

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1899.

NO. 1,095

JUST TRIBUTE TO ONE WHO MADE SACRIFICES.

Statue of Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin to be unveiled at Loretto.

Pittsburg Post, Sept. 21.
Arrangements for the celebration of one of the greatest religious events in the history of Pennsylvania are now in course of completion. Loretto, the historic little village near the summit of the Allegheny mountains, promises to swarm with the greatest Catholic dignitaries in the country and thousands of members of the Church in Western Pennsylvania. The centennial anniversary of the parish at Loretto is to be celebrated, and a handsome statue of Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, prince-priest and pioneer missionary of the Alleghenies, will be unveiled.

The event will take place Tuesday, October 10. Among the dignitaries who have thus far consented to be present are Monsignor Martinelli, the Apostolic Delegate; Cardinal James Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Ryan, Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan, Rev. E. A. Bush, Vicar General, and Governor Wm. A. Stone.

The statue is the gift of C. M. Schwab, president of the Carnegie Steel Company. Loretto was the place of his birth, and he sees it erect a mark that will forever stand, not only as a tribute to the noted departed, but will designate an epoch in the history of the parish in which so much good seed has been sown. The monument is to take the place of an old one, and will stand for ages.

The statue has a large granite base, with steps leading to a granite pedestal. On this the life-size bronze statue of Father Gallitzin is placed. The figure is robed in a cassock, with a beretta on the head. In the one hand is a prayer book and in the other a cane. The figure is standing in a natural position, the pose being as true to life as possible.

The upper part of the present monument will be removed and replaced by the massive granite base on which the statue will stand. The base is being finished in Quincy, Mass. The bronze statue was designed and cast in Philadelphia.

The programme of the exercises, while not yet completed, begins with an early Mass October 10, when Monsignor Martinelli, the Apostolic Delegate, will give first Holy Communion to the children now preparing. At 10 o'clock Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan of Pittsburg, will solemnly pontificate. Very Rev. E. A. Bush, V. G., who was pastor of the Loretto congregation for twenty years (1870-90) will act as assistant priest, and will deliver the panegyric of Father Gallitzin. The deacon of the Mass will be Rev. H. McLaughlin, pastor of St. Agnes' church, Pittsburg, who was baptized by Father Gallitzin. The other officers of the Mass will be priests who were natives of the parish. At 2 p. m. C. M. Schwab will make an address presenting the statue to the congregation. Mrs. Schwab will unveil it, and Archbishop Ireland will respond in a set discourse. Then will follow the papal blessing by Monsignor Martinelli. The exercises will conclude with a solemn "Te Deum" by the Pittsburg cathedral choir of thirty voices, who will also assist the home choir at the Pontifical Mass. The programme will be enlivened by music by the Daquesne band of forty-five pieces.

The chapel and the room in which Father Gallitzin died will be open for inspection and his venerated remains will be exposed for the last time. The members of the congregation will do their best to entertain visitors. Conventances will be run to and from Loretto road station to meet the trains. Arrangements are being made to run special trains from Pittsburg. All the parishes along the line of the Pennsylvania railroad will be well represented.

Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin was born at The Hague, Holland, December 22, 1770. His father, Prince Demetrius Gallitzin, was at the time Russian ambassador at the court of Holland. His mother was Countess Amalia von Schmettau, whose brother was the Prussian field marshal.

Young Gallitzin's studies were made principally in the city of Muenster, Westphalia. At the age of seventeen he was received into the Catholic Church. In 1792, at the age of twenty-two, he undertook a voyage to the young Republic of the United States in order to complete his education and to see the New World. He was given letters of introduction to President George Washington and to Bishop Carroll, brother of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, and was accompanied by Rev. Felix Brosius, who became a celebrated missionary in Maryland and Pennsylvania.

On arriving at Baltimore and seeing the state of the country, he resolved to devote his life to a missionary career. He was one of the first students of St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore, and was ordained to the priesthood March 18, 1795. He was the second to be ordained priest in the United States, but the first in this country to receive all the orders up to the priesthood, the other, Rev. Stephen Badin, afterward bishop of Bardonia (now Louisville), Ky., having been raised to the

deaconate before leaving France. For four years he exercised the sacred ministry on the missions in upper Maryland and around Conewago in Pennsylvania.

In 1788 Captain Michael McGuire, a captain of the Revolutionary war, brought his family from Taneytown, Md., and settled in the valley just east of the present town of Loretto, Cambria county, Pa. He was the first white man to settle within the limits of this county, which was then a howling wilderness. Gradually some of his relatives and other families came, and formed what was known for years afterward as "McGuire's Settlement," now Loretto. Father Brosius visited these few families about the year 1790. But in 1796 a Protestant woman, Mrs. John Burgoon, being taken seriously ill, wanted very much to see a Catholic priest, and would not be content until a kind neighbor undertook to find one. Accordingly, a messenger was sent all the way to Conewago, nearly one hundred and fifty miles, and the messenger coming to the young Father Gallitzin, he lost no time in setting out to attend the call. Reaching the settlement he was favorably impressed with the country and the people, but it was not until 1799 that he came to reside permanently.

Captain Michael McGuire died November 17, 1793, and was the first to be buried in the cemetery at Loretto, the ground of which he had donated for the purpose, and which was set apart and consecrated by Father Brosius during his visit six years previously. Thus the Loretto cemetery is one of the oldest in the State. The captain had also bequeathed four hundred acres to Bishop Carroll for church purposes, and on this land Father Gallitzin settled when he arrived in 1799. He immediately started the erection of a log church 25x44 feet, and finished it by Christmas eve. The first Mass celebrated in it was the mid night Mass that Christmas night. From the preceding summer he held religious services for the few settlers in the house of Luke McGuire, the eldest son of Captain Michael, which house was built of logs in 1792 and is still standing and doing duty as a residence for the family of George Luke McGuire, the grandson of Luke, and great-grandson of the first settler in Cambria county.

The log church built here by Father Gallitzin was the first structure erected for the worship of God between Lancaster, Pa., and St. Louis. As the number of pioneers increased the church was enlarged to double its capacity in 1808, and in 1817 was replaced by a frame building 40x80 feet, which served as the parish church until 1851, when the present brick church was finished. While building the first log church Father Gallitzin also built a log cabin 14x16 feet, in which he, the heir of a princely family with a longer pedigree than the house of Romanoffs, lived in poverty and obscurity until about 1825, when he built a house of stone, one and one-half stories high. The half-story was raised to full height in 1850, and the house is still used as a dwelling. It continued to be the residence of the pastors until 1874. In 1832 he replaced his log cabin by a chapel in which Mass was said on weekday mornings for forty-two years.

On account of his becoming a Catholic, and especially a priest, Father Gallitzin was disinherited by the Russian Government and declared incapable of succeeding to his paternal estates. But after the death of his parents his sister Marianna promised to divide with him the income from the patrimony. Occasionally he would receive remittances from Europe, and calculating on these he contracted debts which he found great difficulty in liquidating. He spent very little, if any, of this money on himself, but with it he bought land which he sold to new settlers on easy payments, and built up industries for the welfare of his people. During all his missionary life he lived in poverty that he might benefit others, for he never received a cent of salary from his congregation. In all he must have spent \$150,000 of his own in building up the Loretto community. This was but a small portion of what he should have received from his patrimony; and he would have spent a great deal more, but his sister unfortunately late in life married the Prince Salm Salm, who was a dissipated character and who wasted his wife's and Father Gallitzin's substance.

In 1827 his debts were so pressing that he issued an appeal to the public for assistance. In the book in which appeal was inscribed Charles Carroll of Carrollton, wrote a commendatory letter and started the subscription by writing his name for \$100. The Russian and Spanish ministers at Washington subscribed \$100 each. Cardinal Capellari, afterwards Pope Gregory VI, sent \$200. The Irish laborers along the canal below Blairsville gave fifty cents or a dollar each. On one occasion the Russian minister in Washington invited him to dinner, after which he lit his cigar with Father Gallitzin's note for \$5,000, thus extinguishing the debt.

The amount of labor and fatigue that he endured during his pastorate of forty-one years on the rugged

Alleghenies cannot be comprehended in these days. He was of a frail physique, yet his energy was enormous. He was a strict teetotaler, drinking nothing, as he wrote, but water or milk. Living simply and frugally and mostly in the open, he hardened his constitution and thus prolonged his life. His immediate parish comprised what are now Cambria and Blair counties, but his jurisdiction extended much farther. In the field of his labors there are now thirty six Catholic parishes, and a Catholic population of at least 50,000. He literally spent himself for his people, and died May 6, 1840, in the seventieth year of his age.

According to his dying request he was buried between his chapel and the old church, but in 1847 the congregation erected in front of the site intended for the new brick church a monument of mountain sandstone over a vault to which his remains were transferred. When the present pastor, Rev. Ferdinand Kitzel, assumed charge of the congregation in 1891, he found the coffin all decayed and had the venerated remains placed in a metallic casket in which they repose and are now to be seen. The monument as erected in 1847 was always an unsightly affair, and at the suggestion of the pastor who has long had a desire to see a statue of the illustrious Gallitzin placed above it, Mr. Schwab undertook to procure it.

SPIRITUAL VISITS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

At a time when a spirit of worldliness pervades the Church to a greater or less extent, and the love of many waxes cold; when even comparatively good Catholics seem not disposed to avail themselves of the inestimable privilege of visiting our dear Lord and Saviour in the most holy Sacrament of the altar, it is consoling to believe that there are many devout souls who long for the privilege, but are for various reasons deprived of it. Some are sick, some living at too great a distance from the church, some on a journey, etc. They realize the blessing; they long for the privilege; they would gladly go daily and prostrate themselves before the altar and pour out their hearts in loving devotion to Him Who with infinite condescension and love deigns to repose on our altars, inviting us to come to Him with our sorrows and our joys, and promising to bestow upon us the abundance of His precious graces. Strange indeed it is that so few of the faithful seem to comprehend and enter into the spirit of this beautiful, attractive and most consoling devotion. How many hundreds, especially in every city and large town, daily pass by the door of the church without ever thinking of Him Who inhabits the tabernacle within, perhaps without even complying with the beautiful Catholic custom of recognizing the Real Presence by lifting the hat as they pass.

But our object, now, is to make a suggestion to those who long for the privilege of visiting the Blessed Sacrament but are deprived of it, and the suggestion is that they make a visit in spirit, say, before retiring at night, or at any time more convenient, in company with their guardian angel. Let them kneel towards the church and imagine themselves at the altar-rail prostrate before the divine Presence and communing with their Lord as if bodily present. As a general thing, we think the heart of the devout client will prompt the proper language to be used. We love to think of the devoted clients of the Sacred Heart of Jesus approaching in spirit with deep reverence, humility, gratitude and love, and conversing freely and affectionately with Him, opening their hearts and telling Him of their joys and their sorrows, telling Him how much they love Him and how they long to love Him more, thanking Him for all His unnumbered mercies, and begging their guardian angel to thank Him for them and to help them especially in making reparation for the coldness and insensibility of so many tepid Catholics who ought to esteem it a privilege to approach Him in the Blessed Sacrament and do not. They need not fear to address Him thus. He is pleased with such familiarity, and would encourage it in every truly humble and devout soul. And we may be sure that such spiritual visits will be as acceptable to Him as actual visits in person. But if one has not acquired a facility of spiritual communion and conversing with his Lord in his own language let him avail himself of some of the prayers and devotions particularly designed for visits to the Blessed Sacrament, of which there is no lack in our prayer-books and in books written especially for that purpose.

This, we are aware, is no new suggestion. We call attention to it now because we desire, especially, to encourage this delightful and really very important devotion. The Real Presence of our Lord in the Holy Sacrament of the altar is the great, distinguished feature of the Catholic Church, and it may well be called the very life of the Church. The vigor of faith and the life of piety in a congregation may be measured by its devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

When that devotion is cold and little practiced we may be sure the life of piety is on the wane. If faith is not declining it is to be feared that the hearts of the people are becoming too much absorbed with the pleasures, the ambitions and the sensual aspirations of the world. Let us all pray earnestly to the Sacred Heart of Jesus that he will attract His people to Himself in the most holy Sacrament of the altar, and let those who are deprived of the privilege of making visits in person not fail to cultivate the really delightful habit of spiritual visits, with the firm conviction that Our Lord will bestow upon them the abundant riches of His grace.—Sacred Heart Review.

LITERATURE AND READING IN OUR SCHOOLS.

The recent publication of a series of Catholic Readers—which lie before me as I write—to be used in the Catholic schools of Ontario brings to mind how important in a school curriculum are the two subjects embodied in those Readers, namely, Literature and Reading.

The Catholic schools of Ontario are assuredly to be congratulated on the publication of this series of Catholic Readers which should do something towards lending uniformly—at least in these two subjects—to the separate school system of Ontario.

An examination of the Readers shows that they have been carefully compiled—that the work has been done as well as might be expected under the circumstances, knowing well from my own experience in the same work that the compilers had not the same freedom of choice when making the selections that they would have had if they had been preparing a series of Public School Readers. The reason for this is obvious. It was necessary that the selections should be Catholic in tone—or at least that the atmosphere of the pieces should not endanger the faith of the Catholic children.

I have no hesitation in saying that the new series of Catholic Readers, of which the scholarly President of St. Michael's College, Toronto, Rev. Dr. Teedy, is editor-in-chief, are in my opinion far superior to the series now in use in the Public schools of Ontario. Their grading is better, their literary character is better—they are more up-to-date.

Yet the issuing of this Catholic series of Readers will be of little use to the Catholic schools unless there is behind them a wisdom, a scholarship, a thorough grasp of the subjects which they embody. Second rate tools in the hands of those who are skilled, will turn out better work than first-class tools in the hands of the unskilled.

There are not two other subjects in the schools of Ontario that are taught worse than reading and literature; and no school reader, be it ever so well compiled, can, or will of itself change this condition of things. A High School Inspector told me some time ago that there were not more than four or five High Schools in Ontario where reading was well taught. Why is this? Because reading does not count at an examination—because it is not a factor in the great system of cram which annually blazes the sky with its proud percentage. Now there is a talk of abolishing examinations altogether. This would be going to the other extreme, but it would bring about a better condition than the present.

Touching the subject of reading, the High school teachers say the fault lies with the Public school teachers—that they fail to teach the pupils to read when they send them to the High school. How absurd is not this charge when it is remembered that the Public school teachers themselves are the product of the High schools!

The real truth is we shall never have good reading in our schools—either Public, Separate or High—till we have teachers who understand what reading is—teachers who can themselves read and hold up models to their class—and inspectors who both know good reading and can inspect it. As it is now, there is merely a technical chattering about reading going on—the thing itself is never done. Every head master in every Model school in the Province unloads a series of lectures annually before his teachers in training on methods in teaching reading, and in time these teachers scatter among the schools bearing with them a multiple of rule in their pockets.

But you may ask what remedy would you propose for this condition of things? The remedy is simple—it is homopathic. Emphasize reading in our schools—beginning with our Normal school and schools of pedagogy. Let there be a summer course in reading given in Toronto under a corps of able instructors, and make it imperative that not only should every teacher understand the subject of reading, but be capable of voicing thought himself—of giving vocal interpretation to the spiritual significance of poetry, which after all is its only real significance. Reading and literature are co-radical in this that you reach the one through the other. Both are subjective. No hand-book or manual can be of real aid in the teaching of either subject. Nay, hand-books and manuals are a positive in-

jury to the true teacher who having assimilated literature leads his class to a study and vocal interpretation of it by a path entirely unobserved and untraced by the teacher of rule and method. These manuals are a good thing for the publisher, but they are death to true literary culture which in every rational and well rounded system of education should obtain as well in the primary school as in the university.

Thomas O'Hagan.

"LOSS AND GAIN."

Cardinal Gibbons Answers Objections to Embracing the Religion of Christ.

(Special to the Freeman's Journal.)
Baltimore, Md. Oct. 8.—Every part of the congregational part of the Cathedral was occupied last Sunday morning, the High Mass having been celebrated by the rector, Rev. Father Thomas, and the sermon delivered by His Eminence the Cardinal. It was the first sermon the Cardinal has delivered from the same pulpit for several months, and was the initial one of his discourse which he will deliver the first Sunday of each month until next June.

While on the various Sundays the Cardinal may occupy the pulpit during the season the assemblage may be large, this occasion was especially interesting owing, perhaps, to the expectation that he would make some reference to the association of his name recently with certain passing events of public moment.

The subject of his sermon was "Loss and Gain," founded on the Gospel of the day, the parable of the marriage feast, as related in the twenty second chapter of St. Matthew.

Cardinal Gibbons said as follows: "As in the days to which the parable refers, many accepted the invitation to the banquet, while many others absented themselves for various pretexts, so, now, while many embrace the religion of Christ, there are others who keep outside its pale. When a man is about to embark in any business enterprise he puts to himself this question, 'Will it pay? what loss and what gain?' Let us first consider the objections brought against embracing religion.

"One man will say to me, 'If I embrace the Catholic religion, my freedom of thought will be curtailed, my intellect will be cramped, my judgment will be clouded, and I will be restrained in the pursuit of scientific investigation. I will be in constant danger of falling foul of some ecclesiastical ukase warning me of the forbidden ground, as truant boys are ordered against trespassing on their neighbors' orchard, or my path is liable to be intercepted by a Pope's Bull, that metaphorically speaking, will gore me to death.'

THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

"I can say, without fear of contradiction, that they who harbor such sentiments labor under a groundless apprehension. I shall endeavor to show that the Catholic religion, far from blockading the way of science, renders the most serviceable aid in the pursuit of scientific investigation. The Catholic Church teaches nothing but what has been revealed by God or is plainly deducible from revelations. All truth comes from God, as all light proceeds from the sun. He is the author of natural as well as of revealed truth. One truth can never contradict another. No truth of revelation can ever be opposed to any truth of science. Natural and revealed truths always are, and always must be in perfect harmony and shed light upon one another, just as one star throws light upon another and expands our view of the firmament above us. Religion and science, like Mary and Martha, are sisters, although occupied in different pursuits. Science, like Martha, is engaged in material pursuits; religion, like Mary, is kneeling at the feet of her Lord.

THE CHURCH THE DIVINELY APPOINTED GUARDIAN OF REVEALED RELIGION.

"Rest assured, then, that Christian faith will never stunt your intellect, or warp your judgment, or check your progress in the investigation of natural truth. On the contrary, faith will be as the sun, illumining your path. It will be as a handiwork guiding you onward in the region of science; it will be a beacon light cautioning you to shun the shoals of quicksands, against which false science has often been shipwrecked, and just because the Church fosters true science she sets her face against false science. She is the divinely appointed guardian of revealed religion, and when she sees a man advancing some crude theory at variance with a fact of revelation—the existence of God, for example, or His sanctity, or Providence, or the origin and unity of the human species, or the spirituality and immortality of the soul, which is the foundation of man's dignity and responsibility—she knows that his theory must be false, because she knows that God's revelation must be true. When she sees this man laying profane hands on the temple of faith she cries out, 'Thus far shall thou go and no farther,' and is she not right? For if God's revelation is at the mercy of every scientist, what becomes of the principles underlying our

Christian society? Are they not like shifting sands?

"Rest assured that the wild theories periodically advanced against Christianity may float for awhile on the surface of the human mind, like icebergs on the ocean, but in the end they are sure to melt away before the effulgent rays of reason and revelation. How, then can we be asked to abandon the living fountain at which our forefathers stayed their thirst for centuries and run after the mirage which pretentious men have conjured up before our imagination?

THE HIGH DEGREE OF MORAL INDEPENDENCE ENJOYED BY CATHOLICS.

"Another will say: 'If I embrace the Catholic religion, I shall have to surrender my moral freedom; I shall no longer be guided in the path of duty by my own conscience, by my own sense of right, but by the capricious humor and dictates of a priest, and must submissively say that black is white if he will so decide.' It is hardly necessary for me to say that this is another groundless illusion. I can declare, without fear of contradiction, that there is no class of Christians that enjoy a higher degree of moral independence, consistent with their submission to God's law, than the members of the Catholic Church, for they are directed in the path of duty, not by the ever-changing *ipse dixit* of an irresponsible minister, but by the unchangeable law of God. It is to love the priest, to respect his authority, to regard him as the representative of Christ and the dispenser of the mysteries of God is slavery; then, indeed, the children of the Church are slaves, and, what is more, they glory in their bondage. But in point of fact the only restraint imposed upon you by the Catholic Church and her ministers is the restraint of the Divine law and of the Gospel, and to this restraint no reasonable Christian man has a right to object.

"But perhaps you may say, in embracing the Catholic religion, I may compromise my temporal interests; I may snap asunder, or at least loosen, many a sacred tie of friendship; may alienate the tender affection of my nearest relatives, and even those of my own household; they may accuse me of deception and ingratitude.' All this I admit, and a good deal more, as I know from a long experience in the sacred ministry."

"The Cardinal then told his hearers: 'You gain everything that is worth having.' He said that the gains include knowledge of the truth, God's grace, the friendship of God and the salvation of immortal souls.

THE SYSTEMS OF THE WORLD AND THE CHURCH.

Certain writers, who ought to know better, seem to forget that the system of the world is the system of nature, it watches over man's temporal welfare and pleasures. The system of the Church is the system of grace, which teaches that this world is but a passing show, and that its best prizes are so much plumb and dross. According to the world, the man is wise who lays up riches; his position is gauged by the amount of his store. He shows his perspicacity by founding a home, making a name, and carving his way to a position of power and independence. According to the Church, the perfect man casts the riches of this world to the winds, and embraces holy poverty. He abstains from all the dearest human ties, so that he may claim relationship to Christ; he abandons the natural freedom God gave him for the sake of Him Who was obedient even unto death. The world recognizes certain external social offices. It reprobrates all the class of crime that attacks the fellow-man. The Church says that the malice of an act is in the will, and that purity of heart alone makes man acceptable to God. The world, then, has a religion of its kind, adapted to its needs. It preaches a creed which is plausible, comprehensible, which can accommodate according to men's liking. A certain amount of worship—that public attendance at church which in no way interferes with the greatness of its ease or the plentitude of its comfort, or its other temporal pursuits—it practices and tolerates. The Church teaches dogmas and mysteries which are inviolable and eternal. She orders her children to hear Mass on certain days, as a grave precept and to sanctify their souls at certain times. She enjoins fasting and abstinence. Therefore the two systems are diametrically opposed.—American Herald.

The removal of crucifixes from Anglican churches in London is a good thing in one way. It will emphasize the secular character of the Establishment and identify it with other works of man's invention. Church-members who, like St. Paul, glory in the Cross will naturally feel drawn to the great Church of all Lands, whose cherished standard has ever been the image of her crucified Spouse.—Ave Maria.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life, sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—Longfellow.

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GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

Mrs. Ennis, believing herself to be in the way, had left the room while the operation was proceeding, asking the doctor not to go without seeing her. To her, therefore, Dr. O'Leary went, and repeated the warning he had given to the book-keeper—warnings which in no long time caused a funeral silence to fall upon the house.

Who would have been so lonely without Conn? Who had realized till now that Conn was so much beloved! A blithe-some temper, a sympathetic voice, bright and kindly manners and the indefinable charm with which some people are gifted, all these things come by use to be accepted as matters of course, and are not held at their true value until they are blank which their absence would leave becomes apparent. Every one seemed started into a positive affection now for Conn. Mrs. Ennis gave orders that the doors should be closed that perfect quiet might be secured; the household crept about with soft footfalls, and spoke with bated breath, even if they happened to be so far off the room where Conn lay, that they might have spoken in their natural voices with impunity; while outside, alarm spread, and loud-spoken sorrow was mixed with angry words at the thought that they who had inflicted the mischief had got away "scot-free and out of reach entirely." The front doors were shut; but there were not wanting those who came round noiselessly to the kitchen, and talked in whispers over the latest news. Conn's brothers, Jerome and Patrick, were in and out all day, and to them the villagers flocked, wherever the brothers appeared, for the latest account. But neither Jerome, nor Patrick, nor any one else ventured to tell Conn's father of the plight the boy was in; for quiet old man as he was usually, no one put it beyond him to batter down closed doors to get at his son, if all was true that was said, and breaking into the sick-room to call passionately on Conn not to die, and, waking him out of the beautiful sleep he was in, upset everything. So the old man passed through that day, not remembering as the gloomiest that had been known this time back, in happy ignorance of his son's danger.

That was the news that Patrick and Jerome brought out with them every time they left the inn. Conn had fallen into a deep sleep in which he lay for many hours. In case he should wake and call for anything, Dan, with a patience for which no one would believe he gave him credit, sat in the darkened room in which, as the short day waned, there was no light but the flicker of the fire. From time to time the door opened noiselessly, and the figure of the book-keeper gliding in without sound would join Dan, and learn in whispers that the patient had not yet moved. Together they would then stand silently by the bed; and then, reassured by the deep and regular breathing of the sleeper, the apparition would steal out as ghostlike as it had come in.

What fervid words that Conn had ever spoken in furtherance of his love had pleaded with such eloquence as his present dumb prostration! For months past his passion had taken many forms; had shown itself by silent actions, by eager speech, by mute appealing looks, by averted eyes, and airs of studied indifference. His hopes had been for ever in his prayers, in his thoughts; had inspired his daily work and colored his life; and he had seemed to make no way at all. While now his helplessness and silence were working as like magic in the mind of his mistress, galvanizing into life a thousand things she had forgotten—words he had said, kind things he had done, which, long dormant, awoke now and kindled a responsive warmth in her own breast. Back to the book-keeper there came unbidden all day long the recollections great and slight, full of bitterness and joy, faces and eyes, full of bright intelligence, haunted her with wavy looks ready to break into tenderness. She watched again with a thrill his promptitude to please her, or, pitying, saw him repelled and dejected by her coldness. He would uprise before her mind with painful iteration—tall, straight, lithe, active, equal to all feats of agility, the leader in the game, the lightest in the dance, the hero in the roadside discussion, in which he lowered a head and shoulders above the rest in height and argument. Trembling, she thought of the peculiar tones of his voice near or far off, and of the ridiculed strains of his poor violin. Visions and fancied sounds full of pain and longing for between each, the present reality would obtrude itself of the silent house, of Conn lying in his bed, and of the dark possibilities this misadventure might have in store. Oh! if a short time hence that long figure shrouded over should lie motionless and stiffening, and the eyes should never re-open, and the voice be still for ever!

It was in vain for the book-keeper to



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try and reassure herself by stealing back into the room where Dan sat, and where Conn was lying, to make certain he was breathing still, and that the breathing was regular and easy; because after a little while all these thoughts would come back again with heightened terrors.

If this neglected wound should mortify, and Conn were to die, what a closure it would be to her life, what a darkener of the prospect! How desolate would be the bleakness of the outlook here, how impossible to face it; how dreary to begin again elsewhere! Instinctively turning away from this thought, her mind retreated to the time of her first coming to Glencoonoge, weary, heart-sore, humbled, tired of herself, angry with life, anxious for rest, happy to be unknown. All the thoughts and feelings and the growing changes since that time came back upon her. Again she began partially to forget herself in her work, and to live in the life around her. Again her days succeeded one another unanxiously; peace descended on her soul, and strength and faith came back. The change in her began to be noticed, and people said "it was the good air." Truly the air at Glencoonoge was pure and balmy, a mixture drawn from the mountains and the sea. Perhaps that was what made the people genial; it is certain every one was very kind. Mrs. Ennis was the best of mistresses, and it was pleasant to sit and chat with her of evenings. Those in the house to whom the book-keeper had to give directions, paid her a pleased obedience; the villagers saluted as she passed, or stopped to ask kindly after her health, and to have "a bit of a talk" with her, as the villagers, with which every one spoke of themselves and of their affairs, and not less grateful to the book-keeper the respect they showed by not overpressing their curiosity in regard to her. Conn and Dan made her office quite a lively place. Seen through their descriptions every guest was a source of no little interest and speculation, and the brothers knew and discussed with her everything that was going on in the neighborhood—what such a one had died of, and when the funeral would pass; where the dance would be next Sunday afternoon; whether next fair-day would be too soon to lay in apples and nuts for the games on Holy Eve. It was a new existence to the book-keeper. Conn in thisylvan country among these unworried people. In her retrospect, she saw herself from being haggard, soured, and rigid, become blooming, riant, and nearly as soft-hearted as those amongst whom a happy chance had cast her.

How long did this pleasurable life last before the time when from being vague and all-embracing, it became coned, particular, and painful? How long had she been admiring that son of the soil whom every one called Conn, before the sound of his voice began to make her listen, before a group of talkers in the room became interesting directly he joined it, before her heart got into the habit of beating more quickly as his footsteps approached? Oh! how long had her eyes been betraying her before that day when Conn followed her unseen to the hill-top, and full of ardor, full of humbleness, half-hoping, half-d despairing, blunderingly confessed his love; and she, startled and angry, in low tones quivering with—determination was it, or fright? had asked whether he followed to insult her, had ordered him in the same suppressed fierce tone never so to speak to her again, and turning had fled downhill!

Oh what a sudden precipice she had seemed to stand! Marry him! A peasant! She! When had he conceived such a thought? She nearly died of shame wondering whether any act or word or glance of hers had given birth to Conn's preposterous mistake; as if it had ever been anything more than a curiosity she had felt in him! Just such an interest as nearly all kind people have with their free and open-hearted ways aroused in her. She vowed she would take care it did not happen again. But there was no occasion for her resolve. Conn urged his suit no more, and by degrees her anger—soon it even had been real anger at all—turned into sorrow for the young fellow; for he was changed, was often downcast, seemed to have lost heart in things, to have grown reckless in a patient sort of way. And after all he had committed no great crime.

How much less cheerful a place was Glencoonoge, with its cheerless, and her intercourse with him no longer child-like in its free and happy carelessness! The days seemed less bright; a bleakness filled the skies. The sun did not shine, or if it did, its rays were watery. Those village women with their gossip about their ailments or their children had grown tedious, and the book-keeper preferred to stay indoors rather than meet them. It was tiresome, too, having to keep Mrs. Ennis company of an evening. The old lady generally fell asleep, and Conn hardly ever sat and chatted there now. It was pleasant to steal out into the bar, and yet it was lonely there listening to the distant sounds of talking and laughter in the kitchen.

So that the book-keeper could not bear to check the thawing of Conn's coldness, nor to nip the return of cordiality she saw in his eyes, and heard in his chiming voice, and in his step growing more elastic. But he did not approach that morbid mixture that he was of impetuosity and self-restraint! He was generous too, and was no denying it, to be still he willing slave after the way she had parted him; he did not even ask for friendship. Let to herself, the book-keeper thought more and more of Conn and of his professed love. Many inward questionings did she have, and many doubts as to what she might or might not do, or what her duty was. Distracted at last she even sought advice of Father John.

Heavens! how Conn had leaped the counter to avenge her insult! It was like a flash, or the unseen rushing of the wind. It was as if he were flinging himself in the way of death for her sake, because she would not let him live for her. Alas! what would life now be without him? If anything were to happen to him—if Conn should die, she must begin drearily again elsewhere. There would no more be calm in this retreat; the fairy scene, the kindly people—these things by themselves had lost their charm. All would be desolate, the outlook hopeless and impossible to face; and weeping fresh each time at the thought of losing Conn, the book-keeper on that dark day had to own again and again that this young peasant had gained possession of her heart.

Oh, Conn! the precious hour long

waited for is here—is passing; and you are lying like a clod insensible! will you never awaken?

All through that day the opiate held the young man in its power. The light outside faded, and the room would have been quite dark but for the fitful fire; and still Conn did not move. There were all sorts of preparations going on in the kitchen for his coming to, but he did not awaken. When the night came and he had not stirred, it was debated whether it would not be well to rouse him and give him food for fear he might sleep away into death. It was from the book-keeper, who for the first time I now saw unmoved, that this insane proposal came. Mrs. Ennis was wavering. These healthy people, knowing nothing of sickness, are like children in the management of it, and if I had not been there, would, I believe, have carried their idea into effect, and, disregarding the doctor's assurance that the longer Conn could sleep the letter, would have spoiled the excellent work which the doctor's skill and Conn's natural healthiness were doing. Fortunately they were persuaded to leave well alone, and Conn was suffered to sleep undisturbed through the night. When he opened his eyes, the grey dawn had broken, and looking round the room and wondering where he was, he saw Dan dressed and sound asleep in an armchair which the book-keeper had told him to carry up. But Dan must have been sleeping lightly; for when his brother, much puzzled and in foreboding of everything, called out his name, Dan with a start sprang up and rubbing his eyes ran over to Conn and sat up and supporting himself on his elbow.

"Holy Mother! is it yourself come to, Conn? Glory be to God! but it's the fine fright you've given us all."

"Why, what's the matter at all? 'Tis early morning. Why aren't you in bed? your hand's trembling, and your mouth, for all the world as if you were going to cry! What is it all about in the name of wonder?"

"How are you?" says Dan, dragging his sleeve across his eyes. "How do you feel in yourself, my dear?"

"Faith, I feel mighty hungry," says Conn. "Tis the gnawing that woke me, nothing else. But have you taken leave of the other end of the room and made a clatter among a lot of crockery on the table there, why aren't you in bed and asleep?"

"Hungry is it?" says Dan, coming back holding a basin in his hands, "this is what you're to have first," and he held it to Conn's lips.

Conn drank two or three mouthfuls of the liquid in the basin suspiciously, and then stopped short and said, "That's the finest drink ever I tasted; what is it at all?"

"Baf-stay."

"Gad, I never drank tay like that before. Give it us over."

"Tally it down," said Dan with judicial gravity, "there's a lot more."

Conn never stopped till he had finished the basinful; then, "Sure where did you get that, Dan? There never was anything like it."

"Twas the book-keeper made it then with her own two hands, and she said you nor to have it first thing when you woke."

"Oh, then, you've been in a terrible state! But there now, lie quiet and don't talk; that was the next thing she said, 'Make him lie quiet and don't let him talk.' So turn round now on the other side and I'll throw the clothes over you, and you'll go to sleep till the doctor comes. How's your head?"

But Conn was not going to be taken in hand quite so easily; and Dan found himself compelled to answer a good many questions. The late events came back slowly to Conn's mind as Dan referred to them; but what was strange, what was hardly to be believed, was Dan's account of the book-keeper's distress during the previous day and night, of her frequent visits to Conn's room, of her standing over him, and her eager anxiety regarding his condition.

"There!" said Conn, when over and over again he had made Dan repeat his narrative, "I'm down Danny and go to sleep. You've had no rest to-night. I'm tired of talking; my head's going round and round. I feel as if I could lie still all day, and think a bit in quiet. Perhaps I shall sleep too; or may be 'tis in a dream I am already!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

When Conn was told some hours later—the morning being advanced and the house all astir—that he was expected to be where he was until the doctor came, he was extremely indignant, declared he was quite well, and that he was not going to be made a fool of any longer. Never was a man so unanimously over-borne. Mrs. Ennis promptly ordered him to stay in bed, Dan advised him not to stir, and the book-keeper sent me to do what I could to induce him to be patient at least until the doctor came. Dr. O'Leary examined the countenance, having dressed in his silence, gave judgment to the effect that though the appearances were more favorable than before, danger of inflammation was not yet past. Perfect quiet was of the utmost importance; all excitement was to be avoided, and Conn must be content to remain within the four walls of his room for the next few days. In vain did he protest; the doctor only shrugged his shoulders, and said he would not be answerable for the consequences if his directions were not followed.

What a long, impatient morning it was! Conn fumed and fretted more and more every moment. Mrs. Ennis indeed came in once for a few minutes, but only scolded him for wanting to come downstairs. Dan looked in now and again between while; but he had his own and Conn's work to do, and arrears to make up; for the worst danger had passed, and the routine of the house must be resumed. Everybody was going about as usual—all but poor Conn, who, more eager, more hopeful, more intensely interested in his life than he had ever been before, was caged in his room and condemned to ruinous inactivity. Left alone for the most part, he paced restively up and down reflecting that the doctor did not know what he was about—that it was all nonsense; that he himself was an impostor to remain confined, and that as long as he did so, there was no chance of his feeling the cure. In fact, he was very far from being in that quiet, unexcited state of mind, which the doctor said was so desirable. What made him worse was Dan's report that the

book-keeper was going about very bright and happy, and singing softly to herself.

"Tis all along of your being better, Conn," said Dan, looking at his brother with fond eyes.

Whatever the reason, the book-keeper was a different creature that day; and she did not at all succeed in preserving the usual gravity of her demeanor. Her light-heartedness appeared in her face, in her buoyant carriage, in her irrepressible inclination to talk, so different from the silence and pre-occupation of yesterday.

"You have become a reader all of a sudden, Mr. Shipley," said she, as I ran up against her in passing the coffee-room.

"Yes," I answered, "it is not a bad book. I don't know what I should have done yesterday but for it." We were walking towards the hall, and I held up the book to her that she might read the name.

"ENNY? That is Miss Edgeworth's is it not? I read it a long time ago, but I remember there were some things in it that I liked. One can have sympathy for the poor wholesome-minded people she describes, raised out of the equality and misery of their surroundings by the purity of their minds and the goodness of their hearts; but as for the nobility and gentry, with their miserably ambitious, and their aping of English fashions and vices—'angry!' The hero himself, isn't he an earl? He is better than most of his friends; but at the best he is a poor creature and his life a wretched one."

"Don't tell me the story!" I cried. "I haven't finished it. I'm afraid, Miss Johnson, you are a sad radical."

"I suppose," she went on, not heeding me, "the truth is the number of those who can make a good use of great wealth is very small; and that, after all, it is a dispensation of Providence which makes most people in this world poor; because in that state temptations are fewer and the conditions of life more favorable to the perfecting of our natures, which has to be brought about somehow, at some time or other, in this world or the next."

"Oh, as I, puzzled. The book-keeper in her elation had got out of my depth.

"The pity of it is—it must be the work of Satan—when power and wealth and station gather everything to themselves, and so arrange and legislate and contrive, as that the many are deprived, not only of the means of comfort with which they would in most cases be content, but often even of the necessities of life."

"Really I must run away. You are a most dangerous person, Miss Johnson. You are worse than a radical. I believe you are not very far from being a socialist."

"What is that? Mr. Shipley, Mr. Shipley, I'm sure that I was going, 'have you been with Conn since luncheon?'"

"Not since, but just before."

"So you told me. Won't you go up and sit with him now? It might make him less impatient."

"I daren't," I answered. "He has had more than enough of my company for the present. He told me plainly he'd rather be alone."

"Not since, but just before."

"So you told me. Won't you go up and sit with him now? It might make him less impatient."

"I daren't," I answered. "He has had more than enough of my company for the present. He told me plainly he'd rather be alone."

In fact Conn had made up his mind that as soon as the house was quiet, and Mrs. Ennis safely stowed away in her little parlor for her afternoon nap, he would defy the doctor's orders, and sail forth and see Miss Johnson, come of it what might. But his intention was of course a secret, and equally of course I said nothing of it to the book-keeper, who turned away resignedly and entered the bar; while I passed out of the inn, and strolling towards the bridge, leaned over his parapet immersed in my novel.

The book-keeper, I have said, passed into the bar, and thence presently into the office, or bar-parlor, the door of which stood open. She had hardly passed the threshold before she uttered a cry; for there, in the middle of the room was standing the tall figure of Conn, with his bandaged head. At sight of her, an eager joyous light came into his face, a look of expectation satisfied. But the book-keeper turned pale, and her breathing came short and quick.

"Dan! be awigthened, miss," he said, in tremulous tones. "Tis myself, and not a ghost. I couldn't bear to be without seeing you any longer."

"You are very rash," said the book-keeper, as soon as she had recovered her breath. "I'm sure you will undo everything."

"Kash, miss!" said Conn, with unfeigned astonishment. "When was I rash?"

The book-keeper almost laughed at the question and at the picture it called up of Conn flying over the counter and flinging himself into the fray, which had nearly ended seriously for him.

"Is there any pain?"

"No, miss," said Conn, lying bravely. "I'm as well as the light."

Conn approached. Ah! he was looking pale and ill. Those bandages! they covered marks he would carry to his grave. The book-keeper did not know what an expression of pained sympathy there was in her face as she looked up, or that her tears were gathering so fast. At sight of them Conn's heart leaped into his mouth, and with his arms suddenly extended wide, he drew back—another instant and they would have clasped her to his heart.

"Oh, miss!"—and as he spoke his arms dropped to his side—"I am so sorry to see you dissatisfied. I am so sorry to know you have been troubled."

The book-keeper's eyes met his, and she turned away that he might not see her crying. It was easier to talk in a hard and steady tone of voice looking out of the window with her back turned to him.

"Why, Conn, any one would be uneasy in such a case; and I have more reason than others, because I was the cause. Believe me, I can never forget how brave you were, nor thank you enough."

"Oh, miss, don't talk of thanking me! You make me ashamed. So much fuss about a trifle! I wish to God I had been killed outright, so I do."

"Hush! Why?"

"Well," said Conn, turning away too, and walking to the fire-place, "it didn't happen, so there's no more use in talking. I don't see there's much to live for—any way, not for me."

The book-keeper was silent a moment, and then said, "Why?"

"Don't ask me, miss; you wouldn't be glad to hear."

"Nevertheless I should like to know; so tell me."

"Not now. Another time—perhaps."

"But why not now?" said the book-keeper, facing round. He was not looking at her, but gloomily into the fire.

"Conn," she cried. He raised his head and turned it slowly towards her, "it

must be now; not another time, but now."

"No, miss; no," said Conn, with a pleased smile and gentle deprecation in his tones.

"Why, no? Give me your reason."

"Well, because it would be like taking advantage—advantage of your kindness. What I would say would anger you, and yet to-day you wouldn't feel yourself free may be, to show it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DUTY TO LIVE AND THE RIGHT TO DIE.

So-called doctors have recently put forward the monstrous theory that a man has the right to die when he is tired of living or is affected with an incurable disease. Such teaching is opposed to the command of God: "Thou shalt not kill!" It is a sad fact that the teachings of reason and faith would seem to have lost their influence, and men, women and even children die by their own hands, victims of despair.

If "the unfortunates" who fly from "the ills of life" would only bear in mind that to kill one's self is a crime; that our life belongs to God and we must not attempt to take it away; that it is a deposit which Providence has confided to us, and which we must preserve as long as He thinks proper to leave it to us, they would not madly rush to face "an angry God."

Suicide is a crime, for it is an act of treason. We are placed as sentinels in this world to guard the interests of Almighty God, and we must not quit our post without the order of our Captain who commands us. Suicide is a usurpation of the rights of God. He is "the Lord of life and death," but the man who takes his own life arrogates to himself the Divine prerogatives.

Non-Catholic writers cannot understand why Irish Catholics seldom commit suicide and never *filio de se*. If an Irish Catholic takes his own life it is proof positive that he was insane. The true believer can suffer all the stings and arrows of fortune, knowing full well that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and that he who exceeds fully carries His cross will see these temporal pains succeeded by an eternity of happiness, for he will one day be borne by them to heaven. A statement has been going the rounds of the press that the cause of the rarity of Irish suicides is owing to the fact that the Irish "consider abolition from a priest a necessary preparation for death, which they can have if they kill others, but not if they kill themselves." The history of Ireland furnishes a complete refutation of the calumny. For fully three hundred years of persecution by England death was preferable to life for the Catholic in Ireland, and yet not one case of suicide is recorded.—American Herald.

NOT CATHOLIC BELIEF.

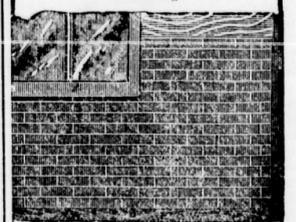
It seems to be more necessary for the non-Catholic public to know what Catholics do not believe. At any rate, non-Catholics are not in a position to learn what the Catholic Church really is until they have unlearned much that she is not.

Here are a dozen matters which Catholics do not believe, but which are often ascribed to the Church:

1. Image worship.
2. That the indulgence is a permission to commit sin.
3. That the Church has a right to persecute.
4. That a mere confession of sins to the priest and absolution is sufficient to merit forgiveness.
5. That the Pope cannot commit sin, or err in matters of science.
6. That Catholics cannot "search the Scriptures."
7. That republican forms of government are not favored by the Church.
8. That the Catholic Church is opposed to religious toleration.
9. That the end justifies the means.
10. That lying is permissible.
11. That the world may be older than six thousand years.
12. That innocent recreation on Sundays is forbidden.—Catholic Citizen.

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AN APOSTLE OF ENGLAND.

Father Dominic, the Passionist.

Australasian Catholic Record.

Father Dominic had a great reputation in Belgium and in England. He was a man much given to prayer, and most exemplary in his conduct as a Christian, a religious, a priest, and a missionary. He was really a holy man: "Dicta of our present Holy Father, Leo XIII, to Monsignor Caprara, the Promotor Fidei."

"The memory of Father Dominic, who, on the mountains of Italy, felt his heart burn within him to preach the Passion of Jesus Christ in England, will be ever dear to us. His apostolate among us was short, but it had abundant fruit. It was he whom God chose to bring into the Catholic unity many of the first fruits of the return to faith in England." H. E. Cardinal Manning in his preface to the "Life of St. Paul of the Cross."

"He (Father Dominic) is a simple, holy man; and withal gifted with remarkable powers. He does not know of his intention, but I mean to ask of him admission into the fold of Christ." Extract from a letter of the Rev. John Henry Newman to a friend, dated 8th October, 1845, and quoted in the "Apologia," p. 235.

In the biography of St. Paul of the Cross, founder of the Passionists, it is related that "one morning after having celebrated Mass . . . he cried out with great joy: 'Oh! what have I seen? my religious in England.'" Such had been his life's prayer and desire, and the good God in His mercy deigned to grant the saint a vision of what was to be. Paul Francis David died on the Feast of St. Luke, the Evangelist, 1775. On the 7th of October, 1841—sixty-six years afterwards—St. Paul's prophecy was fulfilled, when Father Dominic, of the Mother of God, one of His most saintly sons, with one companion, landed in England—to stay.

His biography depicts the harrowing circumstances surrounding that—to England—momentous event. "He has discovered that he is in a new country, whose language he cannot well speak, whose customs he is ignorant of, amongst a people who despise the garb he wears as deeply as they detest the religion which he professes. In a friendly college (St. Mary's, Oscott) he is offered hospitality for a short time, but otherwise he has not yet whereon to lay his head. He has no money, he has few friends, and is rich only in the love of God and of his neighbor. As he looks out of his window on the bleak October day the prospect is not one of encouragement. The whole country around is intent upon trying how to live well in this world, and let the next take care of itself. It is this world had known of the ungainly monk, in his rude sackcloth and sandals who was determined upon turning them from heresy . . . they very well would have laughed him to scorn. Few men would have faced the difficulties of the situation. Even the future apostle of the English became suddenly faint-hearted midway on his first journey to convert the favourite nation of Gregory the Great, and hastily retraced his steps homewards. It is no exaggeration to say that the England of Augustine's day was hardly more anti-Catholic than when the poor bare-footed son of Paul of the Cross landed at Folkestone. The second spring of English Catholicity had not yet blossomed forth. Cardinal Newman thus describes the religious status of the country at that time: 'The visiting principle of truth, the shadow of St. Peter, the grace of the Redeemer had left England.'

"Our fathers have sinned, and they are no more. But we need 'tear the weight of their sins.'

But Dominic was confident. His courage was begotten of a divine vocation: "Let not your heart be troubled, nor let it be afraid." "Ecce ego advenso."

His early life is soon told. He was born on the 22nd of June, in 1792, of poor parents—Giuseppe and Maria Antonia Barberi—in the little hamlet of Palanzana, on the Cimino mountains, near Viterbo, in Italy. At the early age of eight years he was left an orphan, and was adopted by an uncle, a peasant farmer of the same district. It was here, on the sloping heights of the Apennines, whilst still a youth, that an interior voice spoke to him in his prayer of his future mission amongst a heretical people. In an account of his vocation and of his coming to England, which he wrote at the command of his confessor, he describes this miraculous occurrence. "Towards the end of the year (1813), he says, 'on some evening of the Christmas festivals, about 7 o'clock, I was on my knees before God in my poor little room, praying and beseeching Him to provide for the necessities of His Church, when I heard an interior voice in set words, which did not leave a shadow of doubt as to its being from God. The voice told me that I was destined to announce the Gospel truths, and to bring stray sheep back to the true fold. It did not specify to me how, where, or to whom—whether infidels, heretics or bad Catholics, but left a hazy notion in my mind that the mission in store for me would not be among Catholics solely. I was astounded at such an announcement, and could not imagine how it would be verified. However, as I felt I could not doubt that the communication came from God, so I could not doubt for an instant but that it would be fulfilled.' As a boy, education had been given none."

"Life of Father Dominic, by the Rev. F. Pini Devine, C. S. P., pp. 144.

He loved books, but unfortunately this taste was not shared by his uncle, who did not less thought learning would be of little advantage to a farmer. The only means by which Dominic contrived to learn even how to read had been to bribe a boy of his own age to teach him. He knew nothing of the Latin tongue, and truth to say, very little of his own. But now that God had spoken to him of his future mission, he "forthwith," he tells us, "began to pore over some Latin books, especially the Bible, which happened to be in the house." By the help of a dictionary he translated some verses of the Vulgate, and was astonished to find with what ease he could accomplish his task. God, undoubtedly, bestowing on him one of those graces which theologians term *gratia gratis data*.

It had been his intention to enter the Passionist Congregation prior to the advent of "the voice"; but he had never dreamt of doing so as a cleric. "To be a religious in any shape or form, he writes 'was the summit of my ambition. Then, however, I felt convinced I must be a priest; but how was that to be?' And, humbly speaking, the problem seemed more difficult to solve when, towards the end of the year 1814, he was formally received into the Congregation of the Passion as a lay-brother. But again "the voice" whispered to him in his prayer—now speaking with more definiteness than before. "About the end of September or the beginning of October, 1814," he writes in his *Verba arcana*, "on a certain day whilst the religious were taking their recreation, I went for a few minutes into the church to pray before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and whilst I was on my knees, the thought occurred to me: now was the prophecy of last year to be fulfilled? Was I to go as a lay-brother to preach, and to whom was I to go? China and America came into my head. Whilst I was thus racking my brains I understood that I was not to remain as a lay brother, but was to study and that after six years I should begin my apostolic ministry, and that I was not to labor either in China or America, but in the North-west of Europe, and especially in England." He adds: "I was so convinced of the being a divine communication, that I should sooner have doubted of my own existence than of its truth. I was sent off to Pallano (the Novitiate House of the Province of the *Addolorata*) to be received as a lay novice, and I felt that I would, notwithstanding, become a cleric and a priest."

His novice master, Father Bernard, explains, *inter alia*, in the processes introduced for Father Dominic's canonization, how young Barberi came to be "clothed" as a cleric, spite of the fact that he had been formally accepted as a lay-brother by the Provincial of the Province of the *Addolorata*. "Brother Dominic," he writes, "was admitted as a lay postulant in the place of one who had gone away. A few days afterwards I told the novices that as there was no reading in the refectory on fast evenings they should refresh their minds with some spiritual reflections: On the next evening, which happened to be a fast, I asked Dominic in recreation what he had been thinking about during his supper. He said he had been reflecting on the few verses of the New Testament—always read in Latin in Italy—which was read by the Superior before the refectory. He gave me not only the correct translation, but the meaning of the passage. I was surprised at the boy's knowledge, but in order to humble him I said he was an impudent fellow to attempt explaining the Scriptures in the presence of his betters. He knelt down, taking the humiliation very good naturedly. I took occasion after this to watch him, to ask questions, and to test his intelligence in various ways. I found him very bright, well acquainted with texts of Scripture—always quoted in Latin in Italy—their meaning and interpretation, inasmuch that it occurred to me the young man should have been a cleric rather than a lay novice; but I did not mention the matter when I found that he had not the least idea of grammar."

"Father Joseph of the Passion (one of our fathers, who had known Dominic as a youth in Palanzana) being in Rome, spoke to the Father-General about him, and gave him some evidence of his capacity. He wrote to me in the General's name to say that I might examine him, and if I found him sufficiently acquainted with the Latin language I might have him 'clothed' as a cleric. Knowing, as I did his ignorance of grammar, and how strict the General was about the postulant's qualifications, I asked the boy to translate the first Psalm into Italian. He did the task in less than a quarter of an hour, in a wretched hand to be sure, but I must confess that he did it better than I could do it myself. I sent the test paper on to the Father-General, who wrote to say that he left the matter in the hands of the local chapter. . . . The chapter was called, I read the translation of the Psalm, gave the fathers my opinion of young Barberi, sent round the ballot box, and he was unanimously received as cleric. He was clothed in our habit as a cleric, named Dominic of the Mother of God, on November 14, 1814, at the age of twenty-two years."

"A *Domino factum est istud: et est mirabile in oculis nostris*." He had now put his foot on the lowermost rung of the ladder, which ultimately led him to the realization of his vision. The Vice-Master of Novices at that time was a Father Anthony of St. James (who afterwards became General of our congregation; and it was

he who sent Father Dominic to England). He undertook to teach Dominic grammar, and the novice proved himself so apt a scholar that, in two months, he was a better grammarian than many of his companions, who had spent years at the Latin classics. He spent the year of probation—the memorable year of 1815 which witnessed the final downfall and disgrace of Pius the Seventh's sacrilegious and perfidious persecutor—in prayer and in study:—

A solitary monk within his cell, whose walls did make an island of his life, surrounded by the waves of war and strife, his hours obedient to the convent bell.

On the 15th of November, 1815, he made his religious profession, and on the 19th of the same month, began his philosophy—a sure sign of his proficiency in Latin. In a month's time he was sent from Monte Argentario, where he had gone after taking the vows, to our monastery at Rome, on the Celian Hill. March 1st, 1818, he was ordained priest, but continued as a student for three years longer. The ideal that he had set up for himself as a priest was a high one—no less than the famous dictum of the golden-mouthed Chrysostom: "Necesses sacerdotem sine esurum ut in coelis collocatus inter coelestes illas virtutes mediustaret." "He who is to act as a priest, must needs be as pure as though he stood in heaven itself, in the midst of those heavenly powers." In a colloquy which he wrote at this time, addressing our Blessed Mother, he gives way to his feelings in fervid strains: "Oh Mother! but a few years ago, I was a poor wretched sinful boy—and now, I am a priest! You know how I felt when I first touched the consecrated Host; but how have I touched it? O Mother! had I but your purity and sanctity. . . . How I longed for your heart to give a becoming lodging to my Jesus. . . . Your hands to touch Him upon the altar. . . . My God, he would cry out, thinking of his priestly state, "have pity on the ant that Thou hast yoked to so heavy a chariot."

When he had finished his academical course, he was appointed to the chair of Philosophy in our Monastery of Sant'Angelo, near Vetralla. His life during the three years (1821-24) tenure of that office was a severely studious one. He had much to make up even in the way of elementary education; but he undertook his task with that dogged perseverance characteristic of the Italian nature, notwithstanding the "doleful-accusations of Italy's enemies. Morning after morning saw him, at the first streak of dawn, seated at his desk. At the hour of 5 o'clock he celebrated Holy Mass; and after thanksgiving returned to his books, and lectures till mid-day. The evenings were devoted to literary pursuits, of which he has left many and splendid relics."

To give a few evidences of his application to study. Before his thirtieth year he could read ancient Greek with ease, and could speak the modern with fluency. His famous Latin letter to the professors of Oxford University, written in 1841, might be set up as a classic in that most elegant of tongues. French, he wrote and spoke fluently. When entering the Novitiate in 1814 he carried with him a letter of introduction from one of our fathers, who therein describes him as: "Juvenis eximiae virtutis et singularis ingenii, sed incultus." In 1824 he was appointed to the chair of the logic, in our Retreat of St. John and Paul, in Rome—from a scholarly standpoint the most important office in our congregation. A few short years of hard study had metamorphosed the "homo incultus" into a "homo cultissimus." Newman, who knew him in the old Littlemore days, describes him to an absent friend as a man "gifted with remarkable powers." He was a profound theologian and a subtle thinker. Father Pius says of him: "The insight which makes a man keen in picking out the seeds of evil was peculiarly remarkable in Father Dominic." To give an instance of this insight, his was the mind that first saw the fatal errors to which De La Menais's system would ultimately lead, and his was the first hand that wrote a refutation of the celebrated leader's principles. To quote Father Pius again: "When the whole Roman world spoke of De La Menais, when he presided over distributions of prizes, when he was called the latest of the Fathers of the Church, and when he was (as some say) reserved in petto for a Cardinal's hat, this obscure monk was writing a refutation of his principles. He composed his work, and had it read by the wiser and the older of the fathers. The pamphlet was talked about and discussed, until at length it came to the ears of the Father-General. Some said fathers were told off to examine the work, and they condemned it. Their verdict was that there were passages in the work of De La Menais"

"In the short space of twelve years he wrote: I. A volume of Meditations on the Passion of Our Lord. II. A volume on the Dolours of Mary. III. A course of Philosophy, with an abridgement of the same for students. IV. A course of Moral Theology, with compendium. V. Colloquies on the 'Via Passionis,' and opusculi on offices such as Superior, Lector, Master of Novices, Director of Retreats and Missioners. VI. An apologetic poem called 'Philalethe.' VII. A work on the love of God in two parts, entitled, 'Theophilanthropos.' VIII. The 'Celeste Pedagogus.' IX. 'Divina Parvula.' X. 'Il Peccatore senza scusa—Marsilio—Sui Cantici—Gemito della Colomba.' XI. A Refutation of Mastrotto on Usury. XII. A Refutation of De La Menais. XIII. 'Mithridates,' or an antidote against the enemies of political order. XIV. The Lives of four Passionists, who died in his time, as well as the 'Life' of the first superior of the Passionist Nuns, etc. In all he wrote thirty works of some importance. When we consider, moreover, that he preached, gave many missions and retreats; taught; kept the strict observance of his Rule; and, as superior, guided and watched over his house and province, we are forced to ask, when did he rest?

which deserved some stricture, but which might be explained in a good sense, and pass muster fairly. Taunted upon Father Dominic was sent to Coventry. He was publicly reprehended and denounced for daring to depreciate so great a man. He received the penance and performed it diligently. One thing he could do—indeed, he was not asked to do it—and that was to retract. He said to a dear friend of his, a Father Felix: "I have not done evil, neither can I unsway what I have written nor said; for it is to me as clear as noon-day that from the principles of De La Menais flow consequences pernicious to the Church and to civil society." Six years afterwards, Gregory XVI., in his Bull "Mirari Vos," solemnly condemned the errors of the once petted and feted Felicité De La Menais!

"He has put down the mighty from their seat, and has exalted them of low degree."

But better than all—his learning, his profound theology, his subtle distinctions, his linguistic abilities—was his sanctity. He knew that he was a clever man—the knowledge was thrust upon him. He had taught in the schools of theology and of philosophy with great success; yet no one could say that he ever made the slightest pretence to learning. He must often have put to himself the substance of a Kempis's query: "Quid prodest tibi aita de Trinitate disputare, si carere humilitate, unde displicias Trinitati!" for his life was an embodiment of the Augustinian's desire: "Sentire compunctioem quam scire ejus definitionem."

"Humility," says St. Cyprian, "is the foundation of sanctity." St. Jerome calls it "the first Christian virtue," and Gregory the Great speaks of it as "the spring and root of all the other virtues." Father Dominic was humble; yes, it was the crowning feature of his character, and he sought to strengthen it by going in quest of humiliations. His lowly birth, his broken English, his blunders against the "lex inscripta" of British conventionality—everything that could help to lower him in the eyes of men, was called into requisition. Yet, withal, he was of a most sensitive temperament. The brutal insult or biting taunt of the English canaille, to which he and his religious confreres were hourly subjected in those early days, often caused the shadow of wounded pride to flit across the brilliant hazel eyes a look of pain; but no retort ever passed his meek lips. "Est humilis," says St. Bernard, "qui humilitatem convertit in humilitatem." This Father Dominic did.

It goes without the saying that such a man was a man of prayer. "He was a man much given to prayer," says his present Holiness of him. It was his daily food. Our Holy Rule obliges each member of the Order to spend, at least, five hours daily in prayer; but they were all too short for Father Dominic. Every moment that could be legitimately snatched from external work was passed in prayer with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Jesus in the adorable Eucharist, was the life-spring of all his actions and labors: "Gesu Sacramento," his momentary ejaculation. And how he loved the Mass! Stubborn removal must be the obstacle that could prevent him offering, day by day, this "clean oblation." It was his life; and it is worthy of note that he enjoyed that rare privilege granted to few priests—his last Mass was also his vaticum.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SCHOOL AND HOME EDUCATION.

The best school training will avail little unless it is supplemented by home education. The duty of averting the moral and religious dangers which threaten boys and girls falls, in the first place, upon the parents. To them God has confided their children as proofs of His love, pledges of His confidence. Both by the voice of nature and by His written Word He impresses upon them the necessity of fidelity to this sacred trust. He shall one day demand at their hands a strict account of those precious souls that have been created for His glory and are destined for His kingdom. This is a great work, a work fraught with tremendous issues for both parents and children. It must begin and, indeed, continue in the family; but if it is to be crowned with success, the home must be a Christian home, furnishing a model of order, regularity, peace, charity, piety, free from every influence which could tarnish the beautiful innocence of childhood or youth. From the first dawn of reason, and as reasons develops, it must be taught the rudiments of religious truth and religious practice. It must be inspired with a love of piety, truth, justice, purity, charity, and all the Christian virtues. We often meet young people who have been blessed by such a home and such teaching; and what a beautiful example they furnish of the golden fruits of parental zeal and parental care.—American Herald.

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STOLE A COMMANDMENT.

From the Catholic Record, Louisville.

In the early days of the diocese, wit and humor were not wanting. How-ever lax or lukewarm Catholics became they knew, when occasion required it, how to silence their aggressors. Up on Pottinger's Creek, in Nelson county, there was an unpractical, backsliding Catholic, by the name of Wimpatt. One Sunday a Protestant preacher, a Rev. Mr. Rogers, preached at the house of a non-Catholic farmer. Wimpatt happened to be, although he should not have been, there. He was looked upon as a quiet, silent sort of a man. When the sermon was over, the man of the house urgently pressed the preacher to undertake the conversion of the "ignorant Romanist," Wimpatt. He consented and set about the work with great zeal, loudly abusing the Pope, the priests, the Church, and Catholics in general most unmercifully. Wimpatt observed a stubborn silence. The preacher became emboldened; he began to catechize him all the more, and now and then triumphantly winked at his host, the farmer, as success attended his efforts. Among other things he asked Wimpatt: "How many commandments are there?" Wimpatt somewhat hesitatingly answered: "Nine."

"Oh," rejoined the preacher, "and that's all your priests have taught you! Only nine commandments?" "There used to be ten," quietly replied Wimpatt, "but the other day your brother preacher Skaggs ran away with one of them, the ninth!" This man Skaggs was married and had just run away with a neighbor's wife! The preacher had no more to say.

AFTER EFFECTS OF FEVER.

Mrs. Angie of Merrittton. Suffered so severely that Her Friends Feared She Was likely to be a Permanent Invalid.

In the picturesque village of Merrittton resides Mrs. William Angie, who, after months of suffering, has found a cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Angie relates as follows the experience through which she has passed. "Four years ago this spring, while a resident of Buffalo I had an attack of typhoid fever and the disease left me in a worn out and extremely nervous condition, so that the least noise startled me. I could not sleep at times for a week on account of terrible attacks of heart trouble. Then again my head would trouble me and I had bad dreams. I had no appetite and lost twenty-two pounds in weight and had become so very thin that my friends were alarmed. While in this condition I was treated by two physicians, but with no avail. I tried everything recommended but still found no relief. Finally a relative persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After I had taken the first box I could see a change for the better, so I continued the use of the pills until I had finished six boxes, and the results were most gratifying. I now have normal sleep, there is no more twitching in my hands, the palpitations have ceased, and I have gained in weight and strength. My whole system seems toned up, and I feel entirely well. I feel grateful to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., and hope they will keep up the good work of administering to the afflicted."

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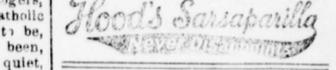
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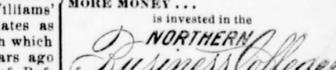
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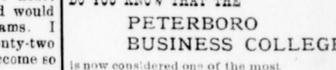
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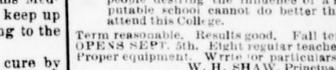
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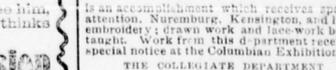
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The Catholic Record.

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Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey. Messrs. Luke King, John Nigh, P. J. Neven and Joseph S. King, are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and to transact all other business for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

London, Saturday, October 14, 1899.

THE ALLIANCE AND DIVORCE

The Pan-Presbyterian Alliance has elected the Rev. Principal Caven, D. D., of Toronto for its President till its next meeting, which will take place in Liverpool in 1904, notwithstanding the opinion of Rev. Dr. Macdonald of the Toronto Westminster that the meeting should be deferred till 1910, inasmuch as it has no serious business to transact.

The Alliance did pass one resolution, however, which may have some beneficial result as pronouncing a condemnation of divorce. It was resolved before the close of the council that

SECULAR EDUCATION IN JAPAN.

The Japanese Government has adopted the American system of purely secular or godless education, and has withdrawn sanctions and privileges hitherto extended to schools in which any religion is taught.

The Protestant missionaries find themselves in a peculiar dilemma in consequence of the law, for though in America they have always been the advocates and upholders of purely secular education, in Japan they have given religious instruction in their schools, and if they now make secular schools of them they will lose the support of the home boards, which refuse to appropriate funds for schools in heathen lands which do not teach the doctrines of their denominations, and without this support their schools, it is said, are sure to languish and die for lack of native attendance.

RABBI FRANKLIN ON ZIONISM

The Rabbi Leo M. Franklin of Detroit is not a believer in the advisability of the Zionist proposition which has been advocated by many prominent Jews of Germany and other countries to establish a new Jewish nationality in Palestine, with Jerusalem as the capital.

The Jews realize that nations are the result of gradual development and are not ready made. Such a heterogeneous class of people as the Jews, with nothing but a common foundation of religion and a memory of the past, would be poorly equipped for the complex affairs of government.

A STARTLING STATEMENT.

An associated press despatch appeared in the Toronto Globe of the 5th which contains information that will be received with astonishment by those people who think the Philippine Islands a good field for Protestant missionary effort. Army Secretary Peyton, who went to the Philippines under commission from the Episcopal Bishop of Albany, stated, in an interview, that there is no chance for Protestant missionary work until such time as the United States troops depart or reform.

states, "without any qualifying exceptions, the most moral and the most religious people I ever saw." And yet these are the people the missionaries are sent out to convert. Would it not be more in accordance with the fitness of things were all the power of the missionary bodies devoted to the work of making Christians of Uncle Sam's soldiers?

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

On 3rd October Sir John and Lady Carling celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Sir John Carling has for nearly half a century been identified with the affairs of our Forest City, and, also, in a broader field, as member of Parliament and as Minister of the Crown.

The writer has known him from the early days of London's history, and, both as a young man, and as one now advancing into life's autumn, always recognized him as a model for our youth. Genuinely, courteous, obliging—and this to all creeds and classes—are and have ever been the chief characteristics of Sir John Carling.

The alliance views with alarm the great number of divorces granted by the courts on unscriptural grounds and it asserts that the marriage relation should not be dissolved except on grounds laid down in the Scriptures.

THE WINDSOR SCHOOL QUESTION.

The Toronto Globe, in two editorial articles which appeared in its issues of the 29th of September and 4th October, takes exception to the course of the Right Rev. Dr. McEvay, Bishop of London, in insisting on the establishment of a Catholic Separate school in Windsor, to take the place of the arrangement under which two Public schools of that city are now managed as Catholic schools.

Mr. D. J. Donahue very properly points out that the Bishop is within his right when insisting that Windsor should have a Separate school under the Separate School Law, like the other cities and towns of Ontario.

Our opinion is that there is oppression if the people of a community desiring to have their children educated in one way are faced by a threat of excommunication to have them educated in another.

In dealing with this matter, we have not a word of blame to say against either the Catholic or Protestant people of Windsor for the arrangement which they made many years ago, and which in practice has worked fairly satisfactorily so far, so that through the liberality and tolerance of the Protestants of the city the Catholics have had the substance of what they have always contended for—a Catholic education for their children—though not having their schools conducted under the Separate school law.

Here it has been said by those who wish the present arrangement to be continued: "If the schools are working satisfactorily, why should the arrangement not be continued?" The Bishop has answered this question in a way which must commend it-

self to every thoughtful person. The arrangement is contrary to the laws of the Province, which, however, afford a legal means whereby the Catholics may secure their object of giving a suitable education to their children without breaking any law, and the Bishop desires that this means should be adopted.

The Windsor school system has this radical defect, that it is illegal, and for that very reason the time will certainly arrive when it will not be tolerated any longer, and when that time comes the difficulty of changing it into the Separate school system will be greatly increased, as the Catholic claim in equity for a share of the school property will be greater than at present in proportion to the growth of the population; and it is a matter of course that the obstacles to an equitable settlement will also be greater.

The Bishop wishes that this difficulty be met without unnecessary delay, and his decision is undoubtedly a wise one. The interests of the Catholic children attending the schools should be the chief consideration in the matter, and those interests demand that the school system should be made permanent, instead of being left in the present precarious position, which can be upset at any moment by any ratepayer. Surely the contention of the Globe that the present illegal arrangement should be continued is a strange one for a journal which is supposed to have respect for the law; and it is equally strange that the Globe should call the Bishop's course an act of oppression of the Catholic people, whereas His Lordship has done nothing more than to ask the people to conduct their schools in accordance with the law.

His Lordship is certainly within his right in insisting that a character of permanence be given to the Catholic school system of Windsor, and he deems it not only his right but also his duty to do so, and there are other good reasons for doing so beside the fact that he wishes to respect the law. The Protestant trustees of the city very fairly allow the Catholic trustees a large liberty to conduct the Catholic schools on Catholic principles; yet there are some matters wherein they have not full liberty, and cannot have it until the schools are conducted under the Separate school law, by Catholic trustees elected by the Catholic ratepayers. At present the Catholic trustees are not at liberty to select the Catholic text-books which have been approved by Government for the use of Catholic schools, if the Protestant trustees object to their use.

The Catholic education of Catholic children is a matter of much obligation, and it is the right and duty of the Bishop to see that it is properly carried out. He has, therefore, the moral right to direct his flock to fulfil this obligation, and it is no oppression to tell them how this duty is to be fulfilled, without violating the laws of the Province. This is what Bishop McEvay has done, and the Globe's effort to encourage the Catholics of Windsor to resist the Bishop will find no favor with loyal Catholics of that city. We trust, therefore, that the Catholic people of Windsor will see the necessity of carrying out the wishes of his Lordship as soon as it may be convenient.

Before closing this article we deem it right to say a word on the anxiety of the Globe to have the Catholic people free to select either the Public or the Separate school for their children as they see fit, without being threatened with excommunication if they disobey Episcopal authority.

We have already many times in our columns shown that Catholics are not at liberty in conscience to send their children to Public schools, when they are within a reasonable distance from a Separate school where they will be instructed in their religion. The law gives them this liberty, indeed, but they cannot in conscience make use of it, unless there are grave reasons approved by the Bishop for their doing so. This we expressed last week in the following terms:

"The Bishop may dispense in individual cases on account of distance or any other reasonable cause." But while the Globe is so very solicitous that Catholics should not be threatened with excommunication if they disobey the laws of the Church, why has it not some solicitude for its own Protestant co-religionists on the same score?

We have known cases where Protestants preferred to send their children to the Separate schools, sometimes because they wished the children to profit by the moral teaching given in them, which could not be had in the Public schools, and sometimes because the Catholic schools were more convenient to them on account of distance.

Is the Globe not aware that these Protestants have not the liberty to support Separate schools under penalty of excommunication? In fact, to become legally Separate school supporters, they must sign a declaration that "We are Roman Catholics;" and thus they are subjected to actual excommunication if they presume to support a Catholic Separate school! Why does not the Globe agitate for the removal of this excommunication, if it is so anxious for the liberty of the people?

MR. CHARLES COWLEY.

This gentleman, a resident of Orangeville, has written a letter which appeared in the Toronto Mail and Empire of the 7th instant. It has reference to the so-called Windsor school trouble. Mr. Charles Crowley says: "I hope you will regard it as coming with in your province to lay the lash lightly (but stingingly) on the back of Monsiener McEvoy, the Roman Catholic Bishop of London, who is just now cracking his ecclesiastical whip so insolently over his co-religionists in Windsor in the matter of Separate schools."

And the editor proceeds to lay on the whip as follows:

"This is a matter of consequence to us all; it is not, as has been suggested, merely the concern of the Roman Catholics. The Separate schools are maintained out of the general taxes, so we are all equally interested in the matter. Separate schools should have no State recognition or support, but this is not the question at the present moment, though the action of Minister McEvoy may do something to bring it again to the front. I do not suppose that the Roman Catholics of Windsor will submit to any such insolent dictation, but to strengthen them it would be as well if the citizens of Windsor generally took up this matter. This priest tells us he knows where he stands; he may know better later on."

We may here draw particular attention to the words we have placed in italics. A time there was, and not many years ago, when the Mail and Empire bent all its energies to the work of destroying Catholic schools. It was the organ of the ultra-Protestant bigots of the Province, and it carried on a violent anti-Catholic crusade for a period of twelve years. Seeing that its party could not get the reins of power by riding the Protestant horse, it suddenly dropped its agitation against Separate schools and its abuse of Catholic Bishops and priests.

We can assure our contemporary that its reference to "Minister McEvoy" will be rated by the Catholic priests and people of the Province as an unwarranted impertinence. If it ever happens that there is a little disturbance, or even the semblance of one, between Bishops, priests and the Catholic laity the good offices of the Mail and Empire editor and his constituency will be asked for when they are wanted. They have so many quarrels of their own, in the shape of heresy trials and fierce combats on the internal arrangements of their own Churches, that we fancy they should have but little time on their hands to interfere in the business of their neighbors. We may add that Bishop McEvoy's course in regard to the Windsor schools will cause no disturbance whatever. He merely wishes Catholics to avail themselves of the rights allowed them by law. He directs that the Catholic people of that town should devote their own money to the support of their own schools, in the same manner as prevails in all other cities and towns of the Province. That is all. We regret exceedingly that a prominent paper like the Mail and Empire should employ such coarse and ungentlemanly terms regarding a distinguished and most highly esteemed prelate of the Catholic Church.

DREYFUS AND CANADIAN POLITICS.

It has been in the past the fashion with some politicians to endeavor to create a race hatred on the part of the English-speaking population of the Dominion, and especially of Ontario, against the French Canadians who are, equally with ourselves, citizens of the Dominion and of the British Empire.

These efforts have always had the effect of exciting recriminations and dissensions—for, deprecate the fact as we may—it remains a truth that there is a section of the Ontario people who are ready to applaud and support any agitators who endeavor to cause discord; nevertheless we cannot too strongly condemn them as unpatriotic and malicious disturbers of the public peace.

We regret to notice that there has been recently an attempt of the same kind as those to which we have made reference. La Patrie, Mr. Israel J

Tarte's paper, has had of late several articles on the Dreyfus trial at Rennes, which do not accord with the general tone of the English press in denouncing as an outrage the verdict of the second Court-martial against the ex-captain of artillery.

The manner in which the trial was conducted is a matter of foreign administration of justice regarding which, surely, we in Canada have a right to pass judgment according to the light that is in us, and our honest convictions, without being denounced as enemies to Canada and British institutions.

We have ourselves freely expressed our opinion on the Dreyfus case, and in doing so we have not followed the lead of the Francophobists. While not presuming to pass an absolute judgment on the guilt or innocence of the accused, we have pointed out that the judges were obliged by the circumstances of the case to hear probably the most direct and important evidence of the matter in secret sessions, lest international complications should arise out of the revelations therein made. It is impossible, therefore, for outsiders to be judges of the whole case, and it is reasonable to believe that the judges to whom was committed the duty of trying the accused were the best able to form a judgment.

There is certainly no want of patriotism toward Canada in our holding this opinion, nor even if we had maintained, as La Patrie has done, that the general outcry which has been made in regard to the Rennes verdict has arisen from hostility toward France. In fact, we do not hesitate to say that La Patrie has justification for its opinion, at least in the case of those who have most frantically expressed indignation at the Rennes verdict.

From these considerations it will be seen how unjustly as well as ungenerously some parties have circulated La Patrie's article throughout Ontario, accompanied with an anonymous circular appealing to the anti-French prejudices of the people on account of the article itself, and further, endeavoring to make the whole French-Canadian people responsible for the pretended offensiveness of La Patrie's article, whereas the article is moderate and calm and not even offensive; but if it were so, the people in general of Quebec would be no more responsible for it than are our readers responsible for the opinions we have expressed on the same subject.

We have said that La Patrie's article is not offensive. It goes no further than to uphold and vindicate from the attacks made upon it the court-martial which condemned Dreyfus, to express its sympathy with France amid the universal denunciations which have been hurled at her on account of the Rennes verdict, and to condemn the absurd proposal which has been made by some fanatics that the Paris exposition to be held in 1900 should be boycotted by manufacturers because of that verdict. So far is this language from being offensive or inconsistent with loyalty to our institutions that we believe it to be quite justifiable; and even if it were a mistaken position, it would at least be not inconsistent with the duty of patriotism towards our own country.

Along with La Patrie's article and the circular of which we speak, there is also a letter of Mr. Beaugrand, formerly Mayor of Montreal, which gives expression to considerable indignation against the press which has spoken evil of France and belittled French justice in connection with the Dreyfus episode.

Mr. Beaugrand may be somewhat extreme in the profession of adhesion to French ideas, but we should remember that it is natural that even though a French Canadian is a British subject, he should remember with pride the glories of the country of his origin, and there can be little or no blame cast upon him for so doing, and for defending it with warmth, when it is being coarsely maligned, and even if this warmth be excessive, we should regard it with tolerance in view of the virulence and bitter anti-French feeling which produced it, or was, at all events, the direct cause of its manifestation. There is a chivalry which is aroused by antagonism, and it is undoubtedly this chivalrous feeling which led Mr. Beaugrand to manifest so decisively French sympathies.

The circular has, however, evidently another object in view beside arousing hostility against the people of Quebec, La Patrie, being owned by a French-Canadian member of the Dominion Cabinet, an opportunity is afforded to the anonymous writer to attack very lamely the present Government, on the

plea that its chief is also a French Canadian.

We are not, and the CATHOLIC RECORD has never been, a partisan of either the Liberal or Conservative party, but purely a Catholic journal; however, we must strongly protest against an attack upon the Government based upon the fact that one of its French Canadian members will not join in unjustly abusing a country which is at peace with us and the Empire of which Canada forms a part, even though there have been from time to time some causes which have menaced the good understanding which ought to exist between France and Great Britain; and it is still more preposterous to attempt to make the Government responsible for Mr. Beaugrand's utterances, as this gentleman has no more influence upon the policy of the Government than arises out of the fact that he has been one of its outside supporters. The Government must be judged by its declared policy on Canadian questions, and not by the impassioned utterances of one or more of its individual supporters. There never was a more dastardly and contemptible attempt at making political capital out of an event in which Canadians are not interested in any direct way, than this anonymous Dreyfus circular.

A VIRULENT ASSAILANT ANSWERED.

"RITUALISTS WERE SEVERELY SCORED." This is the heading under which in the Daily Mail and Empire of the 6th inst. an account is given of the reading of a paper by the Rev. W. J. Armitage, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Halifax, N. S., on "The Crisis in the Church of England" before the Alumni of Wickliffe College Association, Toronto, at their meeting in the college library last week.

Wickliffe College is a Low Church institution, having been established purposely to counteract the High Church tendencies which are supposed to exist in Trinity University. It might be expected, therefore, that at a gathering of the Alumni of this hostile educational institution there would be some manifestation of the hatred which exists between the High and Low factions of Anglicanism, but we were scarcely prepared for the extreme manifestation of hatred expressed by the Rev. Mr. Armitage for his brethren of the High or Ritualistic school, who, after all, are at the present time the dominant power in the Church of England in England itself, and almost the dominant power in Canada, as well as in the Episcopal Church of the United States. Yet we would not deem it necessary to make any comments on Mr. Armitage's venomous remarks, if he had not made at the same time an attack on the Catholic Church with equal venom.

Truly, the Rev. Mr. Armitage scored his brethren of the Ritualistic school "severely," if unreasoning abuse is to be accepted as argument. In his attitude toward the unfortunate brethren he reminds us strongly of Timon of Athens:

"I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind. For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog. That I might love thee something."

The substance of the charge brought by Rev. Mr. Armitage against the Ritualists is contained in the following words:

"The cause of this crisis in the Church of England is the existence of a body of well organized laity who had as their object the Romanizing of the Church. In many cases these had succeeded in surpassing Rome itself."

On a memorable occasion Portius Festus said to St. Paul in the public hall of audience at Caesarea: "Thou art besided thyself: much learning doth make thee mad."

Notwithstanding that the learned Alumni of Wickliffe appear to have appreciated highly the Rector of Halifax's vapors, we are compelled to believe that a very much smaller amount of learning than the Apostle of the Gentiles possessed, combined with much vanity, induced him to make this surprising statement that the Church of England is being "Romanized" by "surpassing Rome itself" in Roman observances. If these observances surpass Rome, they cannot be Roman, and the Church surely cannot be "Romanized" by means of them.

A public speaker who makes the pretensions of the Rev. Mr. Armitage should be at least a little more cautious than to make such "random assertions. His hatred for Ritualism and the Ritualists evidently carries him beyond the bounds of reason.

But the Rector has much more to say in his discourse so annihilatory of Ritualism, in his own opinion. He has more to say, but we can scarcely detect a single thought of his own in his whole tirade. His entire speech is made up of the thoughts of other

people, or of extracts which misrepresent the opinions of learned men of the Church of England, and other schools of thought, such as Mr. Gore Balfour, Archbishops Tait and Temple, Archdeacon Farrar, Maurice, Burke, Emerson, Dr. Sanday, Sir William Vernon Harcourt and other lights, but especially those who are noted for extreme Low Churchism.

We have no intention to constitute ourselves the champions of Ritualism, and it is not for the purpose of doing this that we write the present article; but we cannot refrain ourselves from making some comment on an evidently egotistical speaker who goes out of his way to attack the Catholic Church, under the pretext of battling against Ritualism.

We leave to the Ritualists, therefore, the task of defending their own cause against the assaults of the Rev. Mr. Armitage, and we know that there are many of them in Toronto and its neighborhood who can do this with success. But we cannot allow the reverend gentleman to distort the words of the authorities of his own Church in order to make a very weak point against the teachings of the Catholic Church.

Here is what Rev. Mr. Armitage has to say on this subject:

"The Church had been undermined by a host of secret societies having one main purpose—the Romanizing of the Church of England. Archbishop Tait called it 'a conspiracy against the doctrine, the discipline, and the practice of the Reformed Church.' The custom that has stirred the heart of England is that of the auricular confession which the English nature will never tolerate and which Archbishop Temple declares tends not to liberty but to bondage. The controversial storm centres lie in sacerdotal claims upon which, as Farrar says, our differences largely turn. The Ritualist claims to be a sacrificing priest, which as Maurice says, is the very virus of the Roman system."

Whatever Archbishop Temple may have said in regard to auricular confession, the Archbishop of York pronounced officially in his manifesto to the clergy that only compulsory confession is to be condemned, whereas voluntary confession he declared very explicitly to be a good and salutary practice. At the most, therefore, there is a grave difference of opinion between the two highest authorities in the Church of England, and the Ritualists are quite free to follow either of these opinions, the more especially since it is acknowledged that these pronouncements have not the force of law in the Church of England.

But apart from these pronouncements the Book of Common Prayer, which is the law of the Church, expressly declares in the form of "ordination of priests" that the power of forgiving sins is conferred upon the "priest" for the Bishop, in defining the "duty and work of a priest in the Church of God," says: "whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain they are retained."

This is one of the sacerdotal claims which the Rev. Mr. Armitage so strongly condemns. The power of forgiving or retaining sin implies a candid confession by the penitent, without which the priest cannot know whether he should forgive or retain in any individual case.

In the order for the Visitation of the Sick, it is peremptorily commanded that at a certain stage, "here shall the sick person be moved to make a special confession of his sins if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter. After which confession the priest shall absolve him (if he humbly and heartily desire it) after this sort." The words of absolution which follow are identical in substance with those used by Catholic priests in giving absolution, and plainly assert that the priest has power from Christ to forgive sin.

In the announcement to be made on the Sunday or holy day immediately preceding the administration of the Lord's supper, it is ordered that those who cannot quiet their own consciences shall go to some learned and discreet minister to "open their grief" that they may "receive the benefit of absolution together with ghostly counsel and advice." This is also a plain mandate for auricular confession, and a claim to the sacerdotal power of forgiving sin.

It can scarcely be that the Rev. Mr. Armitage is entirely ignorant that these passages are in the Book of Common Prayer, so that we must consider him to be wilfully deceiving the public when he endeavors to make them believe that the practice of auricular confession is not in accordance with the laws of the Church of England, but has been surreptitiously introduced by the Ritualists in order to Romanize the Church.

We are indeed aware that till the Oxford Tractarian movement was in a somewhat advanced condition, the practice of hearing confessions and

giving absolution had fallen into disuse in the Church of England, but the ministers who in violation of the directions given in the Book of Common Prayer, had dropped it in order to conform themselves to the widespread Calvinistic and Puritan sentiments which gradually intruded themselves into the Church of England in and after the seventeenth century, were guilty of that very lawlessness which has been so brazenly charged against the Ritualists by the Rev. Mr. Armitage and the Kunitites. And here it is proper to remark that the lawless methods used by John Kensit with the avowed purpose of advertising himself and selling his obscene literature, are covertly approved by the Rev. Mr. Armitage, who thus palliates Kensit's conduct: "One may not admire John Kensit's methods, but he roused the sleeping conscience of England."

We have shown thus fully the teaching of the Church of England in regard to the confession of sins because it is a usual practice with Evangelicals to represent the confessional as one of the most corrupt practices of the Catholic Church. It would be too long to deal at length in the present article with Rev. Mr. Armitage's assertion that the claim to have a sacrificing priesthood "is the very virus of the Roman system." It will, therefore, suffice to quote a few texts of Holy Writ to show that Christianity has a sacrifice.

In Heb. xiii, 10, we read: "We have an altar whereof they have no power to eat who serve the tabernacle."

In the Greek original of the word for altar is *thysiasion*—from *thusa*, a sacrifice—and it signifies the structure or support on which sacrifice is offered. There is, therefore, a Christian sacrifice, and the person who offers it is necessarily a sacrificing priest.

In Isaias lvi, 21: "I will take of them (the gentiles of Africa, Lydia, Italy, Greece, and the islands already spoken of in verse 19) to be priests and Levites, saith the Lord." This is admitted to be a prophecy of Christ and the calling of the Gentiles to His Church. There must, therefore, be a true priesthood under the New Law, the distinctive office of which is to offer gifts and sacrifices to God for men.

Lastly, in Malachias i, 11, it is foretold that there shall be sacrifice and a clean oblation offered to God in every place, "from the rising of the sun even to the going down." This can be understood only of the Christian sacrifice of the Mass, which alone fulfills the conditions, and there must be a sacrificing priesthood to offer up that sacrifice. Yet even if this were not the case; it is unjustifiable for Anglicans to make an attack on the Catholic Church while discussing their own internal dissensions, as it is the custom of Anglican Evangelicals, so-called, to do.

THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL OF WASHINGTON.

A Council of delegates from all the churches of the world which have the same form of government with the Presbyterians was held last week in Washington under the name of a "Pan-Presbyterian Council."

The question of so-called higher criticism was warmly discussed, and the generally expressed opinion of clergy and laity who spoke on the subject was that this higher criticism is nothing else than infidelity under a thin disguise.

The Hon. Samuel Smith, a lay delegate who is a member for London in the British Parliament, said that it ought to be well understood that "the higher criticism promotes only atheism and sacerdotalism." The Rev. Dr. Laws, of Columbia, S. C., said:

"All this higher criticism is to my mind an emanation from the Darwinian theory of the evolution of man. It is not possible to baptize that theory into Christianity."

The President of the Alliance, Rev. Dr. J. Marshall Lang, pastor of Barony church, Glasgow, Scotland, said in his address took strong ground against higher criticism, saying:

"The churches which this council represents will command the attention of the age only in the measure in which, without lowering either their testimony or their ideals, they recognize and make room for its habits and thoughts, and its expansions and complexity of life. We are not worshippers of the past. But it is false liberalism which ruthlessly tears the present from the past, it is false conservatism which insists that the mould into which the conclusions of a bygone period were cast shall remain fixed and rigid for all further periods. In Christian theology there is the word which endures forever, Christendom, eastern and western, Greek, Latin, Reformed, stands on the great verities declared in the New Testament and embodied in the Apostles' and Nicene creeds. These verities are the content of the faith once for all delivered to the saints, and in the end of the nineteenth century, as in the end of the first, the Church faces the world with the protest, 'If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be anathema.' But whilst the centre is the same yesterday and to-day and forever, the circumference is ever ex-

tending. Let there be growth to the greatest extent, but not change of the faith."

It is an agreeable surprise to find that Pan-Presbyterian, as representing so many different Protestant Churches throughout the world, thus endeavors to stem the tide of the Rationalism and infidelity which have made so much progress among the various Protestant denominations during recent years; nevertheless, the fact cannot be concealed that the spread of unbelief is attributable in great measure to the repulsiveness of the Presbyterian doctrine according to which the evil as well as the good which men do is so foreordained by Almighty God that men cannot resist the tendency to evil which has been marked out for him to do. It is admitted that it was the revulsion from this doctrine that made Col. Ingersoll a sceptic, and hundreds of other sceptics and agnostics owe their infidelity to the same cause.

A motion was made in the Alliance Council that steps should be taken toward effecting a "coalition" with Congregationalism, and that a committee should be appointed to confer with a similar committee named by the Congregationalists. This was not adopted, the reason given to the public being that "the matter is too important for hasty consideration."

Considering the fact that Pan-Presbyterianism is composed already of many incongruous elements, there is good cause to believe that there was another and more important reason for putting off this matter, and we cannot doubt that the real reason was the elasticity of Congregationalism in adapting itself to the views of congregations of every shade of belief, from stalwart Presbyterianism to the Unitarian form of Latitudinarianism. Such versatility is inconsistent with the calibre of the divines who practically forced Dr. Briggs of the New York Union Theological Seminary, and Dr. Smith of the Lane Seminary of Cincinnati, to excommunicate themselves from the American Presbyterian body.

The chief matter of surprise in reference to this is that American Presbyterians were able to control to such an extent the so-called Presbyterian delegates of Germany, France and other European countries, as to cause the assemblage to reject overtures from, and to refuse to make overtures to, a body which is certainly no more Latitudinarian than many of the Churches which were represented at the Council.

We understand that the Free Presbyterian Church of England was readily admitted on an equality with the other Presbyterian bodies to deliberate at the Council; yet it is well known that it is quite as lax in regard to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, such as the inspiration of Holy Scripture, the divinity of Christ, the efficacy of our Redemption, etc., as are the Congregationalists or the Rationalistic organizations of Japan, France, and Germany, to which Pan-Presbyterianism opens its arms widely, probably because without these and other similar churches it could not by any stretch of imagination make the boast that the Pan-Presbyterian Council has delegates in attendance representing, it is claimed, 25,000,000 people of all nations!

The mode whereby the 25,000,000 of adherents is computed is an arithmetic curiosity which is well worth noting. It is admitted that the total number of communicants of all the incongruous churches represented at the Council does not exceed 5,000,000. But these are simply multiplied by 5, and lo! they become at once quite a respectable crowd, though even then they are only one-tenth of the number belonging to the Catholic Church.

The matter of doctrine, however, is really of small concern to the Pan-Presbyterian Council, inasmuch as it has been carefully announced by the authorities who convened it that "the Council is not a legislative body. Its work is to discuss Church and religious questions, and its suggestions and conclusions will be adopted by individual churches which are subject only to their own laws." This means that none of the churches represented need accept the Council's decrees unless they think it proper so to do.

We cannot but be struck with the contrast between such a Council and the Ecumenical councils of the Catholic Church, which make positive decrees which are obligatory on all, and are received with respect and obedience by the 250,000,000 people who adhere to it. It is no difficult matter to see whether a Catholic General Council or a Pan-Presbyterian Council bears most resemblance to the first Council of the Church of Christ, held

by the Apostles at Jerusalem, and which issued its decrees to all Christians under the formula: "For it hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay no further burden upon you than these necessary things." The Apostles evidently did not dream of holding a General Council which had "no legislative authority," and we may judge from this with what truth Presbyterianism boasts so loudly that it is the religion which is of all the most conformable with the practice and teaching of the Apostles.

The Apostles could and did make disciplinary laws which were obligatory on the whole Christian world, but it is admitted naively by the General Council of Presbyterianism that it cannot frame a single law which any one of its five million adherents is bound to obey.

It does not surprise us that some of the delegates to the Council themselves felt the incongruity of three or four hundred serious men coming together from all parts of the world to hold a meeting which cannot be called anything else than a mere social gathering, where trite questions are indeed talked of, but nothing practical is done either for the spiritual or temporal benefit of man, or for his intellectual improvement. In fact, Rev. J. K. MacDonald, of the Toronto Westminster, is reported to have put the case very plainly, saying: "He thought the next meeting might be postponed for ten years. The stale, flat and unprofitable questions with which this Council has seemed concerned have been discussed at every Council, and long ago lost every particle of interest for thoughtful and intelligent men. If we are to face another lean and barren programme, 1910 would be a better date for the next Council than five years hence."

In fact the only doctrinal action which appears to have been taken by the Council was, so far as we have seen its doings reported, to refer to the business committee a resolution introduced by Mr. Samuel Smith, already spoken of, "deploring the spread of sacerdotism and sacramentalism in England." Thus, even if this resolution was adopted, it would appear that the only action of the Council was to attack the doings of another Protestant Church, over which it has no authority, instead of contributing something toward the reunion of Christendom, which would be a practical matter if the suggestions toward attaining it were effective in their character.

JOINS THE CHURCH.

Rev. Thomas A. Cella, a Methodist minister of St. Joseph, Mich., who has lectured principally against the Catholic Church and the priesthood in many leading cities in the last eight years, became a member of the Catholic Church Monday night. About eight months ago, while passing through that city to fill engagements in the North-West, he was compelled to stop off on Sunday morning, and he attended services held at St. Joseph's Catholic church.

After the conclusion of Rev. James J. Gore's sermon Rev. Cella called at the priest's residence and said he was conscience-stricken because of having spent so many years attacking the Catholic faith, and he wished to be admitted into the Church. After six months' instruction from Father Gore, the lecturer took final instructions last week. Tuesday evening Rev. Mr. Cella with a class of forty children was confirmed by Bishop John Foley of Detroit.

NEW BOOKS.

"Battering Ourself" (by Katherine E. Conway), the first volume in the "Battered" series, is a book of the reading of which will be found helpful and profitable, more especially for the youthful members of the home circle. The tone throughout is elevating and inspiring, and it seems to us the gifted authoress has sounded the key note of true success in a "well defined and noble plan; the power of concentration on the task of the hour; unflinching attention to details; self-control; sincerity; the spirit of good will and helpfulness; and the habit of courtesy." Pilot Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

"The Catechism Explained," an exhaustive exposition of the Christian religion, with special reference to the present state of society and the spirit of the age, being a practical manual for the use of the preacher, the catechist, the teacher and the family. The book is made more attractive and interesting by illustrations, comparisons and quotations from the Scriptures, the Fathers and other writers. From the original of Rev. Francis Seirago, professor of theology. Edited by Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J. Bearing the imprimatur of the Archbishop of New York. The book is divided into three parts, the first part treating of Faith, the second of morals, the third of the means of grace. In the first part Our Lord appears in His character of King, and in the third in His character of High Priest. 720 pp. Large print. Price, \$2.50. Benziger Bros., New York City.

MARRIAGE.

(Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.)
Cyrville, Ont., 4th October. — A very pretty wedding was solemnized in the church here to-day. The groom was Mr. Patrick Graham, fruit merchant, who was united in holy wedlock to Miss Sadie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hickey. Rev. Father Richard, C. M., officiated. Miss Laura Hickey, sister of the bride, was her maid, and Mr. Joseph Matte assisted the groom. The bride being given away by her father. After breakfast the happy couple went on a tour to Buffalo, New York, and other points. The bride's friends were not unmindful of her.

As we become better Christians, more consistent and zealous servants of Jesus we shall become only more and more anxious for the good of all around us—our kindred, our friends, our acquaintances, our neighbors, our superiors, our inferiors, our masters, our employers—Cardinal Newman.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

When they taught me 'twas Thou who mad'st me,
And spoke of Thy too great love,
And told me of the joys in Heaven,
And angels dwelling above,
I learned to praise Thy name.

When with half-formed words and liping
My hymns I breathed to Thee,
And the words of Jesus I sang,
Were oh! so sweet to me
Ah! then I praised Thy name.

But the world and its ways allured me,
I knew what was meant by sin,
I tried by the paths of holiness,
My anguish how deep within!
I did not praise Thy name.

Darkness hovers not now o'er me,
The clouds have vanished away,
I feel Thy presence all around me,
And Thy ever blissful day.

Hallowed be Thy name,
—E. R., in the Australian Messenger for September.

MY BEADS.

Alone in the darkness
So gloomy and dreary,
From lips faintly trembling
I murmured a sad prayer—
A prayer sweetly chanted
Through moments so weary,
A message and a prayer,
From a soul in despair,
And there sadly kneeling
My fingers moved and prayed,
To count the sweet Aves on my beads wet
With tears!

Each bead had a story
Of we or of glory—
Life's gay, happy sunshine—the heartaches of
years.
Sweet beads, old and treasured!
Thou art dearer
Than riches and gold,
Than the smiles of a child,
For souls often lonely
To thee as a friend
I turn in my need,
Thus in joy and in gladness
I pray and in sadness,
My fingers move on and count the prayers o'er;
And my heart tells its story
Of we or of glory.

To the beads, that'll cherish and prize ever
more.
—J. William Fischer.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS OWN.

With the October number, now ready, "Our Boys and Girls Own," the Illustrated Catholic monthly, enters upon its second year. The magazine has been a great success, and in the short space of a year it has reached the first place among Catholic juvenile periodicals. The many letters constantly received from enthusiastic subscribers show how highly pleased they are with the magazine. A number of our subscribers bring so much pleasure and interest to my children, I feel I must thank you for it. The writing of these stories I find much improvement to my two little girls. A subscriber says: "I am very much pleased with your paper, and I can truthfully say of it that it is, in my opinion, had a poor story in it from the time it began till the present time, and I hope it will remain so. Another writes: 'The paper has been a source of great pleasure to me the past year, and I would not give it up for the world.'"

The second year of "Our Boys and Girls Own" will be a treat. In the present issue begins a new series of departments, "For the Household," "Games, Tricks, etc.," "Prize Question Box," "Prize Story Competition," "Drawing Contest," etc., which will be continuing. There will be original articles on interesting subjects, and 25 to 30 fine illustrations will fill the magazine. In each issue there will be something to please every member of the family.

The subscription price of "Our Boys and Girls Own" is only 75 cents a year, and the easiest way to subscribe is to send 25 cents in advance to Benziger Brothers, 26 Broadway St., New York. Subscriptions may also be sent to Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD office, London, Ont.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN J. HANLON, PRINCETON.
"In the midst of life we are in death." How truly do these words of Holy Writ portray the sudden and lamented death of Mr. John J. Hanlon, a native of St. Joseph's Hospital, died Sept. 28th, the Feast of the Nativity of the blessed Virgin. While engaged at his usual work, he was suddenly seized with a severe attack of pneumonia, and he proceeded with his work. On Saturday afternoon, several days afterwards, he had a violent attack of pneumonia, and he died on Sunday, and returning on Monday to his work in apparently the best of health, on Wednesday morning he was seized with a severe attack of pneumonia, accompanied with pain and stiffness of the jaws, and at the request of the Rev. Mother Superior, he was taken to the hospital in the evening. Here all that the best medical skill or careful nursing could do was vainly rendered, and despite their best efforts he succumbed to the fatal disease on Friday, Sept. 28th, at 10 o'clock, in the 47th year of his age, and he was buried in the cemetery of St. Joseph's, on Saturday, Sept. 30th, at 10 o'clock, and he proceeded with his work. On Saturday afternoon, several days afterwards, he had a violent attack of pneumonia, and he died on Sunday, and returning on Monday to his work in apparently the best of health, on Wednesday morning he was seized with a severe attack of pneumonia, accompanied with pain and stiffness of the jaws, and at the request of the Rev. Mother Superior, he was taken to the hospital in the evening. 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Sacred Heart Review. PROTESTANT CONROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

LIV.

We have taken our full time in dealing with the slanders brought against the Jesuit order and the Roman See by occasion of the oblique ad peccatum, because, as I have said already, this is really the most atrocious charge that has ever been made against either. If any one who has followed my demonstration will still repeat the slander, he would be capable of any slander.

We now return to our friend, Mr. Henry C. Lea. Here we have relief. There is nothing scandalous or unamiable in his contention that the declaration of Trent, to the effect that men in Holy Orders can not validly marry, is an article of faith. Moreover, his first argument, namely, that it must be owned as of faith, because it is guarded by the Anathema, although I think I have sufficiently shown it not to be tenable, is certainly not ridiculous, for it rests on a distinction accepted by some divines of note, among them by Cardinal Newman. However, as I have shown, even if we admit this position, which we are far from doing, it would not avail Mr. Lea. No Catholic disputes that the Church has power from Christ to establish diriment impediments to marriage, as is declared Canon IV. De Matrimonio. No one doubts that she has made Holy Orders a diriment impediment. Canon IX. now is made of two parts: (1) Marriage against ecclesiastical law are null. (2) Marriages, undispensed, of men in Holy Orders, are against ecclesiastical law. The first part is a doctrine of faith. The second is a simple statement of fact.

If Mr. Lea had merely meant that as Canon IV, by itself, is of faith, so it does not cease to be of faith when combined with a simple fact in Canon IX, there would have been no contention, for there would have been nobody to contend. The very fact that Mr. L. has had a controversy with Catholic divines over the matter shows that he must mean something else. The correspondent who has been so good as to copy out a good part of his article for me, and to give me a careful summary of the rest, expressly assures me that Mr. Lea says nothing whatever about diriment impediments, and makes not the least reference to Canon IV. Now subtract Canon IV. from Canon IX, and all that is left is this declaration: "Men in Holy Orders can not validly marry." This, however, is ambiguous. It does not explain whether the invalidity is enacted by the Church, or by Christ. In the former case it would be only of discipline, in the latter of faith. Mr. L., therefore, must read it: "Holy Orders, of their very nature, invalidate marriage." This, undoubtedly, would be a dogmatic proposition. Only the doctrine changes to be Mr. Lea's and not that of the Catholic Church.

Here we see some of the curiosities of scotism, loaded down with facts, but hopelessly confused about principles. The Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J., has with great force called in question the good faith of Mr. Lea in various citations concerning the tribunal of Penance. I may return to this little work, with whose conclusions I can not help agreeing in a good measure. In the case before us, however, there is no lack of good faith. There is only a lack of good sense. To argue with the author is like trying to walk through a bog. He does not seem to know what he means. He actually declares of sacerdotal marriages (including those of deacons and sub-deacons) that while their invalidity is of faith—which most mean that they are intrinsically invalid—he does not dispute that in various regions the Church deals with their validity as a matter of discipline. Could anything be more hopelessly bewildering? Is the Catholic Church, then, done off into checks, in some of which Christ has made sacerdotal marriages null, and therefore non-dispensable, while in others He has left the Church free to allow them or forbid them at pleasure? What a curious view of Divine Revelation! God does not respect persons, but it seems that He respects continents. Does this localizing of the universal Gospel extend to other articles? For instance, in the Mass, in one of these checks, Transubstantiation, in another Consubstantiation, in another Impanation, in still another a simple Memorial? If so, I think I see the prospect of a happy composition of religious controversy. Let us give up disputation, and address ourselves to a carefully adjusted scheme of emigration. It was once decided in South Africa that the earth might be allowed to go round the sun in Holland, but that at the Cape the law requires the sun to go round the earth. This seems to be Mr. Lea's notion of the Catholic doctrine of Revelation.

I know I am talking nonsense, but I may fairly plead that the nonsense is not mine. It is Mr. Lea's. If he does not mean this, I am sure I do not know what he means. Perhaps it is safest to assume that he means nothing. Most men would rather be convicted of talking rubbish than lunacy, and so, I presume, would Mr. Lea. No doubt in general he uses words as counters, but here I can not help thinking that he has fallen into an absent-minded fit of supposing words to be money, which Hobbes will hardly allow to be the part of a wise man.

However, before taking leave of this pleasant and vacuous realm of Gallimatias, I wish to conduct the amazed and delighted reader to the supreme height, from which all the valleys and summits of theological ridiculousness may be swept at one view. Mr. Lea declares that he does not deny than an

infallible Pope, presiding over an infallible Council, may establish or abrogate an article of faith at discretion. Now this is so absolutely senseless from the Catholic point of view, that our first impulse is to suppose that the author has lapsed into sarcasm, and, as a Protestant, or perhaps rather as a Free-thinker, is ridiculing the Roman Catholic claim to stability of faith. It is certain, however, that he is doing no such thing. He is conducting a serious and thoroughly courteous argument with some Roman Catholic clergymen, from the Roman Catholic point of view as he apprehends it, and nothing is farther from his thoughts than to insult them or their religion. What he means, however, is perplexing enough. Does he know the difference between an article of faith and an act of discipline? He makes repeated reference to the distinction but he does not seem to know the distinction itself, else he never could have used such extraordinary language.

One would think that since the Vaticanum every educated person, having access to its decrees, would know the meaning of an article of faith. Certainly the Pope and Council have taken pains enough to explain it. They emphatically deny to the Church, not the power to make new definitions of doctrine, but all power whatever to define new doctrines. They confine the definitive power absolutely to a clearer explanation of the revelation given by God in Christ to the Apostles, and contained, explicitly, or implicitly, in the Bible or in Apostolic Tradition. How then can either Pope or Council establish or abrogate an article of faith? Of course they do not pretend to have any power to do either. If Christ communicated it to the Apostles as the will of God that the marriage of priests should not be acknowledged, then, as Bellarmine remarks, while still competent to ordain married priests (with which Canon IX has nothing to do), the Church would be forever incompetent to validate the marriage of priests. Unless married before ordination, they could never be validly married at all. But as neither in Scripture nor Tradition is there the slightest mention made of any such prohibition by Our Lord, then, as the Cardinal rightly says, the prohibition of sacerdotal marriage can never be an article of faith. It may be dealt with as variably as Mr. Lea supposes, but precisely because it is not what Mr. Lea absurdly styles it, an article of invariable faith, but purely and solely a matter of mutable discipline.

I wonder which we are to believe the rather, Mr. Lea, who does not appear to know the difference between doctrine and discipline, or the great Cardinal, who knows every intricacy of Catholic theology, who was twenty years old when the Council of Trent was dissolved, and who, during almost sixty years, was in constant intimacy of intercourse with its members and the heirs of their traditions.

Charles C. Starbuck. Andover, Mass.

WHERE ARE THE MOTHERS?

This question comes often to the mind when Dame Gossip is recounting the gay doings of some of our young women, says Our Parish Calendar of Lawrence, Mass. Where are their mothers? How does it happen that girls are allowed so much liberty? Stories of late suppers, drives, dinners here and there, jaunts to heaven knows where, would not go the rounds without foundation.

A true mother realizes in the beginning that her daughter can not defy the slightest rules of propriety with impunity. Then what words can fully express the wrong a foolish mother does when, actuated by vanity, indifference or laxity of discipline, she allows her daughter to accept invitations in which she is not included, to make friendships, as she does engagements, independently, and to do the thousand imprudent things that an unguarded girl is sure to do? A mother's presence, her advice, her judgment, means much to any girl. Wee to that mother who withholds any or all of these! Between the close surveillance of the French mother and the reckless trust, abandonment almost, so far as caution and restraint are concerned, of the American mother there is a medium. Happy the daughter whose mother has found it! She will grow up to whole some and pure-minded womanhood, unharmed by malice, and respected by all who know her.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

ON HYPOCRISY.

"Why do you tempt Me, ye hypocrites?" (Matt. 22, 18). Our Lord calls the Pharisees hypocrites, and, indeed, this was an appropriate name for men who had God on their lips, but, the devil in their hearts. Under the cloak of flattering praise, they approach our Lord to ensnare Him by captious questions, that they may accuse and ruin Him. Would to God, that the generation of hypocritical pharisees were extinct, but alas, there are innumerable Christians pharisees, who, hiding their wickedness under the garb of virtue and piety, are principally engaged in injuring and ruining their neighbors. Such persons carefully guard their wicked conscience from the eyes of the world, enveloping themselves so dexterously in the clothing of sheep that they can not easily be discovered. Hence history with its warning examples must guide us so that we may detest their evil doings.

On the first pages of Holy Scripture, we meet with an ancestor of the pharisees, namely Cain, the murderer of Abel. How tenderly he addressed his innocent brother, to persuade him to take a walk in the fields! When away from the guarding parent, how diabolically dextrous he was to wield the club and murder his brother! There are thousands that may be compared to Cain, who, although they do not kill their neighbor, yet destroy his honor and mortally wound his feelings. How friendly and pleasantly they speak to their neighbor! how fluently the honied words of tenderness flow from their lips! As soon as he is out of sight, however, they fall upon his character, tearing it to shreds with their fault-finding, lying and calumny. Are these pharisees in their Christian garb any better than Cain, the fratricide?

Secondly, we find an arch hypocrite in Herod, the murderer of the innocent children of Bethlehem. What piety he feigned when the wise men from the East came to his palace in Jerusalem, inquiring after the child whose star they had seen! What earnest desires he expressed that he also might come and adore it! At the same time, says St. Chrysostom, whilst Herod's lips were expressing such devotion, his hands were engaged in sharpening the sword with which he intended to kill the child. Would to God, there were no hypocritical Herods in Christendom, but, alas! too often in our own day piety and religion are used as a cloak for wickedness. Here you find a person always speaking on religious subjects, continually using the sacred names of Jesus and Mary, frequently visiting the church and praying, scorning the wickedness of the world, and demanding the justice of God, because man's depravity cries to Heaven for vengeance. Who would seek the user under such a garb! And, yet, how often do you not find him there!

One would imagine he saw the personification of virtue before him, but if, in some way, the mask is torn from their faces, behold, he sees naught but the greatest hypocrites and scoundrels. Allow me to show you a third hypocrite, the most despicable of all. It is Judas, the traitor. To him we can truthfully apply the words of St. Gregory: "The devil has possession of the hypocrite's heart and will give it rest no longer. Behold him in the house of Simon where Mary Magdalen anointed the feet of our Lord. See how his avastice pretends compassion for the poor. Watch the sacrilegious thief at that last supper, how he feligns terror at the words of our Lord: "Amen, I say to you, that one of you is about to betray Me." (Matt. 26, 21) Behold him at last at the head of the soldiers, embracing his Lord and Master, betraying Him with a kiss and delivering Him into the hands of His enemies. O, the hypocrite, you feel inclined to exclaim: that man could be capable of such atrocity! Beloved Christians, let us never make ourselves like unto Judas by a sacrilegious confession or Communion. How many approach the tribunal of penance with the hypocritical mien of a sincere penitent! Yet their confessions are a falsehood, their contrition an imposition. How many hypocrites kneel at the altar-rail, apparently absorbed in prayer; they strike their breast, they receive their God and with Him also the judgment of eternal damnation. Thus, my dear Christians, we have seen a few examples of hypocrites from Holy Scripture, by which we may learn how detestable these characters have formerly been, and how detestable they are at the present day. Which of us would like to be counted among their number? What heart would not be stricken with terror and moved to its depth with contrition if his conscience told him: You, too, are a dissimulator; you also are a Cain, a Herod, a Judas. You, too, have hitherto only pretended piety; you also made a mockery of religion by using it to deceive others. If we have been guilty of any species of hypocrisy let us deplore the great fault with deep contrition, let us cast away this mask of deception, and, by true conversion, become in reality what in the eyes of the world we wish to be considered. What can it profit us to deceive the world? After death, we must appear before God who searches the hearts and reins of men, who cannot be deceived and before whom the most hidden and secret things will come to light. Cast off the clothing of sheep. Let us appear before the world as we are before God, but let us appear before God as just in our works, unimpeachable in our character, and faithful to Him in small, as well as in great things. For God is the truth, and lying and hypocrisy are an abomination to Him. Amen.

PROFUSIONS OF FLOWERS AT FUNERALS.

The custom of sending flowers to the houses of dead friends and their display at funerals is a non-Catholic practice that has unfortunately become too common with American Catholics. Respect for the dead is a characteristic of the Irish race at home and in exile. The reverence which they have for "God's acre" shows that the survivors of those who sleep there do not forget their dead friends. It is true that decoration of the grave is generally not neglected, and we wish that we could say as much for the prayers of the visitors. A great writer has said that the Christian religion, which is all in all to us, we, informed with her spirit, should labor for the living, so we must in the same spirit remember and honor the dead. Neglect of the dead is the most evident proof of the dissolution of all religious, civil and family ties. We do not meet with such neglect among barbarians, but solely among over-civilized nations. To no religion is death, and all appertaining to it, so sacred as to the Christian religion. Religion takes the sting from death, and robs hell of its victory. Religion makes death the triumphant gate through which the just man enters into his heavenly home, and to decorate that gate with flowers is a mockery.

Let us, therefore, hew a decent grave in stone, and go with the Marys of Holy Writ to the graves of our loved ones; and may it be one day an angel in white robes who rolls away the stone! As after the new covenant had sealed the first service of divine worship was, as it were, offered at a grave, so did the Christian feeling of the early Christians cause them to build their graves around a place of divine worship. The saints were buried in the churches to keep in closer remembrance their victorious examples. There, also, the faithful chose their resting places. Here during life they were farthest from the world and nearest to heaven; here the nearness of the earthly remains pointed to the Communion of Saints daily implored in our prayers; here, too, throughout the year, pious hymns resounded over their graves, as well as psalms for the repose of their poor souls.

The heathen nations, though they worshipped false gods, never failed to reverence the dead; and Christianity, when it revealed to the world the will of the true and only God, added a special hope and gave a religious sanction to the tenderness of human love for departed souls. Materialism alone, which rejects the immortality of the soul, degrades the body and refuses the honor which heathen and Christian nations alike have ever paid to the dead and to their last resting-place on earth. To reverence the dead is a sign of the presence and power of the Christian faith, and wherever this faith declines in the heart and mind of a nation, or yields to materialism, a corresponding decline is discovered in the care and reverence paid by the living to the bodies of the dead. The Catholic child must not forget to pray for his dead parents, and the best flowers for the graves are their prayers for the eternal repose of the souls of their dear deceased. — American Herald.

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