

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### BELIEF AND JOY.

Epochs of belief are fruitful, heroic and joyous; epochs of unbelief ineffective, languid, cowardly, filled with sadness. Carlyle but echoed the verdict of history. The writers of the school of putrescence are always sad. Without hope and without a life-giving idea they prowl about the world grinning whenever they happen upon garbage that can give them a new sensation, but they never laugh. They talk and veil corruption with pretty phrases, but the human beast is ever sad. And in the writings of many of those who retain some belief in Christianity one can detect the tone of melancholy. Even when they are optimistic and intent upon proving that "God is in his heaven, all's right with the world," there is heard, faint, it is true, the note born of the uselessness of their labors. For the earth is crammed with lives without reverence, and pining shadows: men and women who know not that from the cradle to the black box with the gilded nails is but a step. And they have no time to laugh. They must move on, and when they tread upon the face of a neighbor who falls they do not weep for the "hindmost," the man who goes down in the surging waters of competition is but a victim of the law that the strong survives. They are sad even when they sit on moneybags and mumble platitudes that are acclaimed as heavenly wisdom by those who regard the dollar as the sign and symbol of highest civilization. He, however, who can look over the rim of the world and knows that God has His part in the writing of history can afford to be joyous.

### "LOVES TO HEAR HIMSELF TALK."

Mr. Stead, of the Review of Reviews, is a gentleman who takes himself too seriously. With due respect for his attainments and services we are not so absolutely certain of his wisdom as to be glad for any word of direction he may vouchsafe to give us. Mayhap he would explode if he did not give vent to the thoughts which agitate his gray matter. But to let loose a torrent of words upon the world: to exhort, to anathematize, to shout portentous nothings, and to do it with such imperturbable self-complacency—all this gives him a right to a place among the comedians of the world. Since his departure the land rests. His opinion apart the Church and the peace of the world is of little moment. Let us hope that when the Hague banquets are but a memory, and the worthy sons of the various nations are at home, and the clanging hammers play the symphony of the battleship, that Mr. Stead will begin to think and realize that much utterance is responsible for verbal indiscretions which are not met on the lips of a prominent journalist.

### COOK'S TOURISTS.

The think of the coin of the tourist must be sweet music in the ears of the Spaniard and Italian. But who can compute the amount of amusement given them by the visitors from the "strong nations." There are, of course, tourists and tourists. Lord Byron, no stranger to Italy, did not see the things which provoke the ire of some saunterers. On the contrary, he said much that instructed and edified him; and of this we have no better proof than his prayer that his daughter "should be a Roman Catholic, which I look upon as the best religion."

Carroll D. Wright, looking at an ignorant worshipper before an image, however crude, sees in this, evidence of a divine aspiration. And echoing Ruskin's words he goes on to say that it has been through the innumerable representations of the Madonnas, as brought out in the most common forms as well as in the masterpieces of creative art, that religion has received in many lands its most stimulating influence.

But the tourists whose credulity is equal to any story of a factitious guide; who dwell in towns which keep the Sabbath well and gloomily; who have an idea that the Catholics whom they are pleased to visit never saw a Bible, and who, in a word, judge all things by a home-made standard, must be a well-spring of merriment to the Latin peoples. They are (in most ways) a splinter far from our native heath and land where the sweat-shop is, and

the worship of the Golden Calf never ceases. It has been noted that the Spaniards are of opinion that the English cannot help working; for if they did not, they would all have to hang themselves, so dull is their country. The great trouble with these tourists is their ignorance of the definition of civilization. If, as Edmund Burke says, the essence of civilization consists in the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion they should have something better than fairy tales as the result of a trip abroad.

### THE PASSING OF HUYSMANS.

While Clemenceau was weaving phrases for the glorification of irreligion and France's millions slumbering, J. H. Haysmans, the distinguished French writer, was bidding farewell to earth. The papers which allude to Viviani's blasphemy as "a not very sensible remark" are reticent as to his last moments. The passing of a brilliant mind upheld and comforted by religion may not be "news," but to a normal woman or man it is more suggestive than the doings of Clemenceau and his satellites. Haysmans fronting death with serenity and resignation showed how a Christian can die: these others teach nothing save that they are blind to the facts of history and to the fact, also, that God, despite their laws and epigrams, is not dead.

If Haysmans had had died like Rousseau or Berthelot the correspondent would have told the story of his life and made ready a place for him on the bead-roll of historic names. But he died a Catholic, and as the world knows but its own, there was little said about him. When his friends marvelled at his faith he said: "I have no merit for believing in the supernatural—ever since my conversion it has been close to me."

At one time he was a contributor to the literature of the morgue and of dirt, but he made reparation when his eyes were opened to the beauty of the faith. Like Coppee, Verlaine, Brunetiere, he found in the teachings of the Church the peace and inspiration which the things of earth did not give.

### DEADLY INDIFFERENCE.

One reason why some Catholics are so ignorant of the principles of their faith is the indifference of parents. We do not refer to those who lead sinful lives but to the respectable fathers and mothers who attach little importance to the catechism. They insist, of course, upon the children studying it, but in such a perfunctory way as to cause the boy or girl to have a suspicion that it is a mere matter of form. But by word or example they teach that success in life is the thing to aim at. Not that they mean to do this; but the very atmosphere of the home, the prattle among position and wealth and the value put upon secular studies hinder the spiritual growth of the children. We may be wrong, but why are we so many indifferent to the Church and its interests? Why are they so prone to allow calumny to pass unchallenged, and so mute when a word in explanation of their principles might be for some a ray of light. But they resent attacks on their political tenets; they support the man who champions their cause. Their tongues are not idle when their interests are imperilled and sometimes they protest against the sins of other lands, forgetful of the shame and iniquity at their own doors.

In this due to worldliness that gets into our blood and gives the things of the world the first place in our souls? But this fact must have a cause. And the cause, we opine, is that parents neglected to train their children, to mould their characters in time. Hence, men and women do not know enough about their religion to care for it. They read little or nothing about the things of eternity. They never lose sight of the principle, that the things which are worth while are the things which pay, because their parents never dwelt much upon the things that are out of sight.

The child, however, who is taught to look to eternity may not be pious in this world; but he will be a good Catholic, docile and obedient, and untroubled by the pride that infests the hearts of the worldly.

### WHAT'S THE REASON?

One wonders sometimes why boys of promise become listless and stupid. The powers that seemed to need but the developing touch of time for their blossoming and fruition wax insignificant. For this, medical authorities assign a cause, namely, vice. Parents cannot

be too careful in safeguarding their children from the attacks of the evil one. Unceasing vigilance is necessary to protect the boys from bad companions and from the influences that are a menace to holy purity. If they keep the boy as a child they can cherish the hope that he will be a man. But if they allow him to read what he likes and to learn the language of the streets they expose him to the loss of that reverence and strictness of ideal which should characterize the Catholic, and to the acquisition of the corruption which characterizes the blackguard.

### ONE VIEW-POINT.

The other day we read an address to a band of students. The speaker exhorted the boys to be brave and honorable, industrious and patient, but he failed to point out why they should have these qualities. These students, we happened to know, were energetic, talented for the most part and determined to make their way. What they thought of the address was not disclosed to us: possibly they looked upon it as a few commonplace which are usually doled out to graduates. If they succeed they will probably be brave and patient. But suppose they fail, what then? If they achieve but a menial position will patience silence the cry of discontent? If we have no God, or but a shadowy religion, why should we be patient under poverty and suffering, why eke out a miserable existence, while others, men like ourselves, are allied to the brim with the good things of earth? What a puzzle life must be to those who will not look over the rim of this world! Grinding poverty and the bread line for the millions; insensate luxury and ostentation for the few who keep the divorce courts busy and leave a trail of infamy over three continents. Platitudes will not allay the indignation of the poor. Mr. Carnegie, a gentleman of Homestead and Pinkerton fame, is as futile with his managements as is the gentle-faced Daking whose love of the Bible and of his neighbor is well known. The policeman's club keep the poor in order. But if they wax strong enough to smash the club! True indeed, that many, who though Christian, live like pagans and regard their fellow as aliens unworthy of either help or sympathy; look upon the plan of the Socialist as impracticable or as stuff out of which dreams are made. But it is not wise to ridicule men who are fayed by injustice and toil, as they may never reach the goal of financial security. It is easy to shut our eyes to the signs of discontent and wretchedness, but we do not thereby render ourselves less recreant to our duty. The apathy of the Christian will not stay the progress of the enthusiastic socialist. If we do nothing to bring about the reign of justice and human brotherhood we invite the charge that Christianity has no vital power. And so while listening to the educator's address we wondered what his hearers would think of it ten years hence.

Fortune may elude them and then comes the opportunity to test the quality of their honor and patience.

### THE DUTY OF CATHOLICS.

It is for Catholics to take the initiative in all true social progress, to show themselves the steadfast defenders and enlightened counsellors of the weak and disinherited, to be the champions of the eternal principles of justice and Christian civilization. (Leo XIII. to Cardinal Langenieux, 1890.)

In an article "Some Ways and Means of Social Study," reproduced by The Catholic Mind, the writer tells us in reference to observation and experiment, that we must see for ourselves the effects of social disorganization on men and women of like nature to our own: we must endeavor to realize as far as possible by actual contact what manner of lives are led by the "other half." And there is no such thorough corrective of windy theorizings for or against our fellow-men as the devotion of ourselves to their personal service. If social studies be not begun and continued in a spirit of humility and constant willingness to learn they are worse than useless and only lead to the production of those most exasperating of human beings, the doctrinaires, the cynic and the "superior person."

It boots little to waste any time on the superior person. Leave him or her to the little tin god—snobbery. But we may remark that many of the poor are better Christians and of finer fibre than the kid-gloved dawdlers who ask them impertinent questions. They cannot, of course, give what they have

not. And as they have no definite programme, no desire but to flaunt their wealth—made sometimes at the expense of those whom they visit—they leave nothing but irritation and aims, burdened with sapient advice as to how it should be spent. The Catholic, however, who has any regard for his own soul can, if sympathetic and a man of prayer, do something towards making the world juster and more merciful. For instance, he can watch the police courts when Catholic children are dealt with. They can take an interest in the Catholics who drift into our towns and cities. If we do not, the non-Catholic will provide for them. The Salvation Army workers are not unknown in this line of activity. We may talk about our love and faith, but the miserable and wretched are impressed only when they see this faith and love in action. The people who frequent the churches are secure enough, but what of the many who do not—the urchins who roam the streets, the girls beset by temptations, from the unclean post card to the vile seducer, the men and women hurried to death by sweat shops and owned now and then by talk-givers who sit in front of the masses.

### CARDINAL ON "TAINTED MONEY."

SEES IN THE CRAZE FOR WEALTH A DANGER TO THE COUNTRY.

Cardinal Gibbons, who is spending the summer at Southampton, Long Island, believes that the increase in wealth in America is far surpassing the spread of religion. The thoughtful man is invited to carry the theory to its logical conclusion for himself. His Eminence, a Prince of the Church, as well as of the realm of thought, will go no farther.

With his far seeing eyes looking into the future, he said to an interviewer last week: "The man of wealth no longer seeks the kingdom of God. He finds his kingdom and the joys thereof on this earth."

"Wealth, then, is spreading faster than the religion of Christ?" was asked.

"I fear that is so," was the reply.

"With that result, do you venture to say?"

"Verily, a rich man shall not enter the kingdom of heaven," answered the Cardinal.

"Do you mean that that is literally true?"

"I am afraid so," said the Cardinal. "I do not mean that it is impossible. I know some rich men who are pious and devout; but of the great majority it can only be said that they are in different as to their spiritual welfare—they prefer the things of the earth, of which they have an abundance. In the luxury of our civilization they heed not the hereafter. They are blinded to the truth."

It is to the poor and the lowly, Cardinal Gibbons went on to say, that the Church looks for the maintenance of the true spirit of religion. But he stopped there, and would not be led to say whether the trend of religious indifference among the great and influential of the nation was leading. The conversation had turned upon ethical tendencies—the spirit of commercial life, the ideals upon which the great, swollen fortunes of the country are now founded. The Cardinal pronounced the tendencies all wrong. He severely arranged the builders of the great financial and industrial corporations, as laboring upon an immoral foundation—rearing their mighty structures upon the ruins of competition and fair play, a d driving to despair and desperation the young men whose means of honest toil are stripped from them by the methods of the mammoth trusts.

"Just now," it was suggested, "the tendency seems to be away from religion."

"Why do you say that?" he asked. Briefly a recent interview with Mr. Rockefeller was recounted. The circumstances of the conviction of Standard Oil of rebating upon which the \$29,000,000 fine, and the defense of Mr. Rockefeller and the other officials of the oil trust which was silent as to the moral guilt of the corporation, and took refuge in the statement that the Standard had only done what others have done.

The Cardinal smiled. "A suggestion," said he, "that they go after the other fellows also."

"But not denying their moral guilt," was suggested.

"Of course, I see the point," he remarked. "It opens a fine question of ethics. I don't know any of the particulars of the case, but it seems to me that if the Standard Oil company was guilty of the offence charged, the fine levied against it was none too large. And there is reason and justice in the law going after the big ones first. These big fishes are engaged in eating the little fishes up, and the just principle seems to be to strike at the most prominent and formidable first as an example to all others. I believe, however, that adequate and proportionate punishment should be meted out to all alike. For instance, the railroad corporations have no right to discriminate in the prices they charge one man and another man. The whole system is bad, however looked at."

"Looked at from the ethical standpoint," was suggested, "isn't this whole tendency in the business world

deadening to the spread of true religion?"

"Unquestionably," was the reply. "Wherever there is ethics there is religion. The effect is bound to be bad. Such methods harden the conscience and inspire a lax observance of the moral laws. In the creation of the great corporations, for example, each one that is created takes from the young men just starting life the opportunity and the incentive to labor honestly in his chosen field, competition is killed and the young man is without the means of putting his talents and abilities to the uses for which they are adapted."

"You do not see in the growth of great corporations, and consequently of great fortunes, an unmixed blessing for the country?"

"I do not," replied the Cardinal. His wonderfully expressive face took on an expression of deep concern as he sat and pondered over the question. "Wealth," he continued, "may become a curse when it takes on exaggerated importance in the mind of its possessor."

"Who, then, does the Church look to for the preservation of the religious spirit?" he was asked.

"To the poor and the lowly," was the reply. "They who are not subjected to the temptations of wealth, lowly in spirit, contrite and penitent, and without the arrogance which is at present the accompaniment of wealth."

The Cardinal spoke these words in a solemn tone, but with his face illumined with that rare smile which told of his hope for the future. He had risen and was nervously pacing the floor of the parlor of the rectory, his hands clasped behind him, his head bowed, the far-away look in his glowing eyes.

"The poor we have with us always," he murmured. "They are the promise and the hope—and they are legion."—True Voice.

### A BISHOP ON THE DOCTOR'S ART.

Mgr. Sebastian Herscher, Bishop of LaCrosse, is of the opinion that an age which can produce medical doctors who still believe that a patient's faith in God is the best assurance of a rapid cure, cannot be considered to be altogether without hope of redemption.

So pleased is the Bishop with the work of Doctor Barleux, recently published in France and entitled "The Struggle for Health," that he contributed a paper to Le Correspondant (Paris), in which he signals the existence of doctors who are "at once scientists and active Christians."

In this twentieth century of ours, declares Monsignor Herscher, we so often see science divorcing itself from religion, that a Bishop may gladly take up his pen to write of the advent of a student, not only the ally of faith, but also in a large measure helpless without its aid. The author of the work is a doctor of many years experience, is no mere theorist who has views to express and uphold, but has lived through every experience of which his work may be described as a professional autobiography. A great observer and a practitioner on a large scale, here are briefly stated some of his views:

The doctor starts out with the idea that each of us comes into the world with a certain sum of vital energy, on the value and use which depend health and longevity. This he calls our "biological capital." A capital which is properly invested and so defended against "morbigenous causes" as to be always realizable at its real value. There are morbigenous causes which menace our life capital at various stages of life, namely, the illness of youth, of maturity and of old age. According to the doctor, says Monsignor Herscher, every illness indicates a general disorder, even though the trouble appears local, and the great promoter of sickness is emotional weakness, or absence of self-control. In ninety cases out of a hundred, a doctor looks for the origin of any malady in the nervous system. A consequence of this is that "there are no ill men, but only ill people," and the doctor who is most anxious to get at the truth and do most service to his patients, will first attempt to diagnose the state of his mind. The influence of the moral upon the physical side of human nature is incalculable, and the mind and body of a person who possesses faith, have in his experience always proved more susceptible to quick and successful treatment than in the contrary case.

In his chapter "Psychotherapy," he declares that in many cases the surest method of curing a patient of an illness, is to begin by curing his soul. What he asks, is a doctor to do in the case of a patient who is divided between the few remnants of being left to him, and the incredulity which is so common now a days? Though he does not expect to die, he is afraid of death and is tortured by the thought of his body, or whether a part of him will live on. In such a case, answers the physician, the fact is never to be lost sight of that a sick person will clutch at whatever brings him hope of life. Cold theories of philosophy will not assist him; nor is any philosophy available, except that which is expressed in the doctrine of Him who said: "Come to me all you who suffer and I will comfort you."

Thus, says the Bishop, here we have a doctor who looks upon medicine as something more than art. It may be an apostolate. The true doctor is he who models himself on the greatest of all doctors who healed men's bodies as well as their

souls. For such a physician there is more than mere matter to be dealt with, and the greatest cure is that which rescues the soul. The best doctor is he who is the best humanitarian not the best surgeon or the best physician, for, as the great Ambrose Pare was wont to say of the patients he succeeded with, "I treated him and God cured him." With such a doctor science does not inconvenience his faith, nor does faith inconvenience his science.—New York Freeman's Journal.

### CATHOLIC NOTES.

The death, last week, of the Rev. Francis Bunch, of San Antonio, Texas, removed another of the old French pioneer priests of the Southwest. He died at Santa Rosa Infirmary, Aug. 19, being attended in his last illness by his only relative in this country a niece who is a Sister of the Incarnate Word.

The lord mayor of Dublin on Sunday last unveiled the monument erected to commemorate the bravery of the Irish brigade in the battle of Fontenoy, in 1745. Three hundred Irish visitors, the local authorities and the clergy were present. The monument was presented to the town by various Irish societies.

On August 23 a ceremony of great historical interest took place in Norridgewock, Me., commemorating the martyrdom of the saintly Father Ruel, the successful Jesuit missionary to the Indians. Webster's Biographical Dictionary gives the year 1658 as the date of his birth and 1724 as the date of his martyrdom by the English. Other writers claim he was born in 1657.

The will of James P. Rock, a real estate man of Baltimore, has been filed for probate. About half the estate, which is worth in the neighborhood of \$125,000, is left to various charities. Cardinal Gibbons is left \$8,000.

The body of St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, kept in a magnificent shrine at Goa, India, is after 300 years, whole and entire, without the least sign of corruption or decay. The saint appears to be in a sweet, peaceful slumber.

Miss Bressford, daughter of Lord Charles Bressford, the English admiral so well known to America, has received her father's permission to embrace the Catholic faith. Miss Bressford is a charming and talented girl and is finishing her education at Roehampton Convent, near London.

A report that Very Rev. Raddolph J. Meyer, S. J., has been appointed provincial of the St. Louis province of the Society of Jesus, which now includes the Jesuit foundations in this diocese, is confirmed. Father Meyer will assume the office September 1, succeeding Very Rev. Henry Moeller, who has resigned because of ill health.

Cardinal Emilio Taliani died of paralysis last Saturday at Monte Carlo, near Ascoli, in which diocese he was born. He was 69 years old.

A writer in L'Univers of Paris gives an interesting account of the reception into the Dominican order, on last St. Dominic's Day, of His Most Serene Highness, the Prince of Luwensin, now simple Brother Raymond, Dominican novice. At the age of seventy-three years he has followed the example of his sister Adelaide, widow of King Miguel I., who, on June 13, 1897, received the veil of the Benedictine nuns at St. Cecilia's convent of Solesmes.

The consecration of the Right Rev. D. F. Feehan, D. D., as Bishop of the diocese of Fall River, Mass., will take place in St. Mary's pro Cathedral in Fall River on Thursday, Sept. 19th. No details of the ceremony have been arranged as yet, but it is known that a very large number of priests and prelates from various parts of the United States will be present.

Mary Anderson has given a sum of money to a convent in the Connemara district, Ireland, to erect a building which will be used as a school. The pupils will be young girls desirous of learning the rudiments of housework as an equipment should they be obliged to leave home and seek a livelihood in foreign lands.

The biggest swinging bell in the world hangs in the Church of St. Francis de Sales, in the outskirts of Cincinnati. It takes six men to ring it, and they are compelled to do so with their ears swathed in heavy cloth, by reason of the terrible volume of sound that proceeds from the monster. Only on grand occasions, as Easter, Christmas, July 4, Michaelmas and Memorial Day; are people privileged to hear the bell.

### "From the Devil to God."

Such is the title of a book written by a poet named Rotte, who seems to have some renown in France. His standing must have been more than respectable, for he was a friend of Coppee. Rotte had been baptized a Catholic, but became an atheist, a Socialist and a frenzied hater of everything Catholic. One evening at a conference in which he railed at religion with more than usual fury, some friends who applauded his eloquence asked him afterwards to explain the beginning of the world. Rotte was dumbfounded. He could not reply, and asked for time to study. He soon discovered that the scientific theories on which he had been building were all nonsense. He was on the point of committing suicide, when Coppee advised him to see a priest. It ended in his complete conversion, and adds one more name to the long list of literary men whom the Church has won over recently in France.—From the Messenger.

LUKE DELMEGE

BY THE REV. F. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE," "CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

It is quite certain that Luke Delmege regarded these four years at Aylesburgh as by far the happiest of his life. Here he had everything that a fine intellect and rather refined taste could require. He had leisure for thought in the intervals of almost unintermitting work; or, rather, this ceaseless work supplied material for thought, which again interacted and created its own outcome in ceaseless work. He gave himself a day's recreation every Monday, after the greatest Sunday sermon. At least, he took Sunday sermons, and spent the day in the country. One of the relics of this time is before the writer in the shape of a bamboo cane, notched and indented by Pio's teeth, where he dragged it from the river. But on these excursions by the lonely river, the ever active mind was at work—now on the conversation of the last night at the salon; again, on the many, very many societies for the general amelioration of the race, of which he was either an active or an honorary member. These included a society for the rescue of discharged prisoners, a society for the suppression of public vice, a society for the housing of the poor, a society for the purification of the stage, etc., etc.

"I don't see your name, Father Delmege," said the dry old rector, "on the committee for making statements truthful, and introducing the seventh commandment on the Stock Exchange." Luke concluded that the old man was jealous. The old man had a good deal of temptation to become so. He was nobody. Luke overshadowed him utterly. "You'll preach at Vespers on Sunday evening, of course, Father Delmege?" "I could be most happy indeed; but it is Dr. Drysdale's turn on Sunday evening." "Oh! how unfortunate! And the Lefevrils are coming. Could you not effect an exchange?" "I should most gladly do so; but, you know, the rector would hardly like the suggestion."

"Do try, Father. It's really more important than you imagine or I can explain. I'm sure, if you know how very important it is—" "I fear it is quite impossible, Mrs. Bluet—" "Oh dear! The doctor is such a dear old soul, but he is dry. There, I've made a horrid pun; but, dear me, he is so tedious, and I shouldn't care, but of all evenings—" No wonder Luke worked at his sermons! He sat at his desk at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and worked steadily to midday. By Friday evening he had written fifteen pages of a sermon. On Saturday he committed it to memory, and, without the omission or alteration of a word, he delivered it on Sunday morning, at the gospel of the *Missa Cantata*, or at Vespers in the evening. And during those four years Luke never ventured to speak publicly without having made this careful and elaborate preparation. In after years he often wondered at himself, but admitted that he dared not do otherwise. He never knew who might be listening to him in this strange land, where every one is so interested in religion, because every man is his own pope; and so little what all the other popes, even the Archbishop of Canterbury, may hold or teach. But the discipline was good for Luke. It gave him a facility in speaking which lasted through life.

Now, Dr. Drysdale was not jealous. He was too old, or wise, or holy, to be angry but amused, ay, indeed, and anxious, about his young conferees. Amused he was, and very much so, at the Celtic impetuosity with which Luke flung himself into every kind of work. His strenuous manner, generous, self-sacrificing, was such a contrast to his own placidity that it was quite interesting in the beginning. Then it became a matter of grave concern to the gentle old priest.

"That is a valuable and interesting book," he would say, pushing over a volume by some great Catholic author to Luke, for he was a member of St. Anselm's society, and this was one of the societies of which Luke was not a member. "Take it to your room and read it at your leisure." Luke would take it; but Mill and Heine and Emerson had got hold of him just now, and he would bring it back uncut after a few days, with a remark that was meant to be pregnant and suggestive. "All the poetry of the world is in the Catholic Church; and all the literature of the world outside it." Or: "It seems to me that the whole of our philosophy consists of junks of indigestible propositions, garnished with syllogisms of froth." The rector would rub his chin and say, "Humph!" which is eloquent, too.

and he had serious thoughts of patenting it. That chemical and its jam pot was a perpetual source of wonder to Luke. I fear the wonder was slightly contemptuous. To see this excellent old man, Doctor of Divinity, Dublin Reviewer, correspondent with French and Italian philosophers, studiously mixing that oil and wax, and then standing on a ladder, as he put up, and took down, and rearranged candles and flowers, was a something far beyond Luke's comprehension. In after years, when his eyes were widely opened, Luke dropped some bitter tears over that jam-pot and—himself. "Impossible, sir!" he would explain, in reply to his vicar's invitation. "I really have something serious to do. Can't you let the ladies or the sacristan attend to these things?" The old man would not reply, except to his unken Master.

But Luke was happy, and his great happiness was in his dealings with learning, tact, and sympathy. To lift these trembling souls over the quagmires and shaking bogs of unbelief; to enlighten, cheer, support under all the awful intellectual and spiritual trials of incipient doubt, until he had planted them safely at his feet on the firm ground of Catholic faith and practice; to witness their almost exultant happiness, when the final step being taken, with closed eyes and gasping breath, they at length found themselves in the home of serene security; to open up to their wondering vision all the splendours and beauties that they had hitherto seen under distorting and bewildering lights; to share in their happiness and gratitude,—ah me! this is his ecstasy, and Luke felt it. Yes! here is his vocation; here I have found my life-work! And if ever a doubt crossed his mind about his studies at this time, he hushed the complaining voice with the dogmatic assurance:

"The first step towards conquering the enemy is to enter the enemy's arsenal and handle his weapons." There were some drawbacks, indeed. Now and again some giddy girl, or some conceited Scripture-reader, would go through the form of conversion, and then revert. "One day a lady wished to see him. She was closely veiled. She insisted on being received into the Church then and there. Luke demurred. He took her down to the Convent of the Faithful Companions, and placed her for instruction under Reverend Mother's care. He felt quite proud. This was evidently a lady of distinction. A few days later he strolled down leisurely to ask after his convert. Reverend Mother met him with a smile. "No; the lady had not returned. She was a lunatic who had slipped from her mother's carriage whilst her mother was shopping; and the bellman had been ringing the city for her since."

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"You seem, Miss Lefevril," said Luke, timidly, "to overlook what lies at the bottom of all ascetic practices and prayers—the essential dogmas or truths of religion." "Oh," said Miss Amiel, "truth? There is no such thing, except as an abstraction. Hence I always hold that we see all—that is, all good people are—practically the same. And each soul is at liberty to select its own beliefs and form an aggregate for itself." Luke looked wonderingly at the Master, who appeared to be highly pleased with his pupil. He ventured however to protest.

"I cannot really follow you, Miss Lefevril," he said; "it seems to me a logical sequence from no truth to no principle." "I spoke of beliefs," said Miss Amiel. "There is a natural and logical sequence between belief and principle." "And how can there be faith without an object—and that object, Truth?" said Luke. "Dear me, how shall I explain?" said Miss Amiel. "You know, of course—indeed, I think I have heard you say so—that mathematical proofs are the most perfect?" Luke assented. "That there is nothing so certain as that two straight lines cannot inclose a space?" Luke nodded. "And that every point in the circumference of a circle is equidistant from the centre?"

"But these things do not and cannot exist, except as abstractions of the mind. There is no objective truth there, because there is no object at all. The same with all truth, for all truth is immaterial and purely subjective." "Then you don't believe in God?" said Luke, bluntly. "Oh dear, yes, I believe in my own concept of God, as do you!" "Or in hell, or in a future life?" gasped Luke. "Dear me! yes, yes, I believe in hell—the hell we create for ourselves by misdoing; and the immortality of myself, my soul, passing down through the endless ages in the immortality of my race!"

"I regret to say, Miss Lefevril, you can never become a Catholic with such ideas!" "But I am a Catholic. We are all Catholics. We all have the same spirit. Mr. Halleck is a Catholic, yet not the same as you—" "I beg pardon, Mr. Halleck is a communicant at our church and has made profession of our faith." "Of course he has. But Mr. Halleck's subjectivity is not yours, or Mr. Drysdale's, or Mrs. Bluet's, mine. Each soul dips into the sea and takes what it can contain. Surely, you cannot live that these poor people, who live in Primrose Lane and frequent your church, and the learned Mr. Halleck, hold the same subjective beliefs?" "So much the worse for my friend Halleck, if that be true!" Luke had enough nerve to say.

"Not at all! He simply is an eclectic Catholic, as we all are—the Master, the Dean, Canon Merritt, even Mr. Drysdale," mentioning the name of his High Church friend. Luke started back in horror. "How can you associate the names of Mr. Halleck, the Dean, Mr. Merritt, with that—'that vulgar man?'" "But, my dear Mr. Delmege, we are not now speaking of vulgarly and refinement, but of opinions—thoughts—beliefs—" And the whole of your beliefs is pure scepticism," said Luke. "Not at all," smiled Miss Amiel; "you do not understand. You really must read Plato on Ideas, until you grasp the meaning of Subjective Idealism, or what I have called eclectic Catholicism." Luke began to feel that his rector

was right, and that he would be more at home with old John Godfrey and his pipe. But the tolls were around him, and, whilst his faith was perfect, the grace of illumination was as yet far away. He was groping in the dark vaults of what he was pleased to call "the enemy's arsenals." Hence, too, issued a wonderful sermon which Luke preached one Sunday evening about this time. He was sprung up about this time in England that heresy was to be conquered by effecting not only a knowledge of its myriads, but even its extravagances of language. And there was scarcely concealed desire to attenuate the doctrines of the Church so as to fit them nicely to the irregularities of error. The idea, of course, was the exclusive property of theologians, and was regarded, not only with suspicion, but with condemnation, by older and wiser heads, who preached in season and out of season that it is not to mind and intellect that the Church looks, but to conduct and character, that is, the soul. But it is hard to convince young heads of this. So Luke had been for some time introducing into his sermons strange quotations, very like the Holy Scriptures, yet most unlike, and they were a grievous puzzle to his good rector. This evening, for the special illumination of a very large section of his audience, a number of commercial men, who were in the habit of flocking to the Catholic Church on Sunday evenings to hear this brilliant young orator, he chose for his subject the "Sacred Books." An excellent subject, excellently illustrated. But unfortunately, in the inexperienced hands of Luke, who was at this time probably penetrated by his growing love for Plato and his schools, the side scenes became more attractive than the great central picture, until at last the sermon began to descend into a mere defence of naturalism. It was all very nice and flattering to human nature, and Luke narrowly escaped an ovation when he wound a brilliant sermon, after several quotations from the *Book of Thoth*, with this from another:

With ease he maketh strong, with equal ease The strong abaseth; the illustrious He diminisheth, and him that is obscure He maketh high; and in mansions dwells above, With ease he maketh straight the crooked, and bindeth the strong, and looseth the bound. Hear, and behold, and heed, and righteousness Make straight the way of oracles of God. Clotilde declared the sermon magnificent. Mary O'Reilly said to Mrs. Mulcahy: "Did you ever hear the like of it? 'Tis like a stramine of honey comin' from his mouth.' It takes the old country, Gater all, to pronounce the preachers. Sure, the poor Canon, God be good to him! with his hummin' and hawin', isn't a patch on him. I suppose they won't leave him to us!"

The Canon took a different stand. He prayed earnestly, during Benediction, for light. Then, after tea, with slight nervousness, even he, who would select his words judiciously, he opened up the subject: "Was that sermon, Father Delmege, might I ask, prepared or was it extempore?" Luke, who was expecting a compliment, said promptly: "Prepared, of course. I never speak in that pulpit without committing every word of a manuscript to memory."

"I am sorry to hear it," said the old man, with some hesitation. "I was hoping that, perhaps, his indiscretions were attributable to haste and nervousness. I cannot conceive how a Catholic priest could sit down calmly and write such irrelevant and injudicious things." "Jealousy again! I thought Luke. He said: "Perhaps, sir, you would kindly explain. I am quite unconscious of having said anything indiscreet or liable to discredit." "It is quite possible that you have not discredited," said the rector; "I'm sure I hope so. Because our own people are pretty indifferent to these very learned subjects. But do you consider the fatal effect your words might have in retarding or altogether destroying the incipient operations of grace in the souls of others?"

"You may not be aware, sir," said Luke, playing his trump card, "that these lectures are the main attraction to a rather important section of our separated brethren, who come to our church on certain evenings to hear and be instructed." "How long have you been here, Father Delmege?" said the rector. "Very close upon four years," said Luke. "How many converts have you had under instruction?" "I cannot count them," said Luke. "How many have you received into the Church?" asked the rector. Luke found he could easily count them on his fingers. He was abashed. "And of those, how many have persevered?" said the old man, driving his investigations home. Luke had to admit that nearly half had verted again.

"Yes!" said the old man; "and if you ask the cause, you will find it to be your too great liberalism, which to me seems to be—pardon the expression—a half apology for heathenism." "I'm sure," he said, "I do not know exactly where I'm standing. Our leading men glorify the learning, the research, the fair-mindedness of these very men I have quoted to-night; and the very books I drew from have been favourably reviewed and warmly recommended by our leading journals. Do you want me to go back to the catechism and to explain 'Who made the world?'" "You might do worse," said the rector. "But, to be very serious, Father Delmege, I think the sooner you give up the company of these liberals and free-thinkers the better. I have often blamed myself for not speaking to you plainly on the matter."

"It was Mrs. Bluet introduced me to that circle," apologized Luke; "and Catholics frequent it. Halleck is always there." "Halleck is a good fellow," said the rector; "but he has brought into the Church a little of the Englishman's indefensible right of private judgment. If I were you, I'd give up these literary sojourns and look more closely after your own poor people." "For my well, Sir," said Luke. He said to his looking glass very soon after: "The old story. These Englishmen want the aristocracy all to themselves."

usually so phlegmatic, flared up. "The people must be protected, and what is to protect the people but the law?" "But seven years' penal servitude for a freak in a fit of drink! Do you understand it? Can you imagine the horror, the desolation, the misery, the despair, of these seven years of hell?" "That's all right. But the law—the law!" The law was the fetch. You dare not whisper a syllable against it. Not the law of God, but of man. "You sympathize with crime—" "I beg pardon," said Luke. We convict criminals, we condemn crime." "Then why commit crime?" said the rector. "Commit crime? Ireland is the most crime-ridden country in the world," said Luke. "Tell that to the marines!" said the rector. Luke didn't. He knew that on certain subjects the British mind has one of the symptoms of incurable insanity—the *idée fixe* of Charcot. He thought it would be a nice subject for the salon. Such social problems were often debated there, and there was as much theorizing as in Parliament. He broached the matter delicately—the dreadful inequality of punishments under the English law. They gnashed their teeth. He had blasphemed their God. "Your countrymen are curiously sympathetic with crime." "There is more crime committed in one day, one hour in England than would be committed in Ireland in a century," said Luke, repeating the usual formula. "Ah! yes, perhaps so; but they are a lawless race." "They don't break God's laws," said Luke.

CHAPTER XXI.

We must not do Luke Delmege the injustice of supposing, even from his good rector's allusion, that he was altogether careless about the primary obligation of a Catholic priest—the care of the poor. Indeed he rather prided himself on being able to pass, with equal zeal, from the drawing-room to the kitchen, and from the castle to the cabin. His figure was a familiar one to the dozens of Primrose Lane. For here congregated a small colony of exiles from Ireland and Italy; and here, into the dreary monotony of English life, were introduced the picturesque and dramatic variety which appear to be the heritage of the Catholic races. Sometimes, indeed, Luke, with his admiration of English habits and ways, was not a little shocked at the irregularities which are anathematized by the English religion. The great virtues of cleanliness and thrift were steadily ignored. In their place came faith and piety, enthusiasm and idealism, that were utterly unintelligible to the prosaic neighbors around.

"A family of Irish peddlars, and a family of Italian horgan grinders," was the answer of a portly dame to one of Luke's inquiries. They are very hantidy, sa, in their 'abits.' "Thim English, yer reverence, they're haythens. They don't go to Church, Mass or meeting. They think of nothing but what they ate and drink." Which sums up neatly the controversies between the races, with which economists have filled not only volumes, but libraries. Luke at this time was quite flattered at being considered an Englishman; and when his country was declared, instead of flaring up in the old passionate way, he politely assented. And as, in fact, he really loved his own people, would take a pinch of snuff from Mrs. Mulcahy, and say the *Bunaed Dia*—the beautiful prayer for the Holy Souls that is never omitted on such an occasion in Ireland. And he loved his little Italians—their strange, grotesque gestures, their beautiful liquid tongue; and he went so far as to nurse the poor horgan grinders, and to be interested even in the intricacies of the "horgan." And he did shudder a little occasionally when he had to pass through a crowd of English girls, with their white, pale faces, and when he had to undergo a bold scrutiny from the irrelevant gaze of some English laborers. In the beginning, too, he had to submit to an occasional sneer—"I conceive" or "I'm sure, Father," as a game of young Britishers passed by; but by degrees he became known, and these insults ceased. But it was in the county prison that he became most closely acquainted with the "submerged tenth," and here he had some novel experiences.

A quick pull at the jangling bell, a courteous salute from the officer, a jingling of keys, the monastic silence of the vast hall, laced with the intricacies of iron fretwork in the staircases that led to the galleries, from which again opened up and shut the gates of the tombs of the living—nerves shrink at the thought until nerves become accustomed to the ordeal. Then, an unceremonious unlocking of cells and a drawing of bolts—an equally unceremonious slipping to the heavy iron door, and Luke is alone with a prisoner. He is clad in brown serge, with just a loose linen muffler around his neck. "Casabianca. Is as innocent as ze babe unborn. Was in ze French navee. Quarter masters. Yes. Saw some foreign serveecee. Has a wife. (Weeps loudly.) And little children. (Weeps loudly.) Ees a Catholic. Knows his religion whell. Ees thirty. Did nothin'. Vnarrresteed, he know not why; but he has six monz to serve."

Later on Luke found he was not quite so innocent. He gave Luke several lessons in prison life; showed him how to take out the stopcock when the water was shut off in the pipes, and through the empty pipes to establish telephonic communication with his neighbors; showed him a new telegraphic system by knocking with the knuckles on the wall; showed him divers ways of hiding away forbidden material. "Allons! The bell rings and he is ushered into another cell. Here is a stalwart Irishman, awaiting trial for having, in a fit of drunkenness, abstracted a pair of boots that were hanging outside a draper's shop. "You'll get three months!" said Luke. "I hope so, sir. I may get seven years' penal servitude. It's my second offence; and if they find I'm an Irishman, I shall be certainly sent to penal servitude."

"Impossible nonsense!" said Luke. The prisoner got seven years. His little wife from Kerry fainted. Here, too, were sailors from Glasgow, and Paisley, and Liverpool, in for refusing to go to sea in water-logged vessels, and who purchased their lives with three months' starvation. The perfect mechanism of English methods was beginning to pall on him. It was so silent, so smooth, so deadly, so indifferent. He had a row with his rector over the matter. And at the Lefevrils he said: "I know it is civilization; but there's something wanting. What is it?" He expressed in emphatic language his difficulties to John Godfrey. John,

For the old man had a good deal of temptation to become so. He was nobody. Luke overshadowed him utterly. "You'll preach at Vespers on Sunday evening, of course, Father Delmege?" "I could be most happy indeed; but it is Dr. Drysdale's turn on Sunday evening." "Oh! how unfortunate! And the Lefevrils are coming. Could you not effect an exchange?" "I should most gladly do so; but, you know, the rector would hardly like the suggestion."

"Do try, Father. It's really more important than you imagine or I can explain. I'm sure, if you know how very important it is—" "I fear it is quite impossible, Mrs. Bluet—" "Oh dear! The doctor is such a dear old soul, but he is dry. There, I've made a horrid pun; but, dear me, he is so tedious, and I shouldn't care, but of all evenings—" No wonder Luke worked at his sermons! He sat at his desk at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and worked steadily to midday. By Friday evening he had written fifteen pages of a sermon. On Saturday he committed it to memory, and, without the omission or alteration of a word, he delivered it on Sunday morning, at the gospel of the *Missa Cantata*, or at Vespers in the evening. And during those four years Luke never ventured to speak publicly without having made this careful and elaborate preparation. In after years he often wondered at himself, but admitted that he dared not do otherwise. He never knew who might be listening to him in this strange land, where every one is so interested in religion, because every man is his own pope; and so little what all the other popes, even the Archbishop of Canterbury, may hold or teach. But the discipline was good for Luke. It gave him a facility in speaking which lasted through life.

Now, Dr. Drysdale was not jealous. He was too old, or wise, or holy, to be angry but amused, ay, indeed, and anxious, about his young conferees. Amused he was, and very much so, at the Celtic impetuosity with which Luke flung himself into every kind of work. His strenuous manner, generous, self-sacrificing, was such a contrast to his own placidity that it was quite interesting in the beginning. Then it became a matter of grave concern to the gentle old priest.

"That is a valuable and interesting book," he would say, pushing over a volume by some great Catholic author to Luke, for he was a member of St. Anselm's society, and this was one of the societies of which Luke was not a member. "Take it to your room and read it at your leisure." Luke would take it; but Mill and Heine and Emerson had got hold of him just now, and he would bring it back uncut after a few days, with a remark that was meant to be pregnant and suggestive. "All the poetry of the world is in the Catholic Church; and all the literature of the world outside it." Or: "It seems to me that the whole of our philosophy consists of junks of indigestible propositions, garnished with syllogisms of froth." The rector would rub his chin and say, "Humph!" which is eloquent, too.

On Sunday afternoon the rector would say, "Spare me half an hour, Father Delmege, and help me at the altar!" The altar was a privileged one in this sense, that no one, not even the president of the Altar Society, was allowed to touch it for any purpose whatsoever. The arrangements of the cloths, the vases and their flowers—all were the rector's exclusive province, where no one dared interfere. But he took especial pride in the decoration of the high-altar for Sunday evening Benediction. It was a labor of love that extended over three hours of the Sunday afternoon. There were sometimes from one hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty candles to be placed ready for lighting; and the vicar had a fancy that there should be a special design for each Benediction. Then, as a final touch, he tipped the wick of each candle with a preparation of melted wax and paradine—a chemical compound in which he took great pride,

and he had serious thoughts of patenting it. That chemical and its jam pot was a perpetual source of wonder to Luke. I fear the wonder was slightly contemptuous. To see this excellent old man, Doctor of Divinity, Dublin Reviewer, correspondent with French and Italian philosophers, studiously mixing that oil and wax, and then standing on a ladder, as he put up, and took down, and rearranged candles and flowers, was a something far beyond Luke's comprehension. In after years, when his eyes were widely opened, Luke dropped some bitter tears over that jam-pot and—himself. "Impossible, sir!" he would explain, in reply to his vicar's invitation. "I really have something serious to do. Can't you let the ladies or the sacristan attend to these things?" The old man would not reply, except to his unken Master.

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For the old man had a good deal of temptation to become so. He was nobody. Luke overshadowed him utterly. "You'll preach at Vespers on Sunday evening, of course, Father Delmege?" "I could be most happy indeed; but it is Dr. Drysdale's turn on Sunday evening." "Oh! how unfortunate! And the Lefevrils are coming. Could you not effect an exchange?" "I should most gladly do so; but, you know, the rector would hardly like the suggestion."

hair. For the old man had married his Irish cook, who had converted him. Then she went to heaven to receive her reward. The estate was entailed.

Dinner was announced. The old man looked at Luke. Luke returned the gaze calmly. The old man was disappointed. It was the duty of the chaplain to wheel him into dinner. Luke had failed to understand, and the nephew dutifully took his place, wheeled the old man out of the drawing-room, into the corridor, right to the head of the table, the huge mastiff walking gravely by his side. Luke was allowed to look at his uncle. He was a clergyman, and in his fiftieth year.

"Might I have one, sir?"

"Yes, one," said the old man.

It was a beautiful act of reverence to old age, or was it—mammot?

When the ladies had retired, the three gentlemen sat around the fire. There was solemn silence. Luke was not yet wholly subdued, although he had acquired the art of being silent for ten minutes; but a quarter of an hour was too great a strain. He addressed the old man:

"I dare say a good many yachts run in here in the summer and autumn months."

The old man was asleep.

"Did you see Stanley's latest?"

Luke said to the nephew.

"Stanley? Stanley?" coughed the clergyman. "Never heard of him."

"He has just returned from his tour through Egypt and the Holy Land. He accompanied the Prince of Wales."

"He must have had a jolly time. Franked all the way, I suppose?"

Luke saw the trend of his thoughts, poor fellow!

"I like Stanley," he said, "although he's as hard on celibate clergy as Kingsley."

"The awful fool!" muttered the clergyman.

"But then he had his five or six thousand a year, and no children."

The poor man groaned.

"Now," continued Luke, "I always pray for two persons—the Pope that invented celibacy, and the Chinaman that invented tea."

"So do I! So do I!" said his neighbor. "That is, I don't know about that Chinaman, but I like that Pope. God bless him!"

Luke watched the fire.

"Look here," the other answered, "it's all rot!"

"I beg your pardon," said Luke.

"I say, 'tis all rot," repeated his companion. "'Tis all L. S. D.'"

"I can't quite catch the subject," said Luke, "though I understand the predicate."

"All this rubbish about religion. Why, any man can be a religious in a thousand a year. Any man can be holy on two thousand a year. Any man can be a saint on five thousand a year. It's all this way. To be a saint you must be at peace with the world. Very good. But with five thousand a year, where's the trouble? Why, man, you can't have an enemy. You'd say boo to a fellow with five thousand a year, a palace, and a carriage? Pshaw!"

"I hope your excellent uncle has twice five thousand a year!" said Luke, consolingly.

But there came such a look of terror on the poor fellow's face that Luke changed the subject immediately.

"That's a magnificent St. Bernard!"

"A true blood! The monks gave him to my uncle!"

"That was kind."

"I suppose they thought St. Bernard would like it. He liked the English, you know!"

"I did not know. I'm deeply interested."

"I don't know much about these things; but I heard a clever fellow of ours say that St. Bernard gave the Pope of his day a rap over the knuckles, and that he opposed the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception."

"Indeed! That must be a clever fellow," said Luke, sarcastically.

"Oh, yes! And, therefore, St. Bernard must be one of us, you know."

"I see. Any one that protests?"

"Exactly. Any man that makes a row against things as they are—"

"Eh? eh?" said the old man, opening his eyes.

The nephew was paralyzed. But the old man dropped asleep again.

"You were saying?" said Luke.

"Sh! No, sir, I was not saying."

"Well, you implied that you gather everything clean and unclean into the spacious sheets of heresy. I have noticed that a fellow over the other day to one of your canons that it was a singular fact that in the Revised Version of the New Testament, whereas every rationalist and free-thinker is quoted, there's not a single Catholic writer ever mentioned."

"Of course not; of course not," said the nephew, who was watching his uncle anxiously.

"'Tis the tradition of your Church," said Luke, "and when the old men die—"

"Eh? eh? Who said I was dying?" exclaimed the old man, and dropped asleep again.

"For God's sake stop and look at the fire," said the alarmed nephew. "If he hears anything again 'tis all up."

"All right," said Luke.

So they watched the fire until the old man became restless again.

"What's his weak point?" whispered Luke.

"The view," whispered the nephew in an alarmed way.

Luke got up and went to the window. It was something to be proud of. As one looked down from the almost dizzy height, over the roof of detached villas, each nestling in its own dark-green foliage, and out across the quiet village to where the sea slept, stretching its vast peacefulness to the horizon, the words leaped to the lips: "Charmed magic easements, opening on the foam Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn."

But it was the peace, the Sabbath

peace of a Sabbath evening in England, that stole on the senses, and wrapped them out of the bare, bald present into the music and magic of the past. And, irresistibly, Lisnalle and all its loveliness rose up before the mind of Luke. It was now an infrequent and faint picture. Luke had blotted it from his everyday memory. He had said good-bye to his own land forever. After his last visit when everything looked so old and melancholy, and every white cottage was a sepulchre, he had tacitly made up his mind that his vocation was unquestionably to remain in England, work there and die there, and he only awaited the expiration of his seven years' apprenticeship to demand an *execut* from his own Bishop and affiliation to his adopted diocese.

"Yes," he said to himself, "everything points that way. I have found my metier. I must not throw it aside. I have no business in Ireland. I should be lost there, and we must not bury our talents in a napkin."

But somehow, standing in this broad bay-window, this long, summer twilight, Lisnalle would project its bareness and sadness across the calm beauty and the snug prosperity of this English village. He tried to blot it out. No; there it was, floating above the real landscape, as a mist floats in the air, over a sleeping lake. And he remembered that force argument he had with his own conscience, as he rocked on the boat the afternoon of the great day when he said his first Mass.

"I was right," he said; "if I had remained at home, what should I be now? A poor, half-distracted professor in a seminary, or a poor, ill-dressed, ill-housed curate on the mountain, and see what I am!"

And Luke lifted his watch chain and thought of his greatness.

"Eh? eh?" said the old man, waking up finally. "What did you say?"

"I say," said Luke, promptly, "that there is not in the world except perhaps at Sorrento or Sebeulco, a view to equal that."

"Ha! did you hear that, George?" chuckled the old man; "did ye hear that?"

"Yes, sir," said George; "Mr. Delmege has been raving about it the whole evening."

"Mr. Delmege has excellent taste," said the old man; "here, George, the ladies await tea."

He took occasion to whisper to Luke.

"I wish the Bishop would send you here. I have endowed the mission—a hundred a year. And you should dine with me every day. Eh?"

"It would be delightful," said Luke. And as he walked slowly, step by step with the yawning mastiff after the armchair of the host, he pictured to himself a home in this delightful village, with books and pen and paper, crowds of converts, a quarterly article in the Dublin select society, an occasional run to the city or to Aylesburgh to preach a great sermon, correspondence with the world's literati, then ecclesiastical honors, and beautiful, dignified age. Alas! and his Master's mind was weaving far other destinies for him; and swiftly and suddenly this vision of the priestly Sisyraite vanished.

Next day the old man broached the subject again. He had set his heart on having a resident priest at Sea-therpe. Luke referred him to the Bishop; but he more than hinted that the project would be exceedingly agreeable to himself.

"Dear me!" he said, as he returned to Aylesburgh by the morning train, "how swiftly we pass to extremes. It's a seesaw between the 'upper ten' and the 'lower five.' Who do I prefer? Hardy a fair question. But if I had the prospect of that horrid prison before the mental landscape, and Primrose Lane, would I be the brighter? Who knows?"

He drew the subject around deftly that evening after tea. The good Canon was anxious to enter into, and guide rightly, the strange, emotional nature that was thrown into his hands. But he confessed himself at fault. He had studied every phase of Luke's character, he touched every mood, and reluctantly had come to the conclusion that the fine spirit would never go far wrong, yet never reach any great height. The very instinct that forbade the former would debar the latter. And the Canon thought the time had come for a change. Luke had made some vigorous efforts to escape the thralldom of too intellectual society; but the tolls were around him, and an evening at home or at one of the quiet Catholic houses was intolerably dull. Where would all this end? The Canon often asked himself the question; and asked the same question of the flowers he placed and replaced around his Master's throne; and asked it of the white flames that sprang up around the altar; and sometimes paused in his walk, and held his breviary open without reading it, and stumbled at certain verses:

"*Homo, cum in honore esset, non intellexit.*"

"Does that apply to my young friend?"

"*Decident a cogitationibus suis; secundum multitudinem impietatum eorum, expelle eos; quoniam irritaverunt te, Domine.*"

"Dear me! dear me! God forbid!"

"How did you like Seathrope?" he said to Luke at supper.

"Very much indeed! What a quaint old place the mansion is; and what a quiet old fellow the proprietor!"

"Yes! the Church is not making much headway there," said the old Canon.

"It needs a resident priest," said Luke, "one who would give all time and attention to the possibilities of the place."

"Yes! It would be a nice mission for a young man of energy who could keep his head."

"I don't think there's much to tempt a man to insane things there," said Luke.

"Except the worst danger—loneliness and the *taedium vitae*."

"Yes; but if a man has his books,

and his pen, and his work cut out for him—"

"Quite so, if he is a strong man. But if he be a weak man, it is certain danger."

"Solitude has always been the mother-country of the strong and the elect."

"Just what I have been saying," said the Canon. "A mother and dangerous desert to the weak."

Luke thought that there was an undercurrent of meaning in the Canon's words; but there was nothing to catch hold of or resent.

"I shouldn't object to a mission there," he said bluntly.

"Ah! I see you're tired of us here. Well, who knows? Meanwhile, you will go well to visit the prison tomorrow. Tuesday is your day, I believe."

"Yes," said Luke. "Nothing has turned up there?"

"Nothing unusual," said the Canon, quietly. "There is a soldier, a countryman of yours, up for shooting his officer through the heart on the back-square at Dover."

Luke studied the gas jet for a long time when the Canon had gone to his room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FINISHED IN HEAVEN.

Frank Coburn, whose friends believed he should be the happiest man in Chicago, was in a mental condition just the opposite of what their fond pride in him pictured.

The Friday afternoon following his masterly effort in making for his party a speech in a seminary, he had been an unusually hard fought spring campaign, found him alone at his desk in his private office, his head bowed in grief. Few would recognize in this dejected, solitary figure the genial, joyous Coburn whose ready sympathy and generous assistance had helped more than one struggling fellow along the perilous road to success, and whose own future seemed so promising; now, brightened as it was by the assurance of a brilliant career as a lawyer and as a political leader whose earnestness and honesty had won for him a following which many an older "boss" might well envy. Yet at a time when he might be the centre of an enthusiastic gathering in any of the clubs he frequented, he was alone, plunged in the deepest gloom.

Even as he had shared with any one the greatest happiness that had ever come into his life—his love for Margaret Dupres—so now he had no one with whom he could share his greatest sorrow—her death. Their mutual affection had been so pure and elevating that he was always loath to risk marring their happiness by sharing the knowledge of it with others, and so quietly he had guarded his secret that few were the privileged friends who knew of the part he had taken in the little funeral which wended its way to Calvary just two days previous.

The girl whose candid faith in him was his constant joy and inspiration had left him so suddenly he could scarcely bring himself to realize his loss. To her he owed the possession of his high ideals which won for him the esteem of his political foes as well as his friends, and the effort of the evening before, which the press described as a masterpiece, was to him but the outpouring of his soul in an earnest and well-merited tribute to her memory. It was eloquent without the usual impassioned appeals to prejudice; it was convincing solely on the merits of its own arguments; it was inspiring and alluring as it raised men's thoughts up to noble ideals of public service which few of them had ever realized could exist in the sordid, office-grabbing politics to which they were accustomed. He had felt very near her during those long two hours, when in measured, earnest tones, prompted by the sorrow recently borne, he argued for those principles they had often discussed together. Now with the excitement gone, and in utter weariness of mind and body, he missed the sweet comfort of her companionship, her admiration, her encouragement and a sense of his absolute loneliness expressed him.

A heart-broken sigh escaped him as he gazed at her picture which he held in his hand. If her life had not been one grand act of confidence in an ever-kind Providence, he would have cried out now in his bitterness that it was an unfeeling God who had taken her from him so suddenly. Her calm eyes seemed to read his thoughts and to plead with him again, even as they had always added her gentle persuasion when in an evening at home or at one of the quiet Catholic houses was intolerably dull. Where would all this end? The Canon often asked himself the question; and asked the same question of the flowers he placed and replaced around his Master's throne; and asked it of the white flames that sprang up around the altar; and sometimes paused in his walk, and held his breviary open without reading it, and stumbled at certain verses:

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"Except the worst danger—loneliness and the *taedium vitae*."

"Yes; but if a man has his books,

assurance I now have of eternal happiness. I am too near the Sacred Heart and to His Blessed Mother, who smiles a welcome to me."

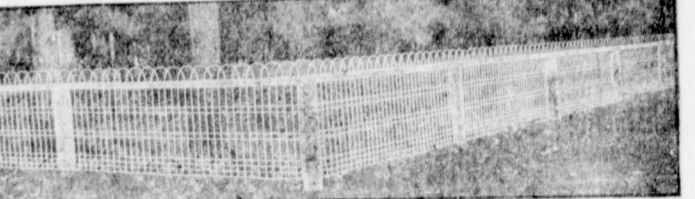
Then while he gently pressed her hand as it lay on the coverlet, her lips moved silently and he was able to hear only the concluding words of an inaudible prayer which he knew must have been for him. "Confident that Thou wilt not abandon him, I abandon his soul and body entirely unto Thee."

So absorbed was he in his sorrowful memories that he did not notice the passing of time until in the gathering twilight his tear-dimmed eyes were no longer able to distinguish the familiar features of the picture he still held in his hand. Rising suddenly he prepared to go home. Home? Should he go home, debating what to do and halting sadly how very little that name would ever mean to him now. Mentally he pictured that evening at home—the formal dinner with his married sister's family, and later the calls of political friends who would bore him with details of the latest wagers on the prospective election returns, when all the time he would be longing to escape to a solitude again till the first great agony of grief and loneliness had passed.

After reaching the street he hesitated again—then in a few minutes he called a cab and gave instruction to the driver. He slowly sank into the cushioned corner, thinking to catch even a few minutes of needed sleep on the way, but the first touch of his hand on the tufted seat revived the sad recollections with a painful suddenness. It chilled him; involuntarily he shuddered. There was something in the touch of that cloth that suggested a pall! With it would always be associated his ride to the funeral, yet his mind wandered back now and lingered not with aversion but with tenderness on each detail of that journey, reverting again and again with gentle persistency to the Mass, so solemn, so mysterious, so beautiful. He recalled how lost in the contemplation of its beauty, he had imagined Margary was at his side, and joying it with him until the first touching words of the priest's eloquent tribute brought him back to reality. "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth!" Pondering now on the perfect appropriateness with which those words had been applied to her; a strange thought occurred to him. It roused him and he suddenly sat bolt upright, alert, interested, while into his face came a fleeting smile, half sad, half expectant. He was in no mood for company and town talk; he dreaded a whole evening of it. Why not—it was an odd fancy, but it suited his lonely mood—he had been with her in spirit all the afternoon—he would go now where she loved to go! Leaving out of the cab, he spoke to the driver who checking his horse, turned into a cross street and quickly drove his patron to the church of the Holy Angels.

The church was in total darkness, but the great door opened readily, and once inside, the sanctuary lamp seemed to beckon him toward the middle aisle, down which he had often walked with Margary. He would go into her pew now—no, he could not bring himself to go there alone, but he would stay very near it in one across the aisle. He bent his knee reverently as he entered and he scrupled not at kneeling before the Presence she had adored, although, tired as he was, the position was a trying one. He thought himself alone, but a whisper broke the silence, and turning his head in the direction from whence the sound came, he discerned the figure of an aged woman in prayer at the last of the Stations of the Cross. She was dressed in a widow's garb, and judging by the earnestness with which she prayed, she found great solace in this act of devotion. He watched her intently, marveling at the faith which prompted such fervor, while she finished her prayer and made her way slowly and painfully toward the high altar. Few moments more she remained there prostrate—then she went away.

Frank heard the door close after her, feeling a sense of relief that now at last he was alone. Why he wished to be alone he did not know; he had not stopped to question the impulse which brought him here, and now he only knew that he was experiencing a strange serenity. In a recess at the left many votive candles were burning before the shrine of the Sacred Heart, and their flickering light threw a few gleams of brightness on the white marble of the high altar and made the little tabernacle doors shine like polished gold. What a fascination those shining doors had for him in the darkness! His eyes rested on them fixedly, his mind unconsciously meditating on the mystery therein concealed. It had always been a great grief to Margary that she could not believe in her wonderful proof of Divine love, and once, thinking to please her by showing a willingness to join in her devotions, he asked her what he should say as they knelt together at Benediction. Then she gave him a short, simple prayer—just as one would give a task to a little child, being careful not to expect too much from it. He was ever as docile as a child when Margary was with him, and he remembered that he had ever given her the best that was in his manly character, and he repeated her prayer now, longing that he might believe in all that the words implied, "Sweet Heart of



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Jesus, have mercy upon me: Jesus, my Saviour, I wish to console Thee. What a comfort and prayers must have brought to Margary as she knelt there so often at the loneliest hour of the day, believing, as she did, so ardently and trustfully! The words of the eulogy came back to him now with a beautiful significance. "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth." Ah, true she had loved it—at early Mass, at late Vespers—always with a devotion that never changed, except to grow more fervent. Could he bring his heart, filled as it was with earthly ambitions, to love it also?

The perfect stillness quieted his troubled mind, and he gladly yielded himself to its soothing influence with a sense of relief that was new and surpassingly sweet. Unconsciously he had accepted the tender invitation, "Come to Me, all ye who labor and are heavily burdened," and he was now enjoying the sweetness of the promised rest. Over and over again he repeated Margary's prayer, till it seemed like the elusive refrain of some familiar melody of happier days, and when as fatigue gradually overpowered him, his lips finally stopped forming the words, his sorrowing heart seemed to continue beating in unison with the sweet rhythm, as if loath to relinquish the balm which had brought its longed for respite. Forgotten now was the world. Forgotten, too, his hopes and ambitions, his bitter disappointment—even the grief which had so lately weighed him down. Peace—the peace which the world cannot give—flooded his soul and ele-

Continued on page six.

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psychology as a chapter of physiology they have taught an unworthy origin of man, a debased life and a degraded destiny. Nor should we be better encouraged by what little metaphysics these critical philosophers have left untouched; for to their mind metaphysics are either imaginary abstractions or pantheistic science. There is another reason why modern philosophy is a treacherous ally of religion, although this is a feature common to it and the private judgment which is the fundamental principle of Protestantism. This is the subjective character of our knowledge and the exaggerated relativity of knowledge.

We do not know anything except in so far as we are affected by it. Allowing thought to start with, and dwell upon, the subjective apprehension, modern critics following Kant have drawn a distinction between things in themselves and things as apprehended by us. Thus there would be, or might be, according to this theory, a distinction between God as known to our mind and God as He is in Himself. It is not surprising if under such guidance men change their views of God and His relationships with the world, or outgrow the unsatisfactory relations which Luther, Calvin and the others held to exist between God and the world. We are not astonished that the supernaturalism taught by the Reformation appeals no longer to men whose studies are along materialistic and pantheistic lines—that they find in Protestantism no corrective for their errors, no warning for their dangers. But it is a matter of great surprise that leaders, claiming to be theologians, should look for comfort or support from a philosophy which is unsound in principle, unsafe in method and irreligious in application—a philosophy poisoned by the unbelief of Hume, the critique of Kant and the pantheistic idealism of Hegel.

ANOTHER YELLOW PERIL.

Besides the Eastern yellow peril there is another more universal and more insidious, more threatening to society and much less responsible. It is the Yellow Press, against which Mr. Stead in the Review of Reviews complains earnestly, that these journals are the disturbing element in the international situation. Against the reckless statements which such streams pour out upon their countless readers there is no remedy unless it be boycotting, no protection unless it be complete isolation. We do not see why all the odium should fall upon those journals which the pariah members of the craft style "Yellow Journals." The fact is that it is very much with all the daily press as it is with sunlight. Yellow predominates. It is all very well to decry yellow journals. There is much to condemn in their statements which are questionable and their methods which are misleading. To give them credit, however, for nearly plunging the United States and Japan into war, or for doing their utmost to bring about such a war, is giving them an influence which they do not deserve and attributing a motive which is more malicious than dangerous. But these yellow journals are by no means the first and greatest sinners. It may be unpatriotic for any of the American or Japanese papers to excite their countrymen to bitterness one against the other. But what about the so-called respectable papers, the London Times or the New York Sun, or many others whose chiefs would hold up their hands in horror at being suspected of even a yellow tinge. They are all tarred with it. They may not indulge in any war policy. There are other prejudices more easily excited and more injurious to society. For over fifty years the London Times treated all questions and rumors about the Catholic Church as no yellow journal would attempt to do. It has not yet lost its taste for the color, as was very evident during the crisis in France. In real sober earnest the whole English-speaking press is almost blind in its acceptance of stories against the Church, and madly impetuous in its rush to distribute them so as to keep alive the smoldering flame of religious prejudice. The schools of San Francisco excluding the Japanese children elicited some sharp remarks from Japan with muttered threats. The wildest of these were nothing compared to the great majority of Protestant Canadian papers, two or three years ago, when the newly-formed provinces were claiming their just rights. We hear a great deal about yellow journals; but we think there is a case of the pot and the kettle when almost any Protestant journal upbraids another for being a disturbing element in the situation of national peace. They have one common enemy whom they have belied and calumniated habitually, regularly, without remorse, without excuse and without success. From the highest to the lowest, from the most aristocratic to the most radical, daily

journals, weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies—now here, now there—are yellow as any yellow when it is something in which the Catholic Church is concerned.

AN ADVOCATE'S FALSE PLEA.

To read the remarks made by many critics upon the Latin-speaking races one is reminded of the witches in Macbeth: "Fair is foul and foul is fair." Their ignorance is a by-word and their degradation hopeless. They will not out their coat after English fashion or look solemn when at prayer. They may want to be left alone; but they should rejoice that English people take such an interest in them. They may be satisfied to live and die in Catholicism, to have one, and only one, religion in their country. They know not what they miss when they turn a deaf ear to the money-grabbing Protestant proselytizer and drive him from their doors. Spain more than the other Latin countries attracts the attention of these ranting Pharisees who can never appreciate anything not weighed in Anglican scales. Ignorant of Spanish customs and language, most of them never having visited it at all, they spend their energies in calumniating what they themselves do not understand and in befouling what may be most fair. They go out of their way to insult when their purpose should be to advance truth. These reflexions and many more are the outcome of reading a Lord's Day Advocate's commentary upon the observance of Sunday and the position of woman. This Advocate reasons to suit himself. Here is one syllogism: "Where Sabbath is not, man is less than man. He sinks and drags down with him into degradation the complementary sex." Glancing over several countries, Spain, Portugal, Mexico, Brazil, Guinea, Chili, Peru and even fair France he is convinced that in "none of them has woman her just position as the equal of man in all that is important and enduring"—and all this because in these countries they do not observe the Sabbath. What nonsense! The Advocate should be candid. It is because these people are Catholic and not Protestant, because they are Latin races, because they do not want to buy English goods. The statement is not true. What is most important and enduring in a country? It is religion, the generation of children, and their education in their faith and the institutions of a country. In all respects, singling out Spain in this advocate the women are the equal of the men. This correspondent ventures to make the following absurd statement about Spain: "In that land there are 18,000,000 of people. Of these 18,000,000, 13,000,000 have no religion; and 70 per cent. of the people can neither read nor write. Picture for yourself, then, the social life of that nation steeped in ignorance and unbelief—the amount of licentiousness and infanticide that blackens her record—and say is woman there what nature meant her to be?" There is no truth in these statements. We think that this Advocate should observe more carefully the eighth commandment: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." It is right to keep holy the Sabbath day; but every one is obliged to keep all the commandments, and he that offendeth against one is guilty of all. No good cause is advanced by such pleas as this Advocate puts forth.

ANOTHER SLICK "STUDENT."

London diocese is not the only one which has been imposed upon by those "Paddlers," to one of whom we referred in our issue of the 17th inst. A glib-tongued young fellow has been preying on the Catholic people in the East. He is taking orders for a book for which he charges \$6, cash, or \$7, credit, and which is not worth more than \$2.00. It is printed on inferior paper and the binding is wretched. Like the man in the West he is intensely pious and is getting money together to put himself through college with the view of becoming a priest. It is scandalous that those humbugs can go through the country and take advantage of the people's want of knowledge of the value of such goods as they have for sale, and work on their good Catholic faith for the sake of gain.

MRS. EDDY'S MONEY.

Toronto, August 26, 1907. Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. Dear Sir:—In your issue of August 20th you say: "Dwight accumulated money to his own destruction, and a like fate seems to hang over Christian Science." I am sure you will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Eddy's income has not accumulated from donations from her followers but is a legitimate income from the sale of her books, and it is well known that she is using it mainly in the interest of public and private charities and in the propagation of her teachings. Yours respectfully, C. R. MURPHY.

We may ask: If Mrs. Eddy's income is used mainly in the interest of public and private charities, etc., how comes it that she seems to have such a goodly sum in store that there is a legal battle in the courts between her friends and relatives for its possession? If charities take the main portion, the income from her books must be enormous.

ENGLAND'S NEW MARRIAGE LAW.

HOW THE PASSAGE OF THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER BILL AFFECTS PROTESTANTISM.

London, August 26.—Marriage with a deceased wife's sister has finally become legalized in Great Britain, the House of Lords this evening having, by 98 to 54 votes, passed the bill making such marriages legal.

The passage of the deceased wife's sister bill ends a remarkable legislative struggle, dating back to the early history of the English Church. Previous to 1533 marriages of consanguinity and affinity were wholly governed by canon law. But Henry VIII, in order to divorce Catherine of Aragon and leave himself at liberty to marry Anne Boleyn, had to assert the principle that marriage with a deceased wife's sister or a deceased husband's brother was unlawful, and that, therefore, his marriage to Catherine, his brother's widow, solemnized under a dispensation from Rome was invalid. His claim was based upon a false interpretation of the old Mosaic law. Thereafter, until 1835 though such marriages were voidable, they were not forbidden, and were not always annulled, and thus great confusion and no little injustice resulted. In 1835 the Lyndhurst act made past marriages of affinity valid and future marriages void.

A royal commission was appointed in 1847 to examine the marriage laws, and from 1849 to the present time attempts were made, both in the House of Lords and the House of Commons, to pass the bill making marriage with a deceased wife's sister legal. As a rule, the Commons has carried the bill by a large majority, but it has been thrown out by the Lords, through the aggressive opposition of the Bishops and a few ultra ecclesiastical lay peers, always King Edward, when Prince of Wales, set the example of voting for it.

On August 20 last, after prolonged and animated debate, the House of Lords, by 111 to 79 votes, passed the second reading of the deceased wife's sister bill, the minority including the seventeen Bishops who are members of the House of Lords; and as the measure had previously passed the House of Commons this session, it now becomes law. Even now, while a man may at last marry his deceased wife's sister, a woman is still forbidden to marry her deceased husband's brother.

WHY THE ENGLISH CHURCH OPPOSED IT.

"For four hundred years," wrote Father Pielain in a recent issue of the Western Watchman, "the poor sister-in-law in England has been waiting for a chance to marry. The last time she was permitted to enter wedlock was when Catharine married Henry VIII. It was done through a dispensation from Rome, but it was the last of the kind ever asked. Rome has been granting like dispensations in other countries, and even in England Catholics have been granted such privilege many times since the Reformation. But the English Church had declared such dispensation beyond its power. Why will appear later on. It is not against the law of nature for a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. It is not against the law of Moses; on the contrary, it is quite consonant with the spirit and letter of the Mosaic dispensation. It is against the positive law of the Church; but her laws are unlike those of the Medes and Persians, and times and circumstances often demand a mitigation. The Church has been dispensing with her enactments from the time she made her first law in the city of Jerusalem, and Henry was dispensed from the law of affinity when he married his deceased brother's widow. In order to invalidate that marriage and take away the positive law which would invalidate the dispensation under which it was solemnized, He called his theologians together and sought the opinion of the universities; and at the end of his very interesting inquiry he declared that his conscience would not permit him to live with his sister-in-law, and he ordered the Archbishop of Canterbury to declare his marriage null and void. In the English Church the law of affinity was over a question of doctrine. England over a minor question of discipline. If Luther's teaching on faith is correct, then is the State Church of Germany and other Protestant countries true; if Henry was not lawfully married to Catharine of Aragon, then is the English Church vindicated.

"To admit that a man can under any circumstances be lawfully married to his deceased wife's sister were to give the lie to Henry and his complacent theologians and to declare that the Establishment is the spurious offspring of an adulterous marriage. Denial of the possibility of a dispensation was the very capstone in the arch of English Protestantism.

"The Church has never acknowledged in the State the power to enact diriment impediments. The latter may make laws regulating matrimony, but any contravention of them would only render the union illegal, not invalid. The State has the power to visit with civil penalties those who wed in violation of its laws, but its vengeance must stop short of declaring the marriage void. That pertains to the domain of spirituals, and in that the Church is supreme." It can be easily seen, therefore, that only one law making first degree affinity a diriment impediment, and in denying the validity of the dispensation Henry denied that the Church could suspend her own enactments. The purpose of the impediment was to insure the sanctity of the home.

But there are times when such precautions are necessary, and then the Church is indulgent. The last lively justification of English Protestantism vanishes with the repeal of the deceased wife's sister enactment. Henceforward we must accept both the Church and Crown as England as illegitimate. "Here's over the water to Charlie!"

CAUSED GREAT HARDSHIP.

Concerning the Lyndhurst act of 1835, which declared valid all existing marriages with the sisters of deceased wives, but made future unions of the

kind illegal, the Sun, New York, said: "The statute has caused a great deal of hardship and unhappiness, it having been computed that under it many thousands of children have been born illegitimate." As time went on the unreasonableness of the prohibition became generally recognized by English Dissenters, and even by a good many lay members of the Church of England, while most of the British colonies refused to follow the example of the mother country in this particular.

"The consequence of this conflict of laws was that a British subject might contract a marriage in Australia which would be valid there, but would become illegal if he brought his wife and children to England. If he left property in Australia, his children could inherit it; but if his property was situated in England, they could obtain it only by will. With the object of removing the grievance complained of by colonials, the British Government not long ago modified the Lyndhurst law by providing that a marriage with a deceased wife's sister performed in a British colony should, if valid there, be valid also in the parent State. The natural effect of the amendment was to point out a method of evading the objectionable statute. If an Englishman and a deceased wife's sister desired to marry, all they needed to do was to have the ceremony celebrated during a brief sojourn in one of the colonies, after which they were at liberty to return home with the assurance that the union would be legal there as well.

"Under the circumstances it soon came to be deemed an absurdity that a remnant of the Lyndhurst act should have been suffered to remain upon the statute book. The bill now enacted not only repeals the old law, but making all future marriages with deceased wife's sisters lawful, but has a retroactive effect, legalizing also all such unions as have taken place since 1835.

The only vestige of the Lyndhurst act that will remain is the provision that property which may have changed hands under it shall not be disturbed. "The Lyndhurst law has brought about during the three quarters of a century that it has kept a place upon the statute book many a romance in real life, and more than one novel has turned upon it. The law itself had a sentimental origin, if there is ground for the current belief that Lord Lyndhurst framed it out of a desire to oblige a great nobleman who had married a deceased wife's sister and wished to remove the possibility of a cloud on the legitimacy of her offspring. This the Tory Chancellor managed to do by providing that all marriages of the kind celebrated before the act of 1835 should be lawful, only those performed afterward being pronounced invalid. Thus was a social magnate gratified, while at the same time the minimum of offense was given to the prejudices of the Anglican prelates and clergy."

PHILADELPHIA CATHOLIC STANDARD AND TIMES.

WHO READS THE BIBLE MOST—CATHOLIC PRIEST OR PROTESTANT MINISTER?

Our separated brethren are very fond of talking about the Bible and parading the Bible on all occasions. But there is one place where, in most Protestant denominations, the Bible plays very little part, and that is in public services. Modern hymns, extemporaneous prayers, a sermon, constitute nearly all. Even the sermons give very little Bible. Take the reported sermons which appear in the papers, and how much Scripture can you find in them? A grain of Scripture to a bushel of politics or news. The Catholic Mass begins with a psalm; the Introit is generally a passage of Scripture; the Gloria in Excelsis is a Bible passage swelling into the grandest sublimity of prayer. The Gospel of the day is taken from one of the four Evangelists; the Epistle is a selection from some other part of Scripture. The Offertory is from the Bible. The Lavabo is another of the Psalms; the words of consecration are taken from the Gospels; the Our Father is from the Bible, and the service closes with the opening of the Gospel according to St. John. From beginning to end the Mass is a Scriptural service. Vespers is a series of psalms. The Breviary, containing the daily office, is mainly composed of psalms and other extracts from Scripture. There is not an office of the Church for the living or the dead which does not contain large extracts from the Bible. From Scripture the use of Scripture, as may be naturally supposed, Catholic sermons show far more Bible than those of our separated brethren.—From an Exchange.

NOTES ON OUR SCHOOLS.

Morality is the basis of society, but religion is the foundation upon which morality rests, or the spring from which it flows. If you remove the foundation you destroy the building. There is no religion in public school education; hence such education cannot promote morality.

How can those who acknowledge revealed religion accept an education that excludes religion? "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it."

The great Washington said: "If all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports, let us with caution indulge in the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion."

The Lutherans have more than 500 parochial schools and educate in them some 235,000 children. The Episcopalians educate some 12,000 children in their parochial schools. The Catholics educate 1,500,000 children in their parochial schools.

It can be easily seen, therefore, that there are at least 15,000,000 people in the United States who believe in religious education. These cannot very well be designated as disloyal to the stars and stripes.

Many Protestant ministers believe

in religious education. The minister who approves of education without religion should step down and out of the Church, since he believes in a system that multiplies infidels. When the cause is placed the effect must follow.

Let your children be present in time on the opening day of school. See that they are regular in their attendance and supply them with books without delay. Co-operate with the teacher in advancing your children. Should reports come to your home of a critical or fault-finding nature, make personal inquiries yourself concerning such reports. The teacher will be glad to have parents call before or after school hours to consult about their children.

The child represents the character of his home and home training; hence see that the child is properly and neatly dressed and that he is punctual in his attendance at school.—Catholic Universe.

THE CHURCH BEFORE THE SO-CALLED "SEPARATION."

Another erroneous opinion which prevails in this country among non-Catholics, says the Sacred Heart Review, is that, before the Law of Separation, the Church in France enjoyed extraordinary privileges under the Concordat, was an immense political power in the country, and carried things with a high hand. Mr. Stoddard Dewey, writing in the Atlantic Monthly in stating briefly the exact status of the Church under the Concordat, will be sure to do away with this misapprehension to a considerable extent. He says: "The Roman Catholic Church was not an established Church in France, as it had been before the Revolution and as the Anglican Church still is in England. It was not a State church at all in any proper sense of the term, since there was no State religion. Its clergy had no representation in the legislative body as Bishops have in the English House of Lords. The French Bishops were even subject for their nomination to the Government of the Republic, and their political origin followed them as a shadow. Each Bishop's action was limited to his own diocese, which was itself a civil division of the country. The Bishops were forbidden to meet together in council, or otherwise to consult together for the discussion of common church interests, according to the practice current in the United States and elsewhere. For all public action they had to report to the Government Minister of Cults, who of late years was never a Catholic and was often some leading anti-Catholic. In all public ecclesiastical affairs Government alone dealt with Rome, either directly or through the nuncio resident in France.

"Priests," continued Mr. Dewey, "had no legal right to enter State schools' hospitals or prisons. They, and the theological students of seminaries, were exempt from military service only within the limits of all other liberal professions; like all citizens of the Republic they had to serve their time in barracks. There were no army or navy chaplains whose functions were not regulated or supervised at will by the civil administration; and no evangelizing of either soldiers or sailors was tolerated, even in the shape of Catholic reading-rooms or clubs. By the Associations Law the members of Catholic religious communities, if they were priests, were forbidden to engage in that preaching of 'missions' which in other countries is a main instrument in the revival and propagation of such communities. Members of such communities, Brothers and Sisters, were all forbidden to teach in France, even in the Separate Catholic schools which had been built by private contributions and existed, under the common law then in force, without Government subsidy or privilege or civil incorporation. For more than twenty years before the Associations Law had discriminated against them, such communities and teachers had not been regularly allowed in any of the State schools which existed in every commune."

As to Catholic schools and colleges, they were discriminated against under the Concordat which some people imagine gave the Church the upper hand in educational as in other matters in France. Mr. Dewey continues: "Catholic schools and colleges could neither confer university degrees, nor teachers' certificates, nor certificates of study, nor could their professors, even for their own pupils, take part in those examinations which all students must pass in France if they are to enter on any professional career. Not only were Catholics without civil privilege; they were exposed to all the constantly growing disfavor of politicians in power. Such was the legal existence of the Roman Catholic Church in France while the Concordat between State and Pope was still in force. A useful comparison may be made with the situation of the same Church in America, where religion is free from State interference; or in England, where, along with a Protestant established church, other religions, the Roman Catholic included, enjoy practical liberty."

Basil and Julian.</

WHY THE ENEMIES OF RELIGION IN ITALY WOULD DESTROY THE SALESIAN WORK OF A SAINTLY PRIEST.

THE anti-clerical campaign fomented in Italy by Freemasonry, both native and foreign, kept alive by the hired press of Rome and elsewhere, carried on by all the lowest elements, and benevolently winked at by the ecclesiastical authorities endorsed him; the terrible prefect came to the conclusion that he was not a revolutionist of a dangerous type; King Carlo Alberto himself took the oratory under his protection and the archbishops swarmed like bees about Don Bosco's first permanent hive of piety and instruction. He was doing so much good that the king urged him to open others of the same kind throughout Piedmont, especially in the poorer quarters of the large towns.

"But this was only the first stage in his career. One night he came upon a number of boys unusually ragged, and quite unnumbered with boots or stockings. He had a little talk with them, and learned that they were not at home because they had no home, and that they proposed to spend that night like every other night—under the stars. Don Bosco invited them to his guest house for the night, and they very cheerfully consented. Doubtless the police had taught them habits of early rising, for when their host went the following morning to ask them how they had slept, he discovered that they had already taken French leave—and he was not a very energetic man. He began to think that the host was more fortunate than he. One autumn a hungry homeless, drenched to the skin, absolutely penniless, Don Bosco took him in, and he never afterwards lodged anywhere else. A few days later an orphan boy was added to the little family; then it grew to ten, twenty, a hundred, four hundred, eight hundred, and the little home had grown into an immense hospice—the Hospice of St. Francis de Sales. At that Don Bosco used to send the boys out to learn trades; later he opened workshops for them in the hospice, in order that they might be removed as far as possible from the evil influence of bad companions.

"A MINISTER'S SUGGESTION. "Nobody now thought of shutting up Don Bosco in an asylum. He had friends everywhere, even in the most unexpected quarters. One of them was Urbano Rattazzi, at that time Minister of the Interior of Italy. Rattazzi was one of the men responsible for the suppression of the religious orders in those days of savage anti-clericalism. It is not in the least likely that he will ever be canonized by the Church, yet he has a curious claim to be considered one of the founders of one of the most remarkable of modern religious congregations. One day in a conversation with the now famous priest he said: "Don Bosco, I hope that you may live long for the sake of your boys, but even you are mortal, and what is to become of them when you are gone? Why not think of founding a society of ecclesiastics to continue your work for them?"

"Don Bosco expressed his astonishment at receiving such advice from such a quarter, but Rattazzi insisted: he grew warm on the subject; he began to trace out the main plan of the new society; he answered Don Bosco's objections; he convinced him, and the Society of St. Francis de Sales, the members of which are commonly known as Salesians, is the result. Later on it was completed by the founding of the Society of the Sisters of Maria Auxiliatrice, which does for girls what the other institute does for boys. Don Bosco, whom we may perhaps be permitted one day to venerate as St. John Bosco, and who may have his niche among the Holy Fathers in St. Peter's, if the Church in her infallible judgment so decides, died so recently (January 31, 1888) that many of us will remember having read the announcement of it in the papers; but he lived long enough to see his society become a wonderful international institution.

"ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ESTABLISHMENTS. "Besides numerous houses in Italy, of which we shall have to speak below, the Society of St. Francis de Sales has 150 establishments, with 800 religious scattered throughout South America—in the Argentine, Paraguay, Uruguay, Peru, Patagonia, Mexico. Until a few years ago it had thirty houses in France, nearly all of them unhappily wiped out by the persecutions there, and in the Orient—in Turkey, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, Africa. It has also a few in North Africa. "But it is here in Italy itself that Don Bosco's work has been successful. The entire peninsula is dotted with Salesian institutes, and its colleges and schools for boys of the middle and poor classes are frequented by about 25,000 pupils. "All the Salesian houses in the East have been from the beginning placed under the protection of the Italian flag. However the Italian Government may have persecuted the Church, the Salesians have always refrained from doing anything that might compromise their friendly relations with it; and it must be said that on the whole the Italian Government has succeeded one another since 1870 here in Rome have been well disposed to the society of Don Bosco when they have not found it necessary to pander to the passions of anti-clericalism at times of crisis.

"FREQUENTLY ATTACKED. "It will be readily understood, therefore, that the Salesians have always been much on the nerves of those who are determined to make the Italian Government an avowed agent of the devil. Of late years the assaults on the devoted congregation have been growing in intensity and frequency, but by a curious coincidence, which is perhaps more than a coincidence, the fiercest attack of all has been reserved for the very moment when the Church decided to admit the cause of canonization of

the holy founder before the Congregation of Rites. "The boy Besson, of whose infamous diary we treated last week, is now being examined by a commission of alienists, who will very probably find that he is insane. Even the Messagero now acknowledges in an abstruse paragraph that his famous diary is utterly unworthy of credence. It has so happened, too, that the agitation about the Salesians of Varazze was beginning to die out of a sentence of the tribunal acquitted the Salesians of charges made against another of their institutes at Pallanza a year ago. Before the Pallanza case there was another at Messina, where a Salesian college with three hundred pupils was closed by the Government to be reopened again after a few months, when it was found that the charges brought against the institute were quite devoid of foundation.

"We may look for other attacks in the near future, for it is quite clear that the war is on between the devil and Don Bosco. Meanwhile none of the honors of the fray are so great as the devil or his Messagero. Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

A STANDING MIRACLE.

WHAT A PRIEST SAW AT THE TOMB OF ST. CATHERINE OF BOLOGNA. A. Hilliard Atteridge, in the Ave Maria describes Bologna as "a city of marvels," and perhaps the greatest marvel amongst those of which he treats is the miraculously preserved body of one of the earlier painters of the Bolognese school—Caterina dal Vigi, better known as St. Catherine of Bologna. She died on March 9, 1463. Her studio was a cell in the convent of the Poor Clares, adjoining the Church of the Blessed Sacrament—Corpus Domini—a Church which she herself founded in 1456. One of the best known guides to northern Italy notes that "the interior contains the tomb of the saint at the second altar," but gives no hint of the wonder that has been going on there for more than four centuries.

The best account of the shrine of St. Catherine that I have ever seen, writes Mr. Atteridge, is contained in one of the articles on the holy places of Italy which the late Father John Morris, S. J., contributed to the Month nearly twenty years ago. I make no apology, therefore, for repeating a few paragraphs. I had the privilege of knowing Father Morris well, and can safely say that he was a careful, accurate observer, who weighed his words, and was the last man in the world to be carried away by mere enthusiasm into loose exaggeration. He visited Bologna on his way back to London from Rome in 1850, arriving there on a Sunday morning.

"I went up to the first man I saw in the piazza," he writes, "and asked him kindly to tell me where I should find Santa Caterina di Bologna, 'La Santa!' he called out, indignant that in her own city she should require to be more fully named. I followed his directions, made my way into the church, and, mindful of the lesson I had received in the piazza, I asked in the sacristy whether I might say Mass at the altar of La Santa. The vestments were given me, and I followed the server into the church till he brought me to a transept altar. I did not know in the least what to expect, and thought that St. Catherine was reposing at full length beneath the altar, and that after Mass I should be allowed to see her. I was surprised to find the altar card when I noticed a large oval opening or window, barred with gilt iron bars, and on the other side of it a light red silk curtain. As it caught my eye I heard the curtain rings run back, and there I stood face to face with St. Catherine.

"I had seldom been more startled, and it certainly was more startling, reason. In the room beyond the transept, exactly opposite to the altar and facing toward it, St. Catherine was sitting up in her chair—the only dead body I ever saw not lying at full length. It was a very moving thing to say one's Mass there, and whenever one raised one's eyes to see the calm figure of the saint sitting like a queen on her throne.

"After my Mass and thanksgiving I was given special permission from the Archbishop, taken into the room where the saint is. The permission was necessary, because the room was part of an enclosed convent of Poor Clares, whose first abbess was St. Catherine. The nuns have access to the room, as they have full charge of their wardrobe. They have full charge of their wardrobe, and they have full charge of their wardrobe. They have full charge of their wardrobe, and they have full charge of their wardrobe.

"The saint is said to be sitting up in her chair without support, not leaning back. If so, it is very wonderful for her hand is perfectly flexible. To that I can testify; for they said to me, 'You are a priest; take her hand in yours.' I did so, and raised it reverently to my lips. My memory of the flexibility of that sacred hand is confirmed by a friend. She tells me that the ring she wears was placed on the finger of the saint. This flexibility without corruption is very wonderful for, as every doctor knows, it is the commencement of putrefaction that normally relaxes the rigor mortis. Now, St. Catherine died on March 9, 1463. In the room Father Morris was shown some things that had belonged to her—her breviary and paintings by her hand, of Our Blessed Lord and His holy mother. A recent biographer of St. Catherine, the Protestant author of a book on some of the women artists of

Italy, suggests that the marvel is due to embalming. But embalming was not practiced in medieval Italy. If it had been we should now have the unchanged bodies of princes and rulers of the old cities, of noble dames and of famous artists. This attempt to explain away the preservation of the body of St. Catherine only shows how marvelous is this standing miracle enduring through the burning heat of hundreds of Italian summers.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

We publish herewith the appeal of the Archbishops and bishops of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in behalf of Christian education. That subject has been growing in importance during the past few years and it elicits the attention of all thoughtful men at the present time. More than twenty years ago the Bishops of this country said what hundreds of non-Catholics are saying today—that Christian education is of paramount importance in this country. Catholics cannot afford to be indifferent to it and they call attention to the subject at this time, in order that they may give it due consideration before the beginning of the school year.

"Scarcely, if at all, secondary to the Church's desire for the education of the clergy is her solicitude for the education of the laity. It is not for themselves but for the people, that the Church wishes her clergy to be learned, and it is not for themselves only, but for the people, that they are priests. Popular education has always been a chief object of the Church's care; in fact, it is not too much to say that the history of civilization and education in the rude age, when semi-barbarian chieftains boasted of their illiteracy, she succeeded in diffusing that love of learning which covered Europe with schools and universities, and thus from the barbarous tribes of the early middle ages, she built up the civilized nations of modern times. Even subsequent to the religious dissensions of the sixteenth century, whatever progress has been made in education is mainly due to the impetus which she had previously given. In our own country, notwithstanding the many difficulties attendant on first beginnings and unexampled growth, we already find her schools, academies and colleges everywhere, built and sustained by voluntary contributions, even at the cost of great sacrifices, and comparing favorably with the best educational institutions in the land, for completeness of equipment and thoroughness of training.

These facts abundantly attest the Church's desire for popular instruction. The beauty of truth, the refining and elevating influences of knowledge are meant for all, and she wishes them to be brought within the reach of all. Knowledge enlarges our capacity both for self improvement and for promoting the welfare of our fellow-men; and in no noble way can the Church wish every man to be a scholar. Knowledge is the best weapon against pernicious errors. It is only a "little learning" that is a "dangerous thing." In days like ours, when error is so prepotent and aggressive, everyone needs to be as completely armed as possible with sound knowledge—not only the clergy, but the people, and they may be able to withstand the noxious influences of popularized irreligion. In the great coming combat between truth and error, Faith and Agnosticism, an important part of the fray must be born by the laity, and woe to them if they are not well prepared. And if, in the olden days of vassalage and serfdom, the Church honored every individual, no matter how humble his position, and labored to give him the enlightenment that would qualify him for higher responsibilities, much more now, in the era of popular rights and liberties, when every individual is an active and influential factor in the body politic, does she desire that all should be fitted by suitable training for the important and conscientious discharge of the duties that may devolve upon him.

Few, if any, will deny that a sound civilization must depend upon sound popular education. But education, in order to be sound, and to produce beneficial results, must develop what is best in man, and make him not only clever but good. A one-sided education will develop a one-sided people, and such a life will surely be a life of pain and sorrow. True civilization requires that not only the physical and intellectual, but also the moral and religious well-being of the people should be improved, and that at least with equal care. Take away religion from a people, and morality will soon follow; morality gone, even their physical condition will be long degenerate until the corruption which breeds decrepitude, while their intellectual attainments would only serve as a light to guide them to deeper depths of vice and ruin. This has been so often demonstrated in the history of the past, and is, in fact, so self-evident that one is amazed to find any difference of opinion about it. A civilization without religion would be a civilization of the survival of the fittest, in which cunning and strength would become the substitutes for principle, virtue, conscience and duty. As a matter of fact there never has been a civilization worthy of the name without religion; and from the facts of history the laws of human nature can easily be inferred. Hence education, in order to foster civilization, must foster religion. Now the three great educational agencies are the home, the Church and the school. They would men and shape society. Therefore each of them, to do its part well, must foster religion. But many, unfortunately, while avowing that religion should be the light and atmosphere of the home and the Church, are content to see it excluded from the school system, and even to advocate the best school system that which necessarily excludes religion. Few surely will deny that childhood and youth are the

periods of life when the character ought especially to be subjected to religious influences. Nor can we ignore the palpable fact that the school is an important factor in the forming of childhood and youth—so important that its influence when not harmonizing with the influence of home and Church, is often found to outweigh and neutralize them both. It cannot, therefore, be desirable or advantageous that religion should be excluded from the school. On the contrary, it ought to be there one of the chief agencies for molding the young life to all that is true and virtuous, and holy. To shut religion out of the school, and keep it for the home and the Church, is, logically, to train up a generation that will consider religion good for home and the Church, but not for the practical business of real life. But a more basic and pernicious notion could not be imagined. Religion, in order to elevate the people, should inspire their whole life and rule their relations with one another. A life is not dwarfed, but ennobled by being lived in the presence of God. Therefore, the school which principally gives the knowledge we call attention to, ought to be a joint influence of home and Church, and from the shelter of the home and school, the youth must soon go out into the busy ways of trade or traffic or professional practice. In all those, the principles of religion should animate and direct him. But he cannot expect to learn these principles in the workshop, or office, or the counting room. Therefore, let him be thoroughly imbued with them by the joint influence of home and school before he is launched out into the dangerous sea of life.

All denominations of Christians are now awakening to this great truth which the Catholic Church has never ceased to maintain. Reason and experience are forcing them to recognize that the only practical way to secure a Christian people is to give the youth a Christian education. The avowed enemies of Christianity in some European countries are banishing religion from the schools, in order to eliminate it gradually from among the people. In this they are logical, and we may well profit by the lesson. Hence the cry for Christian education is going up from all religious bodies throughout the land. And this is no narrowness of view, nor "sectarianism" on their part; it is an honest and logical endeavor to preserve Christian truth and morality among the people by fostering religion in the young. Nor is it any antagonism to the State; on the contrary, it is an honest endeavor to give the State better citizens by making them better Christians. The friends of Christian education do not condemn the State for not imparting religious instruction in the public schools as they are now organized because they well know it does not lie within the province of the State to teach religion. They simply follow their conscience by sending their children to denominational schools, where religion can have its rightful place and influence.

Two objects, therefore, we have in view, viz: To multiply our schools, and to perfect them. We must multiply them till every Catholic child in the State shall have the means of education within its reach. There is still much to be done ere this is attained. There are still hundreds of Catholic children in the United States deprived of the benefit of a Catholic school. Pastor and parents should not rest till this defect be remedied. No parish is complete till it has schools adequate to the needs of its children and the pastor and people of such a parish should feel that they have not accomplished their entire duty until the want is supplied.

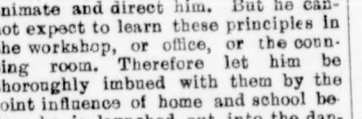
But then we must also perfect our schools. We repudiate the idea that the Catholic school need be in any respect inferior to any other school whatsoever. And if hitherto, in some places, our people have acted on the principle that it is better to have an imperfect Catholic school than to have none at all, let them now push their praiseworthy ambition still further and not relax their efforts till their school be elevated to the highest educational excellence. And we implore parents not to hasten to take their children from school, but to give them all the time and advantages that they have the capacity to profit by, so that they may be able to "rise up and call them blessed."—True Voice.

The Name They Go By.

A boy who was selling mine pies at a railway station, kept shouting: "Hot mine pies!" "Hot mine pies!" "A man bought one and found it quite cold." "Say, boy," he protested, "why do you call these mine pies hot?" "Because that is the name they go by, sir," said the boy. "There are Christians and Catholics whose religion is cold, whose piety is dead; but they are still called 'Catholics.' 'It is the name they go by.' They give no evidence of the faith that is in them. They hear Christian principles denied and controverted in conversation, and they utter no objection. They do not declare their convictions. We so often listen to the superficial conclusion. 'It makes no difference whether a man goes to church or not—does he pay his debts?' It does make a difference. We know it does. We should say so, whether we are prepared or not to defend the proposition. It is not necessary to argue; but it is right to enter our objection to the agnostic proposition made in our presence.

Bowel Troubles

Liver pills, cathartics, mineral waters, often make Constipation worse. They merely irritate the bowels and force them to move—stop taking purgatives and the bowels become "tight" again. "Fruit-a-tives" are the one certain cure for Constipation because their action is upon the liver. "Fruit-a-tives" are a liver tonic. They stimulate the secretions of bile by the liver, this bile causes the bowels to move in the natural, regular way and completely cures Constipation. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices with tonics and antiseptics added. In "Fruit-a-tives" one atom of bitter replaces one atom of sweet in the fruit juices, forming a new compound which is many times more active, medicinal than the fruit juices could possibly be. 50c. a box—\$2.50 for 6 boxes. At all dealers.



We have known Catholics to sit about and hear it said: "This religious business is all a matter of graft anyway!" Here is a chance to show that you are a Catholic and not a cold mine pie.—Intermountain Catholic.

Figures That Tell a Story.

The population of France in 1870-1871 was 43,000,000. It is now 40,000,000. There has been no emigration worthy the name. The population of Germany is 65,000,000. It was 40,000,000 in 1870-1871. It has sent out millions of emigrants in the intervening years. It has over a million of its sons in the big cities of France. What is wrong? France is reaping the fruit of Bismarck's naturalism and Voltaire's rationalism.—London Catholic Times.

The pure soul, which is now hidden from the eyes of the world, shall one day shine before the angels in the sunlight of eternity.

SACRED HEART ACADEMY, LONDON, ONT.

The aim of the Religious of the Sacred Heart is to give to their pupils an education which will prepare them to fill worthily the places for which Divine Providence destines them. The training of character and cultivation of manners are therefore considered matters of primary importance, and the health of the pupils is the object of constant solicitude. Active physical exercise is insisted upon. The course of studies comprises a thorough English education; also, if desired, the preparation for the Entrance and Junior Leaving Examinations. Special advantages are offered for learning French and Needlework. The Musical Course fits pupils for the examinations of the London Conservatory. Terms and other particulars for board, half board or the day school, may be had by applying at the Convent or addressing: The MOTHER SUPERIOR, London, Ont.

A CLEVER CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Hamilton Gibson, Manager Department of Publicity, the Santol Chemical Laboratory Company, St. Louis, is now putting out throughout Canada and the United States simultaneously, an extremely clever and well thought out campaign for introducing his Santol toilet powder, face cream and other toilet products. The advertising of the Canadian campaign is being conducted by Woods-Norris Limited, Toronto, the well known advertising agency. Briefly the plan is to publish large advertisements containing a coupon. By cutting out this coupon and mailing it to the Santol Company in St. Louis with \$1.00, the purchaser can obtain from his own druggist, ten different "Santol" toilet articles, the retail value of which is \$2.75, and the Santol Company pays the druggist the retail price, so that he secures his full profit on the goods; thus the druggist secures his profit, and the Santol Company depends entirely on the merits of the goods for its repeat orders. It is already hoped that all readers to of Canada will cut their coupons from Canadian papers and thus show their loyalty.

ROOFS That Stay Roofed

The strongest wind that ever blew can't rip away a roof covered with self-locking "OSHAWA" GALVANIZED STEEL SHINGLES. Rain can't get through it in 25 years guaranteed in writing for that long—good for a century, really—fire can't bother such a roof—proof against all elements—the cheapest GOOD roof there is. Write us and we'll show you why it costs less to roof this way. The PEDLAR People. Oshawa Montreal Ottawa Toronto London Winnipeg

Beautiful Your Church

THE THORNTON-SMITH COMPANY, leading Church Decorators of Canada, have already under contract for 1907 several of the leading Churches of Ontario. We have lately added to our staff, Mr. John Turnbull, of Edinburgh, one of Scotland's foremost artists and winner of the Master Painters' Travelling Scholarship of Great Britain. Send photographs of interiors of Churches, and colored sketches, showing different styles of decoration, will be submitted free of charge. When in the city visit our show-rooms and see our large assortment of imported wall papers, fabrics, curtains, etc. The Thornton-Smith Co., 11 King St. W., Toronto. 125 Oxford Street, London, England.



CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Making the Best of It. "A wise man has said that it isn't that we do that counts, but the way we do it; and how true that is," said Mr. Mullaby, "and in how many ways!"

"I heard a man saying only yesterday of another that we both knew that this man didn't go around knocking everything, but was always cheerful, and I couldn't help thinking how true that was of him, and of how it helped him, and how it helped everybody around him."

"He is an able chap, this man, and prosperous. He can do things, and still with him, as it is with so many of us, it isn't so much what he does that counts as it is the way he does it. People take to him and like to deal with him, and he's getting on."

"And as to all the various relations of life, isn't a little favor, graciously bestowed upon us by a man who is giving us all he can, more gratifying to us than a big one given grudgingly or with ill grace? Sure enough."

"Why the way we do it can make dull things gay, turn a trolley car into an automobile and make a scanty or homely board hospitable, and pleasing. I have eaten dinners of the simplest foods that were more delightful far than others of the grandest, because of the finer grace with which the simpler offering was pervaded."

"We are so apt to go wrong about that, for instance; to think that we can't compete with people of a thousand times more means, and so not try. What's the use? We can't do anything with what we've got, why should we try to do anything?"

"A worse mistake it would be impossible to make. Let us not think ill of ourselves, or of our hospitality. True, a mackerel is not a shad, nor is stone china fine porcelain; but is that any reason why we shouldn't make the best of what we have and put a smiling face on it?"

"And ours may in truth be the more enjoyable entertainment. A generous welcome will make mackerel and salmon and turn stone china into ware of Sevres in the taste and fancy of the guest. One need not have a grand dining room, or a kitchen with a marble top, if his heart is full of cheerfulness."

"Let us all take heart. In whatever we may do, it is not what we do, but the way we do it that counts."—The Young Catholic Messenger.

Power of Habit. The youth who is tempted to steal a small sum of money or some article of little value, because nobody is looking, because nobody will miss it, is beginning a habit which will ruin him. But once, will finally ruin him. But one act, a youth may say, will not make much difference. Yes, one act will make a difference, and a great one. Aside from the sinfulness of the act itself, it is by single acts that habits are formed, and habits make or mar our characters as men. One act of theft, of indulgence in drink, or impurity, comes another and another. Each fall makes the next fall easier and easier. Each act weakens the will and deadens the conscience. Each act is a link in a chain which, by-and-by, will bind the heart and soul so tightly and so strongly that only a miracle of God's grace can break it.

The unfortunate man who even in his dark hour of death could not resist the temptation to steal the watch of the minister who prayed beside him did it because the ruling passion of his life was so strong that even the damp of death on his brow could not subdue it. He did it because the habit which he had begun in youth by a single act had so overmastered his every faculty that when all else failed, when every other sense deserted him, that one habit still survived and compelled him in spite of himself to attempt an act of theft. Stealing had become the master passion of his life, and even in death it asserted its empire over him.

It is with every passion that a man allows to master his will and his conscience. It assails him in moments even when he would fain turn away with loathing from his sin, when the memory of his misdeeds tortures him, and he has made up his mind to stop it. Look at the drunkard. Many and many a time disgusted with his life, he takes the pledge and resolves to be henceforth sober. What is it that drags him back to the boon companions of the bar? What is it that again and again degrades him to the gutter? Why, the habit which is too strong for him to break. And remember that this powerful force, against which he is helpless, was begun by a single act. What consequences flow from the single act whereby habits are formed and become passions which do not lose their baneful power over the human soul until God summons it to appear before Him, and which, even in the dying moments of the unhappy wretch, shows itself vital to the last!

The moral of all this is: Resist beginnings. Be careful of your single acts. Root out habits which show a tendency to lead you into mischief. In a word, master your habits before they master you.—Sacred Heart Review.

Learn to Read Men Like an Open Book. The young man starting out for himself ought to make a study of his power of penetration, of his character-reading ability. He ought to make it a business to study men, estimate their capabilities and the motives which actuate them. He should study them, sort out their actions, watch their tendencies in little things, and learn to read them as an open book. The involuntary acts and natural manner of a man indicate more than does his studied conversation. The eye cannot lie. It speaks the truth in all languages. It often contradicts the tongue. While the man is trying to deceive you with words, his eyes are indicative of the truth; his actions are indicative of the real man, while the tongue may only represent the diplomat, the man who is acting. A very successful business man in New York, noted for his ability to read men, will sometimes study an applicant or an important position for a long

time, talking very little himself, but all the time trying to call the man out, watching every movement, scrutinizing every word, trying to read the motive behind every glance of the eye. His manner, everything, are all letters of the alphabet by which he spells out the real man. I have been in his office when he was measuring a man. It was a great lesson to watch his face as he seemed to read the applicant through and through, weigh him on the scale of his judgment, penetrate to the very marrow of his being, and measure his capabilities and possibilities to a nicety. After a few minutes' conversation, when the man had passed out, he would tell me just how large that man was, what he was capable of doing, what his future would be, and what were his limitations. And he seldom makes a mistake. I have never known a man to succeed to any extent when he said there was nothing in him, and I have never known one to turn out badly when he indorsed him without reserve. We all know heads of business houses who work like slaves, who dig and save, and yet do not make much headway, simply because they do not know how to surround themselves with the right men.—O. S. M., in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BOB'S TRUST. Bob! Bob-o-b! Robert!" It was mother calling from the back porch, and Bob, who had been cooking up a perfectly glorious plan for the afternoon, left Roy White reluctantly and went to see what his mother wanted. Mother was standing on the porch, dressed for a walk. "Bob, dear, I've just had word that Mrs. Holdbrook has been taken very ill. I must go to her at once, she is all alone, and there is no one to whom she can turn. You will take care of Rose, won't you, Bob? She mustn't go outdoors, so I will have to ask you to amuse her in the house. And, O Bob, do look after the kitchen fire please."

She was gone, before Bob could answer, she was so anxious she did not even say she was sorry that Bob would have to give up his long-looked-for Saturday afternoon, which he could have had to himself. All the spring there had been so much to do about the garden that he really hadn't had a minute to do as he pleased in, and now that old Mrs. Holdbrook had to go and get sick just to spoil his fun. Mother was always trotting off to take care of people that didn't belong to her! He wished she would consider his pleasure sometimes. He went in and banged the door hard, and helped himself to a freshly baked, heavily sugared jumble from a big trayful on the kitchen table. Rose, who had a foolish seige of whooping cough (such a foolish disease, Bob thought) was cutting out pictures at the dining room table. She looked quite thin and white for a little girl named Rose, but she looked up happily when Bob entered. "Hi Bobby," she said in her jolly little chuckle. "You has to be my Muvver this day. Hello, Muvver Bob!" Bob had to smile. "Well, kiddie, what do you want to do most of all? Go on cutting out pictures?"

"No, I'm tired of that. What I want to do most is to write a story for the Children's Page 'bout my Moses. You must write it, an' I'll tell you what to write. She is the most cunningest kitten that ever was. She does more funny things than that kitten you read about last week."

Bob went for paper and pencil, which he put down beside Rose, and Moses climbed up beside her to see what was going on. "Suppose you begin the story while I run out and tell Roy I can't go hunting with him this afternoon. Don't stir till I come back, will you, Rose?" "How long?" asked Rose anxiously. "Oh, a minute or two, you can write on the paper, but don't get down out of your chair."

"All right, I won't, honor bright," said Rose and Bob knew she always did what she promised, especially when she said "honor bright."

"It's a plaged shame!" said Roy when Bob told him. "Can't you tie her up somehow, and come on for a little while?" "She's as good as tied up now," said Bob. "For she's promised me not to stir."

"Hark! What's that?" asked Roy. Both boys listened. "Sounds like a brass band," said Bob. "Let's just run down to the turn, to see what it is."

Both boys ran to the turn, and far, far down the road they saw a cloud of dust. They watched for a moment. "A circus!" gasped Bob. "It was the first time in the lifetime of those two boys that a circus had come to their little farming town. Bob and Roy forgot poor little Rose and tore down the road to meet the circus. It was a long time before Bob remembered. Then his conscience smote him terribly.

"Poor little kid," he thought. I ought to go back to her." But just then a bear began cutting up as if he wanted to escape, and all the animals turned restless, and there was so much excitement that Bob forgot again. The circus had turned down a long, level road, and Bob was quite a ways from home when he thought of Rose again. It was getting late in the afternoon, and with a great effort he turned his face homeward. As he looked toward his home, which was almost out of sight, he saw a big, golden blaze. "Looks like a fire," he thought to himself. Then like a flash came the memory of his mother's warning to look after the fire. He turned suddenly faint. What if the house was on fire and Rose was burned to death! He would not stir from that chair when he had promised "honor bright."

He flew like the wind up the road, bending his head and speeding as he had so often done in racing with the boys. His fright made him swift. He did not stop for anything, but went on—on with the horrible fear in his heart. He hardly dared look up till he was

almost home, then he gave a gasp of relief. The fire was nothing more nor less than the setting sun blazing on the upper windows. He stole softly into the house. There was poor little Rose, her head on her arms. She was talking to herself. "I hope nuffin dreadful has happened to my darling Brother Bob. He said he would come back in a minute, and seem's it it was a long minute, and I know my own dear, big Brother Bob wouldn't go off and leave his little, sick sister all alone—no. Can't be a big bear's ate him. But I can't go to see 'cause I promised 'honor bright.' I've had time to have a whole long nap. Did you, Mose?"

Bob tiptoed softly up behind her and picked her up in his arms. He hugged her hard, and cuddled her and told her wonderful stories with animals in them that barked and mewled and crowed and growled and Rose forgot all the lonely time, and thought her big Brother Bob was the dearest that ever lived. And after that day she was not mistaken, for Bob never forgot his little sister again.—Our Young People.

AMERICAN STUDENTS PRAISED BY POPE. THEIR SINGING TO BE VERY PLEASANT TO THE HOLY FATHER. The Rome correspondent of the New York Sun, under date of August 17, writes as follows: When the Pope was crossing one of the American pilgrims one day this week he caught sight of Don Lorenzo Perosi, to whom he beckoned and with whom he exchanged a few words. The director of the Sistine choir, looking worried and pale, told the Pope that his aged father was very ill. Perosi had just returned from visiting him in the country, where he had been invited by an anti-clerical rabble in the streets. "I am grieved, Holy Father," said the famous maestro. "I feel ashamed that I am an Italian."

The Pope tried to cheer the young composer. Patting him on the shoulder he said: "Don't work too hard for the coming function; get the students of the American College to sing instead of the choir."

This reference was to the celebration of the anniversary of the Pope's occupation in the Sistine Chapel, Mgr. Kennedy, Rector of the American College, remarked that his students were going to sing with the regular choir. Mgr. Don Perosi has been training them for some time in the principles of the Gregorian Chant, and the choir is considered the finest in Rome.

Perosi is a strenuous advocate of congregational singing, or at least of mixed singing. On the day of the Capella Pale all the American students came to Rome from their summer quarters at Castel Gandolfo and occupied special tribunes opposite the choir. Their singing of the credos and other parts of the service was accomplished with great perfection.

The Pope congratulated Mgr. Kennedy, saying that the singing reflected the greatest honor not only on the college but on the American Church. The students in the college, who number 100, come from every State in the Union. When they leave Rome their musical training enables them to give some idea of the work of hastening the Pope's reforms in church music.

WHAT SOME FRENCH NUNS ARE DOING. Reading of the seizure of convents in France, one is naturally impelled to ask: What becomes of the nuns? We know that many of them have gone into exile—some to Great Britain and Ireland, some to Islands of Jersey and Guernsey, some to Italy and Spain, and some even to our own country. But there are others who remain in France and what of them? A writer in a London Protestant paper, the Guardian, gives some idea of the lives of such religious under the present French regime. He says that a well-known result of the edict against religious orders was that many convents and monasteries were turned into Government offices, barracks and the like, while others were handed over to private companies to be turned into boarding-houses. At one such convent, now turned into a boarding-house, the writer stayed in Northern France a short time since, when he learned the surprising fact that while the majority of the Sisters went into exile, twenty-five of them divesting themselves of their religious garb, remained behind to do the work of the boarding-house,—to wait on the guests, and minister to their wants and rights, and to keep an eye on what they rightfully look upon as their property although sequestered by the Government. The Guardian's correspondent says:

Each has had some particular task allotted to her, has dropped the name of Sister, and even the Mother Superior (now called the Directress) has remained to manage the affairs. This has been done with the full knowledge of the controlling company and the people. The school is now held in the village instead of in the abbey buildings, and the services are conducted in the chapel adjoining. Should one of the Sisters revert to her garb or behave in any way as a member of a religious order, the abbey would be confiscated for the use of the Government. It is understood that, should the day ever come when the religious orders may return to France, the company (which now leases it from the State) will hand over the abbey, and the nuns be installed as before. Meanwhile the Sisters, for they are Sisters at heart, walk circumspectly, and the villagers pay them all reverence for the good that has been. In the summer they have some two hundred boarders, bathing or playing on the stretches of golden sands, reclining in the beautiful old-world

garden, or playing tennis; and much of the money obtained is devoted to the upkeep of the fabric. One likes to think of these patient nuns, waiting until they can come in for their own again, and a hopeful aspect of the question is that the villagers are earnestly praying for its consummation.—Sacred Heart Review.

GOUNOD AND THE LITTLE FIRST COMMUNICANT. The "artistic temperament" is a phrase the connotation of which has come to be something rather unreasonable, eccentric, not to say ludicrously extravagant; but the Gaulois tells an anecdote in which temperament of Gounod—an artist of some celebrity—it will be admitted—is shown to mean a different characterization. On the occasion of a First Communion Mass, at which one of his compositions had been rendered, Gounod was accosted on leaving the church by a friend, the father of one of the youth full communicants. "Master" said he, "let me introduce you to a boy who loves music very much, your music the blessings which he has just received the benediction of an artist."

"My boy," cried Gounod, "I am not worthy to day to loose the latchet of your shoe. You carry God in your heart so 'tis you who will bless me."

And, suiting the action to the word the great musician bowed his head and fell upon his knees before the astonished lad.—Ave Maria.

Miracles. The Ave Maria quotes from Mr. C. Kegan Paul's "Memories" a passage in which he tells how modern miracles had much to do in bringing him into the Church. The cure of a niece of Pascal's seemed to him to be well attested, and a miracle of Lourdes, as wrought upon a friend of his own, came under his notice. He argued from these as follows: "It was not that miracles having been declared in the Bible these later occurrences possible, but that these, properly attested in our own days, and in times so near our own, made the Bible miracles more credible than they were before, adding their testimony to that which the Church bears to Holy Scripture. And it was on the testimony of a living Church that I would accept the Scripture, if I accepted it at all; for surely of all absurd arguments, that of a closed revelation to be its own interpreter is the most absurd."

Archbishop Among His Workmen. In its account of the commencement of work on the magnificent new Cathedral of St. Louis, The Republic of that city gives this picture of the originator of this great enterprise, and the head of the ancient archdiocese, the democratic Archbishop Glennon: "The prime laborer on this great project is Archbishop Glennon himself. In informal dress, with a large straw hat, umbrella lying discarded on the ground, he may be seen during the hottest part of the day, among the workmen, measuring, overseeing, directing, encouraging, suggesting, laughing generally and informally with his co-workers, who follow out his ideal in the merest detail. Nowhere has the Archbishop any more loyal followers than among his workmen.

"It is never too busy or interested in any detail, but finds time for genial interest in the men themselves. He knows if any have any families, where they live, what their nationality is, and can call any one at any time by his name. He is never too engaged for his joke, and no matter what the subject in hand may be, whether it is a knotty problem of the contractor, the builder, or any one of the dozen troubles that arise continually, he gives the solution with traditional Irish humor. In this he always has a generous response, for not a few of his workmen are from the Emerald Isle themselves. A significant feature of the daily work is the fact that almost the entire body of laborers attend Mass before beginning the day.

Here is Faith. A young carpenter whose home is at Ste. Anne des Monts, Canada, gave a remarkable display of faith in St. Anne recently, covering the entire distance from her home to the shrine at Ste. Anne de Beaupre on foot. Among the week's pilgrims to the shrine were a group of Indians from a reserve in the Maritime Provinces, who after paying their respects to the good saint, returned to their tribe.—Catholic Sun.

Not the truth we hold, but the truth by which we are held nourishes and shapes our lives.—Bishop Spalding.

CONSTRUCTING FIREPROOF OUTBUILDINGS. Serious efforts have recently been made, to reduce the frightful loss from lightning and fire on Canadian farms. And they have been wholly successful, not only in securing a thoroughly lightning and fireproof construction, but also in bringing the price down to, and even below, that of the old-time board and shingle barn. The new plan is to use corrugated galvanized sheets for roofing and siding barns and all outbuildings. These sheets are very rigid, and make a perfectly strong construction when used over a very light framework. No sheeting boards are used at all—only light pulvin strips being necessary. Such buildings are now becoming very common, and users everywhere affirm that "Acorn Quality" Corrugated Galvanized Sheets, manufactured by the Metal Shingle & Siding Co., Limited, of Preston, Ont., is the most satisfactory material known for the purpose. They are so heavily galvanized that they easily outlast a generation and never need repairs. The firm above mentioned will gladly send to inquirers their interesting literature about "Acorn Quality" Corrugated Galvanized Sheets, and give names of users in all parts of Canada. 46

WHEN YOU ASK FOR SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP. INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

Sure To be Right. Father Deshayes, writing from Korea recounts the following incident: "I have had the good fortune to find a Christian who was lost among pagans for eight years. Philomena Sze had not abandoned her religion. She prayed daily and on Sunday recited the rosary. Not being able to obtain a calendar, for seven years she abstained from meat lest otherwise she might unwittingly violate the law of the Church by eating meat on Friday. It is thyself God wants before all things else. In any case, He is no lover of all that hurry to become useful. Such is not the conduct of the Saints.—Dum Gueranger.

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"NEVER HAVE WE HAD BETTER EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES AND NEVER WAS COUNTRY MORE IMMORAL."

A striking and timely sermon was preached by Msgr. Fox, of Trenton, N. J., at the recent laying of the cornerstone of a new \$800,000 school in the Cathedral parish of that city. He spoke of the far-sighted wisdom of the Church's sacrifice for religious education. "We might look toward France," he said, to see what the elimination of religion from the schools has done toward making the nation one of infidels, but it is not necessary to go beyond our own country to see evil consequences. Our nation is suffering from a religious famine. The majority of our people belong to no religious denomination and many never enter a church or bend their knee in prayer to God. Yes, the ten commandments themselves are forgotten or unknown by many. Suicide, murder, divorce and dishonesty—evils that strike at the very root of society—seem to be on the increase.

"Who can deny that commercial and civic honesty is fast becoming a thing of the past? We can hardly ever be sure of the purity of any article we purchase. Everything is adulterated. How often is public confidence in banks and other financial institutions weakened by the dishonesty of trusted officials. Politics, too, seem to be growing worse. We are constantly hearing of political rings, of legislators playing into the hands of trusts, of the squandering of the people's money. Never, perhaps, was there so little respect for authority, whether parental, civil or religious. The spirit of liberty has degenerated into one of license. Education has been tried and found ineffectual. Never have we had better educational facilities and never was the country more immoral.

"The men in public office who violate their oaths, the men who wreck savings banks and building loans, the men who originate dishonest schemes to rob the public, the men who are at the head of the great trusts that threaten the peace and welfare of society are educated men. Education alone is not sufficient. We must have religion—religion that tells us we are always in the presence of an all-seeing God, who will reward the good and punish the wicked."—Catholic Universe.

### BEAUTIFUL PRACTICE OF THE FILIPINOS.

THEY ACCOMPANY HOLY VIATICUM WHILE RECITING THE ROSARY.  
Father Berbrugge, one of the Mill Hill missionaries in the Philippines, writing to the Field Star, says: "One day, I was called out to administer the Viaticum, but I had no need to ask the road. 'When the bell rings,' I was told 'go to the church, prepare yourself for a public Viaticum, and you have only to follow the crowd.' Nearly 200 children were waiting for me. As soon as I began to walk with the Blessed Sacrament, they started the rosary. Wherever we pass through the village, doors flew open and scores of women came out with candles and followed me; there soon was a crowd of at least five hundred people. The house of the sick person lay about a mile and a half outside the village. It was a very poor thatched hut, surely not much better than the stable in Bethlehem, but for a distance of fifty yards bamboo mats were spread, the house was hung with clean white cloth and next to the sick bed a little altar was made, nicely decorated with pictures, statues and flowers. All the neighbors, as is customary here, had come in to help and had brought their contributions for the decoration; and when I looked over the people praying so fervently, the poor little hut changed into a clean, pure white chapel, I said to myself 'No, the faith is not yet dead here.' It requires only good and zealous priests to raise this people up. It was all so simple, beautifully expressive of faith in the Holy Sacrament of Christ's love."—Intermountain Catholic.

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DIED.  
O'BRIEN—At Kingston, Ont., on August 22, 1907, Mr. Peter O'Brien, formerly of Gannonville, and father of the late Rev. Patrick John O'Brien of Kingston diocese, aged eighty-three years. May his soul rest in peace!

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### A PROTEST.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS IN ITALY DENOUNCE CAMPAIGN OF VIOLENCE AND CALUMNY.

The following protest from a group of distinguished persons of different nationalities now in Italy appeared in the last issue of Rome.

"In view of the absolutely intolerable situation created here in Rome and throughout Italy for the most devoted servants of the Church and of mankind by the anti-clerical sects, manifestly supported by a hypocritical liberalism; in presence of the cowardly outrages on priests, religious, and even on helpless nuns, committed in the public streets, under the lying pretext that their class has been guilty of horrible crimes, we feel it our sacred duty to protest before the whole world. We protest against the license granted to the lowest elements of the Italian population in their blind fury against all that is sacred and worthy of reverence. We protest against the ignoble conduct of a large part of the daily press, which has left no means untried, however mendacious, however filthy, to stir up the evil passions of the populace against religion and persons consecrated to religion. We protest against the shocking procedure of civil functionaries at variance towards Salesians, the nuns and the school children, who were subjected to violence and outrage on evidence that would not be considered for a moment by any serious persons outside Italy. We protest against the sensuality and the corruption which has made this street us campaign possible, and which has brought disgrace on the name of Italy in the eyes of the civilized world. Finally, we protest with

indignation against the situation created for the Holy Father, who is deprived, by the violence of the rabble of Rome and the conduct of the public authorities, of the liberty of receiving thousands of devoted pilgrims from many lands."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

### DON'T WITHHOLD A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Parents who are wise will not withhold from their boys and girls a word of encouragement occasionally—a word of praise and commendation for work well done. There is a vast deal of difference between spoiling a child with too much praise and encouraging him with a word of honestly earned approbation. A great many children are, doubtless, raised by injurious and full some flattery, but there are many others whose lives have been rendered worthless because there was no appreciation of what they did well or no encouraging or uplifting word when they failed.

The hearts of growing boys and girls are hungry for praise. It is to them what sunshine is to young and tender plants. It helps their growth spiritually and mentally. It strengthens and inspires them to be and to do better as they grow older, or it cheers and sustains them when everything seems to go wrong. A boy who feels that his father or mother sympathizes with him is all the better for it; it impels him onward and upward; while the youth who feels that nobody cares whether he succeeds or fails, or who knows that, should he succeed, he will receive no special commendation for so doing is hardened

and embittered and discouraged from putting forth his best efforts.

Cardinal Manning gives great credit to his mother for her helpfulness to him in his studies. Not that she was deeply read in educational matters, but that, as he himself puts it, she believed in him, and let him know it and this knowledge strengthened him and made him study and conquer subjects which but for this spur to his ambition he would have slighted. The mother of the future Cardinal knew her boy. She had studied his nature wisely and lovingly. She knew where in he was weak, and she did not fail to give him the sustaining and comforting word when he needed it. In one of his letters he says of his mother:

I remember her saying a thing to me which did me a signal service. I was reading for honors at Oxford, and I told her that I had no hope of succeeding. She said very gravely, and with out a sign of mere encouragement, "I never knew you to undertake anything you did not do." This came to me as strength. I was unconscious of ever having done anything and it sent me back over my school-days. She had watched me more than I knew; and there was more truth in what she said I had ever known.

Many and many a boy is just as was this boy who became a Prince of the Church—not aware of his own strength, his own power to overcome obstacles, distrustful of himself and his abilities. To every such youth, a word of faith, of encouragement, of confidence, is of the utmost value. Happy is the boy who has as Cardinal Manning had, a mother who is wise and watchful and sympathetic, who know when to speak the word which will raise the sinking

spirit of her son, and give him faith in the powers with which God has gifted him to overcome the obstacles which lie on the pathway to success in every walk of life.

In too many homes the fault finding, sarcastic phrase is too common. Sharp words are needed to sting into action some torpid and obese natures, but the word of appreciation, of kindness, of strength and encouragement, is what is needed in cases where the will and intention of a boy are all that they should be, but where the shrinking and sensitive spirit fears to make a trial lest failure should result. Now that the school season is beginning again, it would be well for parents to consider this matter from this point of view, and ask themselves if they have taken the proper interest in their children's work at school, and if they have aided and encouraged them in the wise and loving way for which Cardinal Manning extols his mother.—Sacred Heart Review.

Two months ago the press of the whole world was talking about the imminence of an anti-clerical attack on the Church and the religious orders in Spain. Lately the King of Spain, in opening the new session of Parliament uttered these words: "The paternal solicitude which the Roman Pontiff shows for the Spanish nation and which is answered by the firm resolve of myself and my government to maintain concord between the two powers, has been once again shown by his accepting to be godfather of the Hereditary Prince of the Crown, as is usual under such circumstances. It is quite clear that Spain is any thing but ripe for anti-clericalism."

Some of us are wont to be critical with regard to the acquirable habit of oracles on questions, as much utterance which echo of non-Catholic intentions, of course consort much with our ren are apt to adopt the ing and to come in time institutions under C are inferior to all other That this conclusion by authentic data is ev prejudiced.

What we wish to present is that collected in a day. mellowing influence of support and sympathy scholars who can trans the past into coin of whose influence is determine others to this is needed to enable become factors in o Criticism, or, rather, help us. If we insist non-support of our ins beget the suspicion t cipline of the mind those who are not least not Catholics, at the Church may have times, her day is p afford to let public o from the Church. T fold who know that o our history have be Catholic must wonder ness to emulate the g of our forbears. We wonder; we devote t question of education ly wedded are we opinion that we are criticism as impertine is that we are living die. We warm our kindled by the past, that it is a fire of What we need is a truth that knowledge ment. If we are to must have men of saturated with Catho able to bring them problems of the hour have colleges that c this type we must world unloved by th life.

### MATERIA

To begin with, this is necessary. A and generous heart them among the bear among ourselves? T for instance, have h but to-day they are lectual life of Ontar even as we have, but non-Catholic who l so, of their achieve to manifest it by op their benefit.

Within our gates Ottawa. What it rank as an education well known to war however, it had the of the Ontario Cath its field and play a in this country. T a certain measure indeed to the resou who guide its desti we remember that hand in hand with hampered by the ap those for whom makes at present ance to oppositi ditions of the Cath tion. Though fadd misled friends ext swerved from the scholars. But it conservatism whic modern methods. to a university in word, for Catho Queen's is the m therefore, plodded discouragement m far away, looking day of unity, of th day would be st and sympathy and that day is come.

### TO B

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