Canadian career. That career is inseparably connected with the Red River Rebellion of 1870. That rebellion is not yet a part of ancient history. Many are very much alive who took part in it. Most Canadians of middle age remember its details. To all of them the account and the comments of Lord Wolseley will seem inaccurate, unkind, and unfair.

To write a controversial chapter after so many years seems to indicate a state of feeling which ought not to exist, or which, if it existed, should have been suppressed. Will you kindly permit me to occupy enough space for a necessarily controversial reply?

In describing the origin of the rebellion at Red River, in 1870, Lord Wolseley says that the French Canadians of the West were "ruled over by a clever, cunning, unscrupulous Bishop—a description of Archbishop Tache which will hardly be recognized by any one who had the honor of his acquaintance. After so many years it seems odd that Lord Wolseley should retain what seems to be personal animosity towards a man so long held in honor all over Canada. Lord Wolseley says of the Archbishop that the Hudson Bay Company had "used him" to keep out settlers—a statement which will certainly be news to the Hudson Bay people as it will be to the friends of Archbishop Tache. As well talk of "using" Richelieu! As man, however, was so great a man that ordinary human cunning shrank in his presence into fear and awe. He was so wise and powerful a man that he was sent for to Rome in 1870 to try to settle the rebellion. He was so trusted a man that the Governor-General sent for him, and pledged to him, *visa voce* and in writing, the honor of the Crown for any settlement he might be able to make of a disturbance which threatened to be disastrous. To call such a man "clever, cunning, and unscrupulous" shows a singular want of fitness in the choice of phrases.

Lord Wolseley says that the French Canadians "saw with envy and dread the steadily increasing power and position of Western Canada," and wanted "to create a new French-speaking country westward of the great lakes." He ignores what ought to be the obvious fact, that, if Bishop Tache was in league with the Hudson Bay Company to keep out settlers, it would not be easy to create a new State. And he does not seem to know that from the moment of its purchase in 1870 the North-West country came under the control of the Federal Government of Ottawa; that Sir John Macdonald was the head of that Government; and that every step taken in regard to the purchase and the government of that country was taken by an Administration in which the French Canadian Ministers were only three out of thirteen. No French Canadian "wire-pullers," as he calls them—as he calls men like Sir George Cartier—could have prevailed in so sinister a policy against the ability and the strength of the majority of the Cabinet. Had the "wire-pullers" so prevailed there was Parliament ready to crush all of them.

Lord Wolseley goes on with a high degree of inconsistency to point out how the Government of Canada, in the beginning of the troubles, sent out surveyors to survey the lands of the Half-breeds; how the surveyors offended the people by their off-hand manners and ignorance of the French language; and how the Half-breed "very naturally jumped to the conclusion that there was some plot on foot to rob him of the land he occupied and had partially cultivated, but for which he could show no written title." If the mental attitude of the Half-breed

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