

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## The Catholic Record.

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### ST. PATRICK.

What contributed most to our pleasure on Patrick's feast was the absence of literature identifying him with one of the many sects. The old saint has figured so many times over as a Presbyterian (fancy him with the New Catechism!) and again as an Anglican, that we cannot refrain from thanking our brethren for their praiseworthy silence. What has always mystified us is that anyone with any knowledge of history should have dared to depict him as a sort of Christian knight-errant and forerunner of the Reformation.

The facts of his coming to Ireland and his teachings are so plainly recorded that the not seeing them can be accounted for only by an intense bigotry or mental blindness.

Even Usher and his work, which is the principal storehouse of our opponents' arguments, admits that Patrick was commissioned by Pope Celestine to carry the good tidings to the Irish. There may be doubt and dispute as to the place of his birth, but that he came from Rome, pledged to preach the Catholic faith, is not denied to-day by any reputable historian. St. Patrick, writes Probus, poured forth to God the following prayer:

"O Lord Jesus Christ lead me I beseech Thee, to the seat of the Holy Roman Church, that receiving authority there to preach with confidence Thy sacred truths, the Irish nation may, through my ministry, be gathered to the fold of Christ."

And soon after, being about to proceed to Ireland, this man of God Patrick went, as he had wished, to Rome the head of all Churches, and having asked and received the Apostolic authority, he returned the same road by which he had gone thither.

The ancient and most authentic of the Irish annalists, says Dr. Parsons in "Studies in Church History," derive the mission of St. Patrick from the Holy See. Thus the four Masters write: "St. Patrick was ordained to the Episcopacy by the holy Pope, Celestine, the first who commissioned him to come to Ireland and preach and give the Irish the precepts of faith and religion."

We do not wish to weary our readers with the many testimonies given by Dr. Parsons in reference to this fact. It was so indisputable that to deny it in times past was indicative of mental collapse.

Patrick, himself, claimed that Peter's See was the source of Ireland's Christianity. You may see his words in the Book of Armagh—words of a Bishop bound to Rome, the centre of unity, and knowing naught of the forms of error that sprang up long after he had been summoned to his reward.

"Thanks be to God," he says, "you have passed from the kingdom of Satan to the city of God: the Church of the Irish is a Church of Romans: as you are children of Christ, so be you children of Rome."

If history, then, is any guide to a knowledge of past times, we say that the individual who endeavors to dissociate St. Patrick from Rome, and to prove that he came to Ireland with no commission save from the Holy Spirit, should go into politics at once.

And never did the Irish forget the commands of their Apostle to be loyal to Rome. In the days of their nationhood as well as in the days when their feet were hard pressed on the path of suffering and humiliation, they never swerved in allegiance to his teaching. When they were offered the gold that would fain buy their priceless heritage they spurned it, and chose suffering and starvation rather than apostasy. Their fidelity in stress and storm to an ancient faith must thrill anyone, even if he came from Derry.

The letter written by Columbanus to Pope Boniface is a noble testimony to the love and veneration with which Rome was regarded by the Irish: "We are the scholars of Sts. Peter and Paul, and of all disciples subscribing by the Holy Ghost to the divine canon: all are Irish inhabitants of the remotest part of the whole world receiving nothing save what is Evangelic and Apostolic doctrine. We are, as I said before, bound to the chair of St. Peter. For although Rome is great and illustrious, yet it is only through this chair that she is renewed amongst us."

That they acknowledge the supreme jurisdiction of Rome is so indelibly

stamped on their history that one is at a loss to ascertain why it should have ever been called into question. It is sometimes denied in our days, but it takes crass ignorance plus a love for notoriety to do it. "No discussion on religious matters," says Dr. Lynch, as quoted in the erudite work of Dr. Parsons, "ever arose in Ireland which was not referred to Rome for adjudication. From Rome Ireland had her precepts of morality and her oracles of faith. Rome was the mother, Ireland the daughter; Rome the head, Ireland the member. From Rome, the fountain source of religion, Ireland undoubtedly derived and with her whole soul imbibed her faith. In doubtful matters the Pope was the arbiter of the Irish, in things certain their master; in ecclesiastical matters their head; in temporal, their defender; in all things their judge; in everything their adviser; their oracle in doubt, their bulwark in the hour of danger."

And the devotion of the past is the heritage of the present.

The Irish are guided on their way by the teacher who can never fall into error. They know nothing of the inconsistencies and absurdities of the various forms of so-called religion that have been foisted on the public, for the faith that has stood Gamaliel's test is theirs, burning within their hearts as brightly as when it was first enkindled by St. Patrick.

### EASTERTIDE.

We hope that Easter day may be laden with blessings for our readers. For us it is the most beautiful feast of the year. Our heart thrills with the music of the Alleluia and we are back over the years and seem to see with a certain measure of happiness the body of the Christ laid to rest on His bed of stone. We look at the pale Face—beautiful yet despite its disfigurement—at the seamed and scarred tabernacle of the tenderest and gentlest Soul.

The mother's heart must have been broken. She knew Him and He was her Son. She had crowned Him to sleep in her arms; she had watched and guided Him until He went about His Father's business. The shadow, indeed, fell athwart her heart on that day in the temple—but to see Him die aside the thieves and amidst the execrations of His persecutors was too terrible.

But there was peace in the grave—and He had at last somewhere to lay His head. Perhaps the mother was grateful for that.

The multitude went to their homes wondering at the events that had transpired or forgetting them instantly—for people are fickle.

The leaders who had plucked Him from the land of the living rejoiced that He could no longer be a menace to their ambition. Pilate, perchance, had watched the terrible drama with dismal forebodings. True, in a fit of weakness he affixed his signature to the death warrant, but he was fashioned differently from the Pharisees. The beauty and majesty of the Nazarene told him that day he sat in judgment that he was confronted by a very King amongst men. And the darkness came down on governor's palace and Pharisees' home and the garden.

The next day the priests came to see if the sentinels were faithful to watch and ward over the tomb, and they find them on the alert, ready with lance and shield for all invaders. No deluded disciple can take the body whilst the wary Romans remain. The hours go by, bearing happiness to His enemies and giving them a pledge that the miracle on which He had staked His cause would not come to pass.

On Sunday morning they hear unbidden clamor in the streets. Knots of men are here and there in earnest converse. A man strangely like one of His followers goes by hurriedly, indicating by his whole bearing that his heart was singing some joyous song. Had the sentinels proved recreant to their trust?

And sallying, forth eager to know the cause of the excitement they hear the cry that the Nazarene has arisen from the dead. Yes, the tomb is empty. They watched well, the soldiers—but patrolling the garden this morning they met a Man whose face gleamed like the lightning. Lance and shield fell from their hands and they became as dead through fear. Mary,

who was a sinner in the city, who kissed His feet in Simon's banquet hall, has seen Him in very truth alive. The words fall in hideous discord upon the ears of the Pharisees. And so the Nazarene, who had nought save the robe woven Him by His mother, had conquered them who had everything, and had proven, it seemed, that He could bring life back to the body which they saw nailed to a cross.

But how the tidings must have made sweet music in the hearts of the Blessed Mother and the Magdalen. They were side by side on Calvary—gazing upwards at the gibbet which held for the one a peerless Child, and for the other a gracious Master who had given her back her peace and purity.

The Mother had her Son once more—no longer a worm, and no man, but clad in strength and majesty. "My Mother," He said: "I am arisen and with thee still. Arise, my Mother, arise. Make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come, for the winter is now past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers have appeared in our land."

The Apostles opened the history of the triumph that we read to-day. Clear was the path now and clear the goal, and with intellects freed from the bondage of doubt and with hearts buoyed up by the hope of the imperishable crown they rejoiced in the day that the Lord had made. It was no dream or fleeting vision. Many times did the Apostles see Him in broad daylight during forty days, in different circumstances and at different times. The certainty of the reality removed all suspicion that the Master of three years was not the God foretold by the prophets. It gave them a faith firm and fearless—a faith that bade uncultured men from the fishing hamlets of Judea to charge the picked battalions of the world and hell. And we rejoice to day because in Christ all shall be made alive, that some day we shall see our God, and call Him, as Magdalen on the morn of the first Easter—Rabboni.

### TALK WITH A PARSON.

Parson: "He (Christ) declared that the kingdom of heaven is within you."

It is well known that our Lord thought of the Pharisees. He called them vipers, hypocrites, painted sepulchres. Now, if you look in Luke 17—20, 21, you will see that the words you refer to, "the kingdom of heaven is within you," were addressed to these Pharisees, these enemies of our Lord whom He so frequently and vehemently denounced. The words then must have a different meaning from that you would give them. This is an instance of careless quoting of Scripture.

You next quote St. Paul's words, "the kingdom is not meat and drink, but in righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," and then you explain that by meat and drink, St. Paul meant "churches, forms, sacraments and organizations." By this interpretation you desired to make it appear that St. Paul made light of the Church. If you had taken the trouble to read the text in Romans 14—18 to 17, which you refer to, you would have seen that his words had not the most remote reference to churches, forms, sacraments, or organizations. Let the reader consult the passage from Romans and he will see how carelessly you throw texts of Scripture about without any special reference to their meaning, and how ignorantly you interpret what you quote.

If you desired to know what St. Paul thought of the Church you could have found it in his first letter to Timothy 3—15, where he speaks in no equivocal terms, "But if I tarry long, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of truth." It is evident from this that when St. Paul wrote to the Romans he addressed them as members already within the house of God, the Church of the living God; and as members of the household he advised them in the way of perfection that leads to the kingdom of God.

Parson: "The kingdom of God is the end, the Church is but a means to the end."

If by "Kingdom of God" you mean eternal happiness, salvation, the Church of Christ is certainly a means to that end, and the only means to that end in the present order of Divine Providence. She was instituted by Christ as the custodian of His sacraments, and the guardian and interpreter of His Word. She is His house, His kingdom on earth, built by His own hands, and, therefore, the divine will established means to eternal life; and he who desires the end must avail himself of the means mercifully extended to him. To despise the means is to despise Him who provided it.

Parson: "Christ seems desirous of one thing only—to get the kingdom of God into the souls of men, and He used the Church as a means to that end, and nothing else."

He died for man's salvation; and He established His Church as the means to that end; as the means to enlighten, purify and sanctify the souls of men and make them worthy of the eternal kingdom. If you call this "getting the kingdom of God into the souls of men" we have no objection. This means, the Church, the handiwork of the Son of God, is therefore sacred, a divine instrument; and to speak of it lightly, as you do, shows a lack of reverence not in keeping with the Christian character which you profess.

As the means to an end—to eternal life—the Church, you say, "is but a husk to the kernel, the scaffolding to the building." If the Church of Christ is but a husk because it is a means to an end, then the grace of God is but a husk, for it also is a means to an end. The incarnation, teaching, sufferings and death of the God man are but husks, for they are means to an end. The Bible, revelation, is but a husk because means to an end. All government, divine or human, is but husk because means to an end. All created things—including the souls of men—are but husks, because all are means to the theological end. If all be husk, where is the kernel? It is a fact worthy the attention of the philosopher that the Protestant, especially the flip-pant and superficial one, cannot argue against the Church without taking an irreverent, infidel attitude toward sacred things. Whatever has the hand of God impressed upon it should be sacred to the Christian. The Church is the creation of the eternal Son of God, and yet the lowly parson, who thinks himself to be a minister of Christ, attempts to be witty, and even wise, at the expense of that Church which St. Paul tells us "Christ loved, and gave Himself up for it." (Ephesians 5:25) It is but a husk, a scaffolding, says the parson.

Parson: "But Roman Catholicism seems to make the Church both means and end, and so far as I can understand it, it aims at nothing so much as the glorification of the Church."

Seems! In arguing against the Church or against anything else, you should not be content with seeming; you should know what it is. There is no doubt Catholicism—as it seems to you—is utterly indefensible and no one would think of defending so grotesque a product of your feverish imagination. All one need do is to show that Catholicism, "so far as I understand it," is a Catholicism that is not understood very far. The Catholic needs only to defend his religion as it is. He is not called on to deal with the rubbish you attribute to it, further than to repudiate it. He is not responsible for the nightmares that haunt your imagination as a consequence of too heavy a load of undigested misinformation. Catholics love and glorify the Church, and they have the example of our Lord for doing so. St. Paul tells the Ephesians, "Husbands love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself up for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish. . . . No man ever hath his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the Church." (Ephesians, 5—25, 27, 29) This Church, so loved and nourished and cherished by our Lord, you call but a husk. In view of the above words of St. Paul your saying is exceedingly flat.

Parson: "Your whole conception of the Church is wrong because your conception of truth is wrong."

The Catholic conception of the Church is beautifully expressed in the above words of St. Paul to the Ephesians, and by what he wrote to Timothy, "The house of God, which is the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth." We assume that the Apostle's conception of Church truth is to be preferred to yours.

But by what criterion do you measure Father Nugent's conception of truth, that you judge it to be wrong? By your own yardstick? Very well, by what criterion of truth do you verify your yardstick; that is, show that it is the correct measure or norm of truth? What light have you that Father Nugent has not? The Bible? He has it as well as you. Your private judgment? His is as good as yours. What right, then, have you to set your conception of truth up as a model which he should copy in order to be right? He has the same right to insist that your conception of truth should correspond with his in order to be correct. You have no patent or copyright in the matter.

Parson: "Do you think the truth depends on any man or set of men, to give it validity and power?"

The truth once delivered, identified, and understood, needs no further witnessing. We speak now of revealed truth. In God's Providence in both the Old and the New Dispensation men were necessary to deliver, identify and explain the revealed truth, because God would it so. They were, therefore, necessary to give it validity and power, for undelivered, unidentified, unknown, it could have no power. The truth in itself is one thing; the truth as known is another. It is the knowledge of the truth that is important to man, for truth that he does not know

is to him as that which is not. Your question, then, to have any practical bearing, should have been put in this form: Does a knowledge of revealed truth depend on any man or set of men to give it validity and power? And the answer is, Yes; because God in dealing with mankind has invariably used men as instruments to make His will known. In the Old Law He used Moses and the prophets. In the New Law He spoke through the Apostles whom He commanded to teach the world and through His Church: "If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and publican." The coming to us of the knowledge of revealed truth has, then, in God's Providence, always depended on what you call "a set of men." It is the known truth that is to us valid, fruitful and enlightening. The unknown truth has no action or influence on us. Then the action, influence and fruitfulness of the known truth depends upon God, on "a set of men," who from time to time, by Divine commission, made revealed truth known to us. What you know of revealed truth from the Bible depends on the "set of men" who wrote it.

Parson: "Does truth wait for an organization of ignorant and foolish men to discover it and to give it indorsement and currency?"

That it does is the Protestant theory. The Catholic rejects it, and believes that only by an infallible authority can revealed truth come to us in a manner that leaves no doubt of its identity and meaning. The only organization that has the authority to deliver revealed truth is, in the New Dispensation, the Church established by Christ to deliver it.

You err then egregiously when you say, "Your whole Church organization proceeds on that assumption," namely, that the truth must wait for an organization of ignorant and fallible men. The Catholic proceeds on the assumption that the Church of Christ, against which He said the gates of hell should not prevail, cannot err in teaching, and is therefore infallible.

Parson: "It is truth which makes or organization, not organization which makes, discovers or declares the truth."

The known truth may, but does not necessarily, make organization. Nor does it alone make organization, for Mahomedanism and Mormonism are organized. Even thieves and burglars organize. When you said organization neither discovers nor declares the truth you forget that Methodism is an organization. You make a very humble confession when you say by necessary implication that your own Church does not declare the truth. We leave it to your brethren to settle that with you.

Parson: "The truth is living and almighty; organizations are dead and helpless things."

The truth, when known, is powerful, but unknown it is of no force. You do not seem to perceive that the real question is, not how powerful truth is, but how do we come to a knowledge of it? It is valueless to you if you do not possess it; like the gold and diamonds hidden in the unknown depths of the earth. You can turn them to no use, even as colliers, unless you possess the point is not as to their existence somewhere, but how can you obtain them. So with truth, all general and abstract talk about its beauty and power is less of time if you do not possess it; that is, do not know it. As for revealed truth, it can become known to us only through the means God has appointed: that is, through His teaching Church. You fall into the unconscious sophistry of assuming that you know the truth, whereas that is one of the things to be demonstrated. Another sophistry is that you constantly confound truth with a knowledge of it.

Parson: "Your position assumes that truth is that dead and helpless thing which depends on organization for its existence."

This only shows how extremely ignorant you are of the Catholic position. Truth is a dead and helpless thing to him who knows it not. It is only when it is promulgated by the means appointed by the Revealer that truth becomes living and forceful. That means, in the New Dispensation, is the organization called the Church of Christ. It is through this divine instrument that the truth is made known to men and when known it becomes operative. The great practical question for men is not the power of truth—for all admit that—but what is the means to come to a knowledge of that powerful truth. Revealed truth in itself depends on no one but God, but our knowledge of it depends on the organization which God established to communicate it to us. That is the Catholic's position; and not the absurd one you attribute to him.

Parson: "Truth made the Church possible."

And being possible, our Lord made it to be, and to make a certain knowledge of revealed truth possible to us.

Parson: "Truth is not no, nor never was, dependent upon stills for its standing."

That is doubtless true; but our knowledge of revealed truth depends on the teaching of the Church of Christ, which as St. Paul tells us, is the pillar and ground of truth. Here, as frequently elsewhere, you confound truth with your knowledge of it. Truth that is unknown has no standing in human consciousness—even on stills.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

### THE DIVINE CHRIST.

"What think ye of Christ?"—the older question of Christ Himself to the Pharisees—has been propounded by the Boston Herald to the representatives of five religious bodies, and under it the answers therefrom are grouped in last Sunday's issue as "Five Easter Sermons." The Herald leads with "The Christ of Roman Catholicism," by the Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D. The Christ of the Catholic Church, is, of course, the Divine Christ of the Sacred Scriptures, who proclaimed His own Divinity, and in proof thereof spoke and wrought as never man spoke or wrought before. Writes Dr. Brann:

Profound as are many of the pagan poets, and sublime as are the Hebrew prophets, none of them can compare with Christ. His ideas are the germs of all the great principles of modern social science and of modern enlightenment. The seed which He sowed has developed and blossomed into every form of beauty and beneficence. His lessons have filled the minds of men with grand thoughts and their hearts with love and charity. In His Sermon on the Mount He has, in the Eight Beatitudes, said what no one but God could have said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." These words alone have transformed the whole social world.

Further he declares, and all men of learning must endorse him: "Those who assail the divinity of Christ are pigmies to the intellectual giants who, in every age, have adored Him." The Rev. Lyman Abbot, representing Evangelical Protestantism, confesses the Divine Christ, so do the representatives of the "New Church" or Swedenborgianism, so do the Christian Scientists, though with their own peculiar explanations of His miracles. Dr. Minot J. Savage, representing the Unitarians, denies the Divinity of Christ and His miracles. Who so inconsistent among all misbelievers, as these who deny Christ as God and glorify Him as Man? It is a singular coincidence that the Gospel of Passion Sunday is chiefly of Christ's own assertion of His Divinity to the unbelieving Jews. But they were more consistent than the modern Unitarians, for rejecting Christ as God, they would not have Him for a prophet. It is useless to plead that Christ spoke figuratively, or was by any one taken in a figurative sense: for in proclaiming His God head on this or on any occasion, He appealed to the Jews' most sacred knowledge and tradition: "Before Abraham was made, I AM" thus giving Himself the very Name which the Eternal and Inmutable God spoke to Moses. Their immediate attempt to destroy Him proved that they did not misunderstand His meaning. If Christ were not God, Christianity would be a huge imposture. But it is good to see that even among Protestant Christians this basic article of faith still holds its own; and that its very repudiators pay tribute to its deep roots in the consciousness of men by their own celebrations of Easter Sunday!—Boston Pilot.

Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, made a forcible plea last Sunday for the religious training of American youth.

"Ethical teaching," he declared, "the future citizen must have, and I will say that I would rather the children of our great city were handed over to a Christian body, the Roman Catholic, for instance, to be taught by them the ethics of the Christian religion and their duty to God and their neighbor than see them not taught religion at all. That is a strong statement, is it not? I do not want to be misunderstood, however."

"I do not advocate, of course, such a handing over of the children, for I am sure common sense and a growing feeling of the inadequacy of our present public school training will result in our adopting a better way."

"But I would rather call the Roman Catholic clergy in and open the schools to their teaching for thirty minutes five times a week than give the children a merely secular education. First we faucied the main point of education was to train the head. In time we added to that idea the training of the hand and body. But, I tell you, the child is more than head and hand. There is the will and soul. Education is narrow, and will fall till she deal with them also."

Such public appeals are useful in that they may hasten the era of common sense applied to the rational development of sound theories of education under State control.—Catholic Universe.

### PROTESTANTS AND LENT.

An encouraging sign of the times is the tendency towards a special observance of Lent which is noticeable on the part of many Protestant congregations. Commenting on this, the Outlook says that the number of churches which are planning to observe Holy Week is larger this year than ever. "No time in the year," says this Protestant paper, "is so favorable for special religious work as the Lenten season." A few years ago this statement would have seemed a strange admission on the part of a Protestant editor, but among educated people the influence of the Church is making itself felt, and there is not such a horror of Catholic practices as there used to be.—Sacred Heart Review.



APRIL 1, 1899

gone in the same direction, though not so far. Half-way up the road stood a Calvary worn with age and storms, and over the steps in places the soft clinging moss had grown. Jean had passed it on his way, but had only lifted his cap in salutation, without making the usual invocation.

It was a lovely, balmy day, which seemed to breathe the first thoughts of spring, but the very joyousness of the air was slowly coming back to a mood of gloom. He was slowly coming back to a mood of gloom. He was slowly coming back to a mood of gloom.

Coming nearer Jean saw it was his brother and asleep; evidently the warmth of the day and the long walk had tired him. At the moment Jean approached he was half smiling as if in a pleasing dream. Jean stood a moment and looked down at the figure on the steps, and then his eye wandered to his crutch.

An evil thought rose in his mind; he had forgotten the Divine Figure above, and the devil stood at his elbow showing him the contrast between his crouching figure and the splendid physique of the man at his feet.

Jean grasped his crutch. One awful blow and the sleeper, happy in his dreams, would wake no more. "He has everything; you are a cripple—a hunchback fit for nothing, and out of the friendship of the world," whispered the tempter. "No one can see you; who is to know?"—The same temptation that has made many Cain since the first great murder.

Jean's face blanched, and a wild look crept into his eyes. "No one to see!" he almost whispered, looking round on the sun-lit landscape, and the demon jealousy, that had long worked mad riot in his morbid mind, was urging him fast to dash his brother out of the world.

Halted his heavy crutch, but in the swinging his eyes caught the look of the crowned Head on the Cross. In his wildness the Face seemed to look sadly pitiful on the poor soul who was turning his back on Him.

In terror the crutch fell from Jean's nerveless hand, and with a wild sob for mercy, he covered his face and fell on his knees.

Pierre slept peacefully on, little dreaming as he lay under the shadow of the Cross of the awful tragedy beside him. Humbly Jean rose slowly, and with a prayer in his heart for mercy he trudged wearily home.

Pierre and Annette were married soon after Easter, and Jean quietly left the village to take up his work elsewhere. But his heart was in that village by the sea, and he had no love for the town.

In his holiday he returned, and they thought he had become even more reserved than before. He spent all his days in his boat, as of old, till they were afraid that one day he might get overtaken, and his strength not be able to resist a sudden storm. But, as Pierre remarked to his wife in his light-headed way—

"Oh, Jean is stronger than we imagine; his body may be crooked, but his arm is straight and like his heart. Jean is a good sort, though queer and quiet, you know, at times." How could Pierre realize what life was under the burden his brother carried?

It was autumn, and squalls had upset the weather early. Jean's last day of holiday has come, and he was preparing to spend it in his boat.

"I think you had better keep by the land to-day, Jean; I don't like this weather," said Pierre.

"It is fine to-day," said Jean, looking at the bright blue sky above. "No squalls to-day, and even so I am safe. I landed her well the other evening."

"Ah, yes; perhaps once too often, you know, Jean."

Pierre said no more, for Jean shook his head, smiling, and went off in the direction of the beach.

Pierre was right. In the middle of the day a squall blew, and the sea was terrible for the short time. At the cottage they all looked anxious. Marie and Annette said their rosaries and Pierre went off the beach, though in the heavy mist he could see nothing. Gradually, as it lifted, he fancied he saw a dark speck in the distance.

"If he had his sail up he can not have weathered this," thought Pierre with an anxious heart.

Slowly the dark clouds rolled away, and the sun smiled out brightly, while the sea danced in little ripples as if forgetful of the temper of a moment before.

Still Pierre felt worried, and wondered what the distant object could be. With a curious sensation of misgiving Pierre hunted up two sailors, and together they searched for that distant black speck.

"We are just on it," said one of the men. "Pull together, and—" but the man hesitated; he had seen it was a small boat bottom upmost. His sudden silence fell on Pierre's heart like a knell. They came alongside, and through the water they read across the kneel, "Star of the Sea." It was the name of Jean's boat!

Pierre lifted his cap. "He has gone under, mates. Poor Jean. God rest his soul," and the three men crossed themselves piously. A day or two later the body drifted in. Jean was at rest—he had sailed into God's harbor.—Catholic Fireside.

A Quebecer's Confidence in Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure—Gives Relief at once. He says Danville, P. Q., April 9th, 1898 EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto. Dear Sirs.—Enclosed find \$1 for a dozen boxes Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. Please send them at once. Every patient using it says "It is an excellent cure, gives relief at once." JAS. MASSON, Gen'l Merchant, Danville, P. Q.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

Religious Communities in Italy.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR APRIL, 1899.

Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The Intention recommended to our prayers this month must be one of especial dear to the heart of the Holy Father, and the blessing which he bestows upon it must come to us freighted with his most earnest desire for our cooperation. A recent Papal document has shown in what light the Pope regards the religious orders, and how highly he esteems what they have done and are now doing for the Church. To pray then that they may be increased in the number of their subjects and in the spirit of their vocation, is an object most consonant with the aim and purpose of our Apostleship. But we can well understand that his paternal eyes must rest with special affection on the religious communities of his own native land, those of whose virtues and trials he himself is a witness, and whose sufferings are bound up inseparably with the passing away of his Temporal Power.

The bread riots last year at Milan made strikingly manifest to the world the misery and want that have followed in the train of the Revolution which created a so-called United Italy under the domination of an usurping king and a parliament of radicals and free thinkers. Disastrous war and public robbery had depleted the National Exchequer, and excessive taxes must needs be levied to meet governmental extravagance. But the famine which at last aroused to frenzied action the unhappy victims for whom a violent death had become preferable to a dying life, had years ago been felt by the religious communities. Through the breach in the Porta Pia there had rushed into the Eternal City, not only the forces of an invading army, but in its ranks, an particularly among its leaders, men whose avowed object was the extirpation of all religion.

It is not therefore surprising that among the early acts of the new government was a decree depriving all the religious orders of a legal existence, and confiscating to the crown not only their monasteries and their furniture, but even in defiance of all law and order, laying hands on the dowry of individual religious. True it is that in place of the principal thus unjustly seized, there was substituted a yearly pension, but this was so small and paid at such irregular intervals, that it practically amounted to nothing or at most did not average more than twenty or twenty-five cents a day. Even this pittance was to cease with the death of the older religious, and as all these orders were further forbidden to receive novices, their extinction appeared only a question of time. The evident object of these laws, besides enriching the government authorities, was to force the religious to abandon their vocation and return to the world, but thank God, as one of their superiors expresses it, "the bonds of charity hold us so firmly together that neither hunger, nor thirst, nor nakedness, nor any other misfortune can separate us from our Lord." This object is made clear from an answer given as far back as 1860 to a Camaldolese monk by Cavour, the ablest and most unprincipled of the leaders of the Italian Revolutionary party. Harassed by vexations of all kinds, this old religious, not crediting all that he had heard or seen done by the officials of the State, resolved to leave his narrow cell and adjoining little garden patch in the mountains, to make a personal appeal to the sense of justice and humanity of his persecutors. Ushered into the presence of the Prime Minister, he humbly asked "what reproach could be made to himself or his brethren in religion. We live entirely apart from the world. Our converse is only with God. What conspiracy can Your Excellency fear from us?" "That of your prayers," Cavour made reply. "You conspire against Italy by praying, and that is enough." A singular admission and charge, and one that gives an unexpected insight into the motives by which the founders of modern Italy were actuated.

But the iniquitous laws did not stop here. Hard as it would have been to remain in poverty and suffering as caretakers for the government of what is rightly their own property, to be subjected to arbitrary annoying official inspection, and to see their houses stripped of all that was most valuable in art and archives, there would at least be the consolation of living in the homes of their predecessors, of keeping in touch with the traditions and souvenirs of the saintly men and women who had been their progenitors in the religious life. Such encouragement and aids to resignation were, however, in many cases denied. Religious orders of men were ejected from their monasteries, which were made to serve as barracks, or post offices, or police stations, and forced to break up into small communities to live as best they could in narrow private apartments in out-of-the-way streets and alleys, while the cloistered communities of women, at the caprice of the municipal authorities, were frequently huddled together in some one convent, often in a ruined condition, and there, despite the fact that they had embraced distinct religious rules, were merged into one community. The Jesuit Professed House, adjoining the Gesu in Rome, made sacred by the memory of St. Ignatius, St. Francis Borgia, St. Aloysius and St. John Berchmans, and the great Franciscan convent of Ara Coeli on the Capitoline, may be taken as examples of

the work of spoliation and confiscation, although perhaps sadder still are the impressions arising from a visit to Subiaco, the cradle of Western monasticism, whose deserted halls that once echoed to the footsteps of a thousand monks, shelter at present a dozen Benedictines, allowed by the pretended generosity of the Government to remain with a small pension as custodians of their own monastery.

In this war of systematized oppression and injustice against religious men and women, the active and contemplative orders alike have been the victims. For a time the Catholic laity were able to render some assistance, but with rich families pushed to the verge of bankruptcy by excessive taxation, and the simple peasantry so poor that their houses were sold over their heads, and they themselves compelled to emigrate to the Americas, North or South, this aid was soon withdrawn.

Hundreds of the priest members of these communities do not receive a stipend for a Mass the whole year round. The religious institutes for the education of girls still continue in existence, but in most cases under such straitened circumstances and surroundings by so many hardships and privations, that it is hard to see how the Sisters have even the physical strength to teach their classes. We ourselves have visited one such school in a town among the Alban hills. It occupied three rooms in the third story of a tenement house. The chapel was the smallest of hall bedrooms, so small indeed as to barely admit the narrowness of the priest's vestments when placed before and after vesting. The two other rooms, both small, served at once as schoolrooms, dormitory, refectory, kitchen and parlor for the community of four Sisters, who each received from the Government the munificent salary of ten cents a day for their services! It was a painful reflection that we were consuming half of their day's pay when we partook of the cup of coffee and two unbuttered rolls that were so graciously offered us for breakfast after we had said Mass.

But deplorable as is the lot of the religious orders of men, and the teaching orders of Sisters, its misery is not at all comparable to that endured by the cloistered contemplative orders of women, and these, be it said, constitute a large part of the religious communities of Italy. Perhaps it is because they are from the very nature of their vocation archconspirators in the league of prayer which Cavour so greatly dreaded, that they have been singled out for special persecution. Some glories in the number of martyrs who in centuries gone by bedewed with their blood its erstwhile sacred soil, but we doubt not that no less acceptable in the eyes of God are the hidden victims of this unbloody martyrdom, who day by day amid hunger and thirst, well nigh to starvation, are surrendering their pure souls into the hands of their Creator for whom in the fair promise of youth they had voluntarily given up all that the world holds most sweet.

One Review, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, has three hundred and ninety such destitute convents regularly on its list of charitable beneficiaries, and twice each year, at Christmas and Easter, makes appeal for them under the title *L'Obolo per le Povere Monache*, "The Mite for the Poor Nuns." No sadder reading do we know than their pleadings for a share in this charitable fund, or the words of gratitude in which they tell the good effected by some trifling alms. We make a few extracts from these letters:

The Superiores of an Umbrian convent writes: "My daughters hold up to me their torn and worn-out habits, and I have not even a piece of cloth to give to patch them." "At sunset," writes the member of another community, "we retire to our cells, there to remain in utter darkness till the dawn of the next day. And why this? Because we have only enough means to buy oil for the lamp before the Blessed Sacrament. We even use no oil as seasoning, that our Lord may not be left without His flickering sentinel light."

Many of these communities are poorer than the very poorest in our large cities, and are absolutely in want of even their daily bread. "Father, I have not a single penny to buy a mouthful of bread for my dear community," "We have exhausted all our flour," are the words of another Superiores. "No one will give us credit, and I have no money. God will make use of you as a channel to transmit to us what is absolutely necessary to sustain the life of my Sisters. All we ask is the means to buy bread."

"And yet," to quote from the letter of a Reverend Mother whose community had been reduced to this same extremity till aided by an alms, "we accept all our sacrifices. We have made a vow of poverty; we are the spouses of Him who was born poor and died poor for us to strengthen us by His example, I can tell you in all truth and sincerity that my religious suffer in peace, even with joy, all their great privations in food and clothing."

Letters of similar character might be multiplied without end, but enough has been said to show how earnest should be at least our prayers that this reign of oppression may be shortened and the religious communities restored to their rightful inheritance. It is not long since our hearts were stirred by the recital of the sufferings of the *reconcentrados* of Cuba. Large sums of money were collected and numerous relief expeditions were organized to assist those unfortunate, and the contention was put forward in Congress that their sad condition was in itself sufficient justification of the war with Spain. These Italian religious communities are truly *reconcentrados* in a deeper and truer

meaning than the Cuban insurgents, and scarcely a voice is raised to proclaim their misery, scarcely a hand is moved to give them the succor which their virtuous lives and helpless circumstances demand.

There is another and a higher reason why these communities should enlist a sympathy and commiseration which would find expression in prayer. Their spiritual interests cannot but be imperilled by the withdrawal of all the aids to community life. Expelled from their monasteries and convents, they are not uncommonly deprived of the happiness of daily Mass, and the still greater happiness and source of strength derived from frequent Holy Communion. Crowded together, as we have seen, in narrow and unhealthy quarters, where the sick and dying call for constant attention, it is almost impossible to preserve the regularity and vigor of religious discipline, or to pursue in peace and tranquillity of mind the round of community duties prescribed by rule. All external helps to devotion, the Annual Retreat, books for spiritual reading, a chapel worthy of the Divine Presence, are often denied them, while we may add to these the pressure brought to bear by friends and relatives to have them return to the world, and the temptation to despondency which would lead them to lose heart in the service of their Master. Perseverance therefore in their vocation can only come from great and extraordinary graces, and that such graces may continue to flow to them in the future as in the past, is a worthy object of prayer.

But there is a third and even more personal reason why this month's intention should come home to us all. Apart from their impoverishment, spiritual as well as temporal, many of these religious are members of orders which give to Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer a share in all their merits and good works and sufferings, so that each of their acts of patience and resignation, each hour of privation and want, each moment of desolation, is rebounding to our spiritual profit and making us richer before God. Gratitude, then and the bond of membership in a common association should incite us to pray with all earnestness for these afflicted communities, who from the depth of their earthly purgatory are crying out to us to plead their cause before God.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

BY CARDINAL MANNING.

"My soul is sorrowful even unto death. My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." (St. Matthew, xxv., 38-39).

There, then, in that most awful hour, knelt the Saviour of the world, putting off the offenses of His divinity, . . . bearing His breast, sinless as He was, to the assault of His foe, . . . It is the long history of the world, and God alone can bear the load of it. Hopes blighted, vows broken, lights quenched, warnings scorned, opportunities lost; the innocent betrayed, the young hardened, the penitent relapsing, the just overcome, the aged failing; the sophistry of misbelief, the wilfulness of passion, the tyranny of habit, the canker of remorse, the wasting of care, the anguish of disappointment, the sickness of despair; such cruel, such pitiable spectacles, such heartrending, revolting, detestable, maddening scenes; . . . they are upon Him, they are all but His own; He cries to His Father as if He were the criminal, not the Victim. . . . He is the one Victim for us all, the sole satisfaction, the real penitent, all but the real sinner.

And thus our atoning sacrifice . . . began with this passion of woe, and only did not die, because at His omnipotent will His heart did not break, nor soul separate from body, till He had suffered on the Cross.

No, He has not yet exhausted that full chalice, from which at first His natural infirmities shrank. The seizure, and the arraignment, and the buffetting, and the prison, and the passing to and fro, and the scourging, and the crown of thorns, and the slow march of Calvary, and the crucifixion—these are all to come. A night and a day, hour after hour, is slowly to run out, before the end comes, and the satisfaction is completed.

And then, when the appointed moment arrived, and He gave the word, as His passion had begun with His soul, with the soul did it end. He did not die of bodily exhaustion, or of bodily pain; His tormented heart broke and He commended His spirit to the Father.

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PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

There are three things in the last century particularly worthy of being considered in their bearings on the fortunes of British Catholicism: the growth of Rationalism, or more properly of skepticism; the rise of Methodism; and the outbreak of the French Revolution.

As Wilfrid Ward remarks, the prevalence of philosophical skepticism in the last century weakened intolerance by weakening zeal, and abating the energy of belief. Skepticism itself was largely a reaction from the savage theological animosities of the two preceding centuries.

God uses all evil for good. This long interval of religious indifference gave time for the benevolent instincts of human nature and of original Christianity to assert themselves against the savage fierceness which in the Middle Ages had intertwined itself so closely with real zeal.

In England even the scandalous moral laxity of the age of George the Second worked in a way toward tolerance. When an Archbishop of York, without any particular public offence, openly kept a concubine in his palace, and when, if we take Thackeray's word for it, a clergyman had good hope of a mitre if he was only willing to marry a cast-off mistress of the King, people not unnaturally began to wonder why they should persecute the Church of Rome for the sake of the Church of England.

One almost specific peculiarity of our Anglican Christianity has always been an extraordinary dread of enthusiasm. This certainly can not be regarded as a very speaking note of apostolicity. It is to be explained partly from the peculiar history of the English Reformation, especially after Henry's straightforward bullhead had been removed, and in no inconsiderable measure by the personal temper of Archbishop Cranmer.

His great aim, long followed out by his successors, was to please the Catholics—or, as he would have said, the Romanists—so far as not to drive off the Protestants, and to please the Protestants so far as to keep still some hope of the Romanists.

Conciliation is good, but in permanently gone beyond the approvable point. People that are occupied in balancing water on both shoulders have not much strength left for hearty effort. I think, little as present appearances may seem to bear me out, that Anglicanism is gradually overcoming this fault, and fusing organically elements which once were merely in unstable juxtaposition.

occasionally under protection of the Sardinian Embassy, was only able to preach by hiring a cockpit, and by a display of beer and pipes, giving the semblance of a tavern entertainment. When Mass was to be said in an English house, the worshippers, meanly dressed, would steal up by twos and threes into a garret, which, after the celebration, would be thoroughly dismantled, and the sacred vessels and vestments carefully hidden. As late as 1770 clergymen would often receive legal notice to leave the country if they would not be prosecuted.

Thus, although the prevailing religious indifference began slowly to turn to the advantage of the English Catholics, its effects for a good while were the opposite. Family after family dropped off into conformity, reasoning with themselves that if religion was so uncertain anyhow they might as well have the advantage of professing the prevailing religion.

For instance, Lord Arundell of Wardour, some time before 1778, was compelled by a Protestant neighbor to sell the four horses of his carriage for five pounds apiece. A young Catholic square, on coming of age, ventured for once to attend the Assizes, but when, at the end, the Grand Jury came in and ex officio reported that they had made all due search for Papists but had found none, the startled youth left the room, and never returned.

We need not say how much this great reparation owed to the mighty influence of Edmund Burke, that great and most philosophical orator of our tongue, the member of the Westminster Parliament who never forgot that he was born in Ireland, and that Irishman whose concern for the western Irish never shook his devotion to the British Empire.

Perhaps no argument of Burke had more effect than his pointing out, what all the world knew, but what all the world seems never to have considered, that one-third of the population of Holland had always been Roman Catholic, but that this had never in the least impaired the influence of the Netherlands as one of the great Protestant powers.

I have next mentioned the rise of Methodism, but though chronologically later, I will first give some attention in passing to the effects of the French Revolution.

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THE PRE-REFORMATION CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Rev. D. M. Barrett, O. S. B., in American Catholic Quarterly Review.

But it would be a mistake to imagine that the Church made no effort to promote learning in the laity. "In almost all the periods of the history of Scotland," says an historian, "whatever documents deal with the social condition of the country reveal a machinery for education always abundant, when compared with any traces of the other elements of civilization." It is true that no accurate statistics are to be found on the subject, but references to it constantly occur in the cartularies of many of the great monasteries.

Besides these external schools, nearly all the important monasteries had one within their own walls. These, though primarily intended for the education of boys aspiring to the monastic state, seem to have been frequented by secular students also. An instance of this is to be seen in the cartulary of Kelso. Matilda, the Lady of Mollie, resigned part of her dowry lands in 1260, to provide a certain rent to be paid to the abbot and monks of that abbey on condition that her son should be maintained and educated there amongst their scholars of highest rank.

A proof of the Church's zeal in promoting education is to be found in the Act of Parliament, passed in 1496 at the instance of the clergy, enforcing compulsory education. The statute provided that all barons and freeholders should be compelled under a penalty of twenty pounds to send their sons to school at the age of eight or nine, allow them to remain there till they had acquired a competent knowledge of Latin. They were afterwards to attend higher schools of art and law, that they might qualify themselves to become sheriffs and judges.

But the opportunities provided for primary education did not satisfy the aspiring youths who wished to pursue the higher studies. Previous to the fifteenth century this desire compelled them to seek an education in England or in continental universities. A large number went to Oxford, where the Lady Devorgilla, mother of the vassal king, Balliol, had founded in 1262 the college which still bears his name, in memory of her husband, John de Balliol. They seem to have been somewhat unpopular to the opposite party during the papal schism—in which Scotland sided with France. It became necessary for Richard II. to write to the University authorities in 1382, forbidding the molestation of the Scots, notwithstanding their "damnable adherence" to the anti-Pope. Great numbers of Scottish students went to Cologne, where the registers show that they outnumbered any other foreign students, and that the greater part of them belonged to the diocese of St. Andrews. Paris also, from the high reputation enjoyed by its schools, and from the sympathy always existing during the middle ages between France and Scotland, had many such students. It was to benefit such that David, Bishop of Moray, founded certain burses in the University of Paris for Scottish youths in the fourteenth century. This liberality may be regarded as the first beginning of the Scots' College in that city.

It was to obviate the necessity of students seeking an education outside the realm that universities were at length erected in Scotland. This, the highest benefit conferred upon education, was the work of the Church, as Protestant historians testify. "It may with truth be said," remarks Burton, "that in the history of human things there is to be found no grander conception than that of the Church of the fifteenth century, when it resolved, in the shape of universities, to cast the light of knowledge abroad over the Christian world." The universities of Scotland, says Cosmo Innes, "are the legitimate offspring of the Church. They alone of our existing institutions, carry us back to the time when the clergy were the only supporters of schools, and the Bishop of the great diocese was the patron and head, as well as the founder, of its university."

St. Andrews was the first to lead the way. Bishop Wardlaw, who had completed his own studies at Oxford, founded a university in his cathedral city, with the concurrence of the prior and canon of his chapter, in the year 1410. Bishop Kennedy, in 1444, founded in connection with it the College of St. Salvator, and Archbishop Alexander Stuart that of St. Leonard's in the following century. These colleges received the approbation of Pope Paul II., Nicholas V., Pius II., and other Sovereign Pontiffs.

The second Scottish university owed its existence to Bishop Turnbull, who petitioned Pope Nicholas V. for leave to found one in his episcopal city of Glasgow. This Pope, whom Macaulay has styled "the greatest of the restorers of learning," gladly approved of the project, and erected the University of Glasgow by a Papal Bull in 1450. The office of Chancellor was always to be held by a Bishop of Glasgow, and the same privileges for professors and students as were enjoyed by the Papal university of Bologna.

At the close of the same century, another great ecclesiastic founded the third Scottish university in his cathedral city; this was the learned and holy Bishop Eiphistone, of Aberdeen. The Papal constitution which erected it bestowed upon it the usual privileges, and nominated the Bishop of the diocese as ex officio Chancellor. Edinburgh University is not strictly speaking a Catholic foundation, and scarcely falls within the scope of our subject; yet a passing allusion must be made to it, as there, also, it was an ecclesiastic who gave the impetus to its erection. Bishop Reid, of Orkney, who died in 1553, left by his will certain sums of money for the education of the sons of poor gentlemen at the Scottish universities. He bequeathed at the same time 8,000 merks for the foundation of a college in Edinburgh; this bequest resulted in the erection of the university of that city after the Reformation. In all these ways had the Church been the protector and foster of learning, and the sixteenth century was reaping the benefits which had been so lavishly bestowed during the preceding ages.

If we turn from the realm of science to that of the arts, we find the Church still cherishing everything that could in any way benefit her children. Taylor, the Dominican, the renowned musician of the thirteenth century, has already had a passing notice. The influence of his writings, "De cantu ecclesiastico corrigendo," "De tenore musicali," etc., was so great that he is said to have raised the standard of church music in Scotland to equal that of Rome. A more methodical cultivation of the art of singing was the result; for not long after his time the custom obtained of establishing schools for the express purpose of training boys to sing in the church services. About the middle of the thirteenth century the statutes of Aberdeen provided for "singing boys" to assist in the cathedral choir on great festivals. In the course of a century a definite institution, known as the "sang school," was established for the training of such choristers. An instructor was appointed, who bound himself to remain all his life in the burgh, "singing, keeping and upholding mass, matins, evensongs, completories, psalms, responses, antiphones and hymns in the church on festival days," his salary being fixed at twenty four merks per annum. The master of the "sang school" was also required "to instruct burghesses' sons in singing and playing on the organ, for the upholding of God's service in the choir, they paying him his scholage and dues." At Brechin, in like manner, as the Episcopal Register testifies, a "sang school" was endowed by the Earl of Athole, and a chaplain appointed to conduct it. The foundation of such institutions became frequent in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and continued after the Reformation, until all the more important towns could boast of one. Many of these, though their later purpose was to minister to the psalm singing of Presbyterian conventicles, were the product of Catholic piety and generosity in a former age.

For the cultivation of the rest of the fine arts, Scotland is just as much indebted to the Church. The monasteries were at first the only refuge of the artist. In their quiet scriptorium the monks of Kelso, for example, labored patiently at the far-famed miniatures of their illuminated manuscripts, and to such hidden workers the country owed the development of an early taste for painting. The charter of Malcolm IV. to that abbey, a truly magnificent specimen of early art in illuminating and miniature painting, is still preserved at Floors Castle. The monks of Kelso have been chosen in illustration of this subject because it was an important principle in the rule of the Tiron branch of the Benedictine Order—to which they belonged—that each monk should learn and practice some useful art. Hence the Tiron monks became famous for their skill in painting, metal work, carving, sculpture and glass working, and also for their practical knowledge of many less exacted but no less necessary arts, as the sequel will show.

The principle which Bernard of Fontineu, when he founded his abbey of Tiron, thought so important, was to a certain extent held by all cloistered monks. St. Benedict in his Rule, specially inculcates the carrying out in the spirit of humility of any art or craft which a monk may have already learned to practice. The proficiency of many of the early monks is explained by the above principles. Not only did they embellish the structures of their beautiful churches, but there is good reason to suppose that they were themselves in most cases the architects. It is a remarkable fact, and it bears out this conjecture, that the names of the first designers of those glorious buildings have been left in oblivion. Painting, sculpture, glass-staining and carving, which the monks cherished so faithfully and made use of for the beautifying of their churches, fostered a love of art in those who beheld the results of their genius and labors. Not only did prelates call in the aid of painter, sculptor and carver for the beautifying of their cathedrals and churches, but kings and nobles took a delight in providing such em-



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bellishments for the House of God, and, later on, for their own palaces and castles also. TO BE CONTINUED.

The Great Fire at the Windsor, N. Y. Was an awful calamity, but cannot be remedied. Now, Catarrhine can remedy and prevent the same for Catarrh and kindred diseases.

"Honesty is the Best Policy." Never was a more pointed saying put into print, and to be honest only because it is policy is a poor kind of honesty. Better change "policy" to "principle" and the world will like you better.

Rheumatism.—"I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for rheumatism. It has done me more good than any other medicine I have taken." Mrs. PATRICK KENNEY, Brampton, Ont.

Bad Cough.—"After my long illness, I was very weak and had a bad cough. I could not eat or sleep. Different remedies did not help me but Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and I am now able to attend to my work." MISSIE JAGLES, Oshawa, Ont.

Biliousness.—"I have been troubled with headache and biliousness and was much run down. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and it gave me relief and built me up." A. MORRISON, 81 Deane Street, Toronto, Ont.

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A Sarsaparilla.—"As I had lost five children with diphtheria I gave my remaining two children Hood's Sarsaparilla as they were subject to throat trouble and were not very strong. They are now healthier and stronger and have not since had a cold." Mrs. W. H. FLECKER, Pembroke, Ont.

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To Make the Way of the Cross. It is not necessary to repeat the long prayers and meditations found in your prayer books—though those are excellent helps to doing the exercises well. Kneel before the altar and there make your intention and in a few moments of thought prepare yourself for what you intend to do.

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PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS. THIS HAS A LARGER SALE THAN any book of the kind now in the market. It is not a controversial work, but simply a statement of Catholic Doctrine.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Easter Sunday.

"He is risen. He is not here." (Mark 16, 6). A few days ago there were millions of Christians in intense weeping, and praying before the holy sepulchre. The terrible thought was in the minds of all, that the Son of God died on the cross, died as a Victim for our sins. But to day the whole scene is changed. All Christendom is filled with joy and happiness; and in every land is heard the oft-repeated Alleluia. The poor rejoice, and the rich exult. In all tongues and climes hymns of praise and thanksgiving ascend to the throne of God.

Why this joy? What signifies this festivity? What is this that fills the heart and mind of old and young great and small, with such rejoicing? It is the announcement of the angel at the grave: "Christ is risen, He is not here." This announcement contains the most joyful and consoling truth that was ever given to man; it proclaims the triumph of our holy religion, insures us the completion of the great work of redemption, it gives us the divine assurance of our own future resurrection.

Verily, it announces to us the triumph of our holy religion; for our Lord in rising to-day again glorious Victor from the grave, has verified the promise so often given to friend and foe, and so solemnly proclaimed to the world, that He is the Eternal Son of God, the Saviour and Redeemer of the world. There have been, at all times, lying prophets and deceivers of the people, even such who have appealed to apparently supernatural deeds which they pretended to have achieved. But show me one among them who, in testimony of his divine mission, arose from the dead. You will find none for death put an end to their lying well as to their glory. Christ alone the Incarnate Son of God, has said: "Destroy this temple, I will raise it up." (John 2, 19.) And He has not only said, but also accomplished it, recalling to-day to a glorious life the body which had been so ignominiously put to death. He is, therefore, truth, the new Jonas, as He has signified Himself, who for three days has rested in the bowels of the earth, and who, to day, has gone forth from the jaws of death to a new, eternal glorified existence. O Infidelity, main silent. If such a seal of Omnipotent God will not suffice, give, at least, honor to truth and knowledge: I am determined not to believe. But we, filled with gratitude, will exclaim, with the apostle St. Paul: "I know whom I have believed." (Tim. 1, 12); and say with St. Peter: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and have believed, and thou art the Christ, the Son of God." (John 6, 69.)

The announcement of the angel the sepulchre assures us not only of the triumph of our holy religion, but also of the completion of the great work of our redemption, and of the certainty of our own future resurrection. For by the omnipotent power of His resurrection, our Saviour solemnly proved Himself to be the Eternal Son of God, thus giving us consoling and incontestible certainty that He has cancelled our guilt, broken the empire of sin, annihilated the reign of Satan, opened Heaven, conquered death, recovered the throne of lost graces, excelled in the triumph song, has healed the world with the Spirit of God, and that, where is His victory, O death, where is thy sting? (I. Cor. 15, 55.)

But even more than this! the divine Victor has also sealed and ratified the certainty of our own future resurrection—the consoling certainty that for us the Good Friday of death was followed by the glorious Easter of resurrection. For Christ's resurrection is only the prototype and the effect cause of our own resurrection. divine word warrants us that we one day hear the trumpet of the resurrection, and that we will arise from the corruption to an eternally happy glorified life.

Bahold, therefore, dearly beloved Christians, what the resurrected Our Lord signifies for us and our religion. It is, as it were, the fulfilment of our faith, the vivification of the work of our redemption, the seal of the divine truth of our resurrection. Without Easter, Friday would be ineffectual; were the "Alleluia," the Lord is rising, saying word of the crucified Saviour, "it is consummated" would have meaning. It is only the announcement of the angel at the sepulchre that gives the work of Jesus its sanction, its redeeming power.

And hence, let us exultingly in the festivity of the Church; with heart filled with gratitude, our homage to the divine Victor offer Him eternal love and fidelity, also prove our grateful love, by rising with Christ from sin. As a holy life dedicated to God, such that which is above where Christ at the right hand of His Father. Then, indeed, the Easter joy will be for us a permanent one, Alleluia here on earth will be our eternal Alleluia in Heaven.

As Old as Antiquity. Either by acquired taint or hereditary feeble constitutions, the aged generation after generation may meet them with the odds in your favor. Take only the best when you buy medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla is blood purifier, nerve and stomachic. Get Hood's.

APRIL 1, 1899.

FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

Easter Sunday.

EASTER JOYS.

"He is risen. He is not here." (Mark 16, 6.) A few days ago there were millions of Christians in intense weeping, and praying before the holy sepulchre. The terrible thought was in the minds of all, that the Son of God died on the cross, died as a Victim for our sins! But to day the whole scene is changed; all Christendom is filled with joy and happiness; and in every land is heard the oft-repeated Alleluia. The poor rejoice, and the rich exult. In all tongues and climes hymns of praise and thanksgiving ascend to the throne of God.

Why this joy? What signifies this festivity? What is this that fills the heart and mind of old and young, great and small, with such rejoicing? It is the announcement of the angel at the grave: "Christ is risen, He is not here." This announcement contains the most joyful and consoling truth that was ever given to man; it proclaims the triumph of our holy religion, insures us the completion of the great work of redemption, it gives us the divine assurance of our own future resurrection.

Verily, it announces to us the triumph of our holy religion; for our Lord in rising to-day as glorious Victor from the grave, has verified the promise so often given to friend and foe and so solemnly proclaimed to the world that He is the Redeemer Son of God, the Saviour and Etemal Son of God, the incarnate Son of God, who has said in life: "Destroy this temple (that is, my Body) and in three days I will raise it up." (John 2, 19.) And He has not only said, but also accomplished it by recalling to-day to a glorious life that body which had been so ignominiously put to death. He is, therefore, in truth, the new Jonas, as He has designated Himself, who for three days was rested in the bowels of the earth, and who, to-day, has gone forth from the jaws of death to a new, eternal and glorified existence. O Infallible, remain silent. He is a seal of the Omnipotent God will not suffice you give, at least, honor to truth and acknowledge: I am determined not to believe. But we, filled with gratitude, will exclaim, with the apostle St. Paul: "I know whom I have believed" (2 Tim. 1, 12); and say with St. Peter: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we have believed and have known that Thou art the Christ the Son of God." (John 6, 69.)

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But even more than this! the divine Victor has also sealed and ratified the certainty of our own future resurrection—the consoling certainty that also for us the Good Friday of death will be followed by the glorious Easter Day of resurrection. For Christ's resurrection is only the prototype and the effectual cause of our own resurrection: His divine word warrants us that we will one day hear the trumpet of the angel and that we will arise from the dust of corruption to an eternally happy and glorified life.

Behold, therefore, dearly beloved Christians, what the resurrection of Our Lord signifies for us and our holy religion. It is, as it were, the heart's pulsation of our faith, the vivifying soul of the work of our redemption, the seal of the divine truth of our own resurrection. Without Easter, Good Friday would be ineffectual; without the "Alleluia," the Lord is risen, the dying word of the crucified Saviour, "it is consummated" would have no meaning. It is only the announcement of the angel at the sepulchre, that gives the work of Jesus its atoning sanction, its redeeming power.

And hence, let us exultingly join in the festivity of the Church; let us, with heart filled with gratitude, bring our homage to the divine Victor and offer Him eternal love and fidelity; let us also prove our grateful love, according to the admonition of St. Paul, by rising with Christ from sin. And, by a holy life dedicated to God, seek only that which is above where Christ reigns at the right hand of His Father. Then, indeed, the Easter joy of to-day will be for us a permanent one, and our Alleluia here on earth will be changed into an eternal Alleluia in Heaven. Amen.

As Old as Antiquity. Either by acquired taint or heredity those old fees scrofula and consumption, must be faced generation after generation; but you may meet them with the odds in your favor by the help of Scott's Emulsion.

TAKE ONLY the best when you need a medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, nerve and stomach tonic. Get Hood's.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Story of a Kite.

"There she is! And ain't she a beauty? Just look at her! You bet she'll go sailing through the air as proud as the American eagle." As Tommy Jupp said this he stepped back and pushed up his hat with a grimy fist that left a little dark mark on his forehead; then he rammed his hands into the pockets of his knickerbockers and stood contemplating a large kite, which he had dragged out of a hiding-place in the barn.

"Gee-whiz! she's a stunner, Tommy, sure enough!" exclaimed Jimmy Erell, one of his chums. The half a dozen other boys who surrounded him were all loud in their praises. "Who made it for you?" asked one of them. "My brother Ben," was the reply. Tommy felt that at that moment that there were great advantages in having a big brother, even if the latter did order a fellow round at times, and leave the household errands entirely to him.

The kite was indeed a splendid one, being as large as a boy of his size could manage, and made of strong brown paper. The center was adorned with the figure of a bird with outspread wings, daubed on with blue paint. Outside this was pasted a border of pink tissue-paper; and around the edge were little blue "curlycues" as if the paint brush had danced the "Highland Fling" all over it.

And, then, the tail! Tommy and his chums are the only persons who could describe that tail so as to do it justice, it was so handsome, with its blue and white streamers. The string was an unusually strong one, and there was plenty of it.

Tommy Jupp felt that he was a very lucky fellow, as, shouldering his treasure, he ran off, followed by the rest of the boys. They had good kites too, although none equalled Tommy's; and they were going to fly them from the top of Flagstaff Hill.

It was great fun. One after another the kites went up; the wind caught them, whisked them about merrily, then bore them off in grand style. Each keeping tight hold of his string, the boys followed across the fields and over stone-walls; and Tommy's kite always flew highest and took the lead.

On they went, through the meadow, to the upland. Now they came to another hill. The breeze was certainly glorious. The kites whirled and curved beautifully; then suddenly Tommy's started off wildly. Tommy had to run as fast as his legs could carry him. The kite led him along by the cliff.

"Look out for the quarry!" shouted the boys, seeing his danger. "But, alas! Tommy did not hear. His thoughts were all upon the kite. He forgot the great gauge in the side of the hill,—the stone quarry, which was the principal source of wealth to the town. A moment more and his horrified companions and the workmen below saw him step backward over the brink of the precipice. With a groan, Jimmy Erell threw himself on the ground and buried his face in the grass, overpowered by the scene; but the other boys stood gazing, as if fascinated by terror. Suddenly a cry from them caused him to look up again.

A strange thing had happened. Tommy had not fallen over the cliff: he was still hanging in the air, buoyed up by the great kite. His weight must presently drag it down, however. "Hold on, boy! If you only hold on to the string you'll be all right," shouted one of the laborers, with quick presence of mind. Poor Tommy was nearly dead with fright, but the encouraging tones of the man's voice revived him. The string of the kite was tied around his wrist: he could not have got it off if he tried. Moreover, as it was the only thing to hold on to, when he felt the ground receding from under his feet he had grasped it, and still clung to it desperately; although the muscles of his hands were cruelly strained. Beneath him were the jagged sides of the quarry. Except for that chery call, most likely he would have lost his senses and been dashed against the rocks. As it was, he kicked out wildly and managed to keep clear of them.

All this occurred in almost less time than it takes to tell of the incident. The great kite, acting like the parachute of a balloon, broke the boy's fall: so that he was picked up by the workmen only slightly injured.

Poor Tommy! His wrists were sprained, though; and every bone of his body ached as if out of joint. But what a shout of gladness went up from the workers and the boys, who came running round the hill! "The Lord be praised! There seems to be a special Providence for small boys," said the man who had cried out to him. When Tommy was able to collect his wits enough to think, he felt very thankful to God for his escape. Somehow, he didn't care to fly a kite any more that season.—Ave Maria.

How Hester Got Help.

The unwelcome echoes of the "last bell" were slowly dying away, and all the boys and girls of F— were taking their places in the little village school-house for the daily routine of studies. Scarcely had the last one been seated when every head was bowed, each pair of hands clasped, while their lips droned in singsong fashion "Our Father" and "Hail Mary." Then the bell on the teacher's desk sounded, and what a transformation! The little praying figures were metamorphosed into roguish lads and lassies. Some marched to the front of the room for recitation, while others drew out slates and spellers from the desk preparatory for study. Soon the voices of the little students, like the buzz of many bees, were heard through the room, with an occasional interpolation of a giggle or the noise of a pencil.

"Jennie, did you get all your examples?" queried Lily Brown, the most frolicsome girl in the school, to her neighbor across the aisle. "I got all but the eighth, and I just couldn't get that. I worked a long time on it, and it would not come out right."

"So did I," replied Lily; "and all that I have asked say the same thing. I think it is mean that Miss Powers will not let us get help. But, Jennie, do you know that I believe some in this class do get help, and will not tell?" And Lily looked very wise as she said this.

"I bet I know who you mean," said Jennie; and she glanced at a poorly clad little girl who was diligently studying. "Now, ask her, just for fun, if she got the eighth." Lily instantly obeyed, and pulled Hester Mathews' long braid. "Say, Hester, did you get that awful eighth example?"

Hester nodded her head and turned to her book—a big hint to Lily not to disturb her; but Lily would not take it. "Did you get it all by yourself?" "Yes—I mean no; but—" stammered Hester.

"Oh, I thought so!" interrupted Lily exultantly. And before Hester could give an explanation Lily had told Jennie of her terrible sin. Jennie told the boy behind her, and by recess time nearly all the class had been informed that Hester had been guilty of a penal offence.

At the sound of the recess bell the books were dropped in the twinkling of an eye; and the pupils, in all the exuberance of youth, bounded out to play. Some jumped the rope, others chose "hide-and-seek" for their ten minutes' recreation; while the boys played ball and "leap-frog."

One sad little figure stood apart from the others. Her faded calico dress, bare feet, and wan little face made a sombre contrast to the laughing, playing crowd. It was poor little Hester. To-day her heart was heavy with grief, because the girls looked upon her with contemptuous glances, and they did not even ask her to join them in their games.

The ten minutes were soon finished, and the bell summoned all to return to study. It was now the arithmetic hour. As they all went to take their places, many inquiring glances were cast on Hester. Would she tell a fib, or would she acknowledge her guilt?

The teacher began at the foot of the class to look at the slates. She took the first one. "All correct but the eighth," she said, and passed to the next. It was the same with that one and all the others until she came to Hester. Everyone waited in anxious expectancy.

"At last," exclaimed the teacher, "here is one who has all correct, and I am very proud of her. You could all have gotten them had you only worked more diligently. Instead of that, most of you spent the morning in whispering, especially Lily Brown."

But before Miss Powers could continue Lily arose, with the fire of anger in her eyes, and said: "Miss Powers, Hester got help,—she told me so." Then she sat down again her face flaming with excitement. Poor Hester's face suffused with blushes at the teacher's look of surprise. Miss Powers was perfection and kindness itself in her sight, and this was the first time she had ever looked at her in such a way.

"Hester, I am astonished to hear this. Did you copy or were you just helped through the difficult parts?" The little tear-stained culprit rose to her feet. "Please, ma'am," she sobbed, "arithmetic always has been so very difficult for me that before I begin to work at it I always say a prayer to help me. Last night I worked and worked on the eighth, but couldn't get it; so I asked God to help me, and I saw my mistake right away. This is why I didn't know what to say when Lily asked me if I got help."

There was breathless silence in the room, and every eye was fixed on Hester. Miss Powers beckoned her to come up to the desk; and, while stroking her hair, spoke some words which quickly brought comfort. Then turning to the others she chided them for their unkindness, and told them never to forget the good lesson they had learned that day. After school all flocked round Hester to do her honor. It was an ovation, and all were very happy over it. After that Hester was looked upon as a heroine and became the favorite of the school. But her popularity didn't spoil her: she was always the same simple, good-natured little girl that they first knew and did not appreciate.—Mary Stamford in Ave Maria.

A Legend of St. Gregory.

In his early years St. Gregory the Great was a monk in St. Andrew's Monastery at Rome; though afterward he became Pope, and sent St. Augustine to preach to the Saxons at Canterbury. When he was at St. Andrew's a beggar came one day to the gate, and was relieved; but he came again and again till all the monk's means were exhausted. At last Gregory ordered the silver porringer which his mother Sylvia had given to him to be handed to the mendicant.

and said he had given orders that there should be twelve only. The steward looked and counted them over, and said: "Holy Father, there are surely twelve only." Gregory said nothing more, but at the end of the meal he asked the thirteenth and unbidden guest: "Who art thou?" The reply was: "I am the poor man whom thou didst formerly relieve, and my name is the Wonderful. Through me thou shalt obtain whatever thou shalt ask of Almighty God." Then Gregory knew that he had entertained an angel, or, as some say, Our Lord Himself.

The legend is often represented in pictures—Christ sitting as a pilgrim with the other guests—Ave Maria.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its mirthful side. Into such a household, good but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day. While it is oppressive to hear persons always striving to say witty or funny things, it is comfortable, seeing what a brightener a little fun is, to make an effort to have some at home. It is well to turn off an important question sometimes, and regard it from a humorous point of view, instead of becoming irritated over it. Some children have a peculiar faculty for giving a humorous turn to things when reproved. It does just as well sometimes to laugh things off as to scold them over. Laughter is better than tears. Try to have a little more of it at home.

Proper Place for the Cycling Escort. The question as to which side of a lady her escort should ride has been much discussed. As the rule of the road in this country is to turn to the right, the escort's proper place is at the lady's left, in which position he is always interposed between her and any passing wheel or vehicle; then, again, the gentleman has his right hand free to assist his companion.

Massed Class Work. There is no kind of massed class work that will bring into action all the important muscles of the body, and make the heart and lungs act vigorously, as well as the gymnasium dumb-bell drill, done heartily, with or without bells. It is the whole-wheat bread and butter of hygienic body-building work. It is for all, young and old, fat or lean, women or men.

It should be taken in quantities suiting the physical and nervous needs of the individual taking it. Never be guided in the amount of work you take by your classmate in the drill. When you feel a little tired or winded stop working till you feel all right, then go to work again. This may not look well from the gallery, but what do you care? Work in this manner and everwork or competition will never shorten the days of your life. Don't let a day pass till you have practiced some part of this drill for ten minutes or so. This drill has stood the test of over twenty years, and is more popular to-day than ever in many of the colleges and athletic clubs of our land. If you have never tried it, join some gymnasium where it is taught. Give it a half-dozen trials, first five, then ten minutes each. The more you take it the better you will like it. So say those who have practiced it from two to fifteen years or more.

The Timidity of Orators. A writer in the Fortnightly Review asks whether artists and especially orators, are peculiarly liable to the sensation of pain and to fear. He thinks that they are, and attributes it to an unusually sensitive organization. Peel, he says, owed his death to being unable to bear an operation which a less sensitive man might have borne. An eminent operator described Bishop Wilberforce as "a bundle of nerves," and as the most sensitive patient he had ever known.

Orators, as a rule, show painful anxiety about their own speeches, and toilsome uneasiness seems a condition of their success. A junior counsel once congratulated Sir William Follet on his perfect composure in prospect of a great case. Sir William merely asked his friend to feel his hand, which was wet with anxiety.

The late Lord Derby said that his principal speeches cost him two sleepless nights—one in which he was thinking what to say, and the other in which he was lamenting what he might have said better. Cicero, according to Plutarch, "not only wanted courage in arms, but in his speaking also; he began timidly, and, in many cases, he scarcely left off trembling and shaking even when he got thoroughly into the current and substance of his speech."

How to be Erect. 1. Make it a rule to keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar. 2. Roll the shoulders backward and downward. 3. Try to squeeze the shoulder blades together many times a day. 4. Stand erect at short intervals during the day—"head up, chin in, chest out, shoulders back." 5. Walk or stand with the hands clasped behind the head and the elbows wide apart. 6. Walk about, or even run upstairs, with from ten to forty pounds on the top of the head. 7. Try to look at the top of your high cut vest or your necktie. 8. Practice the arm movements of

breast stroke swimming while standing or walking.

9. Hold the arms behind the back. 10. Carry a case or umbrella behind the small of the back or behind the neck. 11. Put the hands on the hips, with elbows back and fingers forward. 12. Walk with the thumbs in the arm-holes of the vest. 13. When walking swing the arms and shoulders strongly backward. 14. Stand now and then during the day with all the posterior parts of the body, so far as possible, touching a vertical wall. 15. Look upward as you walk on the sunny side of the street.

Honesty as a Foundation. We use the word honesty too exclusively in a commercial sense; we do not recognize its ethical relation. We fail to see that our thoughts must be supervised if we would realize the true ideal of the word. For thorough honesty involves a dispassionate, impersonal relation maintained toward every activity and interest in which judgment should control emotion and prejudice. Honesty demands the impartial attitude; it compels a trinity of relationships: Each man becomes complainant, defendant and judge; and his decision and his attitude after his decision mark the degree of his honesty. Honesty implies the commission of the will to work in harmony with a decision taken when all sides have been brought to the bar of justice unbiased by prejudice. How much of the friction of life would disappear, how much nerve energy would be conserved, if each of us held that mastery of self which would compel us to obey the highest in us. A victory which involves a violation of our course of right is a violation of life's principle, and can never bring success. For success, whether we realize it or not, is secured only as it is built on righteousness. Pettiness, self-seeking, arbitrariness, undue ambition with self as the object, never bring success. Self abnegation is not only the law of life, but the only law whose operations makes it possible for honesty to work on character with absolute freedom from selfish elements. The mental vision is clear and strong only as honesty is the keynote of character; and on this clearness of vision depends the whole relation of man to himself, his home, and his neighbor. His relation as a citizen, as a worker for men and among men, depends wholly on his ability to deal impartially, impersonally, with every question which depends on his decision, his vote, or his influence.

Out-Door Exercise. Indoor athletics are but a poor substitute, at best, for outdoor exercise, and most gladly do we leave the substitute to enjoy the genuine article. Prepared with ball and bat, with football, tennis court and lacrosse rack, away we go to the ozone-filled air of the boundless gymnasium; or with tents and traps, to spend a few weeks in the woods, sleeping on pine boughs, fishing for trout, or roaming over the hills in search of flesh and fowl; or "away on our 'bike' like a flash of light," to enjoy the perfume of the fields and hear the song of the birds. Then, oh! how ravenous appetites we have, and how well we sleep at night! Why, it is just living, when life with all its cares seems to be lost in the enjoyment which should be ours at this season of the year. It is the return to natural outdoor life which clears the brain, puts glitter in the eye, vitality in the system, and firmness in the step. There is an old saying which runs something like this: When men dwell in houses of reeds, their hearts are as oak, but when they dwell in houses of oak, their hearts are as reeds." So, when we exercise, the life physical labor in the open air, the life giving properties in the atmosphere furnish many of the needed qualities for building up an oak-like body; while if the same kind of exercise is done indoors, where the sunlight and fresh air cannot have the same free access, it will not give the oak-like, but the reed-like body.

The moral is: Never take indoor physical work when you have the time and opportunity to take it out of doors.

No Cocaine in Dr. A. W. Chase's Catarrh Cure. Prof. Heys, Ont. School of Chemistry and Pharmacy, says: "I have made an examination of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure for Cocaine and in all its compounds, from samples purchased in the open market, and find none present." We offer a reward of \$1,000, to be devoted to any charitable institution if any druggist or doctor can find the least trace of that deadly drug Cocaine contained in Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure." Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, recommended by all dealers, at 25 cents box, however included free.

Sweet, refreshing sleep is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which leads the nerves, tones the stomach and cures all dyspeptic symptoms.

FALLING HAIR RESTORED. 1. Make it a rule to keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar. 2. Roll the shoulders backward and downward. 3. Try to squeeze the shoulder blades together many times a day. 4. Stand erect at short intervals during the day—"head up, chin in, chest out, shoulders back." 5. Walk or stand with the hands clasped behind the head and the elbows wide apart. 6. Walk about, or even run upstairs, with from ten to forty pounds on the top of the head. 7. Try to look at the top of your high cut vest or your necktie. 8. Practice the arm movements of

We are sometimes fearful while exercising and sweating freely in the open air that we might catch cold; but such will not be the case if we are careful after the exercise is over. Cover the body with an extra coat and go directly to bathe, take a good rub down, and put on dry clothes. Standing around to cool off, or lying down on the grass to rest, etc., are what give colds and bring on dangerous pneumonia and rheumatic affections.

They Cured her of Female Weakness and Headache. When Other Medicines Were Without Effect—Her Cure Began When She Started Using DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Quebec, P. Q., Mar. 20.—A very short, very pithy and weighty statement is given for publication by Miss Lizzie Linsey, of this city. This statement, made and signed in the presence of witnesses, carries a message of hope, and encouragement to the vast majority of women, for nine of every ten women are sufferers from one or other of the long train of ills known popularly as Female Troubles.

To these, to them all, without exception, Miss Linsey's statement proves that there is, in Dodd's Kidney Pills, a positive and permanent cure for the diseases that rob life of all its pleasures and joys. Miss Linsey writes: "I have been a great sufferer from Female Weakness and Headache. I suffered all the tortures attendant upon these diseases, and could get no relief, though I tried many different kinds of remedies. Some time ago I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and my complete cure began at the same time. I am now strong and well in every way, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Weak, pale, nervous women, whose lives are a continual round of suffering, need look no further for a cure. If they will use Dodd's Kidney Pills, they are sure of complete restoration to vigorous health. Dodd's Kidney Pills strengthen the Kidneys, and the Urinary Organs, and bring health, strength and vitality to weak, defective organs. No Kidney Disease can exist when Dodd's Kidney Pills are used. Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, on receipt of price, by The Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

PREVENT DISORDER.—At the first symptoms of internal disorder, Peppermint Pills should be resorted to immediately. Two or three of these salutary pellets, taken before going to bed, followed by doses of one or two pills for two or three nights in succession, will serve as a preventive of attacks of dyspepsia and all the discomforts which follow in the train of that foul disorder. The means are simple when the way is known.

Do NOT DELAY.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Farmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

1899 BENZIGER'S CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL SIXTEENTH EDITION. Benziger's Catholic Home Annual for 1899 can now be had. Year by year its publishers have added new and additional interesting features to this popular Annual until this year it can truly be classed as the Annual par excellence, the very best Catholic writers being contributors to its pages. It contains: Frontispiece: A Beautiful Colored Picture of "The Crucifixion." "A Christmas Carol" (Poetry). Calendar for each month. "The Impossible" Story by Maurice Francis Egan. With 2 Illustrations. Some Funny Advertisements (Prose). Full Page Illustration: "Out For a Ride." "Thoughts on the Third and Fourth Commandments" by Rev. Ferrel Girardeau, C. S. S. R. (Prose). With 2 Illustrations. Story: "A Winsome Maid," by Clara Mulholland. Illustrated. "Penance, The Key to Heaven" a Story of the Shrine of Our Lady of Montserrat. Adapted by Rev. Daniel Murray. Illustrated. "The Better Part" (Poetry). "The Passing of Pippa" by Marion Ames Taggart. Story. With Illustrations. "The Miraculous Medal" (Prose). By Rev. A. A. Lambing. Illustrated. Full Page Illustration: "The Christening." Our Prize Story. "The Doctor's Compromises" by E. P. Gifford. Illustrated. "Blessed Gerald Majella" (Prose). "Donatienne." By Rene Bawin. Story. Illustrated. Full Page Illustration: "The Crowning of the Blessed Virgin." List of common English Christian names, with signification and name days. Besides other illustrated articles, it also gives some of the noble events of the year 1897-1898. With numerous illustrations, calendars, astronomical calculations, etc., etc.

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