

The Catholic Record.

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

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A REMARKABLE ADDRESS.

The Daily Examiner, Peterborough, Nov. 13, gives an account of an address by Rev. Mr. Carruthers at the annual meeting of the Peterborough Bible Society. The reporter did not, we imagine, get all of the remarks, but as they stand they are certainly no credit to either the scholarship or spirituality of the rev. gentleman. We may premise our comment by saying that the speech was painfully archaic, and that our reason for alluding to it is to satisfy some of our readers. It was the same old and decrepit speech, and was trotted out, with never a trapping of wit or originality, before the meeting. Mr. Carruthers told his hearers that in proportion as nations and individuals honor God, just so great is their commercial welfare. Here we have the old theory that material prosperity is a sign of God's favor. He must have been reading the up-to-date Bible. According to this theory we should say: "Blessed are the powerful and the rich and the nations with heavy batteries." If we believe the rev. gentleman, Dives should have gone to heaven and Lazarus well deserved all he got. The millionaire also must be a very vessel of election and the pariah a brand for the burning. If prosperity be a sign of God's favor then the rev. gentleman was unduly severe on his brethren who receive but a modest stipend for their services. This theory is the very one of those Jews who would not look upon the poor and abject Son of Man with His few followers, who were content with food and covering, as the Messiah. Heartless words indeed in the mouth of a man who is supposed to know something of Christianity! He knows, or ought to know, that material prosperity is nowhere given as a sign of God's favor; that a nation, however poor in resources, may have drawn nearer to Him who came to be our Model; that a beggar may be rich in humility and purity and love and faith. And all the ministers heard him without a murmur of dissent! Perhaps they did not care to disturb the harmony of the meeting, but they owed it to themselves and their respective congregations not to have let such un-Christian twaddle pass unchallenged. It was unworthy of them to assent to an assumption which is an insult to the hard-working men and women of Peterborough. Or are they all millionaires?

Rev. Mr. Carruthers also told his auditors that the "Bible has been the greatest instrumentality in raising the race, especially the Anglo-Saxon branches, from a state of heathenism to the advanced status it now holds."

What idea can he have of the Bible? Does he think it is a manual on the "Art of Getting on in the World?"

To say that the Bible has been the greatest instrumentality in raising Anglo-Saxons from a state of heathenism is the veriest puerility. How could it when Bibles were few and far between and the majority of the people unable to read. The rev. gentleman remarks anent "the advanced status" of the Anglo-Saxon is merely talking to the gallery. England would be as great commercially, now, if it had never heard of the Bible. Geographical position, natural resources, the fibre of a people, can explain commercial success without dragging religion into the question. It has been known ere now that nations enslaved to vice have made no inconsiderable display of wealth and luxury, just as notorious scoundrels have amassed big bank accounts. The children of this generation are wiser than the children of light, and it happens sometimes that prayerful readers of the Bible "are done" in the stock-market and elsewhere.

Most of us know also what power took the Anglo-Saxon out of heathenism. The same power that refashioned Europe taught him to wear clothes and to keep half decent. And that power was the Church that wrote the Scriptures, preserved and guarded them during the ages, and guards them still against the critic and rationalist—the Church that saw the Lord live and die and rise again, and to Whom was given commission to teach the nations. She it was who first put English feet on the highway of civilization. And if Englishmen can boast of their liberties and institutions, they should remember they are due in large measure to their Catholic ancestors. The Magna Charta is bound up with the name of Langton, the Cathol-

Archbishop; their representative form of government comes down from Catholic hands; their laws bring up memories of Alfred the Great and Edward the Confessor. And bear in mind that all during this period there was not a Bible society in operation. This should the gentleman remember. Moreover, we can promise him that a study of the conditions which prevailed in England before the Reformation will cause him to moderate his admiration for the commercialism which is to his mind, as we understand him, the chief glory of a nation, or at least one of the things to be singled out for praise at a Bible Society meeting.

Speaking in his principle that in proportion as nations honored God, just so great is their commercial welfare, Mr. Carruthers indulged in the look-at-argument. Before the Reformation Spain and France and Austria were the world powers. What are they now? Spain bankrupt, etc.

Must we infer from this that Spain, etc., were accorded at one time a share of commercial prosperity because they honored God? Or was he trying to impress upon his hearers that material prosperity is the test of orthodoxy and a convincing proof of the truth of Protestantism. If so we can tell him that he had a wondrous assurance and a gullible audience. May we ask him how does he account for the fact that Japan, a pagan nation, is making itself felt in the councils of the world? How would he explain the achievements of the merchant princes of the Middle Ages? If, said Bishop Spalding, England's wealth to-day comes from the Reformation, how shall we account for that of Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? And if the decline of Spain has been brought about by the Catholic faith, to what cause shall we assign that of Holland, which in the seventeenth century ruled the seas and did the carrying trade of Europe?

The Rev. Mr. Carruthers remarks that "years ago it was almost impossible to carry Christianity to the heathens because they had no tools to work with" is tantamount to blasphemy. Did Christ, Who wills all men to come to the knowledge of truth, leave the earth without providing "tools" for the conversion of the heathen? Did He make their conversion almost impossible, and yet live and die for them? Was His command "to preach the Gospel to every creature" but words without meaning. How were converts made before the New Testament was written? What of the millions who lived and went to their account without ever having seen a Bible? The gentleman did not wish to be blasphemous, and we supposed that the excitement of the occasion betrayed him into ill-adviced utterance.

A BIGOTED EDITOR.

The editor of our esteemed contemporary The Christian Guardian is in jocund mood. He informs his readers that the Church of Rome is always and everywhere the same. The remark is not original, but it is pleasant to hear it from the lips of an ardent Methodist. It looks as if he were weary with the ever-increasing number of sects, with the dissensions and wrangling of divines and antics of irreverent critics. We are sorry we cannot return the compliment. Sects must vary because they "lack the stability of truth." The Church of Rome does not vary and is unaffected by time or place because she "has her source where there is neither time nor place, because she comes from the throne of the Illimitable, Eternal God." We hope our friend will discover the Church described by St. Cyprian:

"There is one God and one Christ and His Church is one and the faith is one, and one the people joined together in the solid unity of the body in the bond of concord."

We regret that he marred his article by childish comment on the banquet given to Mr. Falconio:

He says: "On the toast list, and in the actual report of toasts by the chairman, King Edward VII. was given second place and the Pope of the Romish Church was given first place."

We referred to this matter about two weeks ago in the CATHOLIC RECORD, and it would be a waste of time and paper to do so again. However, let us remind the editor that the term "Romish" is banned by gentlemen. It is the property of eads and unseholary bigots. Does he claim to belong to either of these? We hope not, but it is rather pitiable that an editor of a religious weekly should delight in scurrility and convince us that the code of etiquette which obtains among civilized men is

not known in the sanetum of the Christian Guardian. John Wesley in speaking of the term "Romish" says that is a name which Catholics do not take to themselves, but one fixed upon them by way of reproach without their approbation or consent.

A DISCORDANT MAYOR.

The Christian Guardian is pleased that the Mayor of Toronto expressed his regret and disapproval re the toasts at the Falconio banquet. We venture to say that it will take all the pleasure afforded by the incident in magnificent insulation. The Premier of Ontario was also at the banquet, but introduced no discordant note into the harmony of the occasion. If, as the Guardian assert, there occurred a distinct and defiant violation of true constitutional order, the Premier, who is as good an authority on this point as the Guardian, would not have failed to notice it. But he saw only what could be seen by the normal eye and so left himself exposed to the insults of those who have a mania for taking offence where none was intended or offered.

As to the mayor of Toronto, his protest reminded us of the steamer described by Abraham Lincoln, that had a boiler so little and a whistle so big "that when it whistled it could not run, and when it was running it could not whistle." That was the case of the Mayor. When he began to talk he left off thinking, much to the pleasure of the Guardian and the regret of his friends. We hope that at the next function of this kind he will redeem his reputation for good taste.

ANOTHER NEEDED SUPPRESSION.

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

Few suggestions could be more welcome to the Irish constituency of The Rosary than that of Mr. McCarthy in the July number anent the suppression of the "Stage Irishman" and the possible part each can play in his ultimate annihilation. Heaven speed the day! for surely he has been more than a mere thorn in the flesh to all of the race blessed (or burdened) with the hereditary sensitiveness begotten of that ill-bred culture that even the lack of educational advantages never sufficed to eradicate.

As to that certain class developed amongst the younger generation of Irish-Americans—I am now quoting Mr. McCarthy—who like to apply their imaginary talent to Irish initiations at second-hand, we can only excuse their degeneracy as knights in the days of chivalry pardoned temporal failings in all who were physically afflicted. If a man were halt or blind or lame, scorn was allowed as part of his defect and was answered softly by the king and all his table. In like manner to-day some allowance may be made for the mental and moral deficiency thus made manifest, although we must agree with Mr. McCarthy that the time is past for answering softly such calumniators, or indeed, answering them at all except by concerted action.

This is the great weapon of elimination which is within our reach if we but alive to its importance and the necessity for its judicious application.

When we consider the many grievances that only need this panacea of concerted action, our wonder can grow at the indifference which hinders and hampers it. The minds of our readers more than one instance where this policy could be all powerful. Choosing the Catholic viewpoint as familiar to all Rosary readers, irrespective of nationality, let us recall one instance which will most forcibly occur to the residents and visitors of our large cities.

In these, as everybody knows, the spirit of monopoly grows with the growth of trade and population. Advertising is the order of the day and within its bounds it progresses, but advertisement is effective now must needs be sensational. Glaring headlines and picturesque English no longer suffice; new departures are desired, for they provoke comment, and comment is the seed of investigation. Amongst the new departures of our recent holiday seasons has been the establishment of "Catholic Departments" where the plucky inclined are invited to purchase—sometimes at bargain rates—crucifixes, rosaries, medals, statuettes, etc.

Now the Catholic knows that the Rosary is it hangs suspended above a store counter is no more than any ordinary string of ordinarily pretty beads displayed for the multitude to handle and admire though one shrinks from the spectacle of the crucifix "utilized." They know that the "Madonnas" and "St. Anthonys" for whose occupation a little corner has been flched from the mechanical toys and Punch and Judy exhibits of the season, have no religious significance whatever in this connection. But the trouble is that non-Catholics will not admit this—I do not say that in these days of enlightenment they have not caught the distinction—they profess still to believe the old slander of Catholic worship and the poor little Catholic corner comes in for the sneering remark and contemptuous glance which from an artistic standpoint are

well deserved, for naturally enough the selection is in execrable taste.

"I would never say a prayer to St. Joseph if I could fancy him looking like that," remarked a Catholic convent girl, passing hastily as the crowded aisle would permit, by the meagre exhibit, designed to attract Catholic proprietors of which would not even for the sake of money-getting, display amidst such belittling surroundings the symbols of their own religious belief.

As betis its estimated momentary value, the "show" is usually attended by the young recruits of the counter—girls just old enough to consider funny the would-be witticisms of the embryo dude making his rounds of the holiday attractions. In his up-to-date equipment is now included a refined jest or two respecting St. Anthony's position as patron of the "Lost and Found Department"—St. Joseph's reputation as a matrimonial agent, etc., and with these he considers himself irresistible to the custodian of the Catholic (?) corner.

Now of course, if sales were the primary object (not entertainment) this line of trade would be catered for as are the multitudinous others which constitute the modern hodge-podge known as a department store. Articles would be intelligently bought in quantities large enough to allow selection—they would be intelligently shown in quarters where refined folks might be likely to discuss such personal matters as the Rosary and they would be intelligently advertised in the columns of the Catholic newspaper and magazine where alone such advertising can be intelligently handled. Instead, these mediums are consistently ignored, and in the columns of the sensational "dailies," sandwiched between "Temptations in Tiaware," "Sacrificed Suspenders," and ten cent editions of popular novels, you may read the announcement that "Objects of Catholic devotion can be had here."

It is not long since one of our magazines exposed editorially a scheme which for a time flooded the cheap jewelry market with brassy trinkets bearing the inscription: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, pray for us!" It is not wonderful to hear that these were manufactured by Catholics, were found to be counterfeit in this unguile minority the existence of which is thus proven, our holiday exploiters depend. But is it not time, as in the case of the stage Irishman, that the majority should come to the rescue? Is it not time for Irish and Catholic to let it be known that they consider nationality and religion insulted by this flagrant "using" of their own for revenue only? If some action be not taken it is hard knowing where it may end.

St. Patrick's Day brings now its display of potted shamrocks—imported for the occasion; a New York store aiming to go this one better had a supplementary window scene, showing a mud hovel and a pig as bits of realistic Irish life. Following this precedent, the "Catholic corner" may eventually erect its altar as an object lesson in the artistic draping of laces and other details.

Prevention and remedy are in our hands; it only remains for us to discontinue parades and insist that if Catholic trade as such is an object, it shall be treated with the consideration it deserves—proper advertisement, fitting environment, and intelligent attendance.

It will be recalled that many years ago a similar crusade was urged against a somewhat similar evil—the publication and sale of hideous wood cuts representing sacred personages and scenes—pictures that in their ugliness and daring inaccuracy of detail were an insult to religion. Persons professing Catholicity were then reported to be the originators of the trade, and men owning Faith to pass muster with the uneducated who were their selected victims, were employed as vendors. The scheme proved apparently a rich mine for its unprincipled promoters; in almost every tenement house of the teeming cities where the poorer class of our people congregated, hung dreadful lanterns—the Crucifixion and the Magdalens in the dress of the modern courtesan and St. Patricks whom one's blood boiled to look upon, remembering that all unconsensually the rising generation was imbibing its first impressions of Catholicity under such auspices.

The success of that imposture of the past was not, however, so much to be wondered at, our tolerance of the present departure, for with the great spread of education, especially Catholic education, one surely expects different standards and standpoints. Perhaps the golden years that might be described as the happy medium are past and the "breadth" and "liberalism" which our very young people like to claim, countenance this invasion by commercialism of what might be considered the inner temples of our religion.

Liberalism is very fine and of course, very fashionable; in theory it is claimed to-day by all creeds but in practice a good deal of one-sidedness may be unearthed by judicious inquiry into the methods that obtain—let us say for instance, in that other important department of the great emporiums we started to discuss—the department where employees are selected and graded.

Would it be too much to ask of our people a slight reservation in this universal patronage which it may be the proper thing to bestow, irrespective of creed—to suggest that they draw the line at the "religious" counter, that they pass over the scanty paragraph in

the showy advertisement which invites their inspection of "articles of devotion" and having otherwise proven their liberalism as they will, turn to the pages of their own magazines and newspapers for information regarding souvenirs of their Faith and seek the impulses of Catholicity in regard to its sacred symbolism are understood and entered to in the spirit of sympathy not of catchpenny commercialism.—The Rosary Magazine.

TEARING THE BIBLE TO TATTERS.

Cardinal Newman in one of his essays describes the successors of St. Peter standing forth in every century of the Christian era to save Christian civilization from assaults which, if they had become crowned with success, would have robbed the world of the priceless heritage it now enjoys. Leo XIII, to-day is continuing the work so effectively performed by his predecessors in the Chair of St. Peter during the last nineteen hundred years. Through his encyclicals and his briefs, which are translated into all languages and which find their way into the remotest ends of the earth, he warns mankind of the dangers that threaten our civilization and points out the means by which they may be averted. Thanks to his influence as exerted through his own writings, European Anarchists and anti-Christian Socialists find their nefarious work more difficult than it would otherwise be. In all the Continental countries Catholic societies have been established to secure social reforms on the lines marked out in the encyclical on labor. These societies are like so many bulwarks erected against the malign forces that threaten our civilization.

The most recent service rendered by Leo XIII, is the appointment of a commission to examine the text of the Bible, for the purpose determining the meaning of disputed passages. Of recent years the Bible, which has played so important a part in the shaping of men's lives, has been attacked in a way which manifests a fixed purpose to rob it entirely of its sacred character. The loss of all faith in it would mean moral shipwreck to millions outside of the Catholic Church.

The character of the criticism of the Bible by the members of the English Church Congress, held in London the other day, shows how imminent is the danger of this moral shipwreck for Protestants who have hitherto held that the Scriptures were the infallible and only rule of faith. Here we have definitely declaring that on a book on which their Church based itself a work of Oriental imagery which has no more claims on our belief than has one of the stories which Shakespeare's genius has transformed into a great moral lesson for all mankind. To convey to the reader an idea of the character of the discussion at the English Church, we give the following report of it as it appeared in the English press:

"The discussion was an eloquent plea from well-known men for rational teaching of the Bible to children, 'so that when they grow up they will not discard the inner meaning of Oriental imagery, as they did the fables of Santa Claus.' Dr. Walsworth, Bishop of Salisbury, opened the discussion, and the Rev. Alexander Kirkpatrick, Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge and Canon of Ely, followed, boldly declaring that they must not regard all parts of the Bible as being equally valuable.

"The Rev. Edgar Gibson, Prebendary of Wells and Chaplain in Ordinary to the King, compared the Bible to Shakespeare's mythical character of Macbeth 'around which Shakespeare built up a great human drama. So, he writes took up certain fabled incidents and built around them the great truth which made religion what it is.' The clergy was wrong in going on teaching the Bible in the old way. The church had nothing to fear, but had

lost its way. Mr. A. Short, Master at Harrow, said the clergy press had rendered it impossible for the people to read the Bible as did Cromwell's Ironsides. He believed the majority of teachers adopted an uncaud attitude before their Biblical classes, 'which was morally unwholesome and scientifically incorrect.' Such treatment of boys merely led the pupils to easily disbelieve in later years.

"The Rev. Dr. King raised a great controversy by saying the Bible could no longer be regarded as the standard of morals."

We have quoted enough to show the spirit that animated the members of the English Church Congress. It is quite plain that none of them believed in the inspiration of the Bible. One of them went so far as to say that "the Bible could no longer be regarded as the standard of morals." As the Bible has been the standard of morals for Protestants ever since Luther's time, we can easily imagine what would follow if all Protestants lost faith in its moral teachings. The result would be a sort of moral cataclysm which would make itself felt in every walk of life.

We can see, then, what an estimable service Leo XIII is rendering society by taking measures to safeguard the Bible against attacks which are intended to lower it to the level of Shakespeare and other great literary works.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

It is not by change of place that we can come nearer to Him Who is in every place, but by the cultivation of pure desires and virtuous habits.—St. Augustine.

A JESUIT ON CREMATION.

At the late Mass in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, last week, Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J., discussed the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the cremation movement.

Father Gasson showed that Pope Leo XIII, by a decree of May 19, 1886, had forbidden Catholics to adopt, under ordinary circumstances, this method of disposing of the dead.

"It must be borne in mind," said Father Gasson, "that this decree is not one of faith, but simply of discipline, that is, the Church, for wise reasons, judges it ill-adviced and contrary to Christian tradition to thrust the body of the departed into a crematory."

"If experience should show that public health demands cremation, there is no doubt that the Church will accommodate her legislation so as to sanction any reverent manner of caring for the bodies of the deceased."

"To say that cremation would interfere with the resurrection of the body is a puerile statement. Is it any more of a miracle for the Divine Power to resurrect the body from the ashes which are the result of cremation than to resurrect the body from the dust which is the result of burial? Both are equally possible to Divine Omnipotence."

"The Church's objection is based upon the fact that burial is the practice which she received from the Jewish Church, to which she is the successor. Burial, too, was the method chosen for the disposal of the Saviour's dead body—a method naturally followed by all fervent Christians. Burial, likewise, to be the more consonant to human nature. The body is the temple in which the principle of life dwells; it itself is destined, according to a Christian teaching, for an endless life, at the close of the world's soul-stirring tragedy."

"Even when deprived of the spirit which thrilled it and made it pulse with life, the body does not become an object of terror or of horror, but rather a precious relic, to be reverently and lovingly dealt with. The old painting even when the colors have lost their glow and the face has lost its expression, and only a vague outline remains to tell us of the one it portrays, is not thrown ruthlessly into the fire, but still remains in an honored position among the household treasures."

"The photograph of bygone years, with its slowly vanishing figure, finds a welcome place among our possessions and is shown with joy to our admiring friends. And so the Church would fain keep the shrine of an undying spirit as long as possible in its natural form, until the forces of nature have accomplished in slow dignity their work of separation. The violent hand shall be held from the form which is to come back to life."

"Hence, the Church prefers the quiet method of placing her dead in hallowed ground, where they may peacefully rest. Hence, too, she prefers to speak, not of the graveyard, but of the cemetery (sleeping place), because the latter accords better with her idea that death is not the close of all, but only a passing slumber between this life of test and trial and the life of eternal joy."

"Nor should it be forgotten that in Europe cremation is too often regarded as an open profession of anti-Christian sentiment. Let us deal tenderly and lovingly with our dead, reverencing their bodies and honoring with scrupulous loyalty their memories."

America a Saint's Name

Very few people have the least idea what is the origin of the name America. That the country was named from Amerigo Vesputci, maker of the first map and discoverer of some portions of the mainland, they will tell you glibly, but have not the least idea whence Amerigo took his name.

Signor Vesputci, like most pious Italians, bore a saint's name, and the saint was the son of St. Stephen, King of Hungary in the eleventh century. His name was Emeric, and his day is celebrated on Nov. 4th. He was very holy and very clever; his name was familiar to the people of all Europe, and in the fifteenth century was much used in Italy in its Italianized form. So the Hungarian saint gave his name to our continent.

A Temperance Crusade.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America will inaugurate a great country-wide crusade, which will have for its purpose the arousing of public sentiment on the temperance question. It has enlisted in its service the Heart News Syndicate, which will publish a series of articles in the near future on the temperance question. These articles will be reproduced in over a hundred of the most influential newspapers of the country. By this means the great evil of intemperance will be exposed in its horrid reality, and the remedies will be suggested. It is good to focus public attention on such great social evils as divorce and drunkenness, and to arouse the public conscience to placing the remedies for these evils.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union has entered into this movement with enthusiasm, and hopes to reap a great harvest in new societies and increased membership as a result of it.—Pantist Calendar.

What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be with each other in silent, unspoken memories at the moment of the last parting.

HEART AND SOUL.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR OF "ESPIRITU SANTO"

CHAPTER XXXI.

We landed upon the shores of France in a time of turmoil and frenzy. War had been declared with Prussia, the troops had already started for the frontier, and the populace of Paris was at fever-heat of excitement. My grandfather was full of the gloomiest forebodings for the future of the Empire.

"Napoleon will be punished for his treachery, and France will suffer with him," he declared. "He was false to the Republic, false to Maximilian, false to Pius IX. What can you expect?"

But for all his prophecies the enormity of the catastrophe that crushed France appalled him. "May her sorrows only bring her to the feet of Henri V.," he ejaculated, as the news of fresh disasters poured in upon us during that historical summer. For a while, I think, he feared that I might, through some chivalrous impulse, offer my services to the afflicted country, but I told him that it was not for me to take the lead—I must rather save it. I did, indeed, offer my services to the country, but not in warfare. The devotion and heroism of the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Georges Darboy, during that disastrous year of war and Commune, rallied round him many choice spirits in organizing relief for the wounded and nursing, and it was through them that I was inspired to place myself at his disposal, and was appointed to ambulance work both during the war and afterwards during the famine of the siege and the slaughter of the Commune. For we did not leave Paris in its hour of need. My grandfather could not be made to believe that the Germans could ever really invest the city until their bombs actually fell in its streets. The defeat at Sedan, the surrender of Napoleon, the flight of the Empress, the proclamation of the Third Republic—these things he had foreseen as the punishment of the vanity and treachery of the Second Empire, but he believed that France was doomed to triumph in the end, and that the Count of Chambord would lead its banners to victory. Even with the German armies surrounding the doomed city, refugees pouring in from the provinces, when the horrors of famine were our portion and the thunders of the bombardment deafened our ears, he still believed that the army of relief would march from the South, that Maurice de MacMahon, a Franco-Hibernian like himself, was destined to save France and to lay the sceptre of the Bourbons in the consecrated hands of Henri V. Nothing but the entry of the triumphant Germans on the 1st of March, 1871, served to convince him of the final defeat of the Prussians. In the confusion of that day, when the Prussian armies were entering through the gates of the humiliated city and its National Guard were hurrying off the French guns to the heights of Belleville and Montmartre, my grandfather, overcome with grief and shame, bowed his head in his hands and murmured a "De Profundis." The air was filled with threatenings of insurrection, the Germans retired to the forts on the right of the Seine, the government troops were concentrated in the forts on the left, while President Thiers vainly tried to control the situation within the unfortunate city. We might easily have fled then, but I could not, and my grandfather would not. I say that I could not, for, although all of us foresaw plainly the advancing revolution and the horrors of the Commune, yet not one of my companions in the ambulance work blanched or failed from his post. The Archbishop, his clergy, his assistants in the ambulance corps, the Christian Brothers, the surgeons, the nurses, all had had timely warning and abundant opportunity of escape, and not one availed themselves of it. How, then, could I be the only one to seek safety in flight? Obviously I could not, nor could my grandfather ask it of me. Dr. Chabert was in the same position. When the war broke out the preceding spring he had been at the Hotel de Clugny, where he had spent the winter months with Etienne, and offered his services to the hospitals of Paris. Through the siege he had remained at his post, and should he be the only one on the hospital staff to retire before coming danger? It was as impossible for him to do so as for me, and with me remained a "De Profundis," while by her father's side stood Etienne.

For in the valley of the shadow of death Etienne and I had met again. When I, returning weary, dusty, and blood-stained from field-work with the army, to the Hotel Dieu, saw Etienne in the sombre robe, the cap and apron of a hospital nurse, standing by her father in the operating room, it was the first time we had met since I had seen her fainting form slowly ascending in the cage from the heart of the Redoubtable Mine. It was scarcely two years since her husband had been lowered into his watery grave in the Northern seas, less than that since I had left my young betrothed sleeping under the Southern pines. The past alone lived before us then, as our hands met in the long clasp of sympathy. But in the months of hardship and terror that followed, when in every day we seemed to live a year, when we parted in the morning not knowing if we should meet in the evening, when we met in the evening only to dread what the night might bring for us, then the present became very real, very intense. We were slow to admit it, but each felt instinctively that our paths would not be separated much longer, but were tending surely towards an inevitable point of union. This consciousness gave a slight tinge of reserve and embarrassment to our relations, but very slight, for the times were too serious for conventionalities and men's hearts were too deeply tried for concealments. I saw her daily, often many times a day—my work in

the ambulance corps bringing us in frequent contact with the hospital corps of nurses and surgeons, while the room that my grandfather and I shared was in the same modest hotel with Dr. Chabert's apartment, and our evenings were frequently spent together. Their presence was an honor to my grandfather, the doctor's cheery manliness and good-sense and Etienne's indomitable French courage and gaiety sustaining his feebleness and diverting his melancholy. She, who had been so crushed by domestic trouble, rose buoyant above the waters of public adversity, carrying a sunshine and sympathy on her rounds in the wards, lending a quick wit and steady hand in the operating room, joking over the greswome delicacies of the famine bill of fare, singing her clear, sweet French cantiques and chansons as the bombs burst in the air above us to strike we knew not where. When the triumph of the Commune sent the government fleeing to Versailles, Dr. Chabert would seize the opportunity to escape from the city to England with friends, and I tried to beg my grandfather to do the same, but with no success.

"France stood by us in our day of need and saved the United States," he declared. "She gave an asylum to the Irish refugees and heaped rewards and honors on their heads in the days of persecution. As American citizens, as descendants of an Irish refugee, we owe France more than we can ever repay. You and I will stay right here, Roderic, and if need be we can die here. For me death is a small thing, for you it is preferable. Fishonor or ingratitude. Let us be together in the few days that may yet remain to me. I cannot bear separation now."

"Well, Eric," asked the doctor, "what success have you had with your grandfather?"

"He will not budge, sir. Have you persuaded Etienne to leave with you?"

"Women are such infernal idiots!" growled the doctor. "Between you and me, I believe they think we can't live without them. Etienne won't mind one word I say! She has grown as obstinate as a mule."

"That is no new characteristic of hers," I remarked discursively enough, seeing that the lady in question was with us in hearing.

"Etienne looked up with a sparkle in her eye. 'Oh, Eric,' she exclaimed, 'it is good to hear you grumble at me again! If you will only give me a regular scolding it would bring me back my youth!'"

The doctor had begun an argument with my grandfather, and their backs were turned to us. I moved a little nearer to Etienne.

"And it would give me back my youth if I had the right to scold you," I said, significantly.

I saw Etienne start a little and tremble. Her sweet dainty mouth quivered and tears dimmed the magnificence of her black eyes.

"I had a host of words on my tongue's end. There was everything in the world to be said, and I longed to say it. Such a situation as ours should have made me eloquent, but for the life of me I could utter nothing of what I had prepared. I grew very red and held out my hands to her, and there danced through my head the old refrain of 'A la Claire Fontaine,' and no other words would pass my lips but these:

"If a longtemps que j'ai aimé."

A moment later the doctor turned round and saw me holding Etienne's hands tightly clasped in mine. If I had been scant of speech she had been absolutely dumb, but it need not be words to tell me that I had her promise true, and if God brought us alive out of this reign of terror we could talk unceasingly for the rest of our days. I do not know what there was so suspicious about our attitude, but I heard the doctor's puzzled "Eh?" and a discreet cough from my grandfather.

"I have persuaded Etienne to leave you, after all, doctor," I explained.

"The devil you have!" he ejaculated. "Then the quicker she is about it the better. There is not a moment to be lost."

"I agree with you," I said. The quicker the better in such perilous times as these. With your consent I will arrange it for to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" echoed the doctor. "Are you crazy? Why, she must go now—this instant! The Gowers have started already."

"What have the Gowers to do with it?" asked I, quietly, putting my arm about Etienne and drawing her close to my side. "This is my sister, doctor, but not for England, only for France. However, if I can arrange a marriage for to-day instead of to-morrow I will gladly carry out your suggestion of instant departure, for in these times we know not what the next hour may bring forth, and it is best that I should have the right to protect her in danger, and that she should have the right to come to my side if anything happens to me."

"The lad knows what he is talking about, Etienne, you will not stand on ceremony with Roderic?" pleaded my grandfather.

"No, she would not stand on ceremony with me. She was whispering something that I had to bend my head to hear; something about being glad that God was so good to her, that He would give her the power to make up to me in a measure for all I had suffered through her and hers."

"For Heaven's sake!" I cried, drawing her nearer to the window that I might the better read her face in the waning light. "Etienne! you are not going to marry me from any mistaken idea that you owe me reparation?"

"No, no!" she said, impatiently, "no such thing! I love you, I love you, I love you! I have loved you ever since the day I was born! I will marry you because I want you, because I feel as if I could not live without you. Is that enough? Are you satisfied, sir? Then take her cloak against mine and begin to whisper again."

"You made me suffer since because you did not care as much for me as I did for you, and you would not speak or write when I gave you every encouragement. I was

so wicked and foolish as to think I could hurt you, and I fancied that I loved you some else and forgot you. Eric, you, the love of my whole life! I deserved every bit of the punishment that came to me, yet it seemed more than I could bear when I saw that it involved you, too. I tried to do my duty and endure, but it used to be so hard sometimes, so hard! I will speak of it just this once, Eric, and we will never mention it again. I loved you through all!"

A GIFT FROM THE CZAR.

A True Story of the Life of Paul Welonski, the Noted Sculptor.

WM. ORBWAY PARTHURGE IN SUCCESS.

Two brothers, Paul and Frederick Welonski, had lived alone in an obscure quarter of St. Petersburg since their father, a Polish wood-carver, had gone on his long journey to Siberia. Their home was an old stone house, hidden from the street by massive iron gates that shut out intruders at night and screened from view those who dwelt within the precincts of the inclosure.

Little Paul was eight years old. His father had left him on his fourth birthday in a large white cake, made for him by Madame Grevy, who kept the gates, and knew not only the people who came and went, but all about their lives as well. There were, in fact, only three things in the world she cared for: her golden parrot, her little woolly poodle called Micee, and this fair-haired child. Two nights in every week she came in to see the boy, after he had climbed into his high-posted bed in the small room, with its one little barred window looking out upon the stars. The other nights the boy was allowed to sit up until 9 o'clock, and, on Sunday, even until 10. He was always glad to see Mother Grevy, as he called her, but he loved more his brother, who was a wood-carver. The boy liked to watch him at work in the evenings, putting together the parts of some dainty piece of carved bric-a-brac.

Frederick Welonski had narrowed his life down to two loves. The surpassing one was for his little brother, the other for the woman whose face was never seen in daylight, for they entered the inclosure at night with a special key. Not even Madame Grevy knew they came.

It had been Frederick's ambition to do more than carve wood, as his father and grandfather had done before him. He had wished to build statues, and had dreamed of doing so ever since he was Paul's age, but all that had to be given over when the care and support of the child fell upon his shoulders. Their mother had died when Paul was born. Frederick often talked about his father, and Paul always asked when he was coming back from his long journey; but the elder brother had never mentioned the name of that far-off country, so Paul had never heard of Siberia.

On Tuesdays and Fridays Paul was taken to bed soon after finishing his piece of goat's milk and the large piece of brown bread which his brother cut for him. Over the child's bed hung a crucifix, for the Welonskis were Catholics. While the boy said his evening prayer, the brother kept his eyes fixed on the cross, as if seeking a solution of the problem of the fate of his exiled people.

The days slipped away with the monotony of lives that are within themselves. The elder brother had never known the other inmates of the inclosure, and had specially cautioned the boy not to speak to any of them. As the weeks passed, however, he was left alone many hours.

On the nights when his brother led him to bed so early, and Mother Grevy did not come for her occupations were numerous in caring for all the inmates of her little circle, the boy made friends with a star that shone down through the little barred window.

He would move in his bed so that the iron bar would not prevent his seeing all of the star, and, between the bars, awake until it climbed high up into the sky and out of sight of the window. He told all his troubles to the star, for he had no one to whom he could speak about these strange nights when his brother seemed to understand it all, and to shine so brightly that the child would frequently smile and fall asleep quite joyously. He wondered how it could live without the star, and perchance the star had some such thought, for it seemed to shine especially for that window, and the curly, flaxen head that lay on the coarse, hand-woven pillow.

One day the child made up his mind to ask something more about his father, for he had been dreaming of him. While he was eating his brown bread, he looked at the star, and asked if it were not time for his father to come home. Something startled the elder brother, and tears rose in his eyes.

"No, Paul, it is not yet time, and we must be very patient, for it is such a long way, and the traveling is very slow."

"But why did he go away and leave us?" This time the brother answered almost severely.

"Paul, you must never ask me that, nor anyone, remember, never." The little heart quivered, but the mouth tightened, and the tears were kept back.

As father did. Think of it, I may not have time even to come in and wake you and kiss you good-by—but you will understand," and, with an affectionate impulse, he threw his arm round the child and kissed him.

"And Paul, you did not know that I, too, have some very good friends who are soldiers, and they may come for me very soon. They are noisy fellows, with great boots and heavy guns, and if you hear them shouting in the night, you must not get up and come to me, because it will startle them to think they have awakened you. If you should hear a gun go off as these merry fellows hurry me away, you must not be frightened, but always remember that I will come back. I hope our dear father will come to me, and that I shall help him along the road, for you know he was quite lame when he went away. Do you remember him, Paul?" The eyes of the elder brother searched the face of the child.

"Oh, yes, I remember him. I remember how straight his eyes were, and how deep under his long hair. It was such a kind face, and not at all like Foccead's."

So, little by little, the brother was preparing the child for the long journey he might be compelled to take at any time.

There were strange meetings in that lower back room on the nights when Paul was sent to bed so early. At times, the child was awakened by voices, and he thought people were quarrelling. But, when he asked his brother about them, he was told that he must have somehow dreamed, and that, perhaps, some star rat had got into the house, chased by Mother Grevy's little Micee. But the child began to wonder more and more about these strange nights, and he asked himself why his brother's face was so stern, as they sat over their evening meal. He would have liked to ask Mother Grevy, but his brother had forbidden him to speak to anyone about her happenings in the house. Again and again he would ask the star why, but the star shone always so brightly steadily that at length the child was quieted, and would fall asleep smiling as was his wont.

Another year had passed away. On his last birthday his elder brother had given him some carving tools, and had taught him how to use them; but which the tools would not go in the places the boy wished them to go, and he would complain about it to the star. He wished he could push through the wood as the star pushed through the clouds that seemed to yield as it rose; and he would cry out with impatience against the stubborn material. The brother, studying him from day to day, frequently said to himself: "This boy was born to be something greater than a wood-carver."

On holidays he would take the child up to the great square and show him statues. Paul always wished to walk around them, and he called them real men, not merely pictures of men such as he saw in the gallery, and he dreamed that they came down for their stone pedestals and walked with him.

The afternoon before his brother's birthday, Paul, notwithstanding his dislike for the stubborn wood, was at work upon a little book-rack, his gift for the morrow. The old schoolmaster Foccead had bought him the wood and the small nails, and was to share their evening meal, and perhaps Mother Grevy would drop in, between the book-racks at the outer gate. She, too, had been let into the secret of the book rack, and shown the work from time to time as it grew. Unfortunately, the birthday came on Friday, and the boy had to go early to bed; but they had their birthday meal an hour earlier, so they could enjoy it leisurely.

That night Paul went to bed more happy than he had been for many days, because he had read in his brother's face his delight in the book-rack. Although roughly done, it was carved with that touch which to the skilled artisan reveals the mystery of genius.

His joy and delight he told to the star he could not sleep for a certain amount of time, and he dreamed that he possessed him. The star seemed to sparkle with delight; at least, so it seemed to the happy child watching it darting its beams through the sky. At last, Nature, that old nurse who gathers her children so tenderly to herself, touched the heavy fringes of his eyelids with the wand of dreamland forgetfulness.

The hours passed, and the boy was suddenly awakened by the report of a gun and a sharp cry of warning uttered, alas! too late. His first impulse was to jump out of bed and run to his brother. But the instinct of obedience was so strong in him that he drew the covers over his little head and said to himself, "I am dreaming, for it is only a star Micee has chased into the house." But, even through the covers, he could hear the sounds of scuffling, and now and again a heavy thud, as if some large piece of furniture had fallen. Then all was quiet again. He pushed the covers away and looked out of the window to be comforted by the star, but it had long ago soared out of sight, and was looking calmly down upon the chimney-pots. Somehow the stillness seemed to trouble him more than the noise. He turned his eyes from the heavens down to the inclosure, and surely he saw a gleam of the moonlight on the muskets of the soldiers who were his brother's friends. It was all indistinct, for the moon was young and the shadows deep in the inclosure, but the boy was filled with forebodings and a creeping back to bed, fearful as he never had been before. There he cried himself to sleep in that agony of childhood which is no less awful because it is less thoughtful than the dread which comes with years.

The next day he was awakened by Madame Grevy standing by his bed and holding his hand, which had reached up over the pillow. She smiled at him, and yet he could not understand why there were tears in her eyes, for he had dreamed such a happy dream in which his father came home and they all sat down together at the deal table, with their brown bread and milk. He did not know why she called him "poor Paul," and wept whenever she said so, but he jumped out of bed, dressed himself, and went out to eat his morning

meal. To soften his grief, the good Mother Grevy had added a coarse cake, baked in the coals.

She had arranged the room as well as she could, after the disorder of that sudden departure in the still morning. The brother was accustomed to go away to his work before Paul was up, and Paul felt sure that he must come home that night, that it was only a bad dream, and that the glintings of the moon in the inclosure were merely reflections in the little panes of glass set in the windows of the gray stone house.

At school, he wondered why Foccead was so very kind to him, and could not make up the sum given to him, the teacher seemed to help him out as he never had done before. He returned in the late afternoon, passing by the big square so as to see the statues. They always quieted the boy, and seemed to free something struggling within him, just as when he looked at the star at night.

When he reached home, he found Mother Grevy setting the table for him, and he thought it strange that his brother had not done so, but something kept him from asking the reason, for he did not wish her to know of his bad dream.

He had gone into his room to get a tool, when he heard someone enter, and the voice of the schoolmaster as he talked excitedly with Mother Grevy.

"So they took him away last night?" "Yes," answered Mother Grevy, "but speak low so that the child will not hear you."

Something crept over Paul's heart like an icy hand, and yet it throbbled and throbbled as if it would escape from that clasp. "Took him away?" the child repeated to himself. "Are they dreaming, too? Have they, also, heard a rat chased into the house by that naughty Micee? What was Mother Grevy sobbing about?" He could hear her quit plainly, as he listened.

"Will he ever come back?" she suddenly asked.

"Has the father ever come back?" the schoolmaster asked, with a sigh. "Few come back from that long journey."

"Long journey?" the child repeated. Then they mentioned some country, but he could not catch its name, yet somehow he associated it with the icy hand which had seemed to grip him and had made him shiver. He felt as if he wished to hide from the whole world, and he crept up into the high bed. He pulled the great down comforter over him, shutting out all the voices, determined to fall asleep and to awake in the morning freed from all these dreams which were so real and fearful to his heart.

When he awoke, it was quite dark; his first look was for the star, and there it was! It had passed the middle point of the window, and was shining its heart out, it seemed, for the world. "Oh! happy star, do you have had dreams?" he asked. "No, if you did, you could not shine and rise so steadily; you would fall down and be hidden in the dark shadows under the window."

Suddenly he seemed to awake to a consciousness of all that had happened. He was possessed by one of those intuitions of childhood which reveal at a flash things for which wise men search in vain.

He was hungry, and went out to the other room, which was workroom and dining room combined, and there stood his bowl of milk and his brown bread, which the gatekeeper had left for him. But he saw no place set for his brother, and again he felt a numbness about his heart and a swimming sensation in his head, as when he had been sick in the swing at the fair.

He looked around him. There was the book-rack, but who had broken it and put it together so clumsily? It was suddenly he seemed to awake to a consciousness of all that had happened. He was possessed by one of those intuitions of childhood which reveal at a flash things for which wise men search in vain.

hand and wrist the strongest of an older person. The key was in the turned it, swung the door noiselessly down, and Mother Grevy! He imposed down softly into the gate and kissed the hand hand the coverlet.

A moment later he was a street in a quarter of where those live who are not rich, and where they find that the world we call Western World we call Eastern World, is called finds its reward in the Siberia, or a political do other kind no less to Paul walked until he g and was almost over the sleep, she should have star elbowed out of the and close at hand, next house, he saw a shed with wheeled cart in which were hauled for the street and soon fell asleep.

He awakened with a ized that the star was with an exclamation, he up and took hold of its "Holy Mother, prot claimed the laborer Gre walking beside the star Child has come to bless "Put Paul cried out, " "Hungry?" repea "then, little one, we He swung the big, da around, and went back to the stone house which beside the shed where t "Here, old woman called loudly, "come child in, and give him a When she came, he said very gently with the believe it is the Chris come to us."

It was a superstition since they had lost t called Pio, named for they had cherished th some time the Christ C to them and tell the with their little one, eyes filled with tears, led the little boy to t royal guest was ever greater gentleness th Paul Welonski met wit these laborers.

After two days, the to tell these kind fr promise and his jour stinctive dread kept him from feeling that so interfere with his re his return with his kised them all good- next morning crept same way he had slip closure.

He wanted to leave but he had nothing; a his new shoes, and l and placed them on where he had slept. I had travelling barefo them to know he caree ness to him.

On and on he walk afternoon. His feet w reached the suburbs m his new shoes, and l noise of the town, th and the passing of pe He was stopped b sight of a rude imag men were at work in i house,—strange to r roof was made of gl great door in the ce door within the kind y had swung open w watched these men rough-looking statu, must be beginners, f ing of a statue's grow stone to the finish small doorway he white figure of Chr men saw him looki eager expression, t master's away, my go a good look for you away soon; and it ished."

"Going away," V then he asked, "W heaven, it seemed to be fit for such a bea on by the kind y man, he stepped thro and stood before th Christ with arms ext "Suffer little child Me."

Slowly the little le and he fell upon hi elapsed tightly to his eyes lifted to th to possess all the e ever dreamed of, th the problems that l the face the star wa it rose so steadily a so happily.

He had been kneel when the master y enter the studio, st way, struck by the of the child, and b the feeling that s ecstasy of his vision "Oh, how I wis as the Christ this c claimed. In truth v very Christ Child e man's inspiration fo the master. Surel until I model his g graceful figure!"

Stepping throug spoke kindly to Pa awakened from sl he was comforted. "My boy, do you that I have just in The child turne lighted with the, "It seems the v The master led h until he had hear star, studying all t contour of the face

POPE LEO AND THE PILGRIM WITH THE SOUR FACE.

A big Hungarian pilgrim was presented to the Pope not long ago. Among the visitors was one with crabbled and discontented countenance. For a moment, it looked as though his purpose could not be other than a sinister one, for just as the Holy Father came to where he was standing he put his hand inside his coat and drew forth a pair of spectacles. The Pope's hand was being passed from one to another of the pilgrims and kissed fervently by each, but he made no effort to take it when it came to his turn. He just looked at His Holiness with the same sour look he had worn all the time, and the hand was passed on to the person on the other side. But suddenly the Holy Father made a motion backward.

"No, no!" he exclaimed. Then he laid his hand on the little man's head and stroked his face tenderly several times. Perhaps not more than a dozen persons altogether beheld what was passing, but when the Pope's chair had moved on, they could no longer see the crabbled little man of a few moments before. In his place stood another being, with tears in his eyes, and a ray of surprise and reverence on his visage. The Rome correspondent of that Tablet, who tells the story—says that like instances of the Pontiff's tenderness could be cited without number.

A Capital Cure for Sore Throat. It is to use as a gargle few drops of Polon's Nerville in sweetened water, and before retiring rub the throat and chest vigorously with Nerville. By morning the soreness and inflammation will have disappeared. Nerville drives away the pain and cures throat and hoarseness quickly, simply because it's what it's made for. Buy a 25c. bottle from your druggist to-day.

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS STIMULATE THE LIVER.

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Letter of Recommendation. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

THE DIVORCE LAW IN CHICAGO. One of the most curious and at the same time trivial reasons which we have as yet noticed to have been advanced in the divorce courts, why an application for a divorce should be granted, was given recently in a Chicago court by Mrs. Philomena Appleton, a teacher in an Englewood business college.

Mrs. Appleton told the court as her reason for the application: "I could not stand his vulgar spelling and manners." To substantiate her complaint she produced several letters from her husband, but the one which had most effect upon the court was a reply to a letter from herself in which she had informed him that she could stand him no longer and would apply for a divorce.

The judge seemed to be of the same opinion with Mrs. Appleton that a man who writes the pronoun I with a small dotted letter, and a nuff for enough is not a fit consort for a school-maam, and the decree was granted.

WEDNESDAY IN UNEXPECTED PLACES. The official board of the Dominion Methodist Church at Ottawa, by a vote of 17 to 7, recently requested Dr. Rose, their pastor, to wear a professor's or teacher's gown in preaching.

No denomination has been more hostile than the Methodists to the use of special ecclesiastical vestments in their Churches, on the ground that forms and ceremonies are calculated to turn the mind from the spirituality of religion, and thus to materialize the worship of God.

It would not be much of a surprise if the alarm were raised by the ritualists that the Church is being Romanized, as was done in an Anglican Church in the same city a few years ago when the prayer "Lord have mercy on us!" was sung by the choir in Greek.

ago when the prayer "Lord have mercy on us!" was sung by the choir in Greek. It is no easy matter to foretell what extremists may interpret to be rank "Romanism."

It is true the vestments in the present instance are not ecclesiastical, but mundane, but the movement in favor of something indicative of the clerical office indicates, all the same, a hankering after a more elaborate ritual; and, if ritualism is desirable at all, many will believe that a ritual having a spiritual signification would be more appropriate to a church than one having a worldly meaning, even though the main purpose should be to make a show of the preacher's scholastic attainments.

AN ABSURD THEORY OF THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTIANITY.

A theory has been advanced of late years among infidels to the effect that St. Paul, and not Christ, is the real founder of Christianity as it exists at the present time, and as it has existed from the beginning of the second, or the end of the first century.

In certain books emanating from the propagandist centre of infidelity in New York this theory is maintained, and it is not difficult to see for what purpose. St. Peter is set up against St. Paul as advocating a Christianity altogether different from that of the latter; but St. Paul's theories prevailed, and thus the Christianity of the present age is derived from St. Paul, who is called the Apostle of the Gentiles, because, though he necessarily brought out his system from the Jewish law as its basis, he aimed at spreading its fundamental principles among all nations, so as to give the nations a knowledge of God similar to that possessed by the Jews.

These were, according to this same theory, a constant opposition between Peter and Paul, whereas Peter desired to make the Gentile converts conform to the rites and forms of the laws of Moses as a condition of their becoming Christians.

By this theory the enemies of Christianity have hoped to weaken the hold which Christianity has upon the world, for if Christian teaching is merely of St. Paul's invention and not the teaching of Christ or God made man, it loses the whole of its power over mankind, and becomes nothing more than a school of inconsistent philosophy of no greater weight than that of the Platonists, Stoics, or Epicureans. It ceases to be that faith which came down from heaven and which therefore commands our respect, obedience, and unhesitating belief in its truth.

A prominent gentleman of California, a Jew named Mr. Weinstein, has recently issued a book which, professing to give a philosophical turn to Christ's teaching, renews the errors of the New York infidels as described above; yet strange to say he does not describe St. Paul as an impostor, which he would be if Mr. Weinstein's theory were true, but he says of this great Apostle: "Paul began a missionary work that in time revolutionized the religious spirit of the world, and which is destined to continue moving onward as long as civilization shall stand."

These ridiculous theories of the original Pauline and Petrine sects of Christians have no basis either in Scripture, tradition, or history. They are purely fantastic imaginings which date as far back as the days of the Cerinthians and Nazarenes of the second and first centuries.

These sectaries, and especially the Cerinthians, entertained even a hatred of the epistles of St. Paul, because of this Apostle declaring the independence of Christianity from Jewish ceremonial laws.

There was no opposition between Sts. Peter and Paul, for they preached the same gospel, and laid down their lives for Christ together in Rome on the same day.

as head of the Church of God on earth, that St. Paul's epistles are part of the Scriptures, and therefore inspired, thus:

"Our most dear brother Paul . . . hath written to you, as also in all his epistles . . . are some things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as also the other Scriptures, to their own perdition."

We have also St. Paul, three years after his conversion, going "to Jerusalem to see Peter;" no doubt to confer with him regarding the gospel as he had preached it.

In Jerusalem St. Paul saw Peter, and also James, whose field of operation was in Jerusalem; but he adds: "other of the Apostles I saw none." (Gal. i, 19). This great Apostle adds here that throughout Judea he did not preach, yet he was known, for he had been heard of that "he that persecuted us in times past doth now preach the faith which once he impugned; and they glorified God in me." Surely all this does not show any lack of fraternal charity between St. Paul and St. Peter and the Jewish converts, whom the Cerinthian theory styled the Petrites, and so the theories of Mr. Weinstein and the New York infidels fall to the ground for want of foundation.

In the same epistle (ii, 9) we are told that "James, and Cephas (that is Peter) and John gave to me the right hand of fellowship; that we should go to the Gentiles, and they to the circumcision." (The Jews.) Here we are reminded that Paul "withstood Cephas to the face" at Antioch. This text is the only foundation for the pretence of an opposition between the two Apostles. But St. Peter's fault was no more than "a certain imprudence in withdrawing himself from the table at which Gentile converts sat," lest he should give offence to his Jewish converts, as the Gentiles were uncircumcised. St. Paul blamed him for this, for the Gentiles might suppose therefrom that they were bound to fulfil the Jewish rites, which was not the case. St. Peter must have accepted the reprimand humbly and patiently, for the cordial and loving commendation which we have already quoted regarding "our dear brother Paul," and his epistles was written many years after the occurrence at Antioch.

It is evident, therefore, that Sts. Peter and Paul taught the same gospel, which had its origin from neither of them, but from their Master, Christ.

A CONDONATION OF HERETICAL TEACHING.

A sensational address which caused much excitement among the people, and indignation among the clergy, was delivered by the Rev. W. H. Freemantle, Dean of Ripon, England, before the Churchmen's Union on October 29th, in which he said that the question of the virginity of Mary should not be taken into account as a doctrine of Christianity, because, except in St. Matthew and St. Luke, the virginal birth of Jesus is not mentioned in the New Testament. He also expressed doubt of the New Testament miracles, such as the resurrection of Christ, His raising of the dead to life, etc.

The Bishop of Ripon, the Right Rev. Dr. Boyd Carpenter, found it necessary to write a letter to the Dean imploring him, "on behalf of many devout and simple-hearted Christians, to reiterate his belief in the Creed of the Church. Such a statement, your friends and many hearts are looking for with anxiety."

The Dean, in his reply to this letter, ignores the controversial points, but declares emphatically "his belief in the absolute deity of Christ, and his sincerity in reciting the Creed."

As the Creed declares as positively as the Holy Scripture itself the birth of Christ from a virgin, it might seem at first glance that the Canon's views are orthodox; but it is quite well understood that he is as dubious as ever regarding the miracle of Christ's virginal birth, and the other miracles related in Holy Scripture, and that his declaration of belief in the Creed was made with a mental reservation in regard to the virginal birth. The most surprising part of the case is that the Bishop did not require a specific declaration of belief in the doctrine specially denied, and in the miracles recorded in Holy Writ. We are forced to the conclusion that he has no authority to insist upon a plain act of faith from his clergy in regard to the most positive teachings of Holy Writ and of the Church; or, if he has such authority, that he considers it of little importance whether these doctrines be denied or not, whereas that authority is not exercised.

What is the use of having a hypothetical "historic episcopate" if this is the way they are to "rule the Church of God" as it is stated in Acts xx, 28, they ought to do?

served in the Church if heterodox beliefs may be thus propounded to the people with the implied approbation of the Bishop, whose definite duty is supposed to be to preserve the faith of Christ without permitting it to be corrupted by the clergy at will.

If the Canon is at liberty to reject a doctrine taught by two Evangelists, there appears to be no reason why he should not be free to reject equally a teaching which is delivered by any two or even four or five writers of Holy Scripture; and if those doctrines may thus be rejected at will, it must follow that none of the Scriptural books are truly inspired, or that they are the Word of God.

Is this the ending to which three and a half centuries of religious reformation and an open Bible have brought the people of England and their Church?

HOME RULE.

It is pleasant to note the active and earnest interest taken in the cause of Home Rule by the Irish people of Canada; and indeed we might also claim that, besides Irishmen, there is a host of people of other nationalities who sympathize with the people of the Emerald Isle in their endeavor to obtain the blessings of Home Rule. The meetings lately held in the larger cities, with the great Edward Blake as the principal speaker, have been well attended and contributions to the cause have been most generous. The speeches delivered by Mr. Blake, Mr. Devlin, and others, will serve to create a new interest in the cause of Irish Home Rule. Indeed, from present appearances we may hope that at no distant date the people of Ireland will be enjoying the same freedom of action as we do in Canada in the management of their local affairs.

MGR. FALCONIO.

As will be seen by a report in another column, Mgr. Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, has been received in the capital of that country with every mark of esteem—indeed, we may say of affection. The news of his beneficent work in Canada has gone before him, and it was therefore to be expected that the ecclesiastical authorities and the laity of the great American Republic would extend toward the distinguished personage that warm greeting of which he is in every regard so worthy. The Catholics of Canada will watch his career with interest. They have been given many reasons for loving him—not solely because of the exalted position he occupied, but likewise because of his gracious personality and his kindly heart. All the children of the Church are equally dear to him, and it is therefore no surprise that the affection entertained in his regard is universal.

INFANT BAPTISM.

The subject of a sermon delivered in a Baptist Church of Chatham by the Rev. J. J. Ross, the pastor, was "the Sin of Infant Baptism."

The preacher announced that the teaching he proposed to deliver would "hit" many of his own congregation, as well as the other congregations of the city, and that in fact he had been asked and advised by members of his own congregation to leave the subject alone and not speak of it; but after deep thought and study he has arrived at the belief that "infant baptism is a sin," and he pressed to be able to prove through biblical references that what he said is true.

He admitted that some Baptists do not agree with him in this belief, and stated that those who uphold infant baptism quote the words of Christ: "Suffer little children to come unto Me." The report does not state that he denied that this passage is inapplicable to the case, but it is to be presumed that he did so, for immediately afterward he is reported as having said: "It is right to baptize a child either by sprinkling or immersion, it is also right for them to take Sacrament. No one will say that it is right for children to be allowed to take Sacrament, and if we reject one, we must reject the other."

We are told by the reporter of the sermon that "throughout it was from an argumentative standpoint, and for each statement which he made he produced biblical references to support his belief. There is only a single biblical reference in his sermon as reported to sustain his teaching, so that we are unable to say on what grounds beyond this he made the assertion. We know, however, that no valid proof of the kind can be given. We will therefore say a few words on the one passage to which he does refer as a proof of his position, after which we will state the Catholic position on the subject.

It is stated in the gospels that only believers shall be baptized."

This is evidently a reference to the gospel of St. Mark xvi, 16: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned."

There is no other passage in Holy Scripture resembling Rev. Mr. Ross's quotation, so that this is the only Scriptural passage referred to in the report of the sermon to show the sinfulness of infant baptism, and if it does not show this, that gentleman is utterly without proof for his main thesis.

There are two conditions here laid down on the fulfillment of which salvation is promised—belief in Christ and baptism—but there is not one word to imply what Rev. Mr. Ross infers from this text, namely, that actual belief must precede baptism in the case of infants.

If these words are to be strictly applied to infants they will not only mean that infants must not be baptized, but also that they cannot be saved at all, for they cannot have that actual belief which Rev. Mr. Ross requires from them, and the text tells us that they who have not that belief shall not be saved but shall be condemned. This consequence the Rev. Mr. Ross expressly repudiates when he asserts that "when an infant is born into this world, its life is pure and spotless . . . and it has no need of Baptism."

Thus the Rev. gentleman refutes his own interpretation of the only text which he can quote in favor of the pompous theory which he so confidently propounds, and which he acknowledges to be repudiated by all other Christian congregations in his city, and even by many of his own denomination.

As a matter of fact, which we intend to prove below, his doctrine is a purely modern invention which has no basis in Holy Scripture, and which the whole Christian world to this day repudiates, with the exception of a faction within a Church which is itself but a very small fraction of Christianity.

Assuming Mr. Ross's theory to be true, what mean the promises of Christ that the Church which He built upon a rock shall not be overcome by all the powers of hell? that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it? What means the comparison made by Christ Himself, that His Church or kingdom should be like the mustard seed, the smallest of all seeds, in its beginning, which should grow up to be a tree, "greater than any herbs, so that the birds of the air come and dwell in the branches thereof?" (St. Matt. xiii, 32). What means the prophecy of Isaiah, which even the translators of the Protestant version of the Bible admit to be a prediction of Christ's kingdom or Church:

"And it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountain, and shall be exalted above the hill, and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go up to it, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths; for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem?" (Is. ii, 2, 3).

Does the Rev. Mr. Ross's fraction of a Church, never before heard of, which Munce and Storek invented in Germany in 1523, by ripping and patching the teachings of Luther, alone possess the "faith once delivered to the Saints" by Christ Himself?

To assert that this is the case makes Christ and His Apostles mere buffoons and impostors where they assert that the Church which Christ established must be heard under penalty that they who disobey must be regarded as "the heathen and the publican" because they listen not to the voice of "the Church of the living God which is the pillar and ground of Truth." (St. Matt. xviii, 17, 1 Tim. iii, 15).

According to the Baptist Year Book for 1872 the total number of Baptists in the United States and British America was then 1,557,449. (Appleton's Cyclopaedia). The number in England, Germany, Switzerland, and other countries might perhaps multiply this by three, but when we consider that the different sects into which these are divided are numerous, such as Tankers or Tumblers, Hook and Eye and Suspender Mennonites, Sabbatarian or Seventh Day Baptists, Particular, General, and Close and Open Communionists, it will be a liberal allowance if we suppose that the Rev. Mr. Ross's sect has one and a half million of adherents. We do not know exactly to which of the many sects of the Baptists he belongs, but allowing again that his peculiar one originated in 1523, he should have, by well known mathematical methods, the total number of Baptists of that sect who have ever lived to be approximately less than fifty seven and a half million, whereas the total number of Christians must have been over twenty six thousand six hundred and nineteen millions since the time of Christ.

It is surely a new example of the frog who would make itself an ox in size, when the Rev. Mr. Ross claims that he and his modern sect have alone been successful in interpreting the teachings of Christ in regard to the baptism of infants.

What, then, is the real meaning of the passage of St. Mark's Gospel which we have had under consideration? The words are addressed by Christ to His Apostles just before His Ascension into heaven, while He is instructing them on the manner in which they are to fulfil their mission. They are synoptical words referring to the whole body of instructions which He had given them while He was with them, and in fact St. John xxi, 15-24, and St. Luke in his Gospel xxi, 28-50, and in the Acts of the Apostles i, 2-8, relate much more which Christ spoke to them on this occasion.

St. Mark informs us in this synoptical discourse, that Christ told His Apostles to "preach the gospel to every creature." He certainly did not mean that this preaching was for infants chiefly but especially for adults, or at least for those who were able to understand.

The belief and the baptism which are next spoken of are also intended for those who are capable of fulfilling what is commanded, and to the extent to which they are capable of receiving it. That is to say adults must fulfil both precepts. As regards children, they must obey only so far as they are capable of obedience, inasmuch as no one can be bound by an impossible precept. But when the children are infants, actual belief is impossible, and it follows that baptism is sufficient in this case.

We have dealt with this part of our subject somewhat lengthily that we might set forth thoroughly the principal thesis of the Rev. Mr. Ross. We must on this account be brief in regard to the proofs that infant baptism is a doctrine handed down from Christ's Apostles, as Christ's own teaching.

1. Rev. Mr. Ross is wrong in his assertion that children are born pure and spotless. "By one man sin entered into this world, and by sin death; and so death passed upon all men, in whom all have sinned." (Rom. v, 12).

In the Greek original, man is *anthropos*, which means a human being of any age or sex. *Pantes*, "all" have sinned has the same meaning: "all persons" or "people." Therefore, children are included.

"Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." (Ps. li, 5, Prof. version). Here original sin is clearly stated to have passed upon mankind.

"As by the offence of one unto all men to condemnation, so also by the justice of One unto all men to justification of life. For as by the disobedience of one man, many were made sinners, . . . by the obedience of One many shall be made just."

"For if by one man's offence, death reigned through one, much more they who receive abundance of grace, etc., shall reign in life through One, Jesus Christ." (Rom. v, 17-19).

Hence even little children have sinned in Adam, and therefore Baptism, the sacrament whereby we are justified, is for them.

2. This is confirmed by Christ, who said to Nicodemus (St. John, iii, 5) "unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

Here baptism is meant; and it must be received by all, for where we find "unless a man" the Greek original has "can he be," which signifies "unless any one." This means man, woman, or child, and therefore all are in need of baptism.

All in Samaria, "from the least to the greatest, followed Simon the magician until Philip preached Christ there." Then "they were baptized both men and women." (Acts viii, 12). No exception is made, as surely would have been the case if children were not to be baptized. It would have been necessary, if Mr. Ross be right, to have given warning of such a case, lest some one should take these words in their full and natural sense, children being included, and thus Rev. Mr. Ross's sin would have been committed.

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A MYTH FROM THE TORONTO

The Toronto Nov. 15th gives teachers to relate it may be reproduced own words.

Undoubtedly stories to pupils one whereby children for themselves their thoughts in the story in question not to have been unus of the Toronto reason that it was insulting to Catholic vilify the teaching Catholic Church.

The title of "Idol," is enough. It is, of course, a trifle.

It is well known set up images; yet this is a story of the Church of Rome, an ancient and child was two ago, and was supposed to represent "Nero" in his mother.

This statue had been set up people, and was honored by "foes" who think that may have eternal death for themselves.

"Kissing the image" is meant of homage paid to believed "to be or afflicted." It is a story of money, by the gifts be chased of rare jewels diamonds and pearls of the statue.

Does the ed Teacher expect that the Catholic honors the memory whose crimes or penance? If so the ignorance of journal.

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The Catholic use of statues Saints because of their original necessity of by imitating their works. Among pay special honor of God because special honor; of the Holy things to me, and "Behold, I actions shall be Luke i, 48-49).

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again unto God; infants and children, boys, young men, and elders."

A MYTH FROM THE "CANADIAN TEACHER."

The Toronto Canadian Teacher of Nov. 15th gives a sample story for teachers to relate to their pupils that it may be reproduced by them in their own words.

Undoubtedly the practice of giving stories to pupils is in itself an excellent one whereby children are made to think for themselves and to practice putting their thoughts into good English; but the story in question is one which ought not to have been published in the columns of the Teacher for the simple reason that it was a falsehood which is insulting to Catholics and its aim is to vilify the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church.

The title of this story, "A Roman Idol," is enough to show its purpose. It is, of course, a tale of Catholic idolatry!

It is well known that Catholics do not set up images to be adored as idols, yet this is a story to the effect that in the Church of "St. Agostino" in Rome, an ancient statue of a mother and child was unearthed many years ago, and was supposed to be intended to represent the "wicked Emperor Nero" in his mother's arms.

This statue the Teacher asserts to have been set up to be honored by the people, and we are told that it is so honored by "foolish and silly" people who think that by doing this "they may have eternal rest and peace after death for themselves and their friends."

"Kissing the stone foot of the image" is mentioned as one of the acts of homage paid to this statue, which is believed "to be able to heal the sick or afflicted." It is also said that donations of money are put into a box near by, the gifts being used for the purchase of rare jewels, such as chains of diamonds and pearls for the adornment of the statue.

Does the editor of the Canadian Teacher expect to persuade his readers that the Catholic Church worships or honors the memory of the monster Nero, whose crimes cried to heaven for vengeance? If so he relies too much on the ignorance of the subscribers to his journal.

There is a statue of the Blessed Virgin and her divine Child in the Church of St. Agostino, which is no more an idol than was the ark of the covenant with its images of two cherubim which God commanded to be made under the Old Law, and which was always treated by the Israelites with the utmost reverence. (Ex. xxxvii, 1-15.) This ark was overlaid with pure gold, and a golden crown was set over it, which is a sufficient justification for the golden ornaments and jewels where-with the Romans have decorated the statue of Mary and her divine Child, in order to show the reverence and love for Jesus and His ever-blessed Mother.

The Catholic Church encourages the use of statues of Jesus Christ and His Saints because these images remind us of their originals, and impress upon us the necessity of following their example by imitating their virtues and good works. Among the saints Catholics pay special honor to Mary the Mother of God because God has shown her special honor; for, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, Mary declared: "He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and Holy is His name," and "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." (St. Luke 1, 48-49.)

Among the subscribers to the Canadian Teacher there are many Catholics, and we are quite certain they will resent such insults and misrepresentations as the Canadian Teacher flings into their faces by teaching such falsehoods as are contained in its mythical story of "A Roman Idol."

LABORERS AND CHURCH.

Every now and then some sectarian preacher complains that the laboring classes do not go to church. The complaint is pretty generally founded upon fact as far as the non-Catholic churches are concerned; and there is a very good reason for the fact.

In religion the laboring man, like every other intelligent human being, wants a definite creed to which he can pin his faith with confidence. His rule of faith must be a standard as invariable as a foot rule. The take-or-leave theory of Protestant private interpretation does not appeal to his intellect; and the cold ceremony of the Protestant meeting-house does not appeal to his heart.

Among Catholics the case is different. The old Church retains the deposit of Faith, whole and entire, as it was entrusted to her by her Founder, Jesus Christ. She still bears her commission, "Go, teach all nations," "He that heareth you heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me."

Fortified with this commission, she teaches with an authority that wins the confidence of the people, while she

ministers to their wants with a motherly solicitude that claims the affections of their hearts.

No Christian sect has ever dared to claim for its Church the right to define the articles of its creed for its members. Each and every adherent is a rule of faith for himself; and, consequently, the sects have been bisected and dissected until no man knows their number.

The Catholic Church alone claims the right—and she proves her claim by reason, by the New Testament and by the common consent of the Christian world for over fifteen hundred years—she claims the right to define and explain the deposit of Faith committed to her care by Christ Himself.

OUT-REFUTED FALLACIES.

The (N. Y., Methodist) Christian Advocate is usually fair in its treatment of Catholics and of the Church. It rarely gives place to the old-time, mouldy and oft-quoted fallacies and misrepresentations against the Catholic religion. Its habit has been, since Dr. Buckley's editorship, to deal with the Church from a more elevated standpoint. We are, therefore, not a little surprised to find in its columns a re-statement of the old anti-Catholicism forty or fifty years ago. It is in an article by William Burt, D. D., on "Why do we Send Missionaries to Roman Catholic Countries?"

The question was doubtless raised by those who are so frequently appealed to support missionaries to Catholic countries. They are naturally solicitous to know why their moneys are expended among Catholic Christians instead of being spent to convert pagans to Christianity; why, for instance, such efforts are being made to convert the Catholic Filipinos while nothing is being done to convert to Christianity the Mohammedans of our Sul provinces.

The Rev. Burt's article is intended to answer the question. It is on appeal to the prejudices of the ignorant and prejudiced at the liberal-mindedness of more enlightened Protestants who, through intercourse with their Catholic fellow-citizens, have grown to take a just view of the Catholic Church. He says in his introductory:

"Romanism has evidently gained a great victory in the United States in having put Protestantism to silence. The one who dares to tell the truth about Romanism is regarded, even by some of his own Church, as narrow and bigoted, while the one who will tolerate and excuse its evils is regarded as progressive and broad-minded."

How did it gain this great victory? Rev. Burt is judiciously silent on this point. It is the intimate and immediate association of Catholics with Protestants, and the knowledge of Catholic principles resulting from their association, that has gained the victory and put out the light of Protestantism to silence. In former years the great mass of Protestants acquired their knowledge of Catholicism from the Protestant pulpit and literature, while in later years they acquire it from their intimate association with Catholics in their daily lives. Before this more direct knowledge of the Catholic Church, the stock of prejudices and distant places cease to mislead the thoughtless. It is thus that "Romanism" has gained the victory. It is this more trustworthy knowledge derived from every-day experience that makes Protestants hear with incredulity the utterances of such back-numbers as Rev. Burt.

Rev. Burt—"About the year 1517 one might have seen prostrate on the floor of his cell in the convent of Fontevault a monk in great agony of soul, because oppressed by an ecclesiasticism which discarded the New Testament doctrine of justification by faith. That monk's name was Martin Luther."

This is dramatic, but it lacks the element of truth. Luther's soul could not have been agonized for the reason given, for the reason assigned had no existence. Ecclesiasticism—by which you mean the Catholic Church—did not discard the New Testament doctrine of justification by faith. It condemned the unscriptural doctrine of justification by faith "alone." Was it through ignorance or because your mind is vitiated by prejudice that you did not state Luther's heretical innovation correctly?

The Catholic Church teaches, as she always taught, that in faith is necessary for salvation, with St. Paul, without faith it is impossible to please God. (Heb. 11-6). But she taught also, with St. Paul and St. James, that something else is necessary for salvation. St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, said: "If I should have prophecy, and should know all mysteries, and all knowledge, and if I should have faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity I am nothing" (1 Cor. 13:2). Thus showing, contrary to Luther, that faith alone is not enough.

And St. James, in the second chapter of his Epistle, says—as if to refute Luther's heresy by anticipation—"What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? Can faith save him? If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of food, and one of you say unto them: Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit? Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone. Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith, and I have works; show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works. Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well, but the devils also believe and tremble. But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead? Was not Abraham, our father, justified by works, when he had offered Isaac, his son, upon the altar? Seest thou how his faith wrought with works, and by works faith was made perfect? * * * Ye see, then, how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only * * * for as

the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also."

This doctrine of St. Paul and St. James is the doctrine always taught by the Catholic Church. St. James taught that man is justified not by faith only. Luther rejected this doctrine of the apostle and taught the contrary, that man is justified by faith only. You have therefore only the alternative of believing with St. Paul, St. James and the Catholic Church, or believing with Luther. But you cannot say, in view of the above quoted texts, that Luther's doctrine is scriptural.

Rev. Burt—"Educated rogues who find in Papal pretensions and Romish ceremonies their opportunity for the vilest practices. These constitute the working force of the great organization."

Does Dr. Buckley, editor of the Advocate, approve this method of attacking the ministry of the Catholic Church? It had some influence half a century ago, but it is now out of date and has little or no influence among intelligent and well-informed Protestants. They know better. Rev. Burt has proved that he does not care much for the commandment that forbids bearing false witness, and that if he knows anything about Catholic doctrine he knows that when he charges Catholics with adoring the Blessed Virgin and worshipping the saints—using adore and worship in his sense of the terms—he knows that he does not tell the truth. This is a serious charge, but we cannot do justice to the occasion without making it.

We come now to a statement—one among the very few—in which we agree with Rev. Burt. It is as follows: "Between the Romish Church and the different Protestant denominations there is a gulf so wide and deep that it would seem impossible for Christ and His Gospel to be on both sides at the same time."

It does not only seem; it is impossible. Catholicism and Protestantism rest on radically different principles, each of which necessarily excludes the other. They are as different as affirmation is different from negation. He who affirms that either is true must affirm that the other is false. There is no middle way, no margin for concession or compromise.

The Catholic holds that no lawgiver ever gave laws without establishing courts to interpret and apply them; and magistrates to execute them; that Christ, while on earth, gave the laws and principles of the new dispensation, and that, following the dictate of His supreme reason, He at the same time established a court to interpret His laws and a magistracy to execute them in His earthly Kingdom or Church. And that He made this court or official interpreter and magistracy worthy of Himself, of their high and divinely given functions, so that He could say with truth, "He that hears you hears Me, and he that despises you despises Me." Such a court must be infallible in its official deliverances. This is the principle of authority, of conservation, of unity. It is the principle of the Catholic Church. It is the principle that has been reduced to practice by every real government that ever existed, and without which no real government can exist in this life.

Such a government, whatever be its form of government, must have courts to interpret its laws and a magistracy to enforce them. These courts in the last resort, must be assumed to be infallible, for beyond them there is no appeal. The decisions of these courts, assumed by a fiction to be infallible, are enforced by all the power of government. Such a court must be infallible in its official deliverances. This is the principle of authority, of conservation, of unity. It is the principle of the Catholic Church. It is the principle that has been reduced to practice by every real government that ever existed, and without which no real government can exist in this life.

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delight in being the "young bloods" of the sterner sex. She wants to be considered a "good fellow." She likes to be considered "chie," and she regulates her action and speech accordingly. She will smoke a cigarette "on a dare," and she will give an exhibition of high kicking at a chandelier or a gentleman's hat, if no one is about but her own select circle. After a little while she will slip a "high-ball" or dash off an "occasional" with a little winking that makes her popular with "the boys."

She hears someone talking about poker—"Why that gambling! Is it sport? See Golden plays it? Then I want to learn it." She bets on horses, too, because it's just devilish you know. A few wine suppers, attendance at a yellow magazine occasionally, a slumming tour now and then because it's the thing, and "facilis descensus Avernus!"—Catholic Telegraph.

Unitarians as Converts. The Unitarian says: "The Unitarians are the most intellectual of the Protestant sects, and the most tolerant. They are not afraid to encounter truth; rather are they in search of it. Their defection from Congregational orthodoxy, some seventy-five years ago, was a healthy movement towards intellectual and moral freedom." The record they have since made may justly be termed progress—toward nothing, it is true, at which point they have happily arrived—but progress, nevertheless. Therefore do Catholics covet Unitarians for converts more than they do any other outsiders. Let us pray fervently for them, that they may see the light to exchange nothing for everything—the desert for paradise."

C. T. S.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH, TORONTO. A lecture and concert were held in St. Andrew's Hall, Toronto, on Monday evening, Nov. 17th. The lecture was given by Rev. Fr. C. J. Sullivan, C. T. S., on the subject of "The Catholic Church and the World." The concert was given by the St. Mary's Choir, and was most successful. The proceeds of the evening were for the benefit of the St. Mary's Branch, and were \$100.00.

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ARCHDIOCESE OF MONTREAL.

Montreal, Dec. 12th, 1902. The great addition of the church of Notre Dame de la Paix, fully twelve thousand people being present, Tuesday morning to pay the last tribute of affection and respect to the late Abbe Caspey, superior of the Sulpician order in Canada. Simply and solemnly marked the funeral services were held in the church of the late Abbe Caspey, superior of the Sulpician order in Canada. The Sulpician rule of the late Abbe Caspey, superior of the Sulpician order in Canada, was read by the late Abbe Caspey, superior of the Sulpician order in Canada. The Sulpician rule of the late Abbe Caspey, superior of the Sulpician order in Canada, was read by the late Abbe Caspey, superior of the Sulpician order in Canada.

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and on the Visitation. The inscription underneath reads as follows: In memory of Right Rev. Mgr. Laurent, V. G. P. of Montreal, for seven years a Most Excellent Bishop, died Oct. 31st, 1901, aged sixty-six years. His funeral took place on Nov. 1st, 1901, at 11 o'clock. Let the priests that follow will be esteemed worthy of double honor. (1 Tim. V 17) The inscription is beautiful and appropriate, and the design is so beautiful, so elegant, so artistic, and so clear. The various figures are all in relief and expressive. The whole effect is dignified and inspiring.

The amount of the pleasing took place at 11 o'clock, as was celebrated by Rev. Fr. J. O'Sullivan, his Lordship the Bishop was assisted by the late Monsignor Laurent, V. G. P. of Montreal. The Bishop addressed the congregation, explaining to them the meaning of the various figures and symbols represented in the design of the monument. He spoke of the justice and of its advantage to us in bringing to God the souls of the departed, and of the holiness of their lives and their glorious reward to God. He spoke of the zeal, energy and devotion of the late Monsignor Laurent, to whose memory the beautiful window has been erected. It would always recall his name, his life, his work, his love for his people, his justice and charity, a lasting remembrance of his great faith and his good works done in the past. It would, moreover, be a continual reminder to the faithful of the duty of prayer for the souls of the departed. Many remained after Mass to view the window, and expressed their delight at its beauty and excellence of the design and workmanship. It was very much appreciated. His Lordship the Bishop was accompanied by the late Monsignor Laurent, V. G. P. of Montreal, and the late Monsignor Laurent, V. G. P. of Montreal, and the late Monsignor Laurent, V. G. P. of Montreal.

Monday His Lordship visited the schools and was well pleased at the work being done in them. He complimented the good Sisters of St. Joseph on the numerous pupils who obtained certificates for High school work and encouraged them to continue the good work. He spoke of the importance of education in the primary, secondary, or collegiate schools. Man is only a brute until he is educated, and it is the duty of the State and the Church to see that every child has the opportunity of being educated. His Lordship returned to Peterborough Monday evening.

C. M. B. A. RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE. Moved by Rev. Fr. A. Buckley, seconded by Rev. Fr. J. O'Sullivan, a resolution of condolence was passed in regard to the death of the late Monsignor Laurent, V. G. P. of Montreal. The resolution was as follows: That a copy of this resolution be entered in the minutes of the Branch, sent to the widow of our deceased Brother and to the CATHOLIC RECORD, and The Canadian CATHOLIC RECORD, and The Canadian CATHOLIC RECORD, and The Canadian CATHOLIC RECORD.

IRISH CHRISTMAS CARDS. Hand Painted on Gelatine and Parchment. Designed and Painted in Ireland. Price, 15, 20 and 30 cents each, post paid. Address, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

APPLICATION TO PARLIAMENT. Notice is hereby given that at the next session of the Parliament of Canada application will be made for an act for the incorporation of a Bank to be called "THE HOME SAVINGS BANK OF CANADA," with Head Office at the City of Toronto, with the usual powers of banks under The Bank Act, and its articles and conditions, and to take over its

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

We have careful thought for the stranger. And smiles for the sometime guest...

Success in the practical affairs of life depends upon temperament more than upon talent...

Discipline Yourself. Train yourself to speak properly. Patient, continued watching of one's thought and speech...

Unselfishness the Key to True Success. Many a successful merchant will look in vain for the name of an idolized and over-indulged son...

No one will live long in the world's memory, or find a place on the honor roll, who has not done something besides selfishly grasping and holding the "almighty dollar..."

Achievement is not always success, while reputed failure often is. It is honest endeavor, persistent effort to do the best possible under any and all circumstances...

Maxims for Success. The president of the London Chamber of Commerce gives these maxims, which he has tested through years of business experience...

Remember that difficulties are only made to be overcome. Treat failures as stepping-stones to further effort.

Listen well, answer cautiously, decide promptly. Preserve by all means in your power "a sound mind in a sound body."

Of all the gifts to be prayed for, next to grace at heart, tact and gentleness in manner are the most desirable.

It is worth while to do a kind thing gracefully and tactfully. There is a certain propriety of demeanor which never makes a mistake...

Dignity is a matter of character, rather than of appearance. It cannot be assumed. Yet many a person thinks that dignity can be put on an occasion...

There is a charm in true dignity—a charm that shows itself more clearly in one who has no thought of claiming dignity or of appearing dignified.

An Important Lesson. If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget all the slanders you have ever heard...

Specialists Wanted. When a young college graduate enters the shops, no matter what are his scholastic attainments...

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Every opportunity is given the individual to direct his energy into the most favorable channel. Some men are born to lead, but more seem destined to follow...

Specializing, likewise, is strongly encouraged; for, in the broad field of electrical engineering, no man can hope to be a specialist...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Child to the Father. BY ROBERT BRIDGES. Father, it's your love that safely guides me; Always it's around me night and day...

Oh, father, there's a shadow in my way. All the day, my father, I am playing Under trees where sunbeams dance and dart...

Father, there is something — it has misused me. I've felt it through my little days and years; And even when you patted me and kissed me...

Honesty Pays. Honesty pays not only from a Christian, but from a business standpoint as well. A gentleman tells the following: I was acquainted with a young man in New York...

A Test of Worth. There was once a king who lived in a far away Eastern land, and he needed a trustworthy man to put into a position of great responsibility...

Heed your conscience. Not many years ago a student, desiring to rise early the morning, bought an alarm clock. For a few days it worked well...

Have Presence of Mind. Frank Danziger Kraft, New Albany, Ind., writes: Carl Gueldig, a small boy, about eight years old, of New Albany, Indiana...

A Point Worth Considering. There are many Catholics and Protestants who congratulate themselves on the fact that prejudice against Catholics and the Church has so greatly diminished in the last few years...

A Humble Hero. "Oh, how cold!" escaped my lips as I stumbled through the door of a miserable attic tenement...

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Fortune Telling. Australian Messenger for November. Future events, especially those that depend in any way on the action of man's free-will, are known only to God...

His Recompense. The sad, weird melody which grew beneath his teeth might have served as a requiem over the man's own dead hopes and slain ambition...

A boy, leaning upon a crutch, stood in the doorway, listening with an enraptured look on his pale, sickly face. Suddenly Waldemar looked up and saw him, frowned and abruptly ceased playing...

Without a pang, Waldemar saw his motherless son depart with the uncle who had undertaken to have him educated abroad. He had always regarded the crippled boy as part of the ill-luck which had ever overshadowed his life...

During the ten years that passed he sometimes forgot that he had a son. One night he sat with the rest of the pianists in a concert hall. A young pianist, recently sprung into fame, came upon the stage, and was greeted by a tumult of applause...

Pale, trembling, he leaned forward and looked, for the first time, upon the player. One glance at the pale face, the crutch beside the piano, and Waldemar covered his face and wept tears of joy...

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You Can Buy BEST FOR WASH DAY. SURPRISE SOAP. of any Grocer

however, is altogether a different question from the indulgence in that morbid curiosity and senseless, as well as sinful superstition, which leads persons, particularly the young and impressionable, to consult "gypsies" and professional fortune-tellers...

A Jewish Opinion. We dislike as un-American the boycott idea, but applaud as courageous the resolutions adopted by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which condemn all theatres where Irishmen are lampooned and caricatured...

IMITATION OF CHRIST. A PRAYER FOR THE FULFILLING THE WILL OF GOD. Grant me thy grace, most merciful Jesus, that it may be with me, and continue with me to the end...

WITHOUT GOOD BLOOD THERE CANNOT BE GOOD HEALTH. As a Blood Remedy IRON-OX TABLETS are unexcelled, and they have obvious advantages over medicines in liquid form...

REID'S HARDWARE TABLE CUTLERY, FOLDING KNIVES, CARVERS, SPOONS, FORKS, ETC. 118 DUNDAS ST. LONDON ON

FATHER KENNEDY'S FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle of KENNEDY'S NERVE TONIC

The Standard Brews of Canada are the ale, porter and lager made by GALENG

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA Formerly The Ontario Mutual Life. This Company issues every safe and desirable form of policy...

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY. BELL'S PATENT BELLS. WEST-TROY, N.Y.

PROFESSIONAL. HELLGAUTH & IVEY, IVEY & DROMGOLD. Barristers. Over Bank of Commerce, London, Ont.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS 180 King Street. The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers in the City.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. If you do not enjoy your meals and do not sleep well, you need O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt...

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. The Diastase in the Malt aids digestion, and the Hops insure sound sleep.

THE CATHOLIC YOUTH'S HYMN BOOK BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS. Containing the Hymns of the Seasons and Festivals of the Year and an extensive collection of Sacred Melodies...

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE. An intensely interesting and romantic novel—thoroughly Catholic in tone—following closely the historical and biographical records of the early makers of Canadian history...

Sacred Pictures.

DIOCESE OF ALEXANDRIA.

CATHEDRAL BELLS BLESSED.

Alexandria News, Dec. 6.

While it is not our purpose to delve into

the history of the bells, it is our duty

to record the fact that the bells of the

Cathedral of Alexandria were blessed

on the 5th inst. by His Excellency

the Bishop of Alexandria, His Grace

the Most Reverend Monsignor

the Vicar General, His Grace

the Bishop of Alexandria, His Grace

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IN EXPRESSING OUR SYMPATHY WITH THE RELATIVES,

Dr. McCabe was for over a quarter of

a century one of the leading educators of

the city and of this country. All respected

and admired him. We as a board have

found his work and his life to be a

constant inspiration to us. We are

glad to have his memory kept before

us by the erection of a monument

to his memory. We are glad to have

his memory kept before us by the

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CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN NEW

FOUNDLAND.

THE COLLEGE YEAR BOOK.

(For the Catholic Record)

The year's account of the college has

been issued in an attractive form with

illustrations and photographs of inter

esting interest to all who would wish

to know the progress of the education

of the young men of Newfoundland

and the progress of the education of

the young men of Newfoundland

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IN HONOR OF MGR. FALCONIC.

AN IMPOSING CEREMONY AT ST. MARY'S SEM-

INARY.

Baltimore American Nov. 22

Mgr. Domènec Falconic, Apostolic Delegate

to the United States, presided at 3

o'clock yesterday morning at the

ceremony of the laying of the

corner stone of the new imposing

building of St. Mary's Seminary

in Baltimore, Md. The ceremony

was presided over by the Apostolic

Delegate, who was assisted by

the Bishop of Baltimore, the

Archbishop of Baltimore, and

other prelates. The ceremony

was a most imposing one, and

was attended by a large number

of the faithful. The ceremony

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was attended by a large number

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of the faithful. The ceremony

MARRIAGES.

ZELER-MAHONEY.

At Mount Carmel on Tuesday, Nov. 25

was celebrated the marriage of

Miss Julia Mahoney, daughter of

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mahoney, of

London, Ontario, to Mr. J. Zeler,

of the same place. The ceremony

was performed by Rev. Father

John Zeler, assisted by Rev. Father

John Zeler, assisted by Rev. Father

John Zeler, assisted by Rev. Father

John Zeler, assisted by Rev. Father

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John Zeler, assisted by Rev. Father

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ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC LITERARY

AND ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Toronto, Dec. 11, 1924.

The above association held their fourth

annual dinner in Webb's restaurant

on Monday, Dec. 8, 1924. The

dinner was a most successful one,

and was attended by a large

number of members and guests.

The program of the evening was

most interesting, and was

attended by a large number of

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