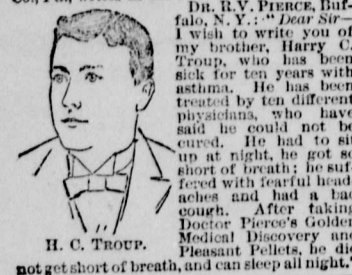


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FLORENCE O'NEILL.

The Rose of St. Germain; or, THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

By AGNES M. STEWART, Author of "Life in the Cloister," "Grace O'Halloran," etc.

CHAPTER I. ST. GERMAINS.

Gently fell the evening shadows over the fertile valley of the Seine, as on the close of a lovely day in August, in the year 1690, the sun set behind the western hills, shedding a deep roseate tint on the richly wooded prospect, which extended far and wide around the Chateau of St. Germain, the retreat of one of the most unfortunate of English monarchs, the exiled James Stuart, and his good and beautiful queen, Mary Beatrice of Modena. Situated on a gentle eminence, embosomed amidst the unbragous branches of noble forest trees, arose in all its grandeur the kingly residence which the generosity of the Grand Monarque, the courteous Louis of France, had placed at the disposal of the unfortunate James; and the gorgeous rays of that early autumn sunset now play upon its walls, and penetrate within the cabinet of the ex-king, throwing a ruddy tinge on its antique paintings of dark green and gold, and rich and quaintly carved cornices, and shed a halo of light over the little group there assembled.

The king is seated at a small table, his head resting on his hands; his countenance wears the traces of much mental anxiety, for he suffers bitterly in the sorrows and privations of those faithful followers who have given up all for him, and he listens sadly and silently to the conversation of two ladies now closeted in the royal cabinet. In the embrasures of a window stands one, tall of stature and delicately formed, and we fail not to recognize, when we look on that delicately oval countenance, with its complexion of exquisite fairness, full black eyes, softened by their long silken lashes, and tresses of the same raven hue, the beautiful Mary of Modena. Beside the queen stands a maiden of some twenty-three years old; she has many personal charms, but the beauty of Florence O'Neill, the orphan protegee of the queen, in no way resembles that of her royal mistress.

Florence was but little above the middle height; she was slender of form and fair of complexion, and her deep, violet eyes, shaded by long brown lashes, are bathed in tears. Softly fall the sun's last rays on the golden tresses of the girl, lending a still brighter tint to that richest of woman's ornaments, which, despite the strict rules prescribed by fashion, Florence, like her royal mistress, often suffered, when in the privacy of home, to fall in its rich luxuriance over her shoulders, instead of conforming to the odious practice, then prevalent, of forming a stiff and powdered pyramid of those tresses which Nature surely never meant to be so ill used.

"Nay, then, cheer up, ma mignonne," exclaimed the queen, "and remember this Reginald, who was, you say, the playmate of your childhood, can be no fit mate for you. His family, up to the time of Commonwealth, were faithful to the royal cause, then, shame upon them! they abjured their faith, were false to God and to their king, and ever since have paid but poor allegiance to the Stuart; and grieve no more for one who has openly joined the forces of the false William of Orange."

"My royal mistress," replied Florence, "it were wrong in me to obtrude my personal griefs in the presence of your majesties, but you will not chide me, when I tell you that to Sir Reginald St. John I owe my life; not merely do I feel an interest in him because we grew up children together in my early Irish home, but also because, at the imminent peril of his own life, he rushed to save me when I had lost all power to help myself; my horse had taken fright; I had given myself up for lost, for it would lay along the brink of a precipice; a moment

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more, and I must have been hurled into the chasm beneath, had he not, at the risk of his own life, and at the cost of a broken arm, thrown himself in the animal's way, and saved me from a frightful death. Ah! indeed," she continued, "I cannot but feel the deepest friendship for Sir Reginald, his is such a noble soul, perverted, alas! by early associations, reared by a fanatical parent, still I am sure the day will come when he will bear a sword in the right cause, return to the faith of his fathers, and—"

"Nonsense, Florence," exclaimed the king, impatiently, "do not speak so tenderly of one who, as the letter you have received informs us, is one of the favorites of my traitorous and perjured nephew, and if what report says is true, is always with him; you, the daughter of such a faithful veteran as your father was, should not waste a thought upon him; he is a renegade to his faith, and a traitor to his king. But do not look so sad, my child," added James, rising and placing his hand tenderly on her head, for Florence knelt as the king approached her, "you must learn to be more of a heroine, and be more courageous under the trials that may await you."

As the king spoke he left the cabinet, and the queen, addressing Florence, said: "As your uncle wishes you to spend some short time in England, I shall place you under the care of a trusty adherent of ours, who is about to leave St. Germain, and I shall look for your return before the winter be far advanced." Then ringing a small silver bell, which stood beside her, the queen bid the attendant who answered the summons tell Master Ashton that she wished to speak to him immediately.

Tall and well formed, with a pleasing countenance, was the young Englishman who, a few moments later, entered the cabinet. Devoted to the exiled family, he was about to undertake a most important and perilous mission. With deep reverence he approached the queen, who said:

"The king is about to entrust you, my good Ashton, with a delicate and dangerous mission. He will meet you here in the morning, and place in your care certain papers, to which fictitious names are attached. You will see they are safely delivered to those persons for whom you will be told they are intended. I also entrust to your guardianship this young lady, Florence O'Neill, and you will conduct her in safety to the home of her maternal uncle, Sir Charles de Gray. But tell me, Ashton, have you heard of the repulse that the false William of Orange has met with at Limerick?"

"No, your majesty," said Ashton; "this is, indeed, good news."

"We hear, then," said the queen, "that the gallant Sarsfield, with a body of dragoons, passed the Shannon in the middle of the night, routed the troops that guarded the artillery of our false-hearted son-in-law, disabled the cannon, destroyed the wagons and ammunition, and safely retraced his steps to Limerick. The siege has been vigorously carried, and our loyal Irish subjects have courageously defended their city, "and," added the queen, with a flushed and animated countenance, "our enemies have met with such a warm reception that, it is said, 1,200 men have fallen, and William of Orange has been glad to decamp, marching on towards Clonmel, and we have it on good authority that he meditates a speedy return to England. So, Ashton, there is reason for us to look upon matters more hopefully. Many of our warmest friends have risen within the last few weeks throughout England and Ireland; some there are also, even within the traitor's camp, whose hearts are rightfully disposed, and it is to some three or four of these persons, whose names the king will communicate to you, that you must see on your arrival in London. And, now, my good friend, I warn you that all the skill and discretion which we know you to possess must be called in action on your arrival at the spot in which His Majesty's false daughter holds her court. You have often earnestly begged the king to tax your skill in his services; tell me candidly, Ashton, dare you, now that the time has come in which he may put your talents to account, exert them in his cause, for, oh, my good Ashton," continued Mary Beatrice, inexpressible sadness in the tones of her voice, and tears gathering in her eyes, "I must not hide from you that the mission we trust you with is replete with difficulty and peril."

"Do not fear me, my royal mistress," said Ashton, proudly drawing himself up as he spoke, "I am only rejoiced that the time has at last come in which I can prove my devotion to the royal cause by deeds as well as words. At last, then, there is an end to inaction, and the day may soon arrive," he continued, laying his hand on his sword, "when my good right arm may wield this blade in His Majesty's services. I am ready, if need be, to shed my blood in defence of his rights."

CHAPTER II. LE GRAND MONARQUE—THE KING'S PROMISE.

On the morrow, Florence received an order to accompany the queen to Marly, at which place Louis XIV. at that time held his Court, in fact, it was to this most gallant of monarchs that she owed the appellation of the Rose of St. Germain, by which name she was generally known at the French Court. The courteous king was indeed never insensible to the charms of the softer sex, and the delicate beauty of the Irish maiden, whom we have omitted to mention was distantly related to the brave Tyrconnell, had not failed to make a due impression on the heart of Le Grand Monarque. The mother of the fair Florence was an English lady by birth, had married one of the ancient race of the O'Neill's, and the greater part of the girl's early life had been spent in her father's native land, till some time after his death, which occurred when fighting in the French army under Turenne. Sir Patrick O'Neill had been the bosom friend of the brave Marshal; and thus it was that when Louis beheld Florence for the first time at the little Court of St. Germain, and her spoken of as the daughter of a deceased friend of his favorite Turenne, he immediately became interested in her welfare. Florence had barely completed her fifth year when her father fell, whilst fighting valiantly beside the Marshal; his lady, a woman of great personal attractions and considerable merit, had been in early youth the friend of Ann Hyde, Duchess of York, and some eight years after her husband's death she repaired to London, and received a post in the household of the then Duchess Mary of Modena, who soon looked upon Lady O'Neill in the light of a favored friend; the health of the latter, however, soon began to decline, and she retired again into the solitude she so deeply loved, passing the

"Ah! madam," said the young man, bending his knee, "rest assured I will carefully execute my mission, and some weeks before the festival of Christmas be celebrated at St. Germain, hope to prize your majesties of a successful rising, and conduct Miss O'Neill in safety back to her royal mistress."

As Ashton spoke he left the cabinet, and the queen, with the air of one who is very weary and ill at ease, threw herself on the chair which James had occupied, and passing her hands carelessly over the golden locks of her favorite, who sat on a low stool at her feet, she murmured, as if unconsciously:

"Yes, we have heard good news, and yet a dread of approaching evil sits heavy at my heart. What if the undutiful Mary and the traitor William triumph in the end? What if in these risings the blood of good and brave and noble men be shed for us, and shed in vain?"

"Nay, madam, do not suffer such fears to harass your mind. May not the good news your majesties have heard from Ireland prelude some glorious and effective rising for the royal cause?"

"True, Florence," replied the queen; "God knows I try to keep up my spirits." Yet the conduct of Mary Beatrice belied her words, for with somewhat of dismay, she felt, one after another, hot tears falling on her neck as her mistress spoke; indeed, it is well known that the beautiful and unfortunate Mary of Modena was the veriest creature of impulse. It was utterly beyond her power to disguise her feelings, and at no time had she been a match in any way for the unscrupulous and deceitful daughters of James.

Throwing herself on her knees beside the queen, and respectfully raising her hands to her lips, Florence earnestly besought her to keep up her spirits, and become calm and hopeful. It was a scene worthy of the painter's art. The moon had long risen, and its silvery rays, penetrating into every nook and corner of the cabinet, revealed distinctly the figures of one of the most unfortunate of queens and her kneeling protegee. Mary Beatrice bent her head forward and imprinted a kiss on the forehead of her favorite. With a violent effort, striving to conquer her emotion, then, rising, she turned to one of the windows, which lay buried in a deep recess.

Bathed in a flood of silvery light lay the valley of the Seine. At the base of the lofty hill, on which the Chateau of St. Germain rose in all its grandeur, the scene was sublimely beautiful, as in the bright moonlight of the summer night each copse, and glen, and thicket in the vale beneath was revealed to view, whilst in the distance might be descried the towers of St. Denis, frowning, as it were, over the quiet, peaceful scene beneath.

Mary Beatrice for some moments stood musingly gazing on the rich country, spread out like a map beneath the chateau, and her thoughts, spite of herself, recurred to the doubtful future.

Was it merely a vague fear of approaching evil, or had the veil which conceals the future on our gaze been for a moment raised before her eyes, for the ruin of her faithful Ashton, and the downfall of her dearest hopes, had passed as in a vision before the eyes of Mary of Modena; yet, striving to banish from her mind the unpleasant impression it had received, she dismissed Florence, saying, in a hopeful tone:

"Now, good night, Florence, and forget not to pray before going to rest for the success of our enterprise." Then, ringing the bell, she summoned her attendant, and sought the king, disguising her uneasiness beneath a smiling countenance.

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greater part of her time in religious exercises, and in the education of her daughter of whom she was passionately fond, and died before Florence had attained her fifteenth year. Somewhat like herself, impulsive and affectionate, the heart of Mary of Modena turned instinctively to this orphan girl, whom she at once adopted, and whose engaging manners and warmth of disposition, endeared her to all in the noble circle in which she lived, till she became the ornament and admiration of the court. Many suitors, too, had offered themselves for the hand of the fair descendant of the O'Neill's, but Mary Beatrice would not sway the feelings of her protegee, so far as to extort a forced compliance with a royal command, though both herself and the king were predetermined never to give their consent to her union with Reginald St. John, with whom she had grown up in the days of her mother's early widowhood. Indeed, to such a union Florence never could expect her royal protectors to agree, for St. John was a cousin of that stern upholder of the Commonwealth, who had been with Vane, Lambert, and others, actively engaged in sowing the seeds of discord and rebellion against monarchy; the present head of the family, too, was a Protestant, and disaffected towards the exiled James; in fact, Florence could not urge a single point in his favor, and was obliged to own to herself that these were very sufficient reasons why her royal protectors should refuse to sanction her union with Reginald St. John. But let us return to the story from which I have so long wandered, and accompany the royal party on their way to Marly.

It was very early when they set forth, the autumn morning one of the fairest, and its dews had been quickly dried up by the first rays of the sun which shone cheerily on the chateau, and kissed away its last pearls drops as they rested on each blade of grass and humble flower in the valley beneath. Despite the misfortunes of the royal pair, there were happy moments still for them to enjoy, and the beauty of the day lent its aid on this occasion to banish from their minds, for a while, the thoughts of their present overwhelming anxieties.

Blithely they rode onward with but few attendants in their train, and ere the day was far advanced they reached the royal retreat of Marly; the approach to this villa palace was by a noble avenue of trees, the park extending to that of Versailles; in its tasteful gardens were miniature lakes and graceful fountains, their marble basins filled with gold fish, and glistening with the floating lotus.

The royal party now approached the principal part of the edifice, a spacious square detached pavilion, near which six smaller ones were grouped around; light and graceful, indeed, was the construction of the entire building supported by Corinthian columns, between which were paintings in fresco. Each of the four sides of the pavilion was crowned by a portico; and now ascending to the terrace, James and his train entered one of the four vestibules which served to give ingress to as many suites of apartments on the ground floor, reserved for Louis and the princes of the blood, all of which communicated with the grand saloon, octagonal in its form, having four fire-places supported by Ionic pillars, over which were painted figures representing the seasons. Many spacious windows, with gilded balconies and oriels, around which were grouped baskets of flowers supported by Cupids, lighted up this most gorgeous apartment.

Though in about his fiftieth year, in the time of which we write, Louis Quatorze had certainly not lost one iota of that noble gracefulness of mien for which he was so distinguished; his eagle eye was bright as in his youth, and the exquisite simplicity of his attire only added to the elegance of his general demeanor. He was habited, as was most frequently the case, in a garment of black velvet, relieved by a slight gold embroidery, and fastened by a single gold button; his under vest was, however, of crimson stuff, elegantly embroidered, but not one single ring or any jewel whatsoever adorned the person of the king, save in his shoe and knee buckles. Unlike all the former kings of France, he wore his blue ribbon beneath his vest save when on state occasions it was suffered to hang at full length, embroidered with precious stones, estimated at the immense value of eight millions of money.

Saluting the little party with the dignified and graceful courtesy which so well became him, the handsomest and most majestic prince of his time welcomed to Marly James and Mary Beatrice, then turning to Florence, who, as one of her ladies, was privileged to accompany her, he said: "Welcome too, to Marly, fair Rose of St. Germain, and I assure you, young lady, if your cousin James and his royal spouse do not soon find you a husband, I will myself look after your interests; nay, do not blush, for I vow you shall be my protegee unless your name of O'Neill, time-honored as it may be, be not quickly changed for another, for remember I never forget your father was the intimate friend of my brave Turenne, and it would please me to see you the wife of some noble of my own Court."

Blushing deeply, the timid Florence stammered out a few words of grateful acknowledgment, intimating at the same time that she had no desire at present to change her state, whilst Mary Beatrice, aware of the interest

the courtly monarch really felt for Florence, inwardly resolved that, if possible, she should not cross his path again; she had, in fact, no desire to see the innocent and pure-minded Florence become the protegee of a king whose unbounded admiration of the female sex often led him to commit the grossest errors and the gravest faults.

After a while Louis and James retired, the latter wishing to lay open to the French king his views and intentions, making him cognizant of the departure of Ashton to England and confiding to the monarch the names of several distinguished persons in England who were zealously interesting themselves in his service. But the failure of the late attempt at the Boyne had weakened the hopes of Louis as to the restoration of the unfortunate James. Had he been able to have received the decisive stroke at the Boyne some few weeks longer, the French fleet would have become masters of St. George's Channel, and could either have conveyed himself and his army to England, or have prevented aid from coming to William; the unfortunate are sure to meet with censure, and whilst many blamed James for hazarding too much, others condemned him for leaving Ireland too soon. By the earnest desire of the queen, Tryconell had urged this hasty retreat, she having entreated him at any cost to save the king's person, that the truly unfortunate James was destined a victim of patience by Providence, his friends exercising him equally with his enemies.

Louis was dissatisfied with the line of conduct he had pursued, and probably at the instigation of his ministers he declined to aid another expedition. James had keenly felt the censures which had been passed upon him; but hope still led him on, and his queen needed no extraneous aid save the prudence and discretion of Ashton, a tried and faithful servant devoted to the interests of the Stuart race, to carry communications from herself and James to the Bishop of Ely, Lord Preston, the Earl of Clarendon and others who were zealously stirring to bring about the restoration. Thus it was, that painful as was the commencement of his conference with Louis, his sanguine nature did not yield, and when it was concluded, and accompanied by the French king, he sought Mary Beatrice, who with her attendants wandered a while in the shady groves of Marly, no trace of discomfiture was visible on his countenance. Nevertheless Louis was truly noble and generous, his kingly nature had developed itself in his dealings with the exiled monarch, whom he would have rejoiced to have placed again on the throne, now usurped by the most worthless of daughters and ungrateful of nephews.

Heavy indeed were the misfortunes with which our second James was visited; he might have used with truth the language of our great poet, and exclaimed with King Lear: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." The cool and hardened cruelty of Mary, his most favored daughter, stung him to the quick, for she heartlessly appropriated to herself the property of her step-mother, amongst other things a costly cabinet of silver fillagree, and denied even her father's request for his clothes and personal property, a request which, with unparalleled barbarity, the ungrateful Mary refused to comply with. Evelyn relates that she entered Whitehall joyful as if bidden to a wedding feast. Transported with joy, she ran into the closets and examined the beds, her coarse and unfeeling levity revolting the minds even of Bishop Bennett and Lady Churchill, and hurrying to take into her iron grasp the goods which had fallen into her possession. James had heard, too, that she had ordered that the standards and other spoils taken from him at the Boyne be carried in procession and hung in St. James Chapel. Whatever may have been his faults, he had been to both his daughters the most indulgent of fathers; of their unparalleled wickedness and abandonment of filial duty, no doubt can remain on the minds of posterity. But return we to our story. Not without an end in view had James sought Louis on the occasion we have spoken of, but he was confident in his expectations of a successful rising, through the unceasing efforts of his friends in England, and so well did he disguise his discomfiture at the result of his interview with the French king that Mary Beatrice vainly tried to read in his countenance whether there was any further aid to be expected for the carrying out of their plans. One short hour more was passed in the enchanting spot which the luxurious monarch had chosen for his retreat when he wished for such solitude as in his high position he could obtain. A rural fete had but recently been given, and as no cost was ever spared, traces of considerable size had been transported hither from the forests of Fontainebleau and Compienne, in order to add, by the rich beauty and luxuriance of their foliage, to the pleasantness of the scene, and a very little later to fade away and give place to others. This was the first time Florence had visited Marly, and the kingly Louis, who, out of affectionate memory for the good Marshal Turenne, bestowed upon her so much notice, bade her remember that she would ever find a friend in him, adding, ere he bade adieu to the royal exiles, with somewhat of emotion, and an unusual moistening in his eye: "The father of the fair O'Neill fell by the side of

my brave Turenne, so bear in mind that if, at any future time, trouble should fall upon you, or you should require some favor granted, which my brother and sister of England may not have in their power to confer, then forget not that in that hour of need distress you have permission to seek the aid of Louis of France."

With reverent gratitude, for she thought she might in some way aid her royal mistress through the monarch, Florence raised to her lips the hand of *le Grand Monarque*, and with deep emotion, faltering out her thanks, fell into the little train which had accompanied the royal exiles from St. Germain, and who, having made their adieus to King Louis, prepared to return thither.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SPIRITISM AND THE CHURCH.

Philadelphia Catholic Times.

Rev. Dear Sir—Will you please inform me through your paper (1) What is the Church's position on the doctrine of spiritualism? (2) Is a belief in spiritualism, that is, intercommunication between the spirits of the departed and those in this world, condemned by the Church? The proper term to designate the belief in direct intercourse with departed spirits is spiritism, not spiritualism. Materialism holds that all is matter; spiritualism, in its philosophic sense, holds that all that is spirit, and that all the phenomena known as the universe of matter are but notions impressed on the mind by its creator, or phantasms evolved from the mind itself.

In treating of spiritism we must distinguish two things. First, the facts; second, the theories and practices that rest on those facts. That phenomena occur now as in all times which can be accounted for on no other hypothesis than the intervention of non-corporeal intelligences is a fact established by evidence so incontestable that to deny them is equivalent to denying the validity and force of all evidence. The human family, learned as well as ignorant, have ever believed in the existence of non-material beings or spirits, and that they can communicate and have intercourse, for good or ill, with men. The exceptions are so few as not to be worth counting. Call these spirits ghosts, angels, saints, demons or what you will, the universal belief in their existence is a fact that cannot be ignored. Whether these beings have had intercourse with men, and produced sensible manifestations, is a question of fact, subject to the same tests and provable by the same kind of evidence by which all other sensible facts are tested and proved. The evidence that such spiritual manifestations have taken place and still take place is so clear and strong that if we doubt it we must at the same time reject all external evidence as a motive of credibility.

That these manifestations are often the results of trickery and fraud there can be no doubt. But this very trickery and fraud proves that there is back of it something real. If there were no genuine bills or coin there could be no counterfeit; without a real there can be no imitation; without an original, no photograph; without fact, no fiction; without truth, no error; without light, no shadow. As the false supposes the true, imitation the real, the fraudulent the genuine, so the tricks and jugglery associated with the phenomena of spiritism suppose something real back of them. There can be no smoke without combustion.

The Scriptures are full of references to the intervention of non-corporeal intelligences in the affairs of men. The New Testament records cases where our Divine Lord expelled demons who had entered into men and controlled their faculties, and that He gave this power over demons to His disciples. In I Kings, chapter 18, an account is given of Saul's interview with the witch of Endor and of Samuel's appearance and speech with him. Saul said to the witch: "Divine to me by thy divining spirit, and bring me up him whom I shall tell thee. And the woman said: Whom shall I bring up to thee? And he said: Bring up Samuel. And the King said to her: What hast thou seen? And the woman said to Saul: I saw gods ascending out of the earth. An old man cometh up and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul understood that it was Samuel and he bowed himself with his face to the ground. And Samuel said: Why hast thou disturbed my rest, that I should be brought up? And Saul said: I am in great distress; for the Philistines fight against me, and God is departed from me and would not hear me, therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest show me what I shall do. And Samuel said: Why askest thou me, seeing the Lord has departed from thee? For the Lord will do to thee as he spoke by me, and He will rend thy kingdom out of thy hand and will give it to thy neighbor David; because thou didst not obey the voice of the Lord. And forthwith Saul fell along on the ground, for he was frightened with the words of Samuel." (Chapter 18: 20-21.)

Interpreters and theologians are practically unanimous that what appeared and spoke to Saul was the dead Samuel and not a mere phantasm or hallucination conjured up by the witch of Endor. Men of great ability and integrity, such as Goerres, Bizard, Brownson, Robert Dale Owen, Professor Crookes and others, have carefully investigated the manifestations of spiritism and have come to the conclusion that inter-

vention of non-corporeal intelligences in the affairs of men is not only possible, but an established fact.

The spirit rappings and table turnings that caused such excitement nearly half a century ago in connection with the Fox sisters, at Hydeville, N. Y., were not the origin of spiritism. Bizard, in his *des Rapports de l'Houme avec Le Demon*, traces it back as far as the history of man goes, among people of all nations and all religions, now in one form, now in another, from the time when Satan appeared to, and tempted Eve down through the ages. From that successful attempt the devil has never ceased his interference with the human family to mar its destiny. That was the first epiphany of the genius of evil, as Christ's nativity was the first epiphany of the genius of good.

As Catholics we believe that in some way unknown to us our desires and spiritual condition are made known to the angels and saints, hence our prayers to them. Our Lord said: "So I say to you there shall be joy before the angels of God upon one sinner doing penance." This joy of the angels comes from their knowledge of the inward and invisible act of the sinner—his change of heart. We believe that good angels and the saints can help us by their intercession with God, and that the fallen angels can affect us injuriously, hence the exorcisms and prayers of the Church for safety and protection.

Such are the facts in regard to spiritism. Now for the theories and practices that rest on those facts. The theorists taking the knockings and table-turnings as a basis undertook to build on them a new religion. They held that a new avenue of revelation had been opened; that a new dispensation had come, that as the old dispensation gave way to the Christian, so should the Christian dispensation give way to the new spiritist dispensation, and that henceforth the spirits were to be the teachers of mankind.

Spiritism in this sense—that is, as a religion—is, of course, condemned as a monstrous error inspired by the devil. The Church holds that, with the writings of the inspired apostles, the deposit of Divine revelation was completed; that there will be no new revelation; that the Christian dispensation is the last, and that it will continue until the drama of human life on this planet is played out, until the angel of eternity calls the muster roll of time. Hence, anything based on a supposed further revelation must be condemned as false.

While the facts of spiritism are admitted, the practices based on them are forbidden, because they come under the head of divination, necromancy, vaticination, all of which in all their forms are forbidden by the first commandment of the Decalogue.

Among the laws which the inspired Lawgiver of the Hebrews laid down for the guidance of the people on their entrance into the Promised Land was the following:

"When thou comest into the land which the Lord thy God shall give thee, beware lest thou have a mind to imitate the abominations of those nations. Neither let there be found among you any one that shall expiate his son or daughter, making them pass through the fire; or that consulteth soothsayers, or observeth dreams and omens; neither let there be any wizard, nor charmer, nor any one that consulteth pythonic spirits, or fortune-tellers, or that seeketh the truth from the dead; for the Lord abhorreth all these things, and for these abominations He will destroy them at thy coming. Thou shalt be perfect and without spot before the Lord thy God. These nations whose land thou shalt possess hearken to soothsayers and diviners; but thou art otherwise instructed by the Lord thy God. The Lord thy God will raise up to thee a Prophet of thy nation and of thy brethren like unto me. Him thou shalt hear." (Deuteronomy 18: 9-16.)

Such is the law, and it is of the same force to day as when given to the Israelites wandering through the desert towards the Holy Land. The mediums of to day are the revival of the pythoneses of old so frequently referred to in the Scriptures. The prophet foretold in the above quotation whom we are commanded to follow has come. He is Christ the Lord. The Church is His institution, His mouthpiece till the end of time. This Church of His forbids all kinds of divination, soothsaying, witchcraft, necromancy and all other superstitions, and the practices associated with it are facts, just as plagues, small pox, cholera are facts, facts which we should avoid as far as possible. They are dangerous facts, which tend to immorality and frequently to insanity. He who deals with them knowingly makes a compact with the devil—a compact not easily broken. Avoid spiritism in all its phases as you would avoid the devil. Spiritism in his religion and his devotees are his disciples. Spiritism is to Satan what the Church is to Christ; it is his church.

The second question, namely, is a belief in spiritism forbidden by the Church, has been already answered in what we have said above. But we may add that belief in spiritism as a religion is, of course, forbidden. Belief in the facts of spiritism is not forbidden any more than belief in the fact of small pox or leprosy is forbidden. As sound health requires you to avoid the two latter facts, so sound faith and morals require you to avoid the former.

Perfect health is seldom found, for impure blood is so general. Hood's Sarsaparilla really does purify the blood and restores health.

IRISH WIT.

Philadelphia Catholic Times.

There are many pretty little stories in that interesting volume, "Seventy Years of Irish Life," by W. R. Le Fanu, the well-known Dublin lawyer and writer. The volume is bristling with Irish wit.

Mr. Le Fanu did a great favor to a lad by paying for his passage to the States. The boy sent a letter to his benefactor, the conclusion of which read as follows: "P. S. Is there any one here that ever done anything to injure and offend you, that your honor would like anything to be done to? I'd like to do something for your honor before I go, to show you how thankful I am."

The condition of the Irish peasantry before 1847 and the famine was pitiful. Knives and forks were unknown. There might have been one plate, on which was put a herring. Meat the peasantry never tasted except on Christmas Day and Easter Sunday.

The last duel in Ireland occurred in 1838. Being an Irish duel, it was not a duel at all, for one of the principals shot himself in his own leg, and was carried home. Of course, stories of Orangemen and Catholics are to be taken *cum grano salis*, but they have their funny side. An old Orangeman was asked whether the times were as good now as in the past.

"Faith, they are not," answered Tim; "they'll take you up now and try you for shooting a Papist."

There was an Orangeman who owned a cart, and the law read that the owner must have his name painted on the shaft in Roman letters an inch long. "Roman letters!" said he. "Roman letter! To hell with Rome!" This is on the authority of a clergyman.

Nothing can be more entertaining than the reminiscences of Sheridan Knowles, who was the most abominated of men. He would accept an invitation to dinner and entirely forget the name of his Amphitryon. Once he was playing "The Hunchback" in Dublin, and Le Fanu found him in his dressing room in great agitation. One leg was clad in a red stocking and the other was bare. The other stocking was not visible. Mr. Le Fanu went on a voyage of discovery, and found that Knowles had put both stockings on the same leg.

Another absent-minded man, having one umbrella under his arm of a rainy day, took Mr. Le Fanu's umbrella out of the rack.

"Wet as it is," said Mr. Le Fanu, "won't you find two umbrellas rather to much?" "A thousand pardons," he said; "I'm always doing these absent sort of things." Then, having a hat on his head, he took my hat by his hand. "I said: 'I'm afraid you'll find two hats as inconvenient as two umbrellas.'"

The author describes briefly various movements and agitations in Ireland. Looking back seventy years, he sees the progress Ireland has made, and he has no reason to despair of the future of his country. Wages have nearly doubled, the people are better housed, better clad and better fed.

Flogged a Masonic Priest?

The above headed a European dispatch in the papers the other day. The news was as follows: "The Bishop of Segovia, upon learning that Dean Gomez was a Freemason and Republican, compelled him to abjure his principles and swear repentance on the crucifix. The Bishop flogged the Dean's bare shoulders, the priests meantime chanting the 'Miserere Mei.' Afterward the Dean was publicly absolved."

Pieces of news of this kind are sent out now and again from different parts of the world, generally from Catholic countries. They all have the same remarks, and they all have the same objects, namely, to vilify the Catholic religion and bring it into ridicule. Some years ago a society—composed chiefly of Jews—was formed, whose object was to telegraph worked up and manufactured scandals against the Catholic faith. In their hands a mole hill would be turned into a mountain. The scandals they manufactured dealt principally with priests and Sisters, because the libellers believed they could do most harm by attacking them. The dispatch would be from Canada one day, another day from Mexico, the following week from Europe, and so on as per argument. We presume one of the minions of the organization just arrived in Madrid and found the mare's nest described in the telegram.

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Minard's Liniment is the Hair Restorer.

CANON LAW.

Philadelphia Catholic Times.

A Canadian correspondent asks what is to be thought of certain quotations asserted by the Toronto Mail to be made from the canon law of the Church.

As no reference is made to any book of laws, no authority whatever given except a general reference to canon law, it is, of course, impossible to test the quotations by a comparison with the supposed originals.

But judging by the supposed quotations themselves, we conclude that they are not genuine, or that they are garbled. For instance, the first quotation given is this:

"All human power is from evil, and must, therefore, be under the Pope."

Wherever this was found it is certain that it is not and never was Catholic doctrine.

Again: "The Church is empowered to grant or take away any temporal possession."

This is not and never was Catholic doctrine.

Again: "The Pope can annul all legal relations of those in ban and can release from every obligation, oath and vow, either before or after being made."

This, like the former, is not Catholic doctrine, and such being the case it is safe to say on general principles that none of the above quotations is found in canon law.

The Pope in his encyclical, *Inimicitia Dei*, carefully draws the distinction between the ecclesiastical and the civil power and their relation to each other in the following words:

"God has divided the government of the human race between two powers—the ecclesiastical and the civil power; the former placed over Divine things, and latter over human things. Each power is sovereign in its sphere; each is restricted within limits perfectly circumscribed, and defined in conformity with its proper nature and its special purpose, so that within this sphere each exercises its action *jure proprio* (by its own right)."

Then, speaking of the civil matters, the encyclical adds these significant words: "As to other matters and interests pertaining to the civil order, it is just that they should be subordinated to civil authority, since Christ has commanded to give unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

The late Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, in his *Primacy of the Apostolic See Vindicated* says:

"It is a stale calumny that Catholics are vassals or subjects of the Pope. He claims no temporal dominion over us, and we everywhere profess, with his full knowledge and entire approbation, unqualified allegiance to the respective civil governments under which we live."

There are many forgeries floating about just now in the anti-Catholic press—Papal documents. None should be misled by them. The doctrines of the Catholic Church on civil government can easily be learned from our great theologians, such as St. Thomas, Bellarmine, Suarez, Liberatore. No one really desirous of knowing them need be misled.

We recommend our correspondent to read Kenrick on the *Primacy and Brownson on the American Republic*.

WHAT DO YOU TAKE MEDICINE FOR? Because you want to get well, or keep well, of course. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

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A PRELATE'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

Philadelphia Catholic Times.

How the Late Archbishop Hughes Saved His Life.

At a luncheon given to Governor McKinley at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York, recently, Rev. Dr. H. A. Braun, the well-known Catholic clergyman of that city, related a good anecdote of the late Archbishop Hughes. Dr. Hughes was once visited by a crank in his Mulberry street residence. It was at night and the crank entered the bed room, and waking Dr. Hughes from a sound sleep, drew a dagger and threatened to kill him.

With wonderful presence of mind the prelate cried out:

"Are you an Irishman?"

"I am," replied the crank.

"Then go out," said Dr. Hughes, "and get a blackthorn stick and kill me with that. No Irishman ever yet killed a man with a dagger; only Italians use that weapon."

"The crank put up his knife and went out for the blackthorn," said Dr. Braun, "and the prelate's life was saved."

Lenten Missions in London, England.

There is much enthusiasm among Catholics, and no little wonderment on the part of Protestants, over the great Lenten mission going on in London. Priests of all the religious orders are engaged in the work, which was planned, we hear, by Cardinal Vaughan himself. The sight of thousands of persons of both sexes, of every age and station, and of many nationalities, eagerly following the exercises of a prolonged mission, ought to be an impressive one to the most careless observer; however, the journalists of London seem to have been impressed rather by the fact of so many clergymen teaching the same doctrines.

It is not so surprising that this feature of the mission should be so striking to Protestants, when one remembers how few of any particular denomination of non-Catholic Christians think exactly alike, and the uncontrollable tendency toward disintegration manifested in every sect, however small. One is often reminded of the old story of the Argyleshire elder in reading of these splits in Protestant congregations. He was asked how the kirk of which he was a member was flourishing, and this was his answer: "Awed, we had four hundred members. Then we had a division, and there were only two hundred left; then a disruption, and only ten of us were left. Then we had a heresy trial, and now there is only me and ma brither Duncan; and I ha' great doots of Duncan's orthodoxy." Could anything be more characteristic of the spirit of Protestantism than this?—Ave Maria.

A Beautiful Episode.

At the Church of the Foreign Missions in Paris a touching ceremony takes place from time to time. This is the "Mass of Departure" of missionaries about to leave for foreign parts. Sometimes a scared and well-worn priest is among them, but usually it is young men who must for the first time undergo the trying ordeal of saying farewell to those dearest to them in this world. A most beautiful and touching feature of the ceremony is when relatives and friends kneel and kiss the feet of the missionaries.

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Mr. E. F. Warmoll, Toronto, Ontario.

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Arrears must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

London, Saturday, March 31, 1894.

THE CHURCH vs. MODERN SCIENCE.

One of the greatest needs of Catholics of the present day is an exact and thorough knowledge of the teachings of their religion. The inability to give a reason for the faith within us gives color to the statement often made by Rationalists, that Catholicity is but the offspring of imagination harbored by the credulous who are awed by the weird and mysterious, and by the weak-minded who are captivated by the glitter and glamour of its ceremonial.

There are myriads of human beings who embrace this or that passing theory in the vain hope of finding the spiritual warmth and life for which their souls instinctively crave, and who, confronted and ever baffled by the problems of their origin and destiny, cry out in the words of the dying Goethe: "More light! more light!" Their minds are so overcharged by fictions and fancies that they are incapable of thinking, and the words of Beaconsfield may in all truth be applied to our day:

"We live in an age when young men prattle about protoplasm and when young ladies in gilded saloons unconsciously talk Atheism."

This fact so lamentably evident arises from the dearth of dogmatic teaching. What wonder then, if, unguided by unchangeable principles, they, like rudderless ships, drift inevitably on the shoals of infidelity! The conceits of a polished ungodliness dominate their actions. They refuse to submit themselves to a God-given authority, and yet with strange inconsistency they become devoted followers of any individual who has the faculty of robbing old and oft-refuted objections in pompous and ornate phraseology. How often, for example, do we not hear that the Catholic Church is opposed to science. This takes wonderfully well with the multitude who depend on others for their intellectual pabulum. It is so easy to make the assertion and to give it a certain force by picturing the persecution meted out to Galileo! False is the objection, but, like Macbeth's ghost, it will not down.

That the Catholic Church is opposed to science is amply refuted by the records of past ages. It is by no means a laborious task to show how the Church has placed a fostering and guiding hand upon the arts and sciences and how her children have carved their names on the honor-roll of scientific and artistic eminence. To do this, however, would insult the intelligence of our readers. But it imports us greatly to understand thoroughly the attitude of the Church towards modern science. Never perhaps in the history of the world were men so untiring in the pursuit of knowledge and so eager to tear aside the veil that hides the form of the other world. Unrest and the fever of inquiry torment us, and it is scarcely to be wondered if our precipitateness does not render us guilty of inaccuracy and inexactness. What is called science is oftentimes nothing more than a scientific opinion. The proof of this—that theories of a preceding generation are denounced as unsatisfactory by the scientists of our times. The Church allows the greatest latitude of thought, and outside of atheistic and materialistic assumptions we may without fear of condemnation embrace any of the current scientific opinions. We may assume, for example, that the days of Genesis are ordinary solar days or indefinite epochs of time. True, discussions acrid and prolonged have taken place between theologians and scientists, but, be it remembered, it was always a battle between individuals. The Church has never adjudged the victory to any party. She, conscious that she possesses the unchangeable truth, knows full well that no discovery however momentous can ever invalidate her claim to divinity, and she knows also that truth cannot be opposed to truth. Faith and Science are children of the same God, walking heavenwards in the

path assigned to them. The same Creator who framed her and wrote out her title-deeds in the heart's-blood of His only begotten Son wrote too "the illuminated manuscript of the skies."

Nay, more, the Church has been the ever-watchful defender of the prerogatives of human reason, for every student of history must remember how she silenced those who would fain rob it of the power of ranging within its natural sphere.

The old charge that she restricts the liberty and restricts the energies of the scientist has long been relegated to the museum of controversial curiosities. In reference to this subject it is well to quote the remarks of the illustrious Dr. Brownson: "I never," he says, "in a single instance found a single article, dogma, proposition or definition of faith which embarrassed me as a logician or which I would, so far as my own reason was concerned, have changed, or modified or in any respect altered from what I found it, even if I had been free to do so. I have never found my reason struggling against the teachings of the Church or felt it restrained, or myself reduced to a state of mental slavery. I have, as a Catholic, felt and enjoyed a mental freedom which I never conceived possible while I was a non-Catholic."

Catholics should pay no heed to any objections unless fairly and clearly demonstrated, and when perturbed by the onslaughts of infidels they should wait patiently for the answer of the Church, "the pillar and ground of truth," and always remember that the judgments of God are incomprehensible and His ways unsearchable.

PROTESTANTISM IN NEW ENGLAND.

For many years it has been well known to those who are at all acquainted with the state of religion in New England, that in this former stronghold of Puritanism, or Protestantism in its most intense form, Christianity is fast dying out, except among the Catholic portion of the population.

It has been known that where formerly, throughout Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont especially, there were large congregations, full of zeal for their bible and their religious opinions, the present generation spend their Sundays in amusements, while the churches are neglected and even left to fall into decay.

Throughout these States many churches are closed entirely, while those which still have services conducted in them are left with scarcely members enough to keep the old buildings in repair, and still less to erect new ones.

These facts have been denied by several of the Protestant religious papers, which have maintained that Protestantism is growing stronger in the localities indicated, and that there are more believers in Christ now than at any time heretofore. This was the contention of the New York *Independent*, a Congregationalist organ. The *Independent* is specially interested in taking this view of the matter, as Congregationalism, being the modern form of New England Puritanism, has been hitherto dominant in that whole region.

The last issue of the *Forum*, however, contains an article by the Rev. Wm. H. Hale, a Congregationalist minister of Middleboro, Mass., which declares most positively that throughout the towns of New England the clergy have been compelled to resort to "makeshifts" to secure the maintenance of religion and to stay the progress of total disintegration and the decay of piety in the dying out members of the Church. The greater part of the people have practically given up the Christian religion entirely, and there is so much indifference to it that it is impossible to make any religious impression on them. The Boston *Herald*, certainly a journal well informed on this subject, in an article commenting on Mr. Hales' jeremiad, says, "The form of Christianity which is historical with us has largely ceased in these localities to be a vital force, and all sorts of wild notions in religion have sprung up like a crop of weeds in a garden to smother what was once a source of refreshing spiritual life."

The churches, especially in the States named above, both in the towns and the rural districts, can scarcely sustain themselves. To the fact that the population is so divided among different sects this state of things is partly attributable, but still more to the fact that scepticism and total indifference to all religious belief are so widely spread.

The *Herald* declares that to save Christianity "we have need to have the old religious unity restored to the New England towns, to have the working clergy in harmony of spirit, if not in entire agreement in matters of faith." It adds:

"What they need to do is to teach something broader than the shibboleths of their respective denominations."

This remedy, stripped of its mere verbiage, means that Christianity is to be restored by eliminating from it all that is positive in doctrine, and reducing it to something resembling pure Deism. The *Herald* thus evidently overlooks the fact that Christianity has distinctive doctrines, and that it is a revelation of truths which Christ inculcated on His Apostles, commanding them to preach and teach the same to all nations.

That there is at the present day a very general tendency among Protestants to take a view similar to that of the Boston *Herald* is evident to all who have read in the most cursory manner the statements of the religious journals on the subject of the "Unity of Christendom."

Examples of the truth of this may be found in these journals week after week. Thus a recent editorial of one of our Canadian weeklies states that "the advocates of the unity of Christendom at times exaggerate the evils of division, or the existence of different denominations;" and while it admits that "there are disadvantages," it asks, "are there not also benefits?" evidently intending that this query should be answered in the affirmative.

It is acknowledged that as an effect of denominational divisions, "there is a waste of labor and money by overlapping and sectarian rivalry;" and this is regarded as the chief, if not the only, evil of denominationalism; but it is remarked that this rivalry is greatly declining; and the conclusion drawn is that "without unity in doctrine and worship, we would regard an outward corporate union of all denominations as a calamity rather than a blessing."

The true and only remedy for the evils complained of, the jealousies of sects, and the scepticism which is the natural consequence of the doctrinal controversies which exist between them, is entirely lost sight of: that is to say, a return to the unity of faith in the Catholic Church. The *Herald* and other journals, however, which interest themselves in endeavoring to find some mode of building up a new species of Christianity, are unwilling to enter into the one fold, the fabric which has withstood the storms and vicissitudes of nearly nineteen centuries. They are unwilling to acknowledge the error which Protestantism made in rending the seamless garb of Christ by endeavoring to substitute a Babel of churches to take the place of the one which He instituted. Is it not clear that those branches must decay and die which are cut off from the tree from which alone spiritual life and vigor are derived? This is exactly what is happening in New England.

THE A. P. A. FOILED.

It is evident that Apaism is not going to have the whole of the United States to itself, any more than all Canada.

We mentioned in our columns some months ago that in Chicago the anti-Catholic cry was raised by this organization for the purpose of securing the election of one of its members to the mayoralty of the city, with the result that a Catholic, Mr. Hopkins, was elected to the position, liberal Protestants vying with Catholics to show their indignation against the fanatical appeals which were made to the prejudice of Protestants.

It is to be regretted that in Chicago the Protestant clergy almost to a unit gave encouragement to the efforts of the bigots, and allowed the circulation of handbills in their churches in which fanatical appeals were made against Mr. Hopkins on the score of his religion. One minister, however, the rector of the principal Protestant Episcopal church, refused to be a party to the profanation of religion in the manner indicated; but the influence of this fact would have been small as against the united efforts of all the rest of the Protestant clergy of the city if there had not been a spirit of fair-play animating many of the lay Protestants, which induced them to support Mr. Hopkins precisely because they were determined not to allow a triumph to fanaticism.

The result has been, in this instance, that Mr. Swift himself, the defeated candidate, disavowed the A. P. A. after he learned the consequence of their support of him. The reputation, however, came too late.

In Rochester, a few days ago, the Apaisists met with a similar defeat, though in this instance the candidate against whom they declared their hostility was not a Catholic, but a liberal Protestant.

Mr. Aldridge, the Republican candidate for the mayoralty, was the gentleman against whom the Apaisists directed their artillery, because his wife is a Catholic. Circulars were sent round from hand to hand with strict injunctions of secrecy, for it is always by secret methods that these fanatics operate; yet, in spite of all their precautions, this attempt to introduce a religious issue into the contest became known, and was resented by Catholics and Protestants alike.

Personally Mr. Aldridge's opponent, Mr. Greenleaf, is popular; and, as the Democrats are powerful in Rochester, it was generally believed that his election was certain. He even published a letter in which he denied that he was the candidate of the fanatics; but the tone of the letter was such that he seemed to encourage Apaism while he was wishing Catholics to believe he was opposed thereto.

To the credit of the Rochester press it is to be said that with a single exception they condemned the Apaisists most vigorously for their course. Mr. Greenleaf was in a quandary, as the Apaisists stuck to him as parasites, in spite of his half-hearted disclaimer of them; and Mr. Aldridge, who is also a popular gentleman, was elected by the unprecedented majority of 2,752. It was thus demonstrated that Apaism was to the Democrats as much an incubus as was the old man of the sea on the shoulders of Sinbad the sailor.

In St. Louis, Missouri, it may also be expected that Apaism will be the political death of those who have identified themselves with it. So obnoxious have the tactics of the society become throughout that State that the Catholics have formed themselves into a league for the purpose of resisting it. While the advisability of doing this may be doubted, it is believed that the retaliatory measures which are to be taken will prove successful if the league make it well understood that their efforts will be directed solely against members of the anti-Catholic organization, and not against Protestants generally.

It is to be said of the Protestant clergy of Rochester that though many of them have given encouragement to Apaism there are some honorable exceptions. The Rev. Dr. H. H. Stebbins, pastor of the Central Presbyterian church, said in his sermon, delivered immediately after the election:

"I do not believe in denouncing any branch of the Church of Christ, and I hope that no one within hearing of my voice is in sympathy with the American Protective Association. It must be remembered that the Roman Catholic Church is a Christian Church, and that she has contributed very much to the literature and life of Christianity. There is room for the improvement of that Church as of every other. God bless every Bishop and priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and make the Church pure, true, and a power for righteousness on earth. I pray God to hasten the time when there shall be one Church of God, one Bible, one creed, holiness to God and the Gospel of Christ preached to every creature as its errand."

A FALSE WITNESS IN THE PULPIT.

The Rev. Madison Peters of Bloomingdale Reformed church, New York, continues Sunday after Sunday to utter falsehoods from his pulpit in order to encourage Apaism in the United States, and especially in New York. We can only express our wonder that the Associated Press pay so much attention to this calumniator as to send his utterances over the telegraph wires to all the press of the United States and Canada. He stated once more, on the 15th inst., that Protestants are discriminated against in favor of Catholics in all the departments of Government at Washington in regard to appointments, promotions and the dismissal of employees, notwithstanding the positive denial of his former assertions by Civil Service Commissioner Roosevelt, who is not a Catholic. He said also:

"The Mormons and the Romanists are the only religionists that have ever maintained bureaus at Washington for lobbying in the interest of their churches. I have reliable men at Washington and will have still more facts."

There is no such bureau at Washington as he describes. There is a bureau for the administration of Catholic Indian matters; but when it is borne in mind that the Catholic Indian schools contain nearly twice as many pupils as all the Protestant schools together, the necessity of a special

bureau for their management and for the purpose of maintaining them in an efficient condition will be readily understood.

Of the 336,812 Indians in the country about one-fourth are Catholics, and there are 91 Catholic schools with 5,225 pupils in attendance. The Catholic Indian Bureau has charge of these and of the 132 Indian churches, which have to be supplied with the outfits necessary for them, through contributions sent to the bureau. This is the only bureau maintained by Catholics at Washington. It is a bureau for educational and charitable work.

But the Rev. Mr. Peters' calumnies are not deserving of specific refutation, for it has already been seen that he is incapable of telling the truth. Besides, he admitted in his sermon of the 18th inst., that "hitherto I have only dealt with generalities. Look out for specifications soon." He has therefore no facts as yet whereupon to substantiate his assertions, nor will he have them until they are invented by his "reliable" agents at Washington. Query: Are these "reliable men" a bureau working in the interest of Rev. Madison Peters?

THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY CO.

We have on more than one occasion warned our readers against being entrapped by that huge fraud "the Louisiana Lottery Company," which, like a vampire, has sucked the life-blood of its thousands of victims throughout the United States and Canada during the last quarter of a century.

The almost incredible extent to which it preyed upon its dupes may be imagined when it is borne in mind that it offered to the Government of Louisiana an annual tribute of \$2,500,000 for a continuance of its charter for twenty-five years longer. This sum, of course, represents but a small percentage of its yearly profits, for no company would invest in such an enterprise unless its shareholders received a substantial remuneration for their trouble and risk. These profits were supplied by the dupes who month after month purchased tickets in the speculation, hoping to receive in return one of the large premiums offered to the lucky winners of the "capital prizes."

As an inducement to the unwary to invest their hard earnings in these fraudulent concerns, occasional stories are written and circulated broadcast, the hero or heroine of which grows rich by means of a successful draw in this or some other lottery, and such is the infatuation produced by this kind of gambling that many are led on to risk more and more every month on the remote chance that the next turn of the wheel will bring them the good luck which they have hitherto expected in vain. They devote themselves as earnestly to this mode of making money as the aged grandfather of little Nell in the "Old Curiosity Shop," with the same result, that they lose all they have risked.

Only about one-third of the full amount of moneys received is laid aside to be distributed in prizes. A certain proportion, about 25 per cent., goes to the agents who interest themselves in selling tickets, a certain sum covers the expenses inseparable from the management of the concern, the bribe to the Government for chartering the lottery is paid, and what is left is pocketed by the shareholders of the company.

It is thus seen that even if the drawing were conducted with perfect fairness, the expectation of a person who invests \$15 for the purchase of three tickets would be worth only one-third of this sum, or \$5, which might or might not return to the investor upon it for months, or perhaps years. Of course the large prizes would fall somewhere, but only a few of the investors get any return at all, and that an inconsiderable one, after trying the chances for a long period.

This, we say, would be the result if the drawings were conducted fairly; but there is evidence to the effect that they are not so conducted. Our information is that the large prizes are so arranged as to fall to the lot of the proprietors of the lottery, or the medium prizes are awarded by previous arrangement to persons who will advertise the concern and entice new dupes to invest in it, or persons are found upon payment of a sum sufficient to reward them for so doing, sign a certificate to the effect that they have won these prizes. We are thus justified in the statement that this lottery is a fraud of gigantic proportions. It may

be said that the only good feature about it is that out of its profits the amount paid into the treasury of Louisiana was expended for useful purposes, for schools, and the improvement of the levees on the Mississippi. But even for these purposes, there was no justice in scouring the whole continent of North America to obtain money for the benefit of Louisiana, by blackmailing other States and foreign countries, which could find plenty of use at home for their spare cash.

This lottery has been expelled from Louisiana. In spite of all the influences brought to elect a Legislature which would renew the charter honestly prevailed and it was refused. Now the company has ostensibly removed its head-quarters to Honduras to be beyond the reach of United States law. It cannot any more use the mails for the furtherance of its purposes, but it continues its business by ingenious methods of evasion, and through the express companies, still levying blackmail throughout the land. Its operations are much crippled by the laws which make them illegal, but they are still continued on a large scale. A Monte Carlo has been established in Honduras in connection with it, and it is intended also to run a line of palatial steamers between Port Tampa City, Florida, and Puerto Cortez, Honduras, to bring customers to the Monte Carlo and the lottery. At Fort Tampa City a large printing establishment has been erected under the name of the Graham Printing Company, which is the centre for the advertising of the lottery, the printing of its tickets, and the distribution of lottery literature over the States.

Public opinion is decidedly against the lottery, and it is probable that more stringent laws than ever will be passed by Congress to restrict its operations; but there is still a sufficiently extensive constituency of infatuated gamblers who are willing to be duped into the snare. To warn these against it, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has written a strong letter denouncing its iniquity, and offering to co-operate with any movement to impede its workings. He expresses his hope that laws may be passed prohibiting the transmission of lottery tickets or prizes even through the express companies of the United States. He adds:

"I am profoundly impressed with the bad results that have been produced, at least indirectly, by the Louisiana Lottery in the homes and families which could not at all afford to spare the money required to be risked in the hope—often vain than grounded—of obtaining a prize. I know that the passion for chances in its rewards has led to the commission of vice for the means of gratifying it; and I had hoped that the danger of such and worse or continued evil was removed. I sincerely trust that the good men who are now engaged in the attempt to thwart the last and recent move on the part of the lottery company will succeed and have the satisfaction of knowing the best judgment of the people is with them—a judgment which the people's representatives will crystallize in laws that will be executed."

MR. DALTON MCCARTHY'S NORTHWEST BILL.

Once more Mr. Dalton McCarthy has introduced into Parliament a Bill embodying his views as to the rights of the French-speaking Catholics of the North-West. The Bill which he moved in Parliament on Tuesday the 20th inst., as he explained its purpose, is intended to give to the North-West Territories the power to deal with the subject of education untrammelled and uncontrolled, and also to repeal the remainder of the clause in the Act known as the dual language clause which was left in the Act by the compromise which was arranged after the discussion in the house in 1891.

Previously to 1891 it was provided under the North-Western Territories Act that either English or French might be used in the debates of the Legislative Assembly and in proceedings before the courts, and that both languages should be used in the publication of the proceedings of the Assembly and of the laws.

The compromise of 1891 was adopted by the Government as a measure whereby the ill-feeling might be avoided which Mr. McCarthy's proposition then introduced was calculated to produce. By it provision was made that "after the next general election of the Legislature such assembly may by ordinance or otherwise regulate its proceedings and the manner of recording and publishing the same." It was thus left for the Legislature itself to decide whether its proceedings shall be conducted or published in one or both languages.

The text of Mr. McCarthy's bill has

not been published yet, but on its introduction he said that it would "give power to the assembly to decide whether the two languages should be continued in the courts and in the publication of the laws."

The immediate object of Mr. McCarthy's Bill is to extend the powers of the Local Assembly of the North-West in regard to education and language. In itself, this might seem at first sight to be a very harmless procedure; but when it is considered that the ulterior object of the mover of the Bill is to abolish the rights hitherto enjoyed by the Catholics, and especially the French-Canadian Catholics, of the North-West, it becomes a very serious matter.

Mr. McCarthy, continuing his speech, said:

"As I have often said before, in making this motion, or in bringing in a bill to repeal this clause, I do not do it from any feeling of hostility to my French-Canadian fellow-subjects. I believe, sir, that the interests of this country will be best served when the distinction between these nationalities is done away with. At all events that so far as the North-West is concerned, we certainly should not introduce a measure which is calculated and apparently designed to perpetuate that race distinction which unhappily exists in one of the older Provinces."

Mr. McCarthy evidently imagines that it is of great importance to know his sentiments towards his French-Canadian fellow-subjects. We by no means estimate this matter as being so important as he imagines it to be. Whatever may have been the possibilities of Mr. McCarthy's career when he was a practicable politician of acknowledged ability, the time is now past that he should occupy a position wherein his opinions can be of much weight.

His admission on the occasion of his declaring himself to be the founder of a new party, that he was moved to take this stand by the fact that he was "not consulted" in regard to the formation of the Government of the Dominion, sufficed to show the general public that he is moved by egotism and self-sufficiency more than by any desire to see the country prosperous and harmonious.

When he made this declaration he was told plainly enough by the country, through the press, that his deserts are not so great that his private piques and imaginary grievances are to be regarded as a sufficient basis for a governmental policy.

Mr. McCarthy's sentiments deserve consideration only because they are a reflection of those entertained by a faction which has a certain strength in Ontario, and even when he proclaims his antipathy and hostility to French-Canadians—as he has many times done—we know that his utterances meet with favor from that faction.

We only hope that he has not a larger following than he deserves. It would be a disaster if he had such; but we do not believe he has or is likely to have it. We cannot believe that such sentiments as he gave utterance to at Stayner, St. Thomas, and in the House of Parliament in 1891, are so widely spread as to be a real danger. It is to Mr. McCarthy, and a few others like him, that any ill feeling which exists between the people of Ontario and Quebec is to be attributed, and there cannot be the slightest doubt that the introduction of his last motion into Parliament is intended to increase this ill-feeling.

But let us consider his motion in itself. It is avowed that the proposal to allow the North-West Legislature to abolish the official status of the French language, is for the purpose of gradually suppressing the French language in Canada. Mr. McCarthy himself acknowledged this on introducing his bill, and the fact is well known independently of this acknowledgment.

We maintain that such a step is unwise and inexpedient. We do not pretend to assert that the French population as such has any rights superior to those of the English, but we do say that their rights are equal in every respect, not as prospective subjects of France, but as loyal British subjects.

Mr. McCarthy's doctrine, propounded at St. Thomas, that the ascendancy of the English population must be maintained, is a piece of arrant nonsense which can have no other result than to disorganize and break up the union of Canada, if it be persisted in.

To this we must add that the course advocated by Mr. McCarthy violates the agreement under which the North-West, Manitoba included, entered into the Confederation. The North-West Act provided for the retention of French and English as official languages.

This provision was made in consequence of the original agreement which states: "That both the English and French languages be common in the Legislature of the North-West Territories."

Mr. McCarthy's bill has been introduced into the House of Commons on March 28, 1894. It is a bill to amend the Act in relation to the North-West Territories, and to provide for the retention of the French language as an official language in those Territories.

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ture and in the courts, and that all public documents as well as the Acts of the Legislature be published in both languages."

It is therefore unjust as well as inexpedient to propose now to abolish this agreement. It is a declaration that the Protestant and English majorities will not keep faith with the Catholic and French minorities.

On the subject of Separate schools there is equally a protective clause in the famous Bill of Rights under which the North-West became part of the Dominion. Independently of this, however, both justice and expediency demand that the liberties of minorities shall be respected; and if the safety of Canada is to be assured, Mr. McCarthy's bill must be rejected by a decisive majority.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE ARE sorry to notice by the *Free Press* of last Wednesday that the troubles in the Congregational church in this city have not yet drawn to a close.

At a meeting of the governing body, held on Tuesday, Mr. A. E. Harding referred to Rev. Dr. Wild, late of Toronto, but for some time past officiating as spiritual exhorter to the Congregational people here, as a professional "Wind Bag." This is most unseemly language, and we trust Mr. Harding will regret in cooler moments having employed such unparliamentary terms.

He should remember that there are times when it is the part of prudence not to proclaim the truth.

LATER.—We are pleased to be able to say that Mr. Harding has modified his statement in the line we suggested. In a letter to the *Free Press* of the next day he submitted the following as the sentiments with which he desires to be credited in regard to his spiritual guide:

"I know Dr. Wild had suffered, and that it was necessary for him to take stimulants; also that his illness caused him to wander from his topic, his memory suffering from illness. I contended that until he was well I did not think, as a man of God, he should stand in the pulpit."

This is a good deal better, and reflects credit on Mr. Harding. It is the neatest and most charitable manner imaginable of saying that a person has taken too large a quantity of beer. But he should have expressed sorrow for having uttered and asked to have withdrawn the "Wind Bag" declaration. That will look very gross when somebody writes a "History of our own Times."

LATEST.— March 23rd, 1894. To the Board of Deacons, First Congregational Church, London: Dear Brethren.—In reply to your letter of today, and in accordance with your suggestion, I now most unreservedly withdraw the offensive expression which, without due consideration, I used in referring to Dr. Wild, and express my regret that I allowed myself to make use of the same.

Yours sincerely, (Signed) A. E. HARDING.

Mr. Harding's retraction is therefore full and complete, and it gives us pleasure to be able to state that he has dismissed from his mind the sinful thought that Rev. Dr. Wild is a "Wind Bag."

THE inconsistency and unfairness of Dalton McCarthy, and his organ, the *Toronto Mail*, is most remarkable. So far as Catholics are concerned, it is quite evident these people consider they have no rights which should be respected, and they hold that it is quite the proper thing for a Protestant majority to break all agreements at their sweet will when dealing with Catholics.

It is all very well to say that provincial autonomy is a sacred thing and should not be interfered with, but, as we have said, our friends the enemy hold strictly to this only when Catholics are few in number and Protestants all-powerful.

THE case of Ireland furnishes a very good illustration. The people there, we are told, should not be allowed to manage their own affairs, because a mere moiety of the population, who are Protestants, and who have been unjustly given the governing power, are opposed to any change.

We will for a moment take the Equal Rights over the ocean and set them down in Ireland, and we will ask them what they would think of a grand national system of education for that country, where, as our friend Grand Master Hughes, Public School Inspector, says, the Catholic and Protestant boys would stand shoulder to shoulder and grow up together.

These schools, be it remembered, would, from force of circumstances, be managed in great part by Catholic trustees, and Catholic priests would naturally take more or less interest in them—which is precisely the condition now prevalent in Canada as regards the Public schools, Protestant trustees and Protestant ministers. Would there not in such a case be distrust of the Catholic majority? Undoubtedly there would; and such being the case, why should there be surprise expressed if the Public schools of the Dominion, conducted entirely by Protestants, and even Grand Masters of the Orange order holding high positions in their management, prove distasteful to Catholics.

WE are told that there should be but one school where all the children may be educated together. Those who are so loud in proclaiming this doctrine are imbued with the same motives as those who, of old, in the mother country, enacted laws compelling all the

people to go to one Church, though it may be said that the moves of the political chess board play a prominent part in the matter, a desire to advance the educational interests of the country being introduced solely for the reason that it is a popular string to pick. It would be well if the bigots of the McCarthy and *Mail* school make up their minds once for all that no power on earth can prevent Catholics giving their children a religious training. They may be compelled to pay a double tax, as in the United States, but their schools will go on just the same.

THE colored Baptists of Ohio made recently a curious display of religious fervor. After a revival meeting three hundred of them proceeded to the river to be immersed in its ice-covered waters. The preacher remained in water three hours baptizing, and the baptized as they came from the river with their clothing frozen on their backs ran through the crowd "shouting, screaming, and singing for Christ." Surely missionaries are as badly needed there as in "darkest Africa."

BISHOP POTTER of the Protestant Episcopal Church of New York has brought upon himself the indignation of the colored race by his advocacy of the plan to deport the colored population of the United States to Africa. Mr. George Downing, a prominent colored Rhode Islander, is particularly strong in his denunciation of the Bishop's project, reminding him that the colored people have as much right to the soil of America as the whites have, and that their ancestry having originally been brought here unjustly and against their will by the white slave dealers, they are here to stay.

The Providence *Visitor*, commenting on Mr. Downing's protest, says: "What a lapse of memory it is for a man who has ever read the Constitution or even heard of the war of emancipation to talk about a 'dominant race' in this country! And since when have Afro-Americans been debarred from 'rising to the highest position and equaling the best'? There is nothing in the laws of the country to prevent an Afro-American, provided he were born here, from becoming President of the United States, and nothing in the laws of the Church which hinders him from being made a priest, Bishop or apostolic delegate. George Downing has an equal share with Bishop Henry Codrus Potter in American citizenship, and an equal share in the golden opportunities and noble rights which that citizenship carries with it; and for Afro-Americans in general America is a better place than Africa. Here little by little our citizens of African descent, like those of European descent, will obtain religious culture, education, social position and wealth."

THERE has been some grumbling in P. P. A. circles at the fact that several Catholic hospitals and other charitable institutions have received from the Ontario Government larger sums than similar Protestant institutions, and a larger percentage of the gross amount of their expenditure. The grant given by the Government is in proportion to the work done. It is too small in these cases to amount to more than a small fraction of the expense, but if the Catholic institutions receive a somewhat larger amount in some instances it is because they afford a home to a larger number of inmates; and if the percentage of this sum on the entire expense stands higher, it is simply because they are more economically conducted. A large percentage of the expense in the Protestant institutions arises from the high salaries which must be paid to matrons, nurses, etc.; while, on the other hand, the religious communities who devote themselves to the work require but their livelihood, which, including their dress, is of the simplest kind.

THE opposition raised in Pittsburg, N. J., against the employment of the Sisters of Charity in the Public schools where the children are Catholics is likely to collapse. The teachers have procured regular certificates after an examination by the Board of Instruction, and there was no pretext left to their opponents except to raise an objection against their dress. The Bishop has permitted them to lay aside their distinctively religious habit during school hours, and the "Junior Order of United American Mechanics" which has hitherto led the opposition to them finds itself completely baffled on every point. There is no American law forbidding the employment of teachers, either on account of their religion, or their particular style of dress; nevertheless the Sisters have yielded this point to the prejudices of their enemies.

Now Mr. T. Kerr, the State Councillor representing the "American Mechanics," admits the difficulty with which this order at length finds itself face to face. The name "American Mechanics" is one of the masks under which Know Nothingism and Apaism disguise themselves. Mr. Kerr says the Junior Mechanics do not propose to enter into litigation blindly. They have evidently gone too far with their complaints, simply because they are opposed to Catholic education in every form; but even if they were to succeed in driving this zealous religious community from teaching in the Public schools, they will only be the means of causing parochial schools to be established, and the Public schools of the locality will be emptied of pupils.

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THE NEED WE HAVE OF FAITH.

It Calms the Storms of Life and Guides us to the Harbor of Rest

"And when He was entered into a ship His disciples followed Him. And behold there arose a great tempest in the sea, inasmuch that the ship was covered with the waves; but He was asleep."

"And His disciples came to Him and awoke Him, saying, Lord save us we perish."

"And He saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then He arose and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm."

"But the men marvelled, saying: What manner of Man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"

The lesson sought to be taught us in this touchingly beautiful narrative of a strange event in the life of Christ is the importance of faith. "O ye of little faith," cried our Saviour when awakened by His terror-stricken disciples. They had seen Him performing miracles with the power of God; they had seen the peoples moved by His God-like presence and His words of divine wisdom, and the wild winds of the stormy night and the yeasty waves drove out from their minds that they were with their Master, whose ill man alone could compass. He spoke to the winds and the waves; He said "peace, be still," and the winds, thus rebuked, ceased, and the wild waves subsided.

To how many storms raging in our own hearts, filling our being with fear, despair, the anguish of wicked discontent, dark as the wildest night and wilder than the wildest storm that ever tossed lawlessly along a boundless deep, storms that have changed our being and driven us out to deeds of violence and cruelty—to how many such storms have we awakened our Saviour that He might cry "peace, be still," and so give us rest and hope and happiness.

After all the centuries the faith is as necessary to us as when the wearied Son of man sank to sleep upon that troubled sea. And what a picture those few simple words present to the thoughtful mind! Through the ages that have followed His advent men have so accustomed themselves to regard their Christ as their God, His labors, trials and sufferings on earth as a man are obscured. He was one of our own helpless race, and the ill that beset us were His to encounter. We are prone to say to ourselves, "But He was God—what are our sufferings to the Almighty?" And so Christ passes from us. To retain the truth in all its vividness we must return to the story as told by His apostles. Preceding this very miracle we are told:

"Now, when Jesus saw great multitudes about Him He gave commandment to depart unto the other side."

"And a certain scribe came and said unto Him, Master, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest."

"And Jesus said unto him, The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests; the Son of man hath not where to lay His head."

"And another of His disciples said unto Him, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father."

"But Jesus said to him, Follow me, and let the dead bury their dead."

He was weary. He sought to end the labors of the day, and the multitude that gathered about, poor, hungry hearts, would have more. They sought to look upon His kind face, they longed for His strangely wise utterances, and so He sought refuge in the vessel that was to carry Him and His disciples to the other side. And how sad is His response to the scribe, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head."

He does not say the Son of God, but of man. He was given on other occasions to referring to His Father in heaven; but now, footsore and weary, hungry and sick at heart, He tells the scribe that He has no home in which, among loving hearts, He can find shelter. He hath no place to lay His head. Ah! blessed head, how we long to pillow it upon our tenderest affections! How we long to give the one Friend of humanity a home! And yet who among us is more kind, more patient, more charitable, with all the love we express and all the teachings His words and example have left us?

He went aboard the rude vessel to escape the multitude, and like a tired child lay down to sleep. He was so weary, so worn out, that the great storm, with its fierce winds and waves that washed the deck, did not disturb His deep repose. Christ slept. God never sleeps. How difficult it is for us to recognize the dignity of truth. A fact to be acceptable must not be homely. The Jews would not accept their Messiah for that He was born in manger. More stupid than the Hebrews, we will not permit Him to remain there. They expected Him to come in glory and power, and we left Him there, not content with His lowly lot, and so we misuse the truth. The inexperienced hunter looks a mile away for game that springs up at his feet. We cannot see that in our anxiety to make Him other than He was we deny Christ as completely as did the Jews. They could not see Him in the humble carpenter born in a stable; we cannot see Him as man at all.

Far darker and more painful is that skepticism that shuts Him out entirely. That is the horrible teaching of to-day. We are wiser than Christ; we are more learned than His simple disciples and the blind followers of all the generations who accepted the faith He taught with the simple confidence of children. We are wiser than they. We accept only what we can compre-

hend. We dispense with faith for the light of learning. Alas! the oldest sage, the wisest of men, after a lifetime of thought, closes his books, and looking out upon creation with his study-dimmed eyes, says mournfully:

"After all these years of thought and research I have been taught to know that I know nothing." He had counted the age of the earth by the unerring records of geology, and footing up the millions of years, finds before and after the incomprehensible eternity. He has reached the stars, and beyond lies what? Never ending, incomprehensible space. He cannot comprehend the very sunlight; no, nor a little flower, nor a blade of grass, nor, above all, himself.

We accept the sunlight we cannot understand; we enjoy the flower. In like manner must we take to our hearts the divine precepts of the Master, and above all the faith that lifts from our troubled hearts all the dark brooding cares of this life, and all the painful doubts of the life hereafter.

—DONN PRATT.

TEMPERANCE TRUTHS.

Enunciated by Father Dowling at the Jesuit's Church in Chicago.

The eloquent and courageous pastor of the Jesuit Church in Chicago, Rev. Father Dowling, has flung the banner of a temperance crusade to the breeze, and on last Sunday preached a sermon which seems to have stirred Catholic Chicago to its depths.

A portion of Father Dowling's sermon is given here. He says:

It is high time for a declaration of independence or a proclamation of emancipation. Heroic efforts have been made, many means have been adopted—Father Mathews, prohibition, local option, high license and other devices without number. If any one thinks this agitation is ephemeral and will die out he has not read the signs of times. The very tyranny, the arrogance of the liquor interest will hasten the day of general uprising that will sweep this curse before it as it sounded the death knell of human slavery in the United States.

Perhaps we Catholic clergy have not been as active in the work as others, because we knew we had a hold that others had not upon the hearts and wills of our people upon which the true remedy depends; that we could urge supernatural principles which are by all odds most availing and lasting. Perhaps we may have stood aloof because we were afraid to encourage an extreme policy which must in the end defeat itself because founded on wrong principles. True or false the charge has been made against us that the pulpit is overawed by the saloon interests in the pews.

"I am not here to-day to advocate total abstinence, though I admire it, love it, encourage it, and hold high among moral heroes those men who, at great personal sacrifice, are willing to carve out in their lives a noble example of total abstinence for the weak. My purpose to-day is to urge that temperance which all Christians are bound to advocate and practice; neither is it my purpose to attack the saloon-keeper as such, because we need his help in redressing the evils which afflict society. It is against the disreputable element I speak.

What is the remedy? Doctors say drunkenness is a disease. Physiologists say drunkenness is an inherited physical taint. Both send the drunkard to Dwight. The Church steps in, and with common sense says drunkenness is a sin to be treated like other sins. She has no remedy and requires the drunkard to resist temptation and the approximate occasion of sin. For the man who often drinks to excess it is a sin to drink at all. But I will tell you that there is something exceptionally strong in acquired habits which seems to defy sacramental helps. This is false. Truth is there is something exceptionally weak in the drunkard's resolution of amendment. Perhaps we contribute to his weakness of resolution because we too easily look upon the drunkard as the innocent victim of circumstances which he cannot control.

If society punished him as it does the thief and adulterer, if it shut him out from respectable homes and shunned him in private life as it does the thief, if it refused to have business relations with him, as it does with law-breakers of other kind, he would find that he is not so powerful as he would have us believe.

What is the drunkard to do? First, don't get discouraged. Many as far gone in intemperance have been redeemed and so can you be. Next take a strong resolution before God—no oaths or vows, but a solemn promise. Do it when there is no liquor in the body; when the head is cool and clear. Then clean yourself up, wash your face, comb your hair, brush your clothes, put on fresh linen, clean your shoes and take a good shave, until you feel your self-respect returning, then take the pledge for one year, five years, for life. Lastly, watch and pray. Make no false excuses for not drinking. Say plainly you have taken the pledge and mean to keep it.

What is the ordinary man to do if not inclined to drink? Give good example. Use your influence to stop the evil. We need expert help from politicians and law-makers unless they are forced. Three-quarters of them are afraid to move. Very few are independent enough to hold their souls their own. They do not dare to antagonize the liquor interest; they are dumb dogs that do not bark. Hence you must help to see that the laws are enforced. You must work for the improvement of the laws. Im-

provement must lie in the direction of restriction.

Restrict the number of saloons so they shall not go beyond a certain proportion to population, all above being superfluous and a menace to public order. This is reasonable, because for many men every saloon is a temptation, and there is no necessity for three or four in every block. Moreover, many are the hotbeds of crime. Restrict the location so that a man may not open a saloon when and where he pleases.

What objection can anyone make to having saloons closed on Sunday or to having them closed at a fixed hour every night so that they will not harbor thugs and house breakers? What objection can there be to closing them when they become nuisances and the scenes of crime, or if saloon-keepers are caught selling poisonous or adulterated liquor or to minors and drunken sons, exercising a real mercy by forcing them to work. They can prosecute saloon-keepers who give drink to husbands and sons. Young girls can set their faces against the drunkard by refusing to keep any company with a man who drinks. Even children can take a pledge and keep it. All of us can set our faces against excess in drink. We can join temperance and total abstinence societies. We can support public agitation. We must be prepared to be called cranks and fanatics. If opposition to intemperance and a desire to do all in one's power to stay the ravages of drunkenness entitles one to be called a crank, I glory in the appellation, make public profession of being a crank and pray God to ever keep me so."

—LEO XIII.

The Pope's Life Day by Day.

GOVERNED BY THE SEVEREST SIMPLICITY AND FULL OF HARD WORK.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Rome, Feb. 8.—The Pontiff's day is a day of labor from early morn to dewy eve. At 6 every morning he rises, his faithful body servant, Centra, knocking at his door at that hour winter and summer. At 7 he says his Mass, which is served by two of his private chaplains—the Pope having six chaplains—and then he hears another called the Mass of thanksgiving, celebrated by one of his chaplains and occasionally by one of his secretaries.

After these two daily Masses the Pope breakfasts. This is a very simple meal, consisting all through the year of simple coffee and milk, with bread, and nothing more. Then his receptions begin. First of all, as a general rule, he receives Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary of State. He presents to the Pope the documents received at his office the day before, or those which should be furnished with the signature of the Pope and which should be despatched to their destination during the day. This audience, which lasts over an hour, and which, as one may well imagine, of the profoundest interest, does not take place on Tuesday or Friday. On these days the Pope receives the Ambassadors and ministers, representatives of foreign Governments to the Holy See. When there are documents on these days to be signed by the Pope they are brought by the under Secretaries of State.

The second reception of the day is given to Cardinals, the heads of ecclesiastical congregations, the generals of religious orders, and personages or dignitaries having special business with the Holy See. After this reception, if the season is winter and the weather happen to be good, the Pope interrupts the course of audiences in order to take a walk for half an hour or so in the Vatican gardens.

At 1 o'clock the Pope dines, following in this the custom of the Romans. This is the ordinary rule, but it happens, especially when there are many receptions or audiences to be granted, that he remains till 2 or even 3 o'clock before dining. The severe simplicity which marked the breakfast is followed in the dinner. This consists of a soup, nearly always of some form of macerant; of a plate of meat, with an accompaniment of fried potatoes or other vegetables. Then follows fruit, of one sort, and this completes the meal. The Pope never eats boiled meat or forced meat, nor cheese. He drinks a little wine, old Bordeaux, which is supplied to him from the vineyard of a convent of nuns in the south of France. As a general rule, the Pope reads the newspapers during his dinner.

Leo XIII. eats always alone, as etiquette requires. When he wishes to show special favor to a Roman Prince or some personage of distinction he invites him to a collation, which consists of coffee and milk taken with him after Mass. In order besides to obtain this favor it is necessary that the person may have had the honor of being admitted to the Pope's Mass and of having received Communion from his hands. This of itself is a great distinction, but it does not necessarily imply the other, of being invited to breakfast with him. In the latter case a small table is prepared for the guest beside that of the Pontiff. When the late Cardinal Pecci, brother of Leo XIII., lived in the Vatican he frequently went to the Pope when dining, but only to keep him company. It was quite touching to hear the Cardinal speak of Leo XIII. There was a look of veneration in his face, as, with "bated breath," he referred to "my brother, the Sovereign Pontiff."

After dinner Leo XIII. rests for about an hour in an arm chair. He does not follow the Roman custom of sleeping in the afternoon; his activity

and nervous energy are too great to submit to this. Indeed, even at night his slumbers are frequently broken. After this rest he takes a walk in the garden, provided the weather is good. These walks are made in company with a *cameriere segreto*—an ecclesiastic—and a Lieutenant of the Noble Guards. When he is tired of walking he enters a carriage and is driven in the garden. The carriage drive is a little over a mile in length.

On his return from his walk or drive he again gives audience or receives his secretaries and sets to work. About 6 in the evening he takes a cup of broth and a tiny glass of Bordeaux.

The audiences continue in the evening from 8 to 10. This rule of action is liable to be broken in upon at times, for now and again the Pope retires alone into his study to prepare his work for the following day. His mode of preparing briefs was special. In later years, since age has rendered his hand unsteady, he writes little in comparison with what he was in the habit of writing. His handwriting is of an unusual neatness and clearness; it resembles print more than writing, and it seems to have been always thus legible. I have seen several letters written by him while Archbishop of Perugia, and they are models of penmanship. It was his custom during the early years of his pontificate to prepare the framework of his briefs or letters and give them over to a secretary to be filled up. In these abstracts certain words were used with a special aim, and the Pope always expected that these words should be retained in the completed amplification of the letter. On one occasion the completed document had been handed to him, and, reading it, he missed one of these selected words. The secretary was called and asked what had become of the word referred to. His answer was that he had employed a word which he thought better fitted for the sentence.

The Pope administered a very severe reproof to the secretary, informing him that the missing word had been selected after very serious thought, and on no account should it be omitted.

In the early years of his pontificate, also Leo XIII. was given to writing far into the night, and I remember hearing one day that at 6 o'clock that morning he was found asleep with his head on the desk, and pen in his hand, after writing the whole night through.

At 10 in the evening he recites the Rosary with Mgr. Marzolini, one of his secretaries, and pontifical master of ceremonies, whom he knew as a very young boy in Perugia, and who attended the seminary in that diocese when Leo was Archbishop. Between half past 10 and 11 the Pope retires to rest, after taking a cup of broth and a small piece of cold meat. His sleep, as has been said, is occasionally broken, especially after a fatiguing day, and again at the change of the seasons.

—IT'S NEVER TOO LATE.

A Story With a Moral for Those Who Have Given up Hope—A Mount Forest Man Thought His Case Hopeless—Urged by a Friend, He Made One More Trial For Health—The Happy Result.

From the Mt. Forest Confederate.

Mr. Geo. Friday is a well-known resident of Mount Forest, and among those acquainted with him it is known that he has been a great sufferer from chronic bronchitis, accompanied by a heavy cough, that used to leave him so weak that he would lie down for hours at a time. Mr. Friday's friends have noticed latterly that he has regained his old time vigor, and in conversation with a representative of the *Confederate* a few days ago, he was asked to what agency he owed his renewed health. "To the same agency," said Mr. Friday, "that has accomplished so many wonderful cures throughout the country—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For the past three years I have been so ill I have been able to do but little work. I doctored and tried many remedies, with but little or no benefit, and at last I went to see Dr. Brantford, where I remained for some time, and while there I felt somewhat better. The improvement, however, was only temporary, for scarcely had I returned home when I was again as ill as before. I had spent a great deal of money in doctoring without benefit and I felt discouraged and began to look upon my condition as hopeless. A friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I had already tried so many alleged "sure cures" that I did not feel like spending any more money on medicines. Finally, however, I was persuaded to give Pink Pills a trial, and as you can see have reason to be thankful that I did. I purchased a box and began using them with grim hope of recovery. To my intense satisfaction I noticed that they were doing me good, and you may be sure it required no further persuasion to continue their use. After I had taken a number of boxes, the cough which had troubled me so much, entirely ceased, and I could eat and sleep as hearty a man and before long I was able to go to work. I am now in excellent health, and I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved my life. I would not be without a supply in the house, and I warmly recommend them to others who may be ailing."

The reporter called upon Mr. Wm. Colclough, the well-known druggist, who said he was acquainted with Mr. Friday's case, and had every confidence in the statements made, and that the remedy gave general satisfaction. In fact although he handled all the best proprietary medicines, he finds Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best selling remedy on his shelves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression, heartiness, anemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after-effects of a grip or all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excess of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink). Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and

nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

—"FATHER" RITCHIE TOO RITUALISTIC.

An Episcopal Clergyman Incurs the Dislike of Bishop Potter.

Rev. Arthur Ritchie, called "Father" Ritchie, rector of St. Ignatius' Church, has got himself disliked by Bishop Potter. The Bishop has omitted that parish from the list of those which he will this year visit to administer the rite of confirmation because he is displeased at the extreme to which the Church ritualism is carried. Masses are said and the ceremonial of the Catholic Church is largely followed. "Father" Ritchie was previously rector of a church in Chicago and his conflicts with the Bishop of that diocese on the question of ritualistic practices had been frequent and vigorous. In New York he has encountered less opposition from his superiors. Under his charge St. Ignatius has grown in members and improved in fortune.

An Old Trail Being Run Out.

Many of our separated brethren are growing tired of ministerial tirades against the Catholic Church. There was a time when facility in this line was something of a recommendation for a candidate for pulpit honors and emolument. It isn't so now, in places where Protestants retain a vestige of religious feeling. A dispatch from Virginia, Ill., relates that "Rev. R. L. MacWhorter, pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian church in that city for the past two years, resigned unexpectedly at the close of Sunday morning's service. The subject announced for the evening was 'Romanism the Greatest Foe of Liberty.' To this subject the officers of the church took exception and Mr. MacWhorter's resignation immediately followed."

Brother MacWhorter will discover that the market for his peculiar talents is growing more circumscribed as the rank and file of the Presbyterian body became acquainted with the true character of the Catholic Church.—Cleveland Universe.

It surprised many visitors to the Chicago World's Fair to find that of all the blood-purifiers, Ayer's Sarsaparilla was the only one on exhibition. The reason is that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a standard remedy, and not a patent medicine, or secret nostrum.

Hal La Grippe.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months when I bought a bottle of Dr. Thomas' ELECTRIC OIL and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

I can highly praise Burdock Blood Bitters because it had a fair trial in my case with wonderful success. My symptoms were drowsy, backache and sleeplessness, and all these disappeared after using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I cannot praise its healing powers too highly.

GEORGINA HOLMES, Wood Point, Sackville, N. B.

Do not neglect coughs, colds, asthma and bronchitis, but cure them by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

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CONSUMPTION

SO PRONOUNCED By the Physicians SEVERE COUGH At Night Spitting Blood

Given Over by the Doctors! LIFE SAVED BY AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe attack of lung trouble which the physicians pronounced consumption. The cough was extremely distressing, especially at night, and was frequently attended with the spitting of blood. The doctors being unable to help her, I induced her to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was surprised at the great relief it gave. Before using one whole bottle, she was cured, so that now she is quite strong and healthy. That this medicine saved my wife's life, I have not the least doubt."—K. MORRIS, Memphis, Tenn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Received Highest Awards AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

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We have now in stock a very large and beautiful assortment of Prayer Books, ranging in price from 25¢ to \$4.00. There are a variety of the best quality specially imported for Presentation purposes. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. We will make a nice selection for any given sum that may be sent us, and if book is not entirely satisfactory, it may be re-mailed to us, and money will be refunded. Address, THOS. GIFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

BEES WAX CANDLES.

We have in stock a large consignment of Pure Bees Wax Candles, for altar use. Orders from the rev. clergy will be promptly attended to. THOS. GIFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

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A Complete Exposition of the Seven Sacraments, their Institution, Meaning, etc.; of the Sacraments of the Church, Holy Water, etc.; and of Prayer, the Our Father, Hail Mary, etc. With numerous Parables, Examples, and Interesting Anecdotes. Adapted from the German by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D. 75 pp. 8¢ cloth. With over 100 full-page and other illustrations. Gilt edges, \$2.50.

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Explanation of the Gospels of the Sundays and Feasts of the Year. With an Explanation of Catholic Worship, its Ceremonies, and the American Calendar. Edited by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D. 307 pp. 65 pages, flexible. With 32 full-page illustrations, \$1.00.

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"I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof."

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since COTTOLENE has come to take its place. The satisfaction with which the people have hailed the advent of the New Shortening

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evidenced by the rapidly increasing enormous sales is PROOF POSITIVE not only of its great value as a new article of diet but is also sufficient proof of the general desire to be rid of indigestible, unwholesome, unappetizing lard, and of all the ills that lard promotes. Try

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SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Low Sunday.

TRUE AND LASTING PEACE.

Jesus came and stood in the midst, and said to them: "Peace be to you." (From the Gospel of the Sunday).

Peace be to you! This is our Lord's Easter blessing, thrice repeated in the gospel of today, and a blessing which all His faithful may obtain. And it is the one for which we are continually seeking, each in his own way, but which we can find nowhere but with Him who to-day offers it to us.

What is this peace? Is it freedom from conflict? Is the Christian to have no battle to fight, no enemy to overcome? No, surely our Lord does not promise us such an easy road to heaven as this. "Do not think," He says, "that I came to send peace upon earth; I came not to send peace, but the sword."

We must make up our minds, for the sake of the Christian faith, to sustain not only the assaults of the devil and of our own evil passions, but also the opposition of those who should be our friends. "A man's enemies," our Saviour goes on to say, "shall be of his own household."

In this sense, then, we cannot hope for peace in this world. No, our lot must be, if we have really enlisted in Christ's army, that of all soldiers: war, and its turmoil. As St. Paul says it was for himself so must it be for us: "combats without, fears within."

Struggles for our temporal life; for God has said to Adam our father, and in him to us his children: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread;" struggles for more terrible and momentous for our spiritual life, against flesh and blood, also "against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, in which a single slip may mean eternal ruin, a single wound instant death.

Where, then, is our peace in this inevitable war, this contest which demands all the energies of our body and soul? What peace can we have while its issue is still uncertain, its events yet unknown? Surely it seems a mockery for our Lord to say, "Peace be to you," when He sends us not peace, but war and its alarms.

But it is not a mockery; He who cannot be deceived also cannot deceive. His words are faithful and true. He has really peace to give us—peace in the midst of combat, calm even in the storm.

When the storm arose on the sea of Galilee, and He was asleep in the boat, His disciples came to Him, saying: "Lord, save us, we perish." But He answered: "Why are you fearful, O ye of little faith?" Was there not reason for them to be fearful, to lose their peace of mind, when death was staring them in the face, and all their efforts to save themselves were vain? No, not if they had faith to show that God was with them.

This, then, should have been their peace; this should be ours: the possession of God. He has given Himself entirely for us and to us in the battle in which He has placed us. He fights on our side. What, then, have we to fear if we will only keep close to Him? We are sure of the victory if we call Him to our aid. As St. Paul says, "If God be for us, who is against us? He that spared not even His own Son, but believed Him up for us all, how hath He not also with Him given us all things?"

Peace, then, we should have in our spiritual combat; but how in the battle for our temporal life? Here we are not promised success; no, it must be defeat, at least in the end. We must lose at last by death all that we seek of the goods of this world. The peace which the world gives is then a delusion; it lasts but for an hour; the shadow of death is upon it. "O death!" says Holy Scripture, "how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that hath peace in his possession!"

Have again, therefore, our true peace is in the possession of Him who is eternal; in this is the peace which the world cannot give nor take away. All the storms of this world will not shake or disturb him whose house is built on this rock. "Who," again says St. Paul, "shall separate us from the love of Christ; shall tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or persecution, or the sword?"

This, therefore, is the true peace of the Christian: confidence in God, indifference to all that is not God. It is the peace of our Lord Himself. "My peace," He says, "I give unto you." Let us ask Him indeed to give it to us, now and for evermore.

Many people, with the notion that nature ought to take care of herself, allow a cough to plague them for weeks and months. Whereas, if nature were assisted with a dose of two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the cure might be effected in a very few days.

Through Digestibility and Nutritive value are two strong points in favor of Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry and Hypophosphites.

Two years ago I had a bad attack of biliousness and took one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and can truly recommend it to any one suffering from this complaint.

Mrs. CHAS. BROWN, Toronto. Bad Blood causes blotches, boils, pimples, abscesses, ulcers, scrofula, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters cure bad blood in any form from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

Norway Pine Syrup is the safest and best cure for coughs, croup, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, and all throat and lung troubles. Price 25c and 50c.

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BURDOCK PILLS give satisfaction wherever tried. They cure Constipation, Sick Headache and Biliousness.

KILL THE WORMS or they will kill your child. Dr. Lewis' Worm Syrup is the best worm killer.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Arise, Ye Dead, and Come to Judgment"

Let us wander back in thought over the vanished centuries. It is night, and we are in the streets of Rome. How strange, how weirdly beautiful look its towers, domes, and palaces, basking in the silvery moonlight! The pearly stars are peeping out, one by one; the evening dews are falling, and the little birds are singing their "good night" songs. Ever and anon the peaceful silence is broken by the soft, sweet echo of some distant lute.

Let us stand here before this gorgeous castle which rises majestically in the very heart of proud, imperial Rome. It is one glowing mass. Thousands of waxen tapers flame in hall, in rooms, on stair-cases. We enter. The splendidly furnished rooms are fitted to-night for the reception of the very flower of haughty Rome. The sumptuous apartments are thronged with high-born ladies and gentlemen.

Surely a ball or fete of some sort is in progress. The ladies are superbly attired; some in rich, black silks reticé; others in emerald trimmings; others on whose dress and arms diamonds are shining like stars, again others in white satin robes aflame with richest rubies. Everyone is in harmony with the flowers, the perfumes, the music around. The scene is simply ideal and bewitchingly distracting; the costumes, the flowers, the decorations, and, indeed, the faces, are all of the rarest beauty.

In the midst of this dazzling splendor stands a young courtier surrounded by a laughing group of ladies. He seems to be the hero of the occasion. His handsome, high bred face, his unsurpassed wit, his lofty mien, his faultless attire, make him the centre of attraction. Silvery peals of laughter provoked by the young knight's sayings are echoing through the perfumed halls. Suddenly a deathly pallor o'erspreads his face, he becomes at once strangely silent, his eyes have a look of terror.

What is it? Some supernatural sound, audible to himself only, is ringing through his ears. 'Tis the mercy of the Omnipotent calling him. He breaks abruptly away from his admirers, and rushes from the ball-room, on through the slumbering city's silent streets, as if pursued by some dreadful monster. Still he hears the awful sepulchral voice that rose high above the music of the ball-room, the voice that shall ring in his ears forever more: "Arise ye dead, and come to judgment!"

Onward still he flies. Great crimson flushes streaked with gold, begin to color the eastern sky; they remind him of the gleaming jewels and the flashing colors of the gay ball-room. He shudders. "I have been mad, mad to forget it," he mutters, and turns in the direction of his home.

What is it he considers a madness to have forgotten? Let the sequel tell.

He enters his house, and flings himself face downwards, on a couch, pondering still on the frightful trumpstones and the awful accompanying summons: "Arise ye dead, and come to judgment!" that came so strangely to him, mid wine and laughter and song, and smote into the very core of his heart. At length he falls upon his knees, and vows to God, that his gay, old haunts shall see him no more, that henceforth his life shall be one of atonement for his wasted, sinful past.

Soon all Rome is astounded to hear that the gay leader of its "beau monde" has gone bare-foot, and is on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He, the handsome, proud, noble, learned, courted, Jerome, the idol of Rome's polished circles, gone, weeping and humbled, to pray, to do penance and seek pardon in the places where Our Lord had suffered and died for a sinful world.

There he remained till the end of his days, deploring his infidelities to God, and performing such penances as make us shrink at the bare mention of them. Even there the devil pursued him, and tried to lure him back by placing before his mind enticing pictures of the old life in Rome. Then did Jerome redouble his austerities and prayers, and as a counter-distraction, applied himself to the study of the Hebrew language, by which he afterwards rendered such service to the Church, the translation of the Bible from the Hebrew. And ever and ever, mid study, austerity and fierce temptation, sounded the solemn, mysterious call, which years back in the voluptuous ball-room struck upon his soul and made such a complete, such an instantaneous, change in his life: "Arise ye dead, and come to judgment!"

At Bethlehem, in the year 420, worn out by age and austerities, he sank into "the sleep that knows no waking," and his soul, borne upward by rejoicing angels, rests forever 'mid the glories of heaven. His body lies now beneath the church of St. Mary Major in Rome. Thus did Rome give a last resting-place to the remains of her traitor son, the great St. Jerome, Doctor of the Church.

MAUD.

In Love With His Mother.

Of all the love affairs in the world none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honorable to the highest degree in both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love that makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. I never yet knew a boy to turn out hopelessly bad who

began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect his worn and weary wife, but the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in her sear-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied spring-time.—Selected.

A Word to the Boys.

The head of a large mercantile house was looking for a lad whom he could trust to fill a responsible place. Several were recommended, and of one it was said: "He's just the person, but he can't be spared from his present position." "Then," replied the gentleman, "that's the boy I want." There was a volume in the remark. Take the hint, boys, and make yourself so valuable to your present employer that other men will desire your services.

The Elephant Remembered.

Five months ago at Pittsburgh a small boy, with several companions, was feeding one of the elephants at the zoo in Schenley Park, known as Gusky. He handed her buns on a nail fastened in the end of a long stick. The boy for fun jabbed the nail deep into the elephant's trunk, and then ran away. Last week the same boy visited the zoo. Suddenly the elephant threw her trunk in the air, and trumpeting, made a rush for the boy.

Keeper Andy Neelan seized a pitchfork and ran for the elephant, shouting, "Back!" For the first time in her life Gusky refused to obey. She had thrown the boy up against the side of the shed and was rushing for him with her trunk. In a moment more she would have trampled him under her feet. The keeper thrust the fork into her shoulder and forced her back, saving the boy's life. Gusky sank back into her corner and gazed appealingly at the keeper, but she was beaten.

The crying, freighted boy at first denied that he had ever hurt Gusky, but finally confessed. Neelan warned him never to come there again, adding: "If you ever see that elephant anywhere, you start to run, because she'll be after you. She will know you twenty years hence. Now you get" and the boy "got."

What Brains Can Do.

A remarkable instance of how opportunities lie all around us unheeded is shown in the story of the paper doll industry. Any beginning, however small, has in it the elements of great prosperity if there are brains thereabouts to develop it. But the story of the paper doll industry is a particularly good one.

Three sisters found themselves thrown out of a living by financial reverses. They were naturally very blue at first, but in a happy moment they used their fingers and made some pretty paper dolls and put them in the shops of their native city on sale. These attracted such attention that a stationer asked the girls to make more of them and give him the exclusive right to sell them. They hired thirty girls to help them and the first year of their enterprise made 8,000 paper dolls.

All went on swimmingly for a time when the failure of a firm threw them out on the cold world again. But by this time they knew what they could do. They went into business for themselves, and added paper flowers and other paper fancies to their manufactured articles. They possessed really artistic taste and skill, and the business grew beyond what any of them dreamed of. Their mother became their financial manager early in the history of the business and led them safe through. A correspondent says they now have branch houses in several cities of the United States, that they have nearly a hundred workwomen, handsome offices and factory, all the money they need and are very happy, and they are still young and pretty besides.

How Tom got His Bicycle.

"Well, mother, Dick Arnold got his bicycle to-day," said Tom Edwards, as he walked into the room where his mother and little sister Theresa were sitting.

"Dick makes the eighth boy out of our ball nine to get a bicycle, and on the 1st of April they are to start a club."

Tom had long been wishing for a "safely" and had spoken of it several times to his father, but Mr. Edwards, who was a young merchant just starting out in business, considered it as throwing so much money away, and had sternly forbidden Tom to mention the subject to him again.

"Why do you not say the prayer to St. Joseph which Sister gave us the other day," said Theresa. "Three days of March have already passed, but perhaps if you were to say the prayer twice a day for every day you have missed St. Joseph would not mind."

But Tom only shuffled out of the room. He was in a bad humor to-night and did not wish to be talked to. But the good seed had not been thrown away. Tom thought more than once of what his little sister had said, and that night when prayer time came, he pulled from his pocket, where it had been poked when first given him, the little prayer to St. Joseph to be said during March.

Night after night he said his prayer as day by day the month wore on. Losing confidence sometimes during the day but always receiving it at night after he had said his prayers and gone to bed to dream all night long of his wheel and the races he would win. Every day Tom would walk back and forth to school with some of the

boys of his nine and they would tell him of their new plans and the time they could already make. Very little interest was taken in base ball now, and poor Tom would go home with a heavy heart after their meetings. All their interest was centered in the new wheel club.

It was the afternoon of the thirty-first of March. Tom had walked to school with Dick and had learned how the other eight boys were to meet the next morning, Saturday, in Dick's gymnasium room in their large stable, and have a formal opening of the new club. Tom did little studying that afternoon; his mind would keep going back to that gymnasium room where he could see all the other boys with their new wheels holding their enthusiastic meeting, but he was not among them.

When school was dismissed Tom purposely started off home by himself. As he passed the church he slipped in to say for that, the last day of the month, his prayer to St. Joseph, the only hope he had left. In a few minutes he was out again in the street on his way home, but with renewed confidence.

The evening passed as usual. Mr. Edwards had been home to supper and was again back to his business. Tom read a while, as he had no lessons to learn, and when 9:30 came, started up to bed. Upon reaching his room, he lit the gas, and turned around to prepare himself for bed, but—what was that which shone so brightly from the corner? Tom did not have to guess twice.

"St. Joseph," he uttered as he turned to examine his gift.

His prayer had been answered. The long wished-for bicycle was his, at last. The 31st of March was Tom's birthday, but as very little notice had ever been taken of it in the Edwards family, Tom had not looked forward to it with any interest, except to add one more year to the thirteen he had already counted. His father had given him the bicycle as a birthday present, but Tom knew in his heart that it was St. Joseph who had prompted him to do so, and felt all the more grateful for the way in which it had been sent.

The boys were very much surprised at their meeting next morning to see Tom come riding up on his bicycle, the nicest one of the nine.

Several years have passed since Tom got his bicycle, but ever since he has found in St. Joseph a guide, father and model, and like St. Theresa has never asked for anything which he has not received.

S. J. T.

Ritualism.

The Anglican congregation of St. Mary the Virgin in New York has reached a sky-high point in "High Mass" and "Benediction," and "Midnight Mass" at Christmas, the rector, Father Brown, has introduced Lenten devotions. A beautiful set of Stations has been set up, and the devotions consist in making the Way of the Cross according to the Catholic ceremonial. There are candles, crucifix, surplices, and a procession. Father Brown even goes one step beyond the Roman formula by intoning, instead of simply reciting, the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and Doxology, after each Station; and his parishioners make the Sign of the Cross as often as Father Brown does, and he makes it frequently and deliberately and orthodoxly. Moreover, a verse of the "Salut Mater" is sung by the choir as the procession passes from Station to Station.

There is something ridiculous in most of the Anglican imitations of Rome. A minister of the Church of England arrayed in the clothes of the true religion reminds one of a small boy with his first pair of trousers. It is so plain that he is not at home in them. But these Lenten devotions at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin are more serious. It looks as if Father Brown and his flock were really trying to enter into the spirit of the Church. Their devotion to the Queen of Dolours will surely not go unrewarded. She is our way to Christ, as she was His way to us; and they who truly venerate her cannot be far from the Kingdom of God.—Ave Maria.

Don't Delay.

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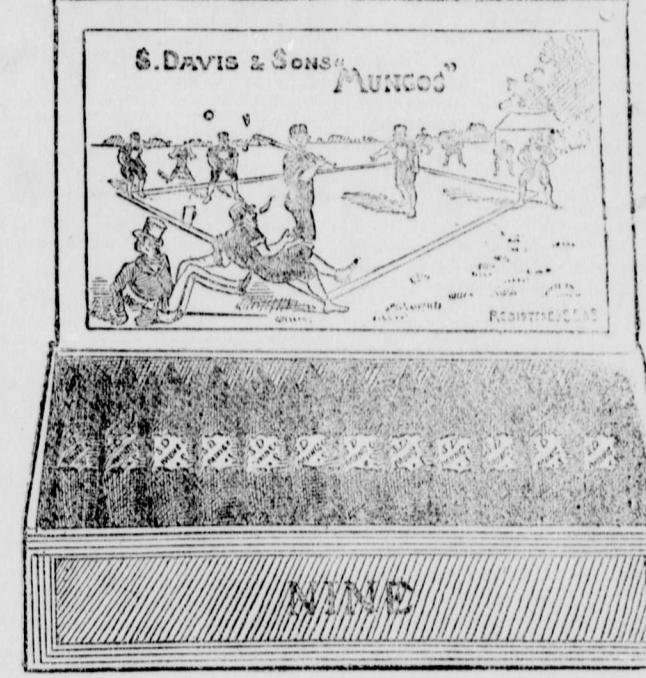
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C. M. B. A.

Branches That are Alive.

Whenever we receive a communication from any particular branch conveying information that the members held a social entertainment, an open meeting or a friendly gathering of one kind or another, we conclude that that branch consists very largely of members who have thrown their hearts into the work of making the C. M. B. A. not alone a beneficial society, but one that will attract to its ranks from force of circumstances those who wish to associate with men whose association is found to be beneficial. There are many branches, we regret to say, who go along like an ancient stage coach from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31 with scarcely a sign of life outside the bare fulfillment of constitutional requirements. Of course they fall the law and in this respect are proof against censure; but it may be worth while to remember that a little more is required of C. M. B. A. men than a cold, formal fulfillment of the law. If members of a branch come together solely for the purpose of having read to them the order of business, and the payment of dues and assessments, it is a branch that possesses perhaps a very formidable body, but it has a precious little soul. We want in our association more heart; more brotherhood; more fellowship; more genial, kindly watchfulness one of the other; more counsel where counsel is needed. It would, we think, be an excellent thing once in a while were a priest or some prominent layman invited to lecture before the branch, and thus make the meetings valuable from an intellectual standpoint. Then again there may be throughout the year some social gatherings conducted in such a manner as to make the members look forward to the next one with pleasurable anticipation. If the membership in branches is small, open meetings may, we think, be held, so as to make gatherings goodly in number; and even when there is a large membership it would be all the better to issue invitations to outsiders, so that the evening may be spent in making and renewing acquaintances from which oftentimes there are many beneficial results. We should be pleased to publish from time to time reports of these happenings.

Hazardous Risks.

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 4, London, held on Thursday evening of last week, the circular of Branch No. 145, Toronto, suggesting alterations in the constitution classifying the membership into hazardous and non-hazardous sections, was discussed. There was an almost unanimous disapproval of any alteration in this respect, nearly all the members present expressing it as their opinion that a change in the law referred to would be most detrimental to the interests of the association and prove a barrier to the augmentation of its membership. It was also decided to have this determination on the part of Branch No. 4 published in the official organ, the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Niagara Falls, Ont., 14th March, 1894. At a special meeting of the members of the branch held this evening the following resolution was passed unanimously: Whereas Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has called from our midst our late and respected Brother P. Flynn, collector of customs at this port, who has been a faithful member of this association for fifteen years, and who, for many years, was honored by the citizens of this town being selected as one of their representatives at the Council Board, and also for many years as their chief magistrate, Resolved, that as Almighty God in His infinite wisdom having called to Himself our late brother, Thomas Brick, we the members of Branch No. 56 of the C. M. B. A., desire to express our sincere regret in the loss of one of our society; and, further, Resolved, that our charter be draped in black for sixty days, in remembrance of the deceased brother; and a copy of these resolutions be sent to his widow and family and published in the CATHOLIC RECORD and Catholic Register.

E. B. A.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN KINKORA. For the past two weeks the members of St. Patrick's Branch, No. 30, had been busy preparing a concert for St. Patrick's day. They had been successful in preparing a very good evening's entertainment, and on the evening of the 17th, their hopes were deflected when the rain began to descend in torrents about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and continued till late in the evening. Nevertheless, with a very faint attendance, they succeeded in making it a success in every particular. The programme consisted chiefly of music, all of which was so well rendered as to add much to the already high fame of those who took part. The chief feature was the lecture by Mr. B. O'Connell of Dublin on "The Day We Celebrate and the Memories it calls up." He showed the nobility of the Irish race by tracing them back to the Egyptians. The Irish were a civilized and enlightened race long before any white man had landed on the shores of England, yet English maligners of the Irish tell us that they are a barbarous, unenlightened and illiterate race. Ireland is the only one of England's dependencies at the present day without some form of home government. Liberty is a right divine, and no nation has a right to trample on this noblest decree of the Almighty, yet England stands at naught this powerful decree so long as she keeps Ireland in a state of servitude. Christianity was introduced into Ireland by St. Patrick in 432 A. D., and since that

time no nation presents such a record. No heresies have ever originated in the land, yet ever since the time of Strongbow, Ireland has had to continually suffer from the lash of persecution. It dwelt for some time on Grattan's Parliament, and closed by expressing an ardent wish that Ireland would soon be blessed with the best of God's gifts, Home Rule. A vote of thanks was tendered the speaker and the musicians, and all returned home, stating that the concert had far surpassed their expectations. A very large number of Ladies attended a meeting in the hall of Branch No. 11, on Monday, the 19th inst., called for the purpose of forming a ladies' circle in affiliation with the branch. The visitors included the Very Rev. Dean Cassidy, P. P., Grand Officers D. A. Carey, W. Lane and J. J. Nightingale, the Chancellor and President of No. 12, the President of No. 23, the President and other officers of St. Patrick's Ladies' Circle, and over twenty members from the city branches. The President, D. Shea, having taken the chair and explained the cause of the meeting, introduced the Organist J. McDermott, who gave a very full explanation of the principles of the association, showing that the ladies would elect their own officers and have the entire control of the business of the circle. A small committee being elected by the branch to instruct them in their duties and do any outside work the ladies might desire. By the payment of \$1 per quarter they would be entitled to medical attendance and medicine free and \$3 per week in sickness, etc. It was also shown that the organization of the circles had received the approval of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto and that their respected parish priest had sanctioned the work in which they were engaged. He therefore hoped to have the pleasure of organizing them during the evening. Grand President D. A. Carey was the next speaker and made an effective address showing the benefit it would be to them in many ways. No. 23, the President and other officers of St. Patrick's Ladies' Circle, and over twenty members from the city branches. The President, D. Shea, having taken the chair and explained the cause of the meeting, introduced the Organist J. McDermott, who gave a very full explanation of the principles of the association, showing that the ladies would elect their own officers and have the entire control of the business of the circle. A small committee being elected by the branch to instruct them in their duties and do any outside work the ladies might desire. By the payment of \$1 per quarter they would be entitled to medical attendance and medicine free and \$3 per week in sickness, etc. It was also shown that the organization of the circles had received the approval of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto and that their respected parish priest had sanctioned the work in which they were engaged. He therefore hoped to have the pleasure of organizing them during the evening.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY

In Summerside, P. E. I. A grand St. Patrick's celebration took place in the market hall on Friday evening the 10th inst. The Rev. Father Kelly, at the stormy night and bad roads prevented many from attending. The programme, although rather long, was well rendered. The "Dear Mother" and "The Emerald Isle" were loudly applauded and enjoyed by the readings by Miss Enid McLean and Mr. W. K. Carmichael, received encores, and the address by the Rev. D. J. G. McDonald was a most interesting and happy occasion. The proceeds were for church purposes.

In Douro.

The morning broke with a balmy breeze coming up from the south east and conveying with it the very breath of spring. It was a morning to make every Irishman's bosom glow with pleasure. It reminded him of the gentle zephyrs that fanned his cheek as he played on the green hills of his native home; or when, in the spring of life, with the blush of promise on his brow, he left that Emerald Isle to seek his fortune in the unknown parts of the world. He left behind him everything dear to him—his home and friends—but carried with him, and illuminated his new home by his benign and loving presence, the bright spirit of his native land. And as if to increase this patriotic sentiment fall by every Irishman on this day, the great bell from the lofty tower of that magnificent building, the Emerald Isle, rung out its echoes over the surrounding hills and valleys announcing by its joyous peals the special tribute of devotion due to God on this great day.

Canadian C. M. B. A. Relief Association.

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