

# The Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891.

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## The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, July 18, 1891.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

"The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the forces, has issued an order closing and forbidding the formation of Orange lodges in the army."

It is rather peculiar that this cable-etch was flashed over the wires on the 12th of July. It is most startling news, and will fill the loyal heart of our Orange brethren with alarm; for how, in the name of common sense, can the altar and the throne be made secure to its moorings if the Orange lily is not kept watered and nurtured, and allowed to unfold its petals in the army as well as elsewhere? Have a care, my lord, for the throne will be resting on a three-legged stool when we hear no more in the land the rub-a-dub-dub of the Orange drums.

The Orangemen and True Blues of London made their semi-annual turnout to church on Sunday last. Worshipful Brother Rev. T. H. Brown, D. C. M., of Thamesford, preached. The text was from Joshua: "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed."

"There is still," said the rev. preacher, "the heathen, the bigot and those who have not God, and just so long as there was one bit of ground that could not be called the territory of Christ, there was work for all true Orangemen to do." This is undoubtedly a noble work, and we hope Brother Brown and his friends will be up and doing. There is a magnificent vineyard around and about us awaiting workers; the bigot and those who do not know God are to be found and are almost beyond count at our own doors. Can it be possible that the rev. gentleman intended his remarks as a deadly blow at his audience. We can scarcely think so, but yet they had a most decided leaning in that direction.

Rev. Mr. Brown—"We will go forward as one man to fight against the world, the flesh and the devil."

And the way they did the fighting, all day and far into the night of the 13th, did not, we think, bring much grief to the devil, while the world and the flesh had a most delightful day.

"Concluding the rev. gentleman told of how a clergyman had written to the late Premier, enquiring after his spiritual welfare, and in reply Sir John Macdonald thanked the clergyman, and said, 'It is well, it is well with my soul.'"

Sir John Macdonald, having voted for the incorporation of the Jesuits, it will be difficult to make the average Orangeman understand this last declaration.

The Orange celebration on Monday, in London, was called by the reporters a "Glorious Day." Some people, no doubt, think it was; while many others, including the more influential of our Protestant fellow-citizens, are at a loss to know why so much noise is annually made on the 12th. Those who proclaim that our institutions are made more secure by the existence of the Orange association comprise that portion of our people who are not noted for intelligence and are not of a reflective turn of mind. On each succeeding year, while this unmeaning parade and discordant thunder—like a gross charivari—is going on, we feel that our Protestant residents of the solid, sensible class must feel a certain amount of humiliation because of the strange and unbecoming things that are put forth in the name of Protestantism.

At the demonstration in Queen's Park it was very remarkable—and the fact has been equally patent on previous occasions—that not one citizen of deserved prominence in the community had taken a hand in the proceedings. The same old "aces" were to be seen and the same dear old speeches were delivered. It seemed to us of no consequence to the orators whether they spoke the truth or what is the opposite of the truth. They were there to be applauded, and felt constrained to utter sentiments that would call forth the Orange cheer and the Young Briton drum tap, no matter how much charity, common sense and history were outraged in their deliveries.

The orators were very bitter—we might, indeed, say savage. The irrepressible Prof. Austin, of Alma Ladies'

College was, as usual, full of the possibility of sneezing in a speech. Prof. Austin is always on hand. The Rev. gentleman's assertion that Orangemen always favor the separation of Church and State proves that history receives very little attention at Alma, as the brethren will never forgive Gladstone because of his bringing about the establishment of the Church of England in Ireland.

Rev. W. McDougall, of Exeter, formerly of Strathroy, we are told in the report, wore his usual happy smile. "He was not so foolish," he said, "as to expect that every one would believe what he would say." Quite true, indeed, when it is recollected that he once upon a time had a whole page of "Junius" published in a Strathroy paper, and put his own name to it. Quite true, also, when we read that in one breath he proclaims himself a champion of Equal Rights and an opponent of Sir John Thompson's occupancy of the Premiership because he is a Catholic.

The minor rush-lights were W. W. Fitzgerald, noted chiefly for having brought to Canada a bottle of Boyne water for baptismal use, and Thomas Emmannell Essery, the legal recluse of Coe's block, a pugnaeous little demagogue who constitutes himself a sort of "Buffalo Bill" at every public meeting, and who is a walking encyclopedia of all the scullery-gossip of the country.

These exhibitions may continue for a long time yet. Sir John Thompson's late declaration fits the case exactly: "As the crop of fools would never fail, neither would the crop of liars."

The Rev. M. Dilkie, a Protestant missionary of Piracicaba, Brazil, has written a letter in which he complains bitterly of what he calls the increased activity of the priests of that country caused by the establishment of the Republic and the influx of Protestant missionaries. He acknowledges that the Franciscans are paying great attention to the lower classes, but he takes consolation from the alleged fact that he has not discovered any decrease in his congregation. When we find him so easily consoled we may safely infer that the Protestant missions are in reality in a feeble condition; for the missionaries always exaggerate, never depreciating, their success.

We are pleased to observe that our old friend, Dr. Joseph M. F. Egan, of New York, a native of Woodstock, has received the degree of A. M. from Fordham College. Dr. Egan is son of Mr. Maurice Egan, of Woodstock, brother of T. D. Egan, Esq., of the New York Catholic Agency, and nephew of Jas. Egan, Esq., of the Inland Revenue Department of this city.

The Italian Minister of the Interior is ashamed of the publicity which has been given to his tyranny in prohibiting Cardinal Scraphin Vanutelli, the Pope's delegate, from pronouncing the Apostolic Benediction in the cathedral of Orvieto on the occasion of the centenary fetes. He also interdicted the procession of the Blessed Sacrament; though on the same day a noisy demonstration of Garibaldians was permitted on the Corso of Rome and on the Capitol Hill. Notwithstanding that the order emanated from him, the Minister now pretends that the officials acted on their own impulse, without directions from the Government.

On Tuesday, 14th July, there will be a large pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne of Beaupre from Putnam, Conn.

Nothing better illustrates the progress of public opinion in the direction of greater liberality within the last few years than the way in which things Catholic are now regarded, as compared with the way they were spoken of a very few years ago. It surely manifests a revolutionary change when of all bodies of men the Presbyterian General Assembly have had under serious consideration, without an outbreak of violent indignation, the question of eliminating from the Confession of Faith the statements that the Pope is "the anti-Christ," and "the Man of Sin" referred to in Holy Scripture, and that "Papists are idolaters." The Free Kirk of Scotland have already eliminated these relics of the barbarism of the sixteenth and

seventeenth centuries, and have thus made their Confession less barbarous or less opposed to common sense than it has been in the past. But we have a new evidence of this progress in the course taken this year by the faculty of Harvard University. By the will of the founder of this institution, a lecture was hitherto annually delivered on the horrors or errors of Popery, but for the first time the faculty have dispensed with this lecture, and, besides, one of the prize essays of this year's course was on Cardinal Newman, in which the Cardinal's virtues were highly eulogized, and his great intellect spoken of in the highest terms of admiration.

The Americans are certainly as truly patriotic and as much attached to their country as are Canadians, yet it appears that unlike the Ontario fanatics in regard to the manner in which the latter would treat the French-Canadians of Prescott, Russell, Simcoe and Essex counties, the Indiana Supreme Court has decided that German must be taught in the Public schools whenever the requisite number of residents petition for it. This liberality is the more worthy of remark as the Germans are foreigners who have only recently come into the country, whereas the French-Canadians, whom the bogus Equal Righters would persecute, are the original settlers of our Dominion, and have for four generations proved their attachment to our institutions by saving the country to the British crown when it was in imminent peril of being lost to it.

There is, after all, a ludicrous side about duelling which was exemplified at a duel fought last week by two New Orleans journalists, L. P. Bondy, editor of the *Orleanist*, and A. S. Carruthers, editor of the *Muscad*. To evade the law they crossed the Louisiana line into Mississippi. They fought with rapiers till Mr. Carruthers was cut below the eye, whereupon the doctors and seconds decided that "honor was satisfied." Surely if honor requires that there should be a mortal combat when an insult is given and resented, it should be carried to the bitter end; but if honor is so easily satisfied by the shedding of a little blood, it ought to be satisfied by a tap on the nose in a pugilistic encounter. The barons custom of duelling, now, happily, almost extinct, would be merely worthy to be laughed at, if it were not that it violates the supreme divine law, and frequently entails upon the innocent families which survive the death of their chief support irreparable mischief and misery. If it resulted only in the death of the fools who engage in it, it would be scarcely worth while to argue against the absurd practice.

## THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE.

In another column will be found the twenty-first Annual Report of the Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company, from which it will be seen that another successful year has been added to its record and that the present position of the company is all that its members can wish for. The assurance in force at the close of its financial year reached the large aggregate of \$13,710,800 while it held in well-invested securities for the settlement of future claims \$1,711,686 and net surpluses over all liabilities \$134,066. The premium and interest income was nearly half a million dollars, that from interest alone exceeding the death losses for the year by \$14,416. Notwithstanding that the business has made rapid strides during 1890, it is pleasing to learn that the expense ratio shows a decrease over the previous year, evidencing economy on the part of the management. Much of the success of this popular company may be attributed to a well-founded belief in the public mind that its chief officers are men incapable of doing an injustice to its members, and the uniformly fair and honorable treatment of its policy-holders by them from the beginning of the company up to the present time affords ample justification for the existence of such a belief. No company ever deserved a larger measure of success than the Ontario Life, and we therefore have great pleasure in recommending it to the favorable consideration of our readers throughout Canada as a safe and reliable company in all respects.

There are about 200 Catholic Arabian families in Chicago, 100 in St. Louis and the same number in New York, all of whom have the happiness of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass according to the Syrian rite, to which they have been accustomed. The Chicago and New York Arabs are attended regularly by Arabian priests, those of St. Louis occasionally.

## ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

Niagara, Ont., July 6, 1891.

The Archbishop of Toronto administered the sacrament of confirmation to thirty-two children at Niagara-on-the-Lake, on Tuesday morning, 30th June. Solemn High Mass was sung by Father Harold, with Fathers Sullivan and Smythe as deacon and sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were Fathers McEntee, McRae, McGill, Kreidt and several others. At the end of Mass the following address was presented to His Grace, who made a suitable reply in his usual felicitous manner:

To His Grace Archbishop Walsh:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE—We your Catholic children of the parish of Niagara gather about you today to receive the sacrament of confirmation, and your admiration for our spiritual father and our admiration of your Grace's personal worth.

On the occasion of your Grace's first official visit to St. Vincent de Paul church we greet you in the sacred edifice erected by the earliest worshippers of the true faith in this peninsula. They left to us a legacy, the good example of their zeal and courage to which we would indeed be recreant if we failed to pay to the head of the diocese the homage his sacred character and exalted dignity demand.

If we are few in numbers, we hope to be regarded as not the least devoted to the faith once delivered to the saints; and its ministers, the messengers of the Gospel of peace whom God has given us to break the bread of life.

We, the representatives of the congregation at large, are also commissioned by the C. M. B. A., to which many of us belong, to convey to your Grace a hearty welcome among us, towards whom, in your capacity of Spiritual Adviser you bear a peculiar and pleasant relation.

Your Grace's reputation as an eloquent and laborious worker in the Lord's vineyard is here before you. The ripe scholar, the Christian gentleman, the priest with all which this sacred word implies, are blended in the man we proudly recognize as our Archbishop in a manner calculated to inspire not alone the filial devotion of your flock but also the respect and esteem of those who are not of the fold.

May God ever give His Church such ministers as you; and while praying earnestly that our merciful Lord may long spare you to rule this diocese in the fatherly spirit and with the marked success that have distinguished your whole administrative career, we kneel at your feet to ask a special benediction.

Signed on behalf of the congregation, Jos. Hoaly, Jos. Green, John Murphy, Ben. Sheppard, Jas. Scott.

Address to Bro. Anis, Toronto.

Toronto, July 10, 1891.

Rev. Bro. Anis, who has had charge of St. Mary's altar boys, Toronto, for the space of eight years, has been appointed director of the Christian Brothers, St. Catharines. On Thursday evening, July 9, the members of the Sanitary Society waited on him at the Brothers' House, 28 McDonald Square, and presented him with the following address, which was read by the President, Jas. Henry:

Toronto, July 9, 1891.

DEAR REV. BROTHER—We, the members of St. Mary's Sanitary Society, having learned that your superior has advanced you to another position, now take this opportunity to give vent to the sentiments of esteem and affection which we entertain for you, and our deep regret at your departure.

During the many years that you have been with us, as director of our society, we have learned to esteem and love you for the many qualities of mind and heart that you possess. Our boyish waywardness may have, at times, merited your rebuke, but with the noble heart of a Christian Brother, generously overlooked it, knowing that it did not proceed from malice on our part.

Your genial manner and untiring zeal for the welfare of our society has oftentimes evoked our warmest appreciation, and we have often praised, and spread the name and fame of St. Mary's sanctuary far and wide.

Though rejoicing at your elevation, we deeply regret your departure from our midst. But we thank you, Rev. Brother, for the solicitude you manifested in our regard, and ask you to accept this, our address, as an expression of the gratitude we bear you.

We must now say the word farewell, though with aching hearts, and with the golden ties that bind us.

That God's choicest blessings may attend you in your new field of labor until He crowns you with everlasting bliss is the fervent prayer and earnest wish of

Signed on behalf of the society by Jas. Henry, President; Ed. McGibbon, Vice-President; D. Borke, Secretary; Chas. Richardson and Chas. J. Read.

ST. MARY'S SANCTUARY BOYS.

The Rev. Bro. in reply, expressed his gratitude to the boys for their kind address, and, as they mentioned their parents therein, begged them to thank their parents in his name for the great assistance they give him in making them good sanctuary boys. He hoped that they would always remain as faithful and attentive as he had always found them to be, and after recalling to mind many happy memories of the past, he reminded the boys of their duties as future citizens of the State and as good children of the Church. Rev. Fathers Coyle and Cruise who were present, also spoke a few words befitting the occasion. The Rev. Bro. then bade farewell to each of the boys personally, who, each in turn, wished him the greatest happiness for the future.

At Tipperary on June 18 the police levied upon and sold at auction the goods of the persons who went on the sureties of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, forfeited by flight to America. One of the parties bought in his goods for £250, the amount of his liability.

The champion tennis-player of America is a bright Irish girl named Miss Mabel E. Cahill, who was the champion of Ireland before she came to America. She has several times captured the challenge prize at Orange, N. J. lawn tennis tournament, and she was successful at the last contest as before, which was held on the 12th ult. Her swift downward strokes over the edge of the net are the admiration of all observers and are the secret of her success at the game. She is both handsome and active.

## DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

Bishop Dowling at Aytun.

Aytun, July 6, 1891.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record:

DEAR SIR—On the first day of July His Lordship Bishop Dowling, of Hamilton, accompanied by his Secretary, the Rev. Father Coty, and the Rev. Father Cassin, P. P., Mount Forest, paid his first episcopal visit to Aytun for the purpose of administering the sacrament of confirmation to the children.

The Rev. Father Owens, P. P., together with the leading Catholics of the parish, in carriages, proceeded to the parish church to meet His Lordship on his way from Mount Forest, and met him at Duignan's Corners, Nenagh, about six miles from Aytun. A procession was then formed, headed by His Lordship, and joined by the Rev. Father Owens, the worthy pastor of the parish. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and was filled with a large congregation for many hours.

His Lordship, on arriving in the church, thanked Rev. Father Owens and his faithful parishioners for the distinguished mark of respect shown him. After His Lordship took his seat on the episcopal throne Mr. Thomas Duignan, on behalf of the congregation, read the following address:

To the Right Rev. T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP—We, the Catholics of the parish of St. Peter, Aytun, on this, the occasion of your first episcopal visit, desire to tender you our most heartfelt and cordial welcome, and assure your Lordship that your presence here today fills us with the most profound reverence and devotion to your exalted position and person. The many warm and affectionate words that have greeted you on similar occasions since your appointment to the See of Hamilton are indications of the love and esteem of the people of the diocese in which you are held, and we humbly ask your Lordship to believe that none are more sincere than those who offer you today. Most of us remember you from your early youth, and predicted for you a distinguished place in the councils of our Holy Church, of which you are a worthy prelate. You were always ready to elevate her holy standard for the honor and glory of God; and when death deprived us of our late lamented Bishop and left our See vacant, you it was who undertook the administration of the Diocese with its heavy responsibilities, and well and truly did you discharge your duty satisfactorily to all.

With great pleasure and gratitude we learned that the Holy Father, Leo XIII., had appointed you to the then vacant See of Hamilton as its Bishop—a recognition of your distinguished ability and zeal. We felt that you had made great sacrifices when, in obedience to the will of God and the appointment of the Holy See, you left behind you very many friends to respond to the call of duty in becoming our bishop. It is our earnest and sincere prayer that our Heavenly Father may grant you many years of health, strength and happiness in the discharge of your sacred duties; and whilst we beg your Lordship's blessing on ourselves and families, we remain your devoted children in Christ.

Signed on behalf of the congregation: MORTIMER LYNCH, JAMES FLYNN, MARY KEENE, ED. MCGIBBON, THOMAS DUGAN, EDWARD RYAN.

His Lordship's reply, like all his public utterances, was marked with much depth of feeling and that grace of diction which charms all who have the privilege it is to hear him. On the following morning, 10:30 o'clock Mass was celebrated by the Vicar of Christ in this diocese, as your humble children desire to give expression to our firm and unalterable attachment to the teachings and traditions of that Church whose word and sacraments are our life, and whose Holy Spirit is our strength and our consolation. There were eighty who received confirmation. His Lordship delivered an address to the children on their duties to their God, and explained the nature of the sacrament they had received. Yours very truly,

Roscommon.

Bishop Dowling's Visit.

Walkerton Telescope, July 9.

His Lordship Bishop Dowling, of Hamilton, administered confirmation to over a hundred young people in the Roman Catholic Church, Walkerton, on Sunday last. This being the first visit of Bishop Dowling to this part of the country, there was a good deal of curiosity to see and hear him. In consequence, the church was packed to the doors. At the close of the religious services, His Lordship preached, or rather discoursed generally, on matters affecting the affairs of his own Church in this part of the country. He adverted to the desire of the German people here to have a priest of their own nationality, but said it could not be granted because he had no German priests to spare. Besides, he added, that the Church over which he presides is not a German Church, or an English Church, or a French Church, but the Catholic Church, the Church of Christ, and in it there are no national distinctions.

He dwelt at some length on the Christian training of youth, the necessity of educating the heart as well as the mind, and claimed that it was the office of the Church to direct the moral development of the children under its charge. This led to some reflections on the functions of the Church. His Lordship declared that he did not hold his position as Bishop by the will of the people, but came with authority from God. Christ selected St. Peter as head of the Church, and the successor of St. Peter selected him. He was no hireling, and the people had no say in the appointment or administration of his office. Before concluding His Lordship said that he had an announcement to make. And then in a brief matter-of-fact manner he announced that on the 1st of

January next the Academy hitherto conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame in Walkerton would be closed, and the building converted into a separate school.

His Lordship is an accomplished artist. As a speaker Bishop Dowling is fluent and agreeable, with a copious vocabulary of elegant English. Personally he is a courteous and pleasant gentleman.

Episcopal Visit to Carleton Place.

The Catholic heart is always elated at the prospect of a visit from their Bishop and their loyalty to the faith and Church of which he is a prince and spiritual counsellor calls forth a sincere desire to do honor to so illustrious a personage. This was the case with the people of St. Francis Xavier parish on Thursday, 2nd inst., when a large number proceeded to Noustad to meet and escort His Lordship the Right Rev. Bishop Dowling to the residence of the Very Rev. Dean Laussie, our respected pastor. After arriving from Aytun, accompanied by the Fathers Owens and Coty, His Lordship visited St. Joseph's church giving the people his blessing, then continued his journey to Carleton Place, arriving at 11 a. m. In the afternoon His Lordship examined the candidates for confirmation, which resulted quite satisfactorily. At the early Masses on Friday morning they received Holy Communion. High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Coty. After Mass His Lordship addressed the congregation, indicating the relationship between the Bishop and people, the necessity of the sacraments for salvation and the nature and effects of the sacrament of confirmation, giving wise counsel for the guidance of old and young.

Assisted by the pastor, Dean Laussie, Fathers Brohman and Coty, His Lordship administered confirmation to eighty-seven persons, among whom were several adults.

After the ceremonies in connection with the administration of this sacrament were concluded the following address was presented to His Lordship by Mr. A. P. McArthur in behalf of the congregation:

To the Right Rev. Thomas Joseph Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP—On this auspicious occasion we desire to approach your Lordship with feelings of the deepest respect and reverence, and in union with our worthy pastor to extend to you a hearty welcome to this diocese as its Your Lordship's special impulse for the better performance of his religious duties.

With our co-religionists in this country we cannot but feel a justifiable pride in the high standing of the Catholic hierarchy. Their piety and learning are unsurpassed; their zeal in the cause of religion and their watchfulness as defenders of our spiritual rights are noted in the rapid advance of the Catholic religion, the increase in the number of charitable, religious and educational institutions, the favorable legislation which is a part of our laws and the religious liberty we enjoy. In your Lordship's visit to our humble parish, by the proper reception of the sacrament of confirmation, the young will behold the qualities of the Holy Spirit so necessary to make them practical followers of Christ and courageous defenders of His Church, those of mature years will have recalled to their memories the happy time when they too were made soldiers of Christ, while each will desire a special impulse for the better performance of his religious duties.

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The Motto in a Wedding Ring.

A lover gave the wedding ring into the goldsmith's hand. "Grave me," he said, "a tender thought within this golden band. The goldsmith gravely, with careful art, 'Till death us part."

FOUR EVENINGS IN A LIFE.

By Marian Nesbitt.

FIRST EVENING.

"Glorious it is to wear the crown of a deserved and pure success. He who knows how to fall has won a crown whose lustre is not less."

The sun was gently sloping toward the west. Above, a clear, blue sky, flecked here and there with gold and crimson cloudlets; below, a shining bay, its waters all gleaming and glistening in the warm evening light.

There are many beautiful spots in God's beautiful world, but surely none more fair than this sweet Devonshire nook. What lovelier scene could any heart desire? What dearer home than this old gabled house sleeping so peacefully in the evening sunlight, its windows half hidden by climbing roses and sweet-scented white clematis, its garden gay with flowers, and filled with the sound of the sea?

Across the smoothly shaven lawn a boy was walking on this summer evening—walking with down-bent head and a look on his face scarcely in keeping with the brightness and beauty around.

"Rex is a failure, I am afraid, and will remain so to the end of the chapter." How persistently these words rang in his ears as he made his way over the grass and betook himself to his favorite nook in a distant part of the delicious old garden.

It was a sheltered corner overhanging the cliff, bounded by a low stone wall, in the crevice of which grew many a tuft of feathery fern, with patches of stonewort, and here and there a wallflower or gaily-colored snapdragon—a place in which to dream away the golden hours; a place to look back upon with tender regret in those after days when, ever wandering and ever weary, footsore and tired with life's hard journey, we would find retracing our steps to the dear old "Land of Long Ago," where the sun shone brighter and the flowers smelt sweeter than ever they do now.

The boy sighed wearily, and leaning his elbows on the top of the wall looked out across the bay, a shade of keen disappointment resting on his face and dimming the brightness of his eyes. Very beautiful eyes they were, dark but clear—eyes that looked straight at you with an open, trustful gaze which spoke volumes for their owner's truth and purity of heart. Yet they were sad eyes, too; and the face was graver than seemed natural when one looked at the well-knit frame, instinct with youth and strength and boyish grace.

"A failure! An I really a failure?" he asked himself, despondently. With a bitter feeling of inferiority he recalled a scene which had taken place only one short hour ago. He saw again the look of bitter disappointment which crossed his father's stern face and heard his mother's voice speaking words of loving approval and congratulation as she glanced from the books lying on her knee to the handsome, exultant face of his elder brother.

Poor Rex! he was far too generous-minded to grudge Leonard his success; but his heart ached with longing for one tender word—one smile of the fond pride which fell so liberally to his brother's share.

"And I did try. I tried awfully hard!" he exclaimed at last. "Rex, Rex, come here; we want you," called an impatient voice. "Sybil is lost!"

"Lost!" he echoed, incredulously, as he emerged from his retreat and joined his brother on the lawn. "Where can she be hiding herself?" exclaimed Leonard, pausing irresolute and surveying the scene with a thoroughly baffled expression on his handsome face. He never guessed that, at that very moment, his little sister was hurrying with eager feet along the shingly shore, her small head full of all sorts of childish dreams and fancies.

The brothers, all unconscious that each moment was taking her further and further from them, decided to seek her in different directions, Leonard going down to the beach, while Rex took the path along the cliffs above.

He ran on and on, only pausing now and again to look down with ever-growing anxiety at the shore beneath, where the waves were murmuring with that mysteriously melancholy sound which always precedes a storm, and cannot fail to fill the hearer with a strange feeling of awe. Presently, something white showing against the dark background of fallen rock that strewed the shingle attracted his attention.

"Sybil!" he called, throwing himself, face downward, on the grass and looking eagerly over the edge of the cliff. "Sybil!—Sibbie!—Sybil!"

For an instant his voice seemed to be caught up and passed on from headland to headland as echo after echo answered his call. And then, in the silence which followed, he distinctly heard a child cry. Without waiting to reflect, he sprang to his feet and swung himself over the cliff. Not many minutes later he was standing among the rocks at his little sister's side.

She was a very small child—small even for her five years—with a sweet, little oval face, large, grey eyes looking out wistfully from beneath their dark lashes, and hair of the palest gold, clustering all over her head in tight little curls.

"What brings you here, Syb?" he asked, trying to speak reprovingly. He looked round and saw, to his dismay, that a sudden change had come over the golden brightness of the evening. Above was a dull, leaden sky, showing here and there long streaks of lurid light, and away to the west a bank of heavy clouds. Below a gray sea, moaning restlessly at the foot of the high cliffs. Not a boat was in sight; not a sound broke the silence save the sobbing of the waves as the tide rose higher and higher, and the belt of shore grew smaller and smaller with alarming rapidity. Before, the cold, hungry sea; behind, the steep cliffs, rising hard and unrelenting, and on this side, sharp rocky headlands running far out into the water, and effectually preventing all chance of escape.

It was a terrible position to be in—to have to wait, helpless, a hopeless, while death came slowly onward. Surely the bravest heart might well have quailed—the strongest will have flinched—at the mere thought of facing such an ordeal. Rex Vyvian was not no means wanting in courage, as his brother and every one of his school-fellows could have testified; but he was young, and felt all youth's inherent shrinking from that great mystery—death. Nevertheless, there was a nobility of character in the boy which prevented him from giving vent to any violent expression of grief or despair.

To return by the way he had come would have seemed impracticable enough even if he had been alone; but with Sybil it was altogether out of the question. The only thing to be done was to remain where they were till the tide turned. But when would it turn? He could not tell, and an involuntary shiver passed through his frame.

Narrower and narrower grew the band of shingle—nearer and nearer crept the sea. Rex moved up a little higher. As he did so he caught sight of a projecting piece of rock, almost on a level with his head, and a sudden thought struck him. Raising Sybil gently, he placed her on the ledge, and held her firmly there.

The minutes dragged slowly on. Presently there came a brilliant flash of lightning, followed by a long roll of thunder that seemed to wake a hundred echoes all along the lonely coast.

"Oh, Rex, how dark it is! And the sea is coming so dreadfully near." The boy did not answer. In truth, he was almost worn out with the sustained effort of holding her, and already he could feel the waves creeping about his feet.

"Rex, may I say my prayers?" asked Sybil suddenly.

"Of course," he answered a little hoarsely. He took off his cap, standing with down-bent head, while faults and failings, boyish scrapes, words long forgiven and forgotten, came crowding into his mind, and it seemed as if every incident of his life passed in review before him as the childish voice repeated the sweet, familiar prayer:

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

How many, many times these words had crossed his lips! Carelessly, sometimes, because death seems such a long way off when one is young; but reverently—never. For Rex, though outwardly just like other boys of his age, was, nevertheless, full of a holy fear. A keen realization of things unseen made irreverence impossible to him.

The storm still kept off; only a distant growl of thunder broke the oppressive silence from time to time. But night was falling fast; and now the waves rose to his knees, as he stood with one arm closely clasped round Sybil, while with the other he supported himself as best he could against the rock. He looked into the gathering darkness, and involuntarily the words of St. Augustine's prayer came to his mind:

"We are tossed about on the wild and raging waves in the dark night; and Thou, standing on the everlasting shore, dost behold our sore perils; save us for Thy name's sake."

A wave, larger than all the rest, came rushing up the beach, breaking almost over his shoulders, and making Sybil cling to him with wild terror.

"Hush! Sibbie! Listen!—what sound was that?"

It came again—a faint plash, like the noise of oars a long way off. Gathering all his strength Rex raised his voice and shouted.

Silence first—a silence that seemed interminable. But when he called again, there was an answering shout. "I'll get in as close as I can," cried Leonard's voice, across the water; and a few minutes later, Rex—half swimming, half wading—reached the boat with Sybil safe in his arms.

"Dear Mrs. Vyvian, how glad I am to know that your sweet little girl is safe," exclaimed a visitor, calling some days later. "They tell me Rex quite acted the part of a hero on the occasion. Really it was very charming of him. I only wish my boys were as brave."

Mrs. Vyvian smiled somewhat coldly. "Rex?" she echoed, slightly raising her eyebrows. "My dear Mrs. Melhuish, you are quite mistaken if you imagine that Rex was the hero. Leonard went in his boat and brought them both home."

"Really? I understood it was Rex who found Sybil."

"Yes; he did find her. But I scarcely saw anything heroic in that. Mrs. Vyvian's voice, though low, was clear and penetrating, and her words were distinctly audible on the terrace outside, where Rex stood leaning against the stone balustrade. A flush rose to his cheek and the old pain crossed his face, but otherwise he gave no sign of having heard his mother's remarks.

SECOND EVENING. "I seek a pure heart, and there is the place of my rest."

Above—an ever-changing sky, beautiful with all "the uncertain glory of an April day." Below—a fair and graceful scene—hills upon whose sunny slopes the grass was springing in all its early freshness; trees showing their first flush of green; larks singing their sweet, sad song; and all the world thrilling with the nameless yet unspeakable gladness of the spring.

"I say, Rex, hurry up, old man; we shall be late for church," called Leonard Vyvian's voice, on this quiet Sunday afternoon.

Major and Mrs. Vyvian and Sybil had already started, and the two boys, as they hurried across the meadows, saw them stopping to talk to Father O'Neil.

"What are you going to preach about to-day, Father?" Rex heard Sybil say, as they joined the group.

"I am not going to preach at all, my child. I am going to have a holiday this afternoon."

"I am sure you need one," said Mrs. Vyvian.

"Well, I don't know. I am used to my two sermons every Sunday; but I certainly think a change now and again must be very acceptable to my hearers." And Father O'Neil laughed as he spoke—such a happy, light-hearted laugh—it did one good to listen to it.

"You will have a treat this afternoon. You went on, unfastening the little gate and walking up the path at Mrs. Vyvian's side. "Father Anselm has most kindly consented to preach for me. He finished giving his retreat at the convent this morning, and to-morrow, he tells me, he is leaving again for his monastery somewhere in the North—I forget the name of the place. These good religions allow themselves no rest; they don't get holidays like those idle sons of yours! By-the-by, when do you go back to school, you two boys?"

"To-morrow, Father, worse luck!" answered Leonard, regretfully.

"Why, Leo, I thought you were so proud of your college!"

"So I am, Father. School is jolly enough in its way."

"But home is jollier, I suppose!" finished Father O'Neil. "Well, well, it is only natural, and as it should be. Now run off to the sacristy, both of you."

"Dear boy," murmured Mrs. Vyvian, affectionately; "he is so loving and warm-hearted. Do you know, Father, I really cannot help feeling the difference sometimes between him and Rex. Rex is so quiet and unobtrusive."

"Still waters run deep," quoted the good old priest, gravely. "Believe me, Mrs. Vyvian, there is no want of feeling in Rex; his is a very fine character, and he will make a great man some day, though I may not be here to see."

"Oh, muzzie, look!" exclaimed Sybil, in an awe-struck whisper, a little later, when the tall figure of the friar, in his brown habit, ascended the pulpit—"he is just like my image of St. Anthony!"

The preacher—a man of middle age, though he looked younger—was very tall and pale, with a grave ascetic face that told its own tale of prayer and penance—a face, nevertheless, to attract rather than repel, as the number of those who flocked to him for counsel and advice could testify. The careless and hardened alike sought him in their time of need, and his gentleness won all hearts.

An expectant hush fell upon the congregation as he looked round the little church and gave out his text in a clear voice that reached even those standing in the porch:

"The Master is come and calleth for thee."

No need to detail that sermon here; no need to tell how eloquently he described the divine voice bidding us arise from tears to spiritual joy; no need to say in what burning words he depicted that same holy voice entreating the sinner to leave a life of sin and return to a life of grace. No need to tell how he spoke of the Master calling some to come forth from the world and serve Him in the silence and solitude of the cloister. How, on the one side, he placed pleasures, honors, fame and earthly joy; on the other, penance, self-denial, heavenly love and an "exceeding great reward."

Silence followed—a silence that could be felt, yet Father Anselm little thought how very deeply his fervent words had sunk into the heart of one, at least, of his hearers. Still less did he dream that during Benediction the call had come to one pure young soul. But it may be that some day in heaven, where we shall know even as we are known, the good religious will learn it and rejoice.

THIRD EVENING. "And he rose up and followed Him."

Above—a pale primrose sky, deepening to richest gold where the sun had set. Below—"happy autumn fields" and glowing woods; dusky hills looking purple in the fading light, and the music of bells— evening bells—ringing out the dying day and filling the air with their sweet, sad sound.

More than four years have passed since that bright spring Sunday when Father Anselm preached so eloquently—four years!—not so very long, perhaps, but long enough to have brought changes to the dwellers in the old gabled house upon the cliff.

Leonard is away at Sandhurst, working hard, and passing his exams. as successfully as in days gone by. Sybil still plays in the pleasant garden—filling hall and corridor with her clear, young voice, and making the quaint rooms bright with her sweet, childish presence.

And Rex—where is Rex? At the present moment he is leaning against the low stone wall where we saw him first. His eyes wandered from the bay—still bright with the last rays of the September sun—to the red cliffs and wooded hills on either hand; then down into the sheltered hollow where the evening shadows were beginning to gather round the peaceful little town. How still, and calm, and beautiful it all was!

He looked and looked, and looked again, as if he would fain imprint the fair picture indelibly upon his memory; and when at last he did withdraw his eyes it was only to turn and gaze still longer and more earnestly at his old home—the home he loved with a passionate intensity none guessed and few would have understood.

Give him time—let him look as long as he will at the dear familiar scene. He is about to make a great sacrifice—his eye, it is already made. On sea and sky and wooded hill he will look, as he is looking now, never—never again. It is an eternal farewell.

What wonder, then, that he lingers! What wonder that he turns back again and yet again ere he can tear himself away? And, as he stands thus, looking back along the avenue of years, the scenes of his childhood and early boyhood pass in review before him, and he knows that the old life has gone from him—gone away with its joys and sorrows—to return no more.

"Rex, Rex!" cried Sybil's voice, as once before on that summer evening long ago. And he turned away.

He had bidden his last "good-bye" to the scenes he loved so well. In the days to come, perchance, he might visit the old home, but he would no longer have any part in it. "The Master had come" and called for him; and, rising up obediently, and was going forth alone to embrace a life of voluntary poverty, angelic purity, unquestioning obedience. Henceforth he had no home—no earthly possessions—"the Lord was his portion and his inheritance."

He had not gone many steps when Sybil came running up to him, and put her hand in his without speaking. He looked down at her with a very pitying glance.

In the early morning they had knelt side by side in the little church, and she had been with him again when he went to bid Father O'Neil good-bye. The good old priest was ready with many a kindly word of counsel and advice; but his tender heart was unexpectantly touched as he looked at the brother and sister, whose lives must henceforward flow so far apart.

"Good-bye, Rex; God bless you, my dear boy. And may He guide and comfort and strengthen you in the trials that, perhaps, are awaiting you in your new life—the life you have chosen for His sake."

"Oh, Father, pray for me, that I may not fail," Rex said, in a low, earnest tone, as he and Father O'Neil stood together a little apart.

"You will not fail, my son," the priest answered with quiet conviction. "Ah, Rex, you are giving up much, but you will gain more! Do not mistake me—do not think for one moment that I underrate the sacrifice. I know it is no light matter to give up home—friends—everything! But, after all, life is so short; even the longest is but a drop in the great ocean of eternity. And when we reach our heavenly home—as God grant we all may—what will it matter then whether our road lay through the green meadows of earthly love and joy or along the hard, rough way of penance and mortification. Now I must not keep you any longer. Good-bye, again, my dear boy. It is a hard word, but we must say it. Don't forget an old man in your prayers, sometimes, when you are far away."

"Good-bye, Father," Rex answered rather unsteadily. "I never have—I never can thank you for all your kindness; you have been my best friend always."

"Nonsense, nonsense," interrupted Father O'Neil, with suspicious briskness. "Come, make haste, both of you, or you will be late for breakfast."

He went out with them to the gate, and, as Rex turned to take one more look at the little church, the last thing he saw was Father O'Neil standing at the presbytery door, with the autumn

sunlight falling on his kind, grave face and silver hair.

But all this had happened many hours ago; and now it was evening—his last evening in the old home. Before to-morrow's sun had set he would be miles and miles away; while Sybil—he broke off his thought abruptly, and looked down at her as she stood beside him, a small white figure among the gathering twilight shadows.

"Oh, Rex, why must you go? I want you so. I can't spare you!" she cried.

"Sybil, don't make it harder for me," he said, entreatingly, as he drew her closer to him. "I know it is hard for you; but don't you know that it is hard for me, too. Do you think I don't feel?" he exclaimed, with a sharp note of anguish in his voice. "Do you think it does not hurt me to give you pain?"

"No! no!" she cried, clinging closer to him. "I know how sorry you are. But, oh, Rex, I am so miserable!"

"Poor little bird!" he said tenderly. "Listen, Sybil; God has called me, and I must go. But, no matter where I am, I shall always love you just the same, and I shall think of you, and pray for you, my own dear little sister, when I am far away. And you must pray for me, too, that God may give me grace to love and serve Him faithfully till death. You will, won't you?"

"Yes," she whispered, half frightened at the intense earnestness of his tone; in truth, he had forgotten for the moment what a child she still was.

They went into the house then. He took her in his arms and carried her upstairs, as he had done so often in the days that were gone, and when he left her, went out into the welcome darkness on the terrace.

Oh, how blind—or how ignorant—are those who say that the souls whom God calls are wanting in natural affection; that because they have given up all things they must necessarily be less keenly sensitive—less capable of the power of loving. No—a thousand times, no! Let no one dream it for a moment. Rather let us stand aside in humble reverence, confessing our own unworthiness, yet thanking God that there are still souls generous enough to respond to His grace.

Yes, indeed, these are the lilies in the garden of the Lord. Of such as these it is written that they shall follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, singing a new song which none but they can sing.

FOURTH EVENING. "One night the shadows linger And then the morning breaks, And God's own hand the burden From weary shoulders takes; And thou shalt see His glory, And hear His words, 'Well done!' The strife forever over, The battle fought and won!"

Above—a wild, angry sky, across which the ragged storm-clouds are chasing each other in mad haste. Below—a desolate winter scene; flat, uninteresting road, and a dreary waste of level country, where the fierce north-east wind sweeps along with unbroken fury.

In the foreground of this sombre-hued picture stands a large building with many windows and substantial walls, against which the wild north-easter whistles and moans in impotent rage, and then goes shrieking across the low-lying country beyond.

Beside the monastery is a Friday evening and there is Benediction. A bell had just ceased ringing when a tall, powerfully-built man made his way along the lonely, frost-hardened road, turned in at the wooden gate and walked hurriedly up the flagged path to the church. Benediction had just begun, and he found a place in one of the lower benches, kneeling, apparently, because those around him did so, and not as if prompted thereto by any spirit of reverence or devotion.

He glanced at the long procession of brown-habited friars with a curiosity not unmingled with contempt, an unpleasantly ambiguous smile crossing his face as the sound of their footsteps died away along the cloisters. He turned and looked around at the beautiful Gothic building, but without the slightest appearance of interest, and when the last lingerers made their way to the door he, too, rose and went into the porch.

"A cold night!" he muttered, looking up at the stormy sky; "cold and dark—very dark!"

Some half-hour later the Brother in charge of the sacristy came into the empty church, turned out the gas, locked and bolted the great doors and went away, leaving all safe and secure for the night.

One by one the monastery windows grew dark. Only in a cell on the south side a young religious was still praying. It would have needed no second glance to recognize in that kneeling figure the familiar face and form of Rex Vyvian. But he is Rex Vyvian no longer. His name, like all else, he left behind him when he bade farewell to his Devonshire home on a certain September morning more than three years ago. He is simply "Brother Raymond" now—only one out of many students in the austere monastery at Lymnethorpe, whether he has just been sent to complete his studies.

He has changed since the evening when he and his little sister stood side by side in the old garden on the cliff. It is not the habit and tuncure—though these may, and undoubtedly do, lend a certain dignity to his tall, graceful figure. It is the undimmed expression resting on his calm, young face—an expression which is but the outward sign of the purity and grace of the soul within. His had always been a peculiarly interesting face; it was much more than interesting now. It was beautiful—beautiful with the untroubled tranquillity, the holy peace that God gives to those souls who love Him best.

The last three years had passed quickly enough to Brother Raymond. Quiet days, spent in prayer and study, succeeded each other with unbroken regularity; seasons came and went, but brought no change to the dwellers within those silent monastery walls. Outside, the busy world went hurrying on, but its excitement, its strife, its pleasure and its anguish were alike unknown in this peaceful retreat. And yet as the young religious rose from his knees one could not fail to notice that the shadow had not entirely left his face.

Why? Ah, why indeed? How could any feeling of inferiority reach him here? How could any sense of failure touch him? But, nevertheless, so it was. And to-night, as he stood alone in his cell, the old pain was as strong upon him as it had been all that summer evening, seven long years ago.

He gathered his papers together quickly, telling himself the while that, after all, his father's words had to a certain extent come true. Not with regard to his vocation—of that there never was, and never had been, the shadow of doubt. From the moment he entered the monastery he was plain enough to all that he was perfectly suited to the life he had chosen. And, what was more, he was entirely happy in it; or would have been so, except for a certain something—a want he would scarcely acknowledge even to himself. In his humility he blamed himself for feeling it, not knowing that it was only the natural longing for some one to understand and sympathize with thoughts he was powerless to utter.

He studied, and studied hard; yet others passed him, not from any incapacity on his part, but simply because he lacked the power to express his ideas with readiness and ease. Life in a religious house had but increased his natural reserve, and though he was quick enough to see in what light his professors regarded him, they, on their side, were perfectly unconscious that a habit of self-depreciation was growing upon him day by day. They looked at him; he was good—"as good as gold," they said—but not clever, no certainly not clever. Average abilities he might possess, but nothing more; and if he felt it, who was to blame?

In the days that are gone he had been forced to stand aside and watch another's success, and now—well, it was much the same now. Of the professors two, at least, were not merely men of learning and genius, good men and holy religious, but men of keen sensibilities and wide sympathies, with hearts to feel and to understand—if they had only known! but they did not. And so it happened that Brother Raymond, the student, came no nearer to being understood by those about him than Rex Vyvian, the schoolboy.

There are those who, all their lives, seem predestinated to take the second place. Why, we cannot tell. God knows. Perhaps He has a crown of special brightness reserved for these chosen souls, made like to Him by humiliation and contempt.

Among the professors was a young priest, Father John, by name, who had only lately been sent to the monastery at Lymnethorpe. His zeal, his burning eloquence, his holy life, and, above all, his indescribable charm of manner, possessed a marvelous attraction for Brother Raymond, who looked up to him with an admiration, reverence and affection that was none the less deep because it was unspoken. He was thinking of him now—thinking of a sermon he had preached not many days ago. How plainly he seemed to hear Father John's voice, ringing out clear as a silver bell:

"Rejoice in the Lord always; again, I say rejoice. Rejoice always. In joy and in sorrow, in success and in failure!"

"Failure!" echoed the young student.

It had been with him in the days gone by; it was with him now. Would it still be with him in the time to come, he wondered, and then hastily repressed the thought?

Several hours later the great clock on the monastery staircase chimed slowly forth. Every single stroke echoed distinctly along the silent corridors, and made the after stillness seem deeper than ever. For a few minutes there was a lull in the storm, which had been raging with ever-increasing violence since nightfall. The roar of the wind had sunk to a low, sobbing moan; the showers of rain and sleet came only in fitful gusts, and as the last stroke of midnight died into silence an expectant hush seemed to fall upon the storm-tossed world—a stillness that could be almost felt. But, all at once, it was broken by the sound of a footstep passing softly but swiftly down the corridor. Brother Raymond heard it, and instantly recognized the light footsteps—light in spite of the thick leather sandals.

"Father John!" he exclaimed, involuntarily; and then, prompted by an irresistible impulse, he opened the door and looked out.

Yes; it was Father John. The pale, misty moonbeams, struggling in through the large window at the further end of the corridor, fell full upon his slight, graceful figure and fair, delicate features. All unconscious of the grave eyes watching him so intently, he waited a moment listening, and then went quickly on toward the staircase.

For an instant the young student paused irresolute, then the same feeling which had caused him to open the door came upon him again, and this time with even greater force. Impelled by the same uncontrollable impulse, he went swiftly along the corridor, down the stone stairs, and on into



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London, Saturday, July 18, 1891.

BABEL.

It scarcely needed that any new event should occur to show the intricate confusion in which Protestantism of every form is at present involved, owing to the practical application of the first principle on which the whole system is founded.

It has never been called into doubt that the Catholic Church of to-day is the same organization which has existed from the days of the Apostles, and which was established by them and their successors throughout the world in obedience to the command of Jesus Christ to preach His gospel to every creature.

Every one who has read the New Testament, even without profound thought upon the nature of the Church, is aware that Christ established an organization which He called His Church, and that He selected twelve Apostles with paramount authority, besides seventy-two disciples with subordinate authority, to preach everywhere His gospel as He delivered it to them; and He assured them that it would be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah on the last day than for that house or city which would not receive them.

That Christ's work on earth was intended to be permanent is also conceded; for He came to save mankind, not merely the generation amid which He lived; and so in giving His commission He promised that He would be with His Apostles "all days, even to the consummation of the world."

The Apostles had successors is also clear. We are told in the Acts of the Apostles that they ordained priests in every city to carry on their work. Matthias was selected to fill the place of Judas, when the latter, after having betrayed his Master, hanged himself in despair. Timothy and Titus were appointed by St. Paul to preside over the churches established respectively in Ephesus and Crete for the same purpose. (1 Tim. i, 3; Tit. i, 5.)

That the Church continued to exist without interruption down to the date when Protestantism was established, and that there existed a ministerial succession with authority derived from the Apostles, and therefore from Christ, are also indubitable facts; and when the standard of revolt was raised the plea was that the Church had ceased to teach Christ's doctrine in purity and simplicity, and that a thorough reformation was required.

The pretensions of the new teachers could not be sustained unless they could show that each individual had a right to set himself up as a judge of the purity of the Church's doctrine, and that the Church had no right to repress such individual judgment. The doctrine of the supremacy of private judgment was thus made the fundamental principle of Protestantism, as against the Catholic doctrine that the Church has authority to decide all controversies of faith.

It was to be expected that when private judgment was thus made the Supreme Court of Appeal, errors of the most astounding character would be proclaimed on the house-tops as the real teachings of Christianity; and this is precisely what is taking place at the present time, while the various sects amongst whom these errors are openly taught find themselves unable to cope with them or to repress them without violating that very first principle upon which they justified their own revolt.

They recognize perfectly well that the very foundations of Christian truth are menaced by the new doctrines. Thus among the Presbyterians, Dr. Briggs denies the inspiration of Scripture. Among the Episcopalians, Rev. Mr. MacQueney has done the same. Among the Methodists, Dr. Workman denies that any prophecy of the Old Testament had Christ in view as the Messiah. Such doctrines are seen to be subversive of Christianity, and in spite of the former professions of all these sects that an individual has the right to exer-

cise his own judgment in matters of doctrine, the teachers of these dangerous theories have been condemned, with various degrees of emphasis, as heretics.

Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton, the rector of all Souls' Protestant Episcopal Church of New York, is also at this moment undergoing a trial by a committee of five, on a charge of heresy on three points: he denies, 1, the birth of Christ by a Virgin; 2, the bodily resurrection of Christ; 3, the verbal inspiration of the Bible. In a word, he attacks whatever is miraculous in the Bible. If Christianity be not a myth, the doctor is certainly a teacher of dangerous error, and we confess that for the sake of preserving even some semblance of Christian faith among the Episcopalians, we would be glad to see the Church court condemn Dr. Newton's doctrines. At the same time we are conscious that the court by condemning him will proclaim its own inconsistency; for if he owes obedience to the authority of the Church in its doctrinal decisions, both he and his judges alike owe obedience to the authority of the Catholic Church, which they repudiated on the plea that private individuals have the right to judge every doctrine for themselves.

Is the world becoming more logical? The spread of education has undoubtedly made the people of civilized countries more thoughtful; and though the human intellect will still have its vagaries, it seems to us, and we believe the majority of men will agree with us in believing, that these vagaries will take a more feeble hold with the masses of the people than they have done in less enlightened ages. There are still, and there will always be, differences of degree in the knowledge of the masses, and many will continue to be unable to follow out a principle to its legitimate conclusion; but the number of those who will insist upon consistency in religious belief must, in our opinion, increase, to use a mathematical expression, in geometrical progression. That is to say, the spread of education will become much greater in a given future generation than during the present, as it spreads from more numerous centres; and the ability to detect error will increase in a similar manner, unless unforeseen obstacles intervene to prevent so rapid an increase. The inconsistencies of Protestantism with its many phases of belief and unbelief must in this case become more patent to the world, and the multitude, thus beginning to reason upon them, must reject them.

The consequence of all this must surely be the ultimate rejection of Protestantism as a form of Christianity. There may be some who will continue to call themselves Protestants, and probably there will be many such; but for the most part these will be really persons without religious belief of any definite kind. They will be to all intents and purposes Atheists or Deists; and, indeed, considering the inextricable confusion now existing, we may say that this state of things exists already.

There is no resting-place for a reasoning mind between Catholicism and utter unbelief; and to one or other of these those who are logical among Protestants must drift when the disintegrating process which is now going on shall have been completed.

WAS ST. PETER BISHOP OF ROME?

In an article which appeared in our issue of the 4th inst., on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, we gave extracts from the writings of St. Irenaeus, and the ecclesiastical history of Eusebius, by which it was shown that SS. Peter and Paul were the founders of the Church in Rome. As it has been the fashion with Protestant controversial writers to deny that St. Peter was ever in that city, it will be useful to give here some additional proofs of the constant tradition that St. Peter fixed his See in Rome, and that the line of Popes are his lawful successors as head of the Church on earth.

In his epistle to the Romans, St. Paul states that he had not yet visited that city, though he was anxious to do so. In this epistle, written about the year of our Lord 58, the Apostle says:

"I have often purposed to come unto you (and have been hindered hitherto), that I might have some fruit among you also, even as among other Gentiles." (13.)

At the time when St. Paul wrote thus there was already a flourishing Church in Rome, so that in the first chapter of the same epistle he returns thanks to God because "your faith is spoken of in the whole world;" and he adds: "I long to see you that I may impart unto you some spiritual grace to strengthen you."

As in the extract which we already gave from St. Irenaeus the establishment of the Church is attributed to both of these Apostles, it is clear that St. Peter's labors there were already fruitful before St. Paul's arrival. In attributing the founding of the Church in Rome to both apostles, St. Irenaeus, therefore, evidently means that St. Peter preached first, and St. Paul afterwards aided him in his work. There is thus a complete accord between Eusebius and St. Irenaeus, for the former says, in the second book of his ecclesiastical history, "He was the first who by the preaching of the word, in the city of Rome, opened the gate of the kingdom of heaven with the keys of his gospel."

Eusebius quotes extracts from Caius and Dionysius, Bishop of Corinth, as well as from Papias, to show that St. Peter made his residence in Rome, and Papias states that it was there that St. Peter wrote his first epistle. In accordance with the custom of the early Christians, St. Peter calls Rome Babylon, on account of the iniquities to which its Pagan population were addicted. (1, 13.) As Papias, Caius, and St. Dionysius, Bishop of Corinth, were disciples of the apostles, it must be acknowledged that their testimony to St. Peter's residence at Rome is as conclusive as we have shown that of St. Irenaeus to be.

St. Jerome, explaining St. Peter's use of the name Babylon as applied to Rome, says:

"Peter in his first epistle speaks of Rome figuratively under the name Babylon, saying the Church which is in Babylon, elected together with you sauteh you, and so doth my son Mark."

So also the Apocalypse of St. John speaks of Rome under the same name, Babylon, which he describes as being seated upon seven hills, and having power over the kings of the earth. This description agrees only with Rome, which was the only imperial city when the apostle wrote; and the only great city built on seven hills.

It must be noted, however, that the name Babylon is not given to the Christian Church, the centre of whose unity is at Rome, but to the Pagan Empire, which at the time St. Peter wrote was ruled by Nero, a most wicked sovereign and one of the most cruel persecutors of the Church. This distinction is made by St. Jerome in his epistle to Marcellas, where he quotes the denunciations of St. John against Rome as a reason why the latter should remove from Rome to Bethlehem. He adds:

"The holy Church is also there, and the trophies of the apostles and martyrs, the true confession of Christ, and the faith which the apostle preached, and which was persecuted by the Gentiles."

It should not be necessary for us to disclaim the name Babylon as applied to the Christian Church, but it becomes necessary to make this remark on the use of the word, as many Protestants are accustomed to apply to Christian Rome and the Catholic Church the denunciations pronounced against Babylon by St. John in the Apocalypse. This was done by Luther first in his book on the "Babylonish Captivity;" and his followers, the Centurians of Magdeburg, have no better reason to give for receiving the Apocalypse (Revelation) as part of the Canon of Scripture than the fact that it speaks ill of Rome, under the name of Babylon. It is a poor cause which has to resort to such perversion of Holy Scripture to sustain it, yet the Westminster Confession of Faith actually founds upon these passages its implied statement that the Catholic Church is "the synagogue of Satan." (Ch. 25.) This is reason enough why we should refute in a few words so blasphemous an assertion. The Confession quotes Rev. xviii. in support of its absurd teaching.

In further proof that St. Peter fixed his See in Rome we shall now quote a few more testimonies of the early Christian Fathers and writers:

Tertullian, who wrote about A. D. 195, within a century after the death of the Apostle St. John, in his book of Prescriptions, insists on the necessity of a line of Bishops coming down by succession from the Apostles, adding:

"For in this manner do the Apostolic Churches reckon their origin." As instances of this Apostolic origin, he names Smyrna, where Polycarp was placed by John, and Rome, where Clement was ordained by Peter. He then challenges the heretics of his day to show so sure a succession: "Let the heretics counterfeit something of the same sort; for, after blasphemy, what is unlawful for them?" Then enumerating the churches which had either an Apostle or at least one appointed by an Apostle for their first Bishops, he mentions Achaia, Corinth, Philippi, Thessaly and Ephesus, then Rome:

"But if thou art near to Italy, thou hast Rome, whence we also have an authority at hand. That Church, how happy! on which the apostles poured out all their doctrine with their blood, where Peter had a like suffering with the Lord; where Paul is crowned with an end like that of the Baptist; where the Apostle John was plunged into boiling oil, and suffered nothing, and was afterwards banished to an island."

St. Cyprian in a letter to Antoninus describes how Cornelius, who was then Pope, A. D. 251, was chosen "by the judgment of God and His Christ, by the testimony of all the clergy, and by the suffrage of the people . . . when the place of Fabian, that is, when the place of Peter and the dignity of the sacerdotal was vacant."

In a letter to Cornelius, the same illustrious Bishop denounces certain Africans who had set up a false Bishop, and yet "dared to sail and carry letters from schismatics and profane persons to the chair of Peter and to the principal Church (of Rome) whence the unity of the priesthood took its rise."

Eusebius in many places names St. Peter as first Bishop of Rome. One passage will suffice to show what he frequently asserts as an undisputed fact:

"Linus was the first, after Peter, to obtain the episcopate of Rome."

He also states that

"The providence of the Universal Ruler led to Rome that most powerful and great one of the Apostles, and, on account of his virtue, the leader of the rest, Peter, against that sad destroyer of the human race (Simon the magician)."

Elsewhere Eusebius gives details of the manner in which SS. Peter and Paul suffered death under Nero, adding:

"It is unnecessary to give further proof of these facts, for they are attested by evident, splendid and well known monuments which exist at this day."

It would be easy to adduce other proofs of St. Peter's residence in Rome, but it is not necessary to do so here. The tradition of his having gone there in the early part of the reign of Claudius, and of his death on the cross under Nero, dates back to the very age in which he lived, and there is no counter-tradition. It is attested by Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Epiphanius, Optatus of Milevis, Orosius, the Emperor Theodosius, St. John Chrysostom, Hegesippus, Theodoret, Ambrose, Jerome, and numerous other writers who had every opportunity of knowing the facts and who have given many details of his life there. So positive is this testimony that all Protestants of weight, willingly or unwillingly, concede that the fact is undeniable.

We shall, therefore, conclude by giving this summary of proof from the "Doctrines of the Church" by His Eminence, the late Cardinal Wiseman:

"The monuments which yet exist in every part of Rome, and the testimony of ecclesiastical writers from the oldest times, put the fact beyond all doubt; and it is sufficient to say that authors of the highest literary eminence, and remarkable for their opposition to the supremacy of the Roman See, such as Cave, Pearson, Usher, Young and Blondel, have both acknowledged and supported it. Among the moderns, it may be sufficient to observe that no ecclesiastical writer of any note pretends to deny this fact."

From the details of St. Peter's residence in Rome, as given by the Fathers, it would appear that he went first to that city in A. D. 42, and that he went to Jerusalem when the Emperor Claudius persecuted Christians and Jews, and that he preached afterwards established Churches in various parts of Asia Minor. During the reign of Nero he returned to Rome, where he suffered martyrdom in A. D. 67. From his first visit to the city until his death there was, therefore, an interval of twenty-five years; but his residence there was not continuous during that whole period; and this accounts for the fact, which is sometimes adduced against his having been in Rome, that during this time we find traces of his being elsewhere. No Catholic pretends that his stay in Rome was continuous and uninterrupted.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

In another column will be found the announcement of this celebrated institution of learning. With rapid strides it has grown to be one of the most prominent as well as one of the most complete universities on the continent of America. That this fact is most generally known and recognized is proved by the very large number of pupils who attend from the most distant parts of the Dominion and the United States. It gives us pleasure, indeed, to make mention of this circumstance, for the success of our Catholic institutions means the greater spread of our holy faith. We congratulate the good Oblate Fathers on their remarkable progress, and trust they will go on and on in the near and distant future spreading the light of faith and the blessings of purest culture amongst the people.

A MENACING FREEMASON.

The Freemasons of Boston have taken umbrage at the condemnation of their order which was passed by the convention of Baptist ministers held recently in that city. The ministers declared by the very decisive vote of 59 to 18 that a man cannot give his allegiance to God and Freemasonry at the same time, and that Freemasonry is an obstacle to the practice of religion.

This is perfectly true; for, as a matter of fact, Freemasonry substitutes its empty forms in the place of the true worship of God; and, besides, it has been frequently put on record by its own officials, in Europe, at least, that its main object is to destroy religion.

In America this purpose is not put forward so prominently, but it is certain that its secret oaths are inconsistent with the duties we owe to God and to society; and in any case, the fraternization of the American societies with those of Europe makes of them all one body with a common ultimate purpose. It is, therefore, a society deserving of that general condemnation which has been issued against it by the Catholic Church; and it is equally forbidden for Catholics in America to become members of it as in Europe. If there were no other cause for this than the moral ground that it turns to ill use the name and personality of God, by the employment of unnecessary oaths, it would be sufficient reason why the Catholic Church should condemn it; for we know that "all false, rash, unjust, and unnecessary oaths" are forbidden by the second commandment of God. But there is irrefragable evidence that the oaths of the association are worse than unnecessary. They are capable of being turned to evil purpose, and they have frequently been so turned.

It will be understood, however, that in this country, where Freemasonry is not so actively hostile to the Catholic Church as it has been in Europe in the past, we have no need to entertain any individual rancor against Protestants who are members of the order. We agree to tolerate each others' differences of opinion, and Catholics may be personally friendly to Freemasons in their social relations with each other, while steadfastly refusing to become linked with their society. We claim that liberty for ourselves which we freely grant to others. It is, therefore, quite out of place for the Freemasons to defend themselves against the attack of the Baptists by making a flank attack upon Catholics, who are not interfering with them, though carefully avoiding to become identified with them in any way.

Notwithstanding this, the Boston Freemasons have thought proper to make a direct attack upon the Catholic Church in defending themselves against the Baptists; or at least their spokesman has done this.

The Rev. Sullivan L. Holman, who is an ex-Baptist minister himself, and is still a member of Tremont Temple, a Baptist conventicle, though he has abandoned the ministry for a mercantile life, has thrust himself forward as the champion of Freemasonry against the attack inaugurated in the Baptist convention by Rev. Mr. Stoddard.

It is a quarrel between Baptists, or between Baptists and Protestants generally; and it is, therefore, evident that the attack of Mr. Holman upon Catholics is utterly out of place. It is an effort to create sympathy for Freemasonry by appealing to the unreasoning prejudices which very many Protestants entertain against the Catholic Church. But Mr. Holman may find out that he has made a mistake in this. He may discover before he has done with his cause that Catholics are perfectly able to defend themselves against his aspersions, and to carry the war into Africa too, so we would in a friendly way advise him and those who are of his ilk to be more cautious.

He says: "Masonry broke away from Rome at the time of the Reformation." He is evidently astray in his history. Masonry did not break away from Rome at the time mentioned, except in the sense that it became hostile to all religion, on account of which fact the Freemasons were cut off from the Church as rotten members; and they were interdicted in England long before the Reformation.

But Mr. Holman's next assertion is calculated to amaze all who have the least acquaintance with the facts. He says:

"If the crisis which some predict should ever come between Rome and the United States, five hundred thousand Masons would stand true as steel to our institutions."

We do not desire to cast any suspicion on the loyalty of Masons, or any other class of people in the United States, to the institutions of the coun-

try. We are satisfied that loyalty of this kind is a very prevalent sentiment; but we submit that it is a most shortsighted policy for those who are really loyal to endeavor to excite religious dissension, and without reason to represent so numerous and influential a body as the Catholics as entertaining disloyal sentiments. We would remind this pompous talker that when the United States were in real trouble, it is known that the Catholics, in proportion to ratio to population, maintained the flag of their country to double the extent of any other class, by taking up arms in its defence; and the same is likely to occur again should occasion require it. It is only when we come to those who plucked the plumage of the American Eagle to feather their own nests that Freemasons were found in the front. We do not accuse the Order itself of being responsible directly for the acts of individual members; but we say that the Masonic principles, which ignore religion and conscience, are much more likely to beget traitors than the principles of Catholics, which inculcate loyalty to rightful authority.

The Freemasons will act wisely if they keep their present quarrel within the limits to which it belongs. It is a fight between themselves and the Baptists. Let it be fought out on that issue.

THE CARLOW ELECTION.

The lesson taught by the Kilkenny and Sligo elections was sufficiently instructive and would have proved of a healing and salutary character had Mr. Parnell and his zealous supporters taken it to heart. Unfortunately for them, and for the peace of Ireland, the lesson was unheeded. Owing to the sad demise of the late O'Gorman Mahon a vacancy occurred in the representation of Carlow. Here again, unmindful of previous defeats, Mr. Parnell determined to try the fortunes of war. Post haste from Steining, where the mock marriage with Mrs. O'Shea was solemnly registered, he hastened to Carlow, where in the halcyon days of his unlimited popularity his word was all-powerful and his endorsement of any man was tantamount to the election and a free ride over the constituency of that candidate. But Carlow's Catholic sentiment had received a rude shock in the scandalous proceedings of the late uncoroned king. On every public hall of that unpurchasable county the handwriting was plainly visible to all: "He was weighed in the balance and found wanting." The late idol of the people, when stainless and covered with the laurels of victory he appeared before enthusiastic and devoted multitudes, can now scarcely obtain a hearing from a few trembling followers. His nominee, Mr. Kettle, a good man and of patriotic record, is rejected at the polls, chiefly through his having been recommended by Mr. Parnell. Never was so sad a spectacle witnessed in political warfare as that offered by Mr. Parnell and his few honest though misguided followers on the day after the election. It is well known that about one thousand Protestant and Tory voters exercised the franchise in the county Carlow against two thousand three hundred Catholic voters. The election proved that Mr. Parnell received the undivided support of the Tory electors and overwhelming defeat at the hands of his former friends, the Catholics, who, disgusted with his conduct, voted solidly and almost to a man against his nominee.

The lesson should be taken personally to heart not only by Mr. Parnell and his friends, but by every public man who is anxious to earn and retain the respect and the support of the Irish people. It is plain to be observed—and no man can close his eyes against the fact unless he is willfully blind—that no matter how popular a man may be in Ireland—no matter what services he may have rendered to his country—the purity of his moral conduct must at all times stand the test of public criticism; and that Ireland will acknowledge no leader and confide in the guidance of no man who is not, "like Caesar's wife, above suspicion." In fact the pronouncements of the ultra-Protestant and Tory press in England and Ireland sufficiently indicate that the defeat of Mr. Parnell means the triumph of Catholic faith and the apotheosis of Christian morals in the land of St. Patrick. The London Times declares that the collapse of Parnell means the domination of the Irish priests, who have always hated the national movement, and therefore the McCarthyites are little better than Parnell. One of the great misrepresentation of the Thunderer is "that the Irish priests and Bishops are op-



THE ATTACK UPON THE LATE CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Inconsistency of Protestantism. London Universe, June 13. On Sunday at the High Mass at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, the Rev. W. R. Sullivan, D. D., dealt with the subject of a book written in opposition to the late Cardinal Newman. Before doing so, however, he pointed out in connection with the present conflict going on in the State that men saw one party in the State pledged to unite man to his wife, the other proposing to divorce man from his wife, while a third party desired to unite religion with education, and the Church with the State. Catholics were glad that if the proposed measure of education...

...must come, it should come from the party which pledged itself, as far as it could guarantee, to maintain the union between religion and education. The Catholic Church stood before the country as emphatically an institution pledged to maintain that union. Without boasting, Catholics could say that what they had done during the last hundred years was little short of miraculous. The Catholic Church had done for the education of the poor Catholics, as well as for those who were in a better station of life, more, perhaps, than the Church had previously accomplished in England during the same period of years, even at the most flourishing period of its history. It was for Catholics of the present day to continue the work so ably initiated by their fathers. Proceeding with the subject of the book, he said it was undoubtedly true that most of the objections which were levelled against Catholic doctrine arose from a misunderstanding of that doctrine. That was undoubtedly so in the case of the man who had penned that attack upon Cardinal Newman. He would put before them in a brief manner what a miracle essentially was. A miracle was defined by St. Thomas as an event wrought by Divine power suspending the ordinary course of nature. God could not, even of His own absolute power, commission even the highest creature to perform the creative act, for it was one invested in the Deity Himself, and therefore could not be shared by any creature. However, God could communicate His power and sovereignty over the world He had made—and a beautiful theory it was, though the Church did not call upon men to accept it as a doctrine of faith—that the heavenly bodies and the world were moved in their courses by heavenly spirits; and that theory, no doubt, was the origin of the old belief in...

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES, as they were imagined to move through the heavens with the rustling of angels' wings, and the hymns of praise that these spirits chanted to God, thus uttering the sweetest music which had ever awakened the ears and intelligences of men; in other words, God made use of His creatures to effect His purposes either in the natural or supernatural orders. There could not be order in men's thoughts unless there was order in the world. Then that order must come from a designing intelligence. Evidence of design was stamped upon the face of creation in whichever way men looked at it. And so the pertinent question arose, Why should it be more difficult to Almighty God to cause a departure from the natural order? He had created that order. Why should it require no greater effort of the Omnipotent power to effect the extraordinary once than to effect the ordinary every day? But the finger of God was as powerfully moved when the rose budded or the sun rose as when a sick man was healed suddenly or when our Lord arose from His tomb, for the same Divine power operated in both cases. It was clearly indicated by...

MR. JOHN STUART MILL towards the close of his life that, when once a man was driven to accept the existence of a Supreme Being, he had no logical standpoint whatever for denying the existence of miracles, because in that they had a sufficient cause for belief.

A POET WHO HAD JUST BEEN TAKEN FROM THEIR MIDST had said that nature was a thought of God. Men thought, and their thoughts remained in the ideal order. They had not the making of their own materials—they borrowed from God. That edifice in which they were gathered together that day at one time existed only in the architect's thoughts, but he borrowed materials from God, and so raised that structure. When the Almighty performed a miracle it was only an interference with a very small portion of the legislation which God had enacted, an interference concerning the physical world. Every work of God, if pondered over, was a miracle, and what men thought they understood was but an outline of what began and ended in infinity. That good writer of whom he had spoken, and Protestants in general, were bound by their reason, as also by their creed, to accept the miraculous. Protestants believed in the Incarnation—that the Supreme Being was made down before his Maker, accept that doctrine, and say he believed it, and yet refuse credence to all other occurrences of a wondrous or miraculous character? Protestantism professed to accept greater miracles, but for its own purpose rebelled against that which was less. It would accept the Incarnation of the Eternal, but refused to accept a miracle wrought by one of God's saints under the new dispensation. From that they could see the marvelous consistency of the Catholic...

Church and of Cardinal Newman, who declared that. HE WAS A CATHOLIC BECAUSE HE WAS NOT AN ATHEIST.

The position of Cardinal Newman in that respect was justified by the most simple arguments. God had revealed His will through our Lord and Saviour; not through Buddhism nor any Oriental creation, but the light which shone in the face of Jesus Christ. After that only one step remained to bring men to Catholicism. Dr. Sullivan concluded by saying that unless a person was living at the present time endowed with authority to communicate the teaching of Christ to men wholly and entirely they would not know it. That divinely guided voice Cardinal Newman found in the Catholic Church, and therefore as he was not an atheist, but a believer in God, he found himself logically constrained to accept as an expression of the mind and will of the Almighty the teaching which was given to the Catholic Church.

SISTERS OF CHARITY. An Eloquent Tribute.

The following is a portion of a speech made by Captain Crawford, the poet scout, on the Sisters of Charity: "On all of God's green and beautiful earth there are no purer, no nobler, no more kind-hearted and self-sacrificing women than those who wear the sombre garb of Catholic Sisters. During the war I had many opportunities for observing their noble and heroic work, not only in the camp and the hospital, but in the death-swept field of battle. Right in the fiery front of dreadful war where bullets hissed in maddening glee, and shot and shell flew wildly by with demonic shrieks, where dead and mangled forms lay with pale, blood-flecked faces, yet wearing the scowl of battle. I have seen the black-robed Sisters moving over the field with their solicitous faces wet with the tears of sympathy, administering to the wants of the wounded and whispering words of comfort into ears soon to be deafened by the cold implacable hand of Death. Now kneeling on the blood-bespattered sod to moisten with water the bloodless lips on which the icy kiss of the death angel had left its pale imprint; now breathing words of hope of immortality beyond the grave into the ear of some mangled hero, whose last shots in our glorious cause had been fired but a moment before; now holding the crucifix to receive the last kiss from somebody's darling boy from whose breast the life-blood was splashing, and who had offered his life as a willing sacrifice on the eyes binding gaping wounds from which most women would have shrunk in horror, now scraping together a pillow of forest leaves upon which some pain-racked head might rest until the spirit took its flight to other realms—brave, fearless of danger, trusting implicitly in the Master whose overshadowing eye was noting their every movement; standing as shielding prayerful angels between the dying soldier and the horrors of death; their only recompense the sweet, soul-soothing consciousness that they were doing their duty; their only hope of reward that peace and eternal happiness that awaited them beyond the star-embalmed battlements above. Ah! my friends, it was noble work.

"How many veterans of the war, who wore blue or gray can yet recall the soft, soothing touch of a Sister's hand as he lay upon the pain-tossed couch of an hospital! Can we ever forget their sympathetic eyes, their low, soft-spoken words of encouragement and cheer when the result of the struggle between life and death yet hung in the balance? Oh! how often have I followed the form of that good Sister Valencia with my sunken eyes as she moved away from my cot to the cot of another sufferer, and have breathed from the most sacred depths of my faintly-beating heart the fervent prayer, 'God bless her! God bless her!'" "My friends, I am not a Catholic, but I stand ready at any and all times to defend those noble women, even with my life, for I owe that life to them."

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LET US DISCARD MINIMISM.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

The Church is in danger of being cursed by Minimism. There is a natural tendency in most of us to run in a rut and to be satisfied with things as they are. Custom is powerful, and a bad custom equally with the good. We are placed in the midst of a non-Catholic and, to a very considerable extent, a hostile community. We know and acknowledge, at least theoretically, that the object of the Church is to save souls. That is what the Church is for. It is not a mere ecleciastical institution for priest or people, though clarity is its moving, animating spirit. It is not a mere money-making machine, though money is necessary for carrying on the work of the Church. Its object is not merely the civilization of mankind, though that is one of the subsidiary results of the spread of Christianity. The great end—the all absorbing object of the Church—was declared by its Divine Founder in the great commission which He gave to His Apostles: "Go ye therefore and make disciples of all nations." "Preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be condemned." The duty of the Church, then, is to convert the nations, to bring the people to a knowledge of the truth; to attract them to the Church that they may be saved.

This, of course, involves a tremendous responsibility on the part of both priest and people. We ought all to be wide awake to the importance of this great work. It should be our constant study how we can influence all with whom we come in contact in favor of our religion, and to attract them to the Church. The Church should be aggressive, and to that end constant effort should be made not only to spread the light, but especially to make the devotional system of the Church as attractive as possible to outsiders. For this purpose it is not necessary that we should imitate the example of our Protestant friends. We have only to follow the good old traditions of the Church. It is Protestants that are imitators; but, unfortunately, in some things, they are sometimes more faithful to Catholic traditions than Catholics themselves.

We are in danger of overlooking an important consideration, and that is that our Protestant friends have been educated with the idea that Catholic worship is a mere external show, a formal perfunctory performance without the spirit of true devotion, and destitute of the life and power of godliness. This idea has been instilled into them from childhood, and it is put forward as one of the important reasons for separation from the Church. What is the natural inference from this state of facts? Manifestly we should strive by every means in our power to disabuse them of their erroneous impression. For this purpose it is not enough to have magnificently adorned churches, an attractive ceremonial, splendid processions and grand functions on special holy days and high festivals. These, indeed, are not to be despised. It is perfectly legitimate to appeal to the imagination. But these are the clothes of religion and may exist in surpassing splendor when the life and power of godliness have departed.

What we want, and what we should all strive for is to build the people up in solid piety and every-day, practical religion. For this purpose nothing is better adapted than congregational worship, that is, popular devotions in the vernacular. We must give the people something to do—a chance to express their feelings of devotion in prayers and hymns and spiritual exercises. It is this that will awaken enthusiasm and develop devotional feeling in the coldest hearts, and it is this that will attract our non-Catholic friends.

Why should we be suspicious of such devotions? Why should we be backward about adopting them? The fact that extravagances and unedifying practices exist among Protestants should not deter us from adopting the sober, rational and stirring devotions of the Church. Thank God a better feeling has begun to be developed amongst us! There is a very general acknowledgment of a want of that kind. Edifying examples of popular devotions are multiplying. The Sunday evening popular service of the Paulists, sometimes familiarly called called Father Elliot's prayer meeting, is attracting wide attention and furnishes a good example of what can be done were faith, and zeal, and perseverance prompt. Great crowds are attracted by that service and a most favorable impression is made on multitudes of our Protestant friends.

It sometimes seems almost as if there was a repugnance to introducing hymns and prayers in the vernacular, whereas one would naturally suppose the disposition would be in the opposite direction—that is to introduce the vernacular wherever it could be done with propriety and without violating any rule of the Church. We should strive by every means in our power to relieve the apparent formality and perfunctory character of the devotions of the Church. We know of some excellent priests who always make it a point when Protestants are present at some function, whether it be a funeral of some distinguished person, or the baptism of a convert, or a wedding, to translate portions of the service as they go along, and explain the meaning of the function, and it has a very excellent effect. Of course this involves some care and trouble, but the result will repay any effort of the kind. Shall we not then all try to get out of the old minimizing, monotonous, per-

functory rut and join in the effort to develop the true spirit of the Church? Let us study constantly not only to enlist the interest and stimulate the devotion of our own people, but also to make the services of the Church as attractive as possible to outsiders, that they may lead to see that the King's Daughter is all glorious within, that her clothing is of wrought gold, and thus they shall, with the blessing of God, be attracted to the Church in crowds, as doves to their windows.

IN A PANTHER'S JAWS.

Mike Donovan, a track walker employed by the Southern Pacific Railroad and in charge of the section at Stella, Fort Bend County, Texas, was recently attacked by a large panther, and only with much difficulty succeeded in killing the beast. Donovan, armed only with a hatchet and wrench, was engaged in his daily inspection of the track, and had reached a part bordered on one side by a dense thicket of post oaks, when his attention was attracted by a rustling in the undergrowth. The next moment he was startled by the panther hurling himself on him. The attack was so unexpected that the man staggered and fell under the creature's weight, but managed to deal it a blow with his hatchet, which, without wounding it severely, caused it to spring from his body with a hoarse cry. Donovan had only time to scramble to his feet, however, before the panther returned to the attack, screaming fearfully. He met it with uplifted hatchet, and cut it deeply about the head and shoulders, but the infuriated creature, though bathed in blood, appeared only the more determined in its animosity, and sprang upon its foe with such force as again to fell him to the earth, when it endeavored to fix upon his throat. Unfortunately for the man, the panther's assault had knocked his hatchet from his grasp as he fell, leaving him with bare hands to grapple with the snarling, maddened animal tearing at him with distended claws, and suffocating him with its fetid breath as its gaping mouth strained at his throat. It was only by the exertion of his utmost strength that he was able to retain his grasp on the panther's throat, and so prevent it from getting at his own, but a few horror confronted him as they struggled madly over the pebble-strewn roadbed. The panther had thrown him across the track, and, in spite of his frantic efforts to throw it off, held him with his back across the rails.

The shrill whistle of the afternoon train here warned him of the approach of a horrible death, and literally sick with terror he exerted himself with a strength born of desperation, and succeeded for a moment in so crushing the panther's throat that the beast, gasping for breath, relinquished its hold sufficiently to enable him to roll to one side and off the track. Before he could raise, however, the panther fell upon him again, and as they closed in their deadly embrace the long train swept by. Donovan says that so close were they to the track that the heat of the engine scorched them as it passed. He screamed lustily for help, but supposed that the noise of the train prevented his cries from being heard. The panther appeared frightened out of its senses by the thunder of the locomotive, and springing up from Donovan's body, made for the woods, screaming at every jump. The Irish man here was enabled to recover his footing, and seized his wrench that lay near, then running to an adjacent tree braced himself against it, awaiting the return of the panther, which, on seeing the train disappear, advanced toward him as undaunted as at first. Donovan raised the heavy wrench as it reached him, and brought it down with full force on its head. The blow sent the creature reeling to one side.

The man, with another blow, succeeded in knocking it over and stung it, when, running for his hatchet, he despatched the animal by nearly severing the head from the body. Donovan was badly scratched about the limbs and breast, and very much exhausted by his fearful struggle, but otherwise uninjured. The panther was a large one, of a species known as "gray cats," and bore the marks of a still inflamed gunshot wound, given probably by some hunter, which had evidently run the animal mad.—Globe Democrat.

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SHORT SERMONS FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

Preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

"And lest the greatness of the revelations should exalt me, there was given me a sting of the flesh, an angel of Satan, to buffet me. For which thing thrice I besought the Lord, that it might depart from me. And He said to me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for power is made perfect in infirmity. Gladly therefore will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may dwell in me." (2 Cor. xii. 6, 7, 8 and 9.)

To every heart there is a pathos deepening with experience of life in the words of the king of sacred song: He giveth His beloved sleep. For rest is the desired of us all. Our life is a warfare. We wrestle not with flesh and blood but with the powers of darkness, with spiritual wickedness in high places. Our struggle is with Sin, and principally with its forerunner, Temptation. The greatest and the best, as well as the meanest and the worst, are its prey. As the serpents of old wrapped Laocoon and his guiltless sons in their deadly coils it assails sinless and sinful, pure and impure, good and bad. St. Paul, though rapt to the seventh heaven, cries in vain for succour; many a heart, pure as an angel's, pleads for a cessation; many a repentant heart that has known sin, and wallowed in its noisome filth, awakened to its sense of its hatefulness by the presence of God's love, shudders at its semblance and its shadows piteously appealing for relief, but to all, to saint and sinner, comes the answer: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

In order therefore that we may each in his measure share the consolation of St. Paul and gladly glory in our infirmities, we will consider first the nature of Temptation seeing in what it differs from sin; then, secondly, the sources of and reasons for our temptations; and finally, the aids given us to overcome them. Temptation is a provocation to sin. It is an attempt to deceive the will. Temptation seeks to attract it by presenting something which has an appearance of good but which in reality is evil, or at least if not evil in itself leads easily and almost directly to it. Thus, for example, a person who is inclined to be vain may be tempted even in the very act of bestowing charity. He may be assailed by the temptation that everybody is watching him and praising his generosity; and even though the reverse may be the case, yet if he yields to this thought of vanity, his good action becomes stained and sometimes nullified by the evil concomitant. This example may likewise emphasize the distinction between temptation and sin. I may be in the very act of giving alms and simultaneously have in my mind this temptation of vain glory. If I insist in the laudation which I suppose to exist in the minds of those around me, and if I mentally conclude that I am a pretty charitable sort of fellow after all, the temptation ceases and sin begins. I accepted the challenge to sin and was conquered by giving consent. But if instead I flatter myself by a reflection that is not so flattering but is eminently truer, *viz.*, that I deserve no praise for doing what is my duty, or even if it be not my duty, at least I deserve no praise from men for trying to atone by almsdeeds for some heinous offense that God has pardoned, but whose hateful memory sears my soul; and if I thus refer all the praise to God, I have met the temptation and have overcome it, and there has been no sin. It is related in the life of a saint that the inhabitants of a certain city enthusiastically welcomed him, shouting out their encomiums. A brother who was with him, becoming fearful for the modesty and humility of the saint, asked him why he did not tell these good folk to praise God rather than His servant. But the saint replied that in his heart he was offering all his glory to God, keeping no part of it for himself. Here again was temptation without sin. The difference, therefore, consists in the lack of consent. Three things constitute sin: sinful matter, advertence of the intellect, and consent of the will. In temptation this last condition is wanting until I, by a deliberate act of my will, supply it. I am safe, then, as long as my will is directed to God, and I do what is right. It matters not how much I suffer; all the day long and even through the night I may be tempted, at home and on the street, in the church and in the shop, in the school-room and in the theatre, when alone and when in the midst of the maddening crowd; no place however sacred, no occupation however holy, will secure me from temptation; and though I may be driven almost to distraction, though I may feel drenched with the moral filth that has been in me and around me, yet so long as I keep inviolate the citadel of my will so long am I free from sin, and temptation may dash its angry waves as furiously as the sea against the lighthouse, but as vainly as long as the foundation holds firm. The fleecy foam may lash the sullen rocks, and the spray may obscure the light; there will be scars enough to tell of the storm, but they will be the signs of victory. The suffering may be dreadful and agonizing in intensity. The devil has often power to make us imagine that we have given consent and to sometimes fill our minds with a feeling of sinful complacency. To a soul that is earnestly striving to serve God, there can be no more exquisite suffering than this. Many have fallen away from God by succumbing to this truly diabolical

stratagem. But let us animate ourselves with the reflection that if we are habitually disposed to die rather than offend God and shudder at the bare possibility of committing a mortal sin, there is no fear of our consenting to a temptation without being painfully conscious of that fact. Spiritual writers agree that light demons creep into the pious soul without advertence, but mortal faults never, just as flies can enter a room unperceived, but a cow could not.

Another similarity of temptation to sin is to make us feel as though deserted by God. Now sin is the only thing that drives God's love from our heart. As long, therefore, as we resist temptation God is with us, and nearer than at other times. This fact is strikingly manifested by an incident in the life of St. Catherine of Sienna. She once had a temptation against purity that lasted for two days. She tried every means of getting rid of it: fasting, prayer, disciplining herself unto blood, Communions, alms deeds, all proved unavailing until suddenly an apparition of our Lord put an end to it.

"Ah Lord," she cried trembling, "where were you during that awful storm?" "In your heart, my daughter," Jesus answered, sweetly: "in the centre of your heart, watching joyfully how you fought for Me." We can console ourselves then with the thought that temptation is not sin. But it easily leads to sin and may become sinful. Thus if a person were deliberately to retain in his mind an evil thought which he knows to be unnecessary reading which he believes will be injurious to his faith or morals, he has consciously placed himself in temptation and the occasion of sin and is already guilty of sin.

The sources of temptation are three: the devil, the world and the flesh. Temptation is external or internal according as it proceeds from a source outside us as from our own disordered appetite. Our Blessed Lord was tempted, but His temptations came from external causes; they met no response from within. They were like sparks falling on snow. But we are tempted not only from without but also from within. We even carry our temptations about with us. A scintilla of flame from without is sufficient to ignite the mass of inflammable material within us.

A Bicyclist's Peril.

William Sauer, a young law student, had an experience the other day, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press, which he will never forget. Bright and early he started out for a good, long bicycle ride, heading toward Montgomery, a place in Hennepin county, seven or eight miles beyond Ft. Snelling. He reached the village, and after a good rest, turned about and started back. Three miles on the way he became thirsty, and discovering a well at an unoccupied farm house, halted to get a drink. He stepped on to the boards which surrounded the pump and commenced pumping. He had not made more than three strokes when the board upon which he stood broke in two and he dropped to the bottom of the well, a distance of fifty feet. He was stunned and remained in a dazed condition for some time. When he at length came to his senses he began calling for help. The well was back from fifty feet, and there was not a residence within a mile of the place. After a half-hour of lung effort his eyes were sufficiently used to the darkness of the hole to enable him to see a little. A small pipe extended down into the water from the pump above.

He wrapped his arms and legs about it with the hope of being able to climb it. It was damp and slippery, and when he got up two or three feet he slipped back into the water. He tried it over again, with the same result. Then he tried calling again. He was finally so hoarse that he could not utter a sound. He made another desperate effort to climb the pipe, but it was a failure. Then he gave up hope. But as one thing and another trooped through his mind it seemed to him that he was too young to die. The thought was so terrible. He became very calm and considered the situation carefully. If he could climb the pipe ten or twelve feet he would reach the point where the well hole became so narrow that he could brace himself against the stone wall with his feet. He mustered all his strength and wrapped himself about the pipe once more. Again and again he climbed part way up and slipped back.

Once he was so far up that he could almost touch the wall with a hand. And then down an idea struck him. At length an idea struck him. He took of his shirt, tore it into strips, dug up sand from the bottom of the well and worked it into the cloth and wrapped the strips around the pipe as far as he could reach. Then he climbed up and wrapped strips still farther up. At last, with one superhuman effort, he planted a foot on a stone in the wall. After a few moments' pause to catch his breath he began moving upward, and very soon he was on the outside once more. He was badly bruised, but not seriously hurt.

"How delicious is the winning of a kiss, at love's beginning," sings the poet, and his sentiment is true with one possible exception. If either party has the catarrh, even love's kiss loses its sweetness. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a sure cure for this repulsive and distressing affliction. By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, it cures the worst cases. \$500 reward offered for an incurable case.

MALARIAL FEVER AND CHILLS are best broken up and prevented by using Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine. Milburn's Liniment is the best.

WHY HE LEFT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Our esteemed Unitarian contemporary, the Christian Register, of Boston, gives prominence, in its issue of June 18, to two invited contributions: "Some Reasons for Becoming a Catholic," by George Parsons Lathrop; and "From Roman Catholicism to Unitarianism: A Recent Convert's Experience," unsigned. Mr. Lathrop's article will have special interest for Unitarians, inasmuch as Unitarianism was one of the spiritual stages he passed through, before he found rest, and mental and spiritual freedom in the Catholic Church. The Pilot had the privilege of giving, in the first instance, a summary of Mr. Lathrop's reasons for becoming a Catholic. We rejoice that his pride and happiness in his faith are always growing; and that he writes of Catholicity with a contagious enthusiasm. We know him for a literary man of intensely modern and American mind. We quote one characteristic passage, anent the Church and modern progress:

"If it were no more than an embodiment of 'mediaevalism,' as people sometimes hint, it would have little to say, and would not keep abreast of the times. The actual 'mediaevalism' in the case seems to me to be that of the critics who keep going back to the discussion of some phase of the Church's past history in the Middle Ages; while the Church itself strides onward and applies the truth of the Master to every generation."

Mr. Lathrop finds liberty in the Church. The second writer declares that he found intellectual slavery. The Christian Register informs us that this writer is a former Catholic priest, "a young man, not yet widely known," and whose name it is asked to withhold. Here is an element of weakness, at the outset. But the whole article is weak, and betrays a mind not only immature, but very imperfectly instructed. He begins by protesting against a miraculously revealed religion; and talks as flippantly as any votary of Ingersoll might, as to seeming inconsistencies between the Biblical narrative and the truths of science.

"Alas!" he cries: "Men have put the Bible on a false pedestal. They have set it up as an infallible oracle, all alike inspired, each and every word the word of God, every sentence, on whatever subject, a little divine proposition. Thus one would incur eternal reprobation if he doubted the accuracy of the Biblical

statement that 'Tobias' dog wagged his tail.'"

If he puts the above absurdity forward as the Catholic attitude towards the Bible, we are justified in believing that he never made a course of theology in any Catholic seminary.

On the relations of the Church and the Scriptures, he uses this childish argument, discarded even by Protestant scholars: "The Church first props up the Scriptures, and then itself leans upon them for support!"

The Church is antecedent, both logically and in point of time, to the Scriptures of the New Testament. She had several centuries of vigorous existence before the Bible, as we have it today, existed. She does not lean her claims on the Bible as an inspired book; but uses the Evangelists as historians, together with tradition, and as such, they testify to her divine foundation and prerogatives.

Further proof of his limited knowledge of Catholic teaching is found in his statements about the sacraments, especially about baptism and penance. Who ever questioned the validity of absolution where for any reason verbal confession cannot be made? or, for that matter, the justifying of the contrite sinner, who cannot reach the sacrament, without absolution at all?

Again, the writer mistranslates and misinterprets St. Augustine, besides mistaking his place in the Church. He attributes Calvinism to St. Augustine, and Augustinianism to the Church. A student of theology should know that none of the Fathers of the Church, taken singly, has a final and indisputable authority, except so far as his teaching is warranted by some extrinsic and higher criterion, or supported by its intrinsic reasons—the Church being the judge.

The young writer is Robert Elsmere with a Catholic background. A deeper knowledge of the Catholic faith might not have secured him against a weak and unstable nature; but it would have disciplined his mind sufficiently to have prevented him from discovering to the world how little he knows about Catholicity. — Boston Pilot.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 25, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, 500, 2nd, 300, 3rd, 200, 4th, 100, 5th, 50, 6th, 25, 7th, 10, 8th, 5, 9th, 2, 10th, 1. Prizes will be sent by registered mail, and marked "Competition"; also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners names will be published in The Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month. Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

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TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE

Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company was held in the Town Hall, Waterloo, on Thursday, May 28th, 1891. The attendance was both influential and representative, among whom were Messrs. Alfred Hoskin, Q. C., J. Kerr Fiskin, J. L. Tracy, Geo. F. Payne, E. Falconer, James Ritchie, Charles Taylor, Toronto; F. C. Bruce and Walter Ambrose, Hamilton; B. M. Britton, Q. C., Kingston; Stuart Henderson, B. A., L. L. B., B. C. L., James Hope, and Henry Mooney, Ottawa; Melvin, Guelph; Robt. Baird, Kincardine; E. M. Sippell, St. John, N. B.; John Marshall, and C. E. German, London; Millar, Stratford; David Stewart, and Thos. Chas. Packert, Duncan; Stewart, and Thos. Mackie, St. Thomas; Henry F. J. Jackson, Brockville; S. Burrows, and F. M. Clarke, Belleville; R. B. Mastin, Picton; J. H. Skinkie, Carleton Place; W. F. Lomont, Burgin; Dickell, Cayce; W. F. Lomont, Georgetown; W. H. Erbach, Baden; Alex. Dawson, Wingham; James A. Young, Ethel; Alfred Miller, Q. C., E. P. Clowry, and John Mackie, Q. C., Guelph; Moore, James S. Fenwick, P. H. Sims, F. Colquhoun, Chas. Hendry, J. B. Cook, J. M. Muir, S. Snider, and J. C. Webb, Geo. Randall, Geo. A. Bruce, A. Haselmeier, H. H. Biddell, Geo. Davidson, Wm. Snider, and others, Waterloo.

William Hendry, Manager, was present as usual and occupied a seat on the platform.

The President, I. E. Bowman, Esq., M. P., having taken the chair, on motion of the Secretary of the Company, W. H. Biddell, Esq., acted as secretary of the meeting. The minutes of last meeting on motion were taken as read and confirmed. The President then read

THE DIRECTORS' REPORT. Your Directors in submitting their twenty-first annual statement for the year ending on the 31st December, 1890, are again in a position to report to you with confidence that the business of the Company during the year was in its essential features and general results of a highly satisfactory character. The amount of new policies issued is \$2,318,150, under 1783 insurances, on which the first year's premiums amounted to \$7,150,930. The total insurance in force at the close of the year was \$13,710,800. The total income for the year was \$180,858, consisting of \$140,725 on premiums and \$40,133 from interest on investments, showing an increase of \$26,920 over the receipts of the previous year.

Our net and total assets are again largely increased and our surplus over all liabilities is \$24,000, which will enable us to continue a liberal distribution to our policy-holders. The death losses, considering the general high rate of mortality during the year, were exceptionally low, the actual losses for the year being \$5,522, or \$8,653 less than during the previous year, and less than the interest income for the year by nearly \$35,000.

The general expense account shows a decrease in amount as well as a reduction in the ratio of expense to income as compared with that of 1890, which affords satisfactory evidence of care and economy in the management.

The funds of the Company, as will be seen by the financial statement contained in the pamphlet, are invested in municipal debentures, mortgages on real estate and loans on our policies, which are all safe, and profitable securities. The increase in our interest

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And if Not, Why Not?

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE

Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company.

income from year to year shows that the funds are carefully invested so as to yield a satisfactory return to the policy-holders. Your Directors have, on the recommendation of the Manager, decided to change from annual to quinquennial division of surplus on future business. In compliance with the public demand for this kind of insurance we have adopted a ten-year survivorship Distribution Plan, prepared by the Manager, which embraces all the objectionable features of the ordinary Lifetime, and which we are confident will prove beneficial and satisfactory to those who desire a profitable investment in connection with their insurance policy. The Executive Committee made a careful examination of all the investments of the Company and found the mortgages, debentures and cash in the Bank to correspond with the respective Ledger accounts at the close of the year. You will be called on to elect four Directors in the place of Robert Melvin of Guelph, C. M. Taylor of Waterloo, Robert Baird of Kincardine, and James Hope of Ottawa, whose term of office has expired, but all of whom are eligible for re-election. The detailed Financial Statement, prepared and duly certified to by your Auditors, is submitted herewith for your consideration. On behalf of the Board, I. E. BOWMAN, President.

Pamphlets containing the Financial Statement and Auditors' Report having been placed in the hands of those in attendance, the President moved the adoption of the various reports. He spoke of the favorable death rate experienced in 1890, the low expense ratio, the keen competition our agents encountered from rival companies who were seeking new business, the steps taken by the Board to extend the operations of the Company, the care taken to invest the Company's funds safely and judiciously, and of other prominent features of the business during the past 21 years, proving that the growth and prosperity of the Company has been healthy, the progress gratifying and the prospects for the future most encouraging. The agency staff was never better equipped or more active and the new business for 1891 would show that the Company was in a position to hold its own against all comers.

Messrs. Robt. Melvin, Second Vice-President, Guelph, B. M. Britton, Q. C., Auditor, Kingston, and others, in brief and effective speeches, seconded the adoption of the reports. They invited a full and searching criticism of the past year's business. A careful examination of the present standing of the Company will show that it has done and can do better for its members than any of its competitors. The actual results attained for individual policy-holders prove conclusively that this Company has no peer in the insurance field and that its members get their insurance at the lowest possible cost, consistent with security.

The following gentlemen were elected directors for the next three years in the place of those whose term of office had expired, namely: Messrs. C. M. Taylor, Waterloo; Robt. Melvin, Guelph; Stuart Henderson, P. A., L. L. B., B. C. L., Ottawa, and R. Baird, Kincardine.

Messrs. Henry F. J. Jackson and J. M. Scully having been re-elected Auditors, and the customary vote of thanks to the Board, the Officers and the Agents, having been tendered and responded to, the meeting was brought to a close. The Directors met subsequently and re-elected I. E. Bowman, President, C. M. Taylor, First Vice-President, and Robert Melvin, Second Vice-President of the Company for the ensuing year.

18, 1891.

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