

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1900.

NO. 1,114.

## The Catholic Record

London, Saturday, Sept. 22, 1900.

### WE SHOULD BE ALWAYS READY.

The terrible disaster at Galveston must make the average man think how narrow is the border-line between life and death. The fact that thousands of human beings have been summoned before the Throne—from the land which they knew and loved and which engrossed, perchance, their every thought and energy—to the country of eternity, should convince us that our ties with the land of the living may also be severed suddenly.

It is the highest wisdom to be always ready.

### THE WAR.

The story of the conquering progress of the allied forces in China is a sickening narrative of hideous brutality. Some of the accounts describing it as a saturnalia of vice and cruelty are of a nature as to be almost incredible. If the reports are true the "soldiers of the cross" have adopted a strange method of impressing the Chinese with a sense of the ennobling and civilizing power of Christianity.

War is of course not a picnic, but it should be preserved from the additional horrors of nameless atrocities, especially when it is waged for the cause of liberty and religion. But who believes in the blatant declamations of the European powers? Their fine talk does not work out into action. The religion they have faith in is the one perfected by Krupp and Maxim, and that religion will cause the Mongols to have for decades to come a distrust for all white men.

### TWO OPINIONS.

Some time ago our respected friend the Guardian ascribed the Chinese trouble to the untoward conduct of the Catholic missionaries. With charity to all and apology to none, and despite the heat, it seemed it a duty to enlighten its readers as to the true cause of the crisis. And whilst he was engaged in fashioning public opinion, many of its friends in the field were, so as to avoid international complications, betaking themselves to regions untenant by the Celestial. Strange, however, that a Methodist Bishop does not hold the same opinion as the Guardian. Bishop Henry C. Morrison, of the Methodist Church South, thanked God at the laying of the Fourth Avenue Methodist Church corner stone at Louisville, that all the Methodists were to blame. "It is the itinerancy of Methodism." Possibly the reverend gentleman has not the ways and means of obtaining the information which has warranted the perverid eloquence of our contemporary.

### WHERE IS THE "KINDNESS"?

Admiral Watson's statement that he hoped that the leniency shown by the United States towards the Filipinos would result well, but kindness towards Asiatics was generally regarded by these people as an exhibition of weakness, is of an idyllic freshness and illustrative of the up-to-date ethics of benevolent assimilation.

But when did the United States show any kindness to the Filipinos? Since they have been beguiled by the siren of imperialism from the path trodden by its founders it has made a record of which its sincerest friends are ashamed, and which will be read with disgust by all Americans when their minds are cleansed of the drivel that has been poured into them by a jingo press and designing politicians. Does anyone imagine that it is kindness to empty the contents of a rifle into a dusky form because he dares to make a stand for his own land? And the looting of churches, the profanation of all held dear by the natives, the establishment of the rum-saloon, the output of calumny—is all this indicative of the leniency of the United States? The admiral is, however, doubtful as to whether this extraordinary generosity will be productive of good. What his ideas of severity are would be worthy of perusal. He can probably give Genghis Khan or Tamerlane points and beat them. But the pitiable thing is that a gentleman, who is presumably a Christian believes that the only method of dealing with Asiatics is to coerce

them into silence and subjection. Our neighbors are certainly in need of a ruler who will convince them that, as Schlegel says, the great object of a wise and truly civilized state is to preserve men from becoming wild and from degenerating into a savage state. There is always a propensity in his nature to become wild and savage, and it is the great object of all wise government to guard against this by all means possible.

### LABOR vs. CAPITAL.

A great mining strike may begin very soon in Pennsylvania. The men claim they are unjustly treated and offer very good reasons for their contention. They seem to be absolutely at the mercy of the coal magnates. They can obtain no protection from the law. They are simply slaves. They must delve for the merest pittance—or starve. Even when they work they starve. Most of them live in hovels. The idea of giving them a wage that can support them in reasonable and frugal comfort is never entertained by the speculators. Were it to filter through their gold-encrusted craniums they would look upon it as an attack of the nerves and consult forthwith their family physician. For them man is a mass of bone and muscle that can be utilized for the making of money. When worn out he is thrown aside as any other useless piece of machinery. His soul does not count, because it has no influence on dividends.

It has been said time and again that the workmen are themselves to blame for their many miseries. They are improvident and are in a chronic state of grumbling and discontent, etc. But when they are paid starvation wages, and when these wages are eagerly consumed by supplies which must be purchased at the Company's stores and at the Company's exorbitant rates, how can they save anything? As to grumbling, the fact of a joyless life and of every soul-right trampled upon, may surely be advanced as an extenuating circumstance. There will never be any adjustment of the differences between Labor and Capital, until the capitalist recognizes the spiritual and mental interests of those who make his dollars.

Pope Leo XIII. has stated that the wage earner is entitled to remuneration that may enable him to live in reasonable and frugal comfort: "If through necessity or fear of a worse evil the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice." And this is of daily and so common an occurrence as to excite but little comment. We recoil in horror from the mere narration of the Chinese atrocities, but the fact that many toilers are doomed to a fate far worse than that which confronted the inmates of the various legations, that they are broken yearly on the wheel of industrial slavery, arouses no effective indignation. True, there is complaint and protest, but so long as the employer takes no notice of God in his business transactions, conditions will remain as they are. The toiler will continue to have his mind "stuffed and body worn out," and the capitalist will add to his store of this world's goods. He holds thousands in as absolute a slavery as those who cowered under the lash of brutal overseers. He can muzzle legislatures and stifle competition. He owns the market and the people who contribute to its wares. And, despite all this, this century receives him as its most beloved offspring. Back even in pagan times the man who had nothing but money to recommend him received but scant respect, but in this age we must, cap in hand, do obeisance to Wealth that is oftentimes the result of corners and legalized robbery. Religion alone can destroy the evil at its root, and all men must be persuaded that the primary thing needful is to return to real Christianity, in the absence of which all the plans and devices of the wisest will be of little avail.

CONVERTS IN ENGLAND.—The Rev. O. R. Vassall, C. S. B., lately received into the Church the Rev. A. Hentley, grandson of the late Dr. Hentley, of St. Mark's, Yarrow; the Rev. T. Gorman, curate of St. Clement's, City Road, London, and Mr. Malcolm Dunlop, late chairman of the Bishopton Branch of the English Church Union.

### THE EUCHARISTIC EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

We quote some remarks from an address given during the Eucharist Congress of Lourdes at a reunion of Catholic ladies, by Rev. Pere Durand, of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Eucharistic education of the child may and should be begun in the home by the Christian mother or the pious nurse. I shall explain, however, in a few words what is meant by the Eucharistic education of the child. It certainly does not mean that the little ones should be tied down to a regular course of pious instruction, nor that the mother should try to bewilder the little brain by expounding the deep and mysterious dogmas of faith. I mean simply that the Christian mother should profit by every chance to fix the wandering attention of the little ones and captivate their hearts by the sweet and beautiful attraction of the Real Presence of our Lord on the altar. Let me give you an example of the method of instruction.

At the sight of a crucifix or picture representing the death of Christ, teach your children how the dear Lord who suffered on the cross rose again in glory and that He is in Heaven sitting upon a glorious throne surrounded by the angels and saints. But that is not all. You must apply the lesson by telling the child also how this glorious Lord is also invisibly present upon earth. The child will ask, "Where is He?" You will answer, "In the church."

When you take your child out for a walk say to the little one who toddles along beside you or is carried in your arms: "See, dear, this is God's house; here it is that Jesus lives, the dear Jesus who loves you so much and who said 'Let the little children come unto Me, and forbid them not.'"

The child will want to go into the church and will gladly accompany you. While there you can explain to him that the dear Jesus is not in every church, but only where the little lamp is burning before the tabernacle.

"Some time," you can tell him, "when Holy Communion is given or Benediction is going on, you will show him Jesus in the Sacred Host."

And when this opportunity comes do fear to explain the matter to him a little. Say, "See, my boy, the little white wafer in the beautiful ostensorium or in the hands of the priest. Look at it well. It is the Sacred Host. It is the Blessed Sacrament. It is the good Jesus."

The child will listen to you with that simple trusting faith that ignores the "why" and "how." How easily you can make of him a little angel of adoration and prayer!

How many charming incidents I could relate in illustration of this early intercourse with Jesus and the innocent little children to whom He will come some day in Holy Communion! I knew one sweet little girl who, the moment she came to a church, would pull her mother's dress and beg with tears to be taken in to make her little visit to Jesus.

I have known of children of five and six years of age who already eighed to make their First Communion and for whom the time of this pious event had to be advanced.

This Eucharistic education of the child would be incomplete did one not develop at the same time the spirit of sacrifice.

Let us not forget that there is no true piety without mortification and that it is impossible to truly love the Eucharist, which is the fruit of the Sacrifice of the Cross, renewed every morning upon our altars, without loving also the Cross of Jesus. This is the reason why we must fill children with the early love of sacrifice if we would make of them men of character, solid Christians and saints of God.

O, too, tender mothers, who fear to witness the tears of your children and think only of satisfying their every caprice, what mistakes you are making! I grieve to say, you are spoiling them! What tears you will weep later for having neglected to correct their dawning defects of character, for not having made them try to conquer their rising passions and taught them the salutary lesson of mortification.

Do not tell me, mothers, that this is taking things too seriously, that it is contrary to the instincts of the child to impress upon it so early these grave thoughts; that at this age and even at six or eight years and later these dear little creatures think only of amusing themselves and running about and having a good time. It is very true, they do think of this the greater part of their time, and I cannot blame them.

I do not doubt that you and I did the same thing at their age. Besides, it is not a question of interfering with their amusement or forbidding them to enjoy themselves, but of teaching them how to mingle some little element of sacrifice with their pleasure. And this they are very quick to understand.

But it is above all on the subject of the First Communion and as a remote preparation for this great act of the Christian life that it is wise and good to stimulate the ardor of these valiant little soldiers of Christ. When one begins early to make them appreciate the greatness, the loveliness, the delights of a good First Communion, they arm themselves with new courage and fight, cost what it may, to improve their characters and sanctify their lives.

Happy mothers, happy teachers, who understand these things, and, according to the advice of a holy Bishop, Mgr. de la Bouillerie, "who make of the First Communion the central point of the education of their children!"

Permit me, just here, to call to your attention the first and greatest advantage of the Eucharistic education. This manner of educating children prepares them first of all, to make a good First Communion, and disposes them in the future to the practice of frequent and fervent Communion. The effects of such training are incalculable. You do not need to be reminded that a good First Communion is a fundamental importance in the life of a Christian and is almost an assured pledge of eternal salvation, even though between the first and last Communion there should be many a sad fall from grace. I will pass over this to consider the fruits of frequent Communion after the First Communion.

Well made and frequent Communion from childhood is the preservation of its innocence and a safeguard against grave faults. It is a school of sacrifice and manliness. It is the germ of the most beautiful vocations to the priesthood or the religious life.

If, thanks to the Eucharistic education of children, frequent Communion should become general among a Christian people, we would soon see renewed the heroic virtues that were the glory of the primitive Church, where the faithful were one in heart and soul, and conquered their enemies by the might of their sublime virtue, or if necessary, by the victorious strength of the martyrs. Social peace would be mirrored in its beauty in this poor earth of ours with the establishment of the kingdom of Christ. How easy would it be to attract to the Holy Table and to frequent Communion such little angels as you have prepared by your early pious teaching! They would have at this very age all the dispositions necessary for receiving frequently the Lord of angels, purity of heart and the spirit of sacrifice. And they would persevere in the breaking of the Eucharistic Bread, like the first Christians, because they would have acquired the taste and the attraction for it in their earliest infancy, and it would develop in them day by day its beneficial effects. Let us conclude by quoting once more the words of Mgr. de la Bouillerie, who has so aptly been called "the singer of the Eucharist," speaking to his priests of their apostolate among children:

"The soul of the child is a ready soil where all that is Divine readily takes root and blooms in perfection. If later you would gather a bountiful harvest, cultivate these young flowers. And if one day you would see a whole pious and fervent, gathering around the Holy Table, bring thither first of all these little angelic souls, attract them to the Tabernacle, to Him who said to His disciples, so long ago: 'Let the little ones come unto Me.'"

### A CONVERT'S STORY.

How Mrs. Storer Became a Catholic

Writing from Paris Rev. D. S. Phelan tells the Western Watchman: "I took dinner last evening in company with Archbishops Ireland and Keen at the handsome Paris residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ballany Storer. The readers of the Watchman are aware that these two distinguished Americans are converts. Mr. Storer served three terms in Congress; was Minister to Brussels and is now Minister to Madrid. They are most accomplished and polished people, and as simple and affable as they are accomplished. "At dinner Mrs. Storer told us that she had an audience with the Holy Father recently and was presented as a distinguished American convert. The Pope asked her how she had become a convert. She told him with the simplicity and candor of a child. She said that she had been an Episcopalian all her life; but that her religion ceased to afford her any comfort. She was living in Washington; her husband being a Congressman. Some friend invited her to go out to the Catholic University to hear Archbishop Keane who was then rector of that institution. She went and listened to a discourse of an hour and a half on Leo XIII. and the Labor Question. She was very much impressed and came again and again to hear the eloquent expounder of the social teachings of the Sovereign Pontiff. She asked for

books; began to read and in a few months asked for baptism.

"Herself, her husband, her daughter since married to a French nobleman, and her son now attending a Catholic college, are all devout Catholics—all owing to the teaching of Leo XIII. as propounded by Archbishop Keane.

"She said the Holy Father was very much pleased and seemed much affected by the incident."

### CATHOLIC CONTROVERSIAL LITERATURE.

A Savannah correspondent writes: Editor Catholic Standard and Times.

"I am a constant reader of your paper, and I derive instruction and edification from every issue as I never have from any other Catholic weekly. A week or two ago your columns contained an article (whether copied or original I do not remember) referring to the fact that while non-Catholics are always anxious to 'discuss religion,' Catholics seldom are, and assigning a reason for same, with which the commentator differed, and concluding that the Catholic 'diffidence' was due to 'ignorance' of his religion.

Allowing the correctness of this conclusion, can you not, for my benefit, as well as for the general Catholic good, compile and publish in your columns a limited list of text or elementary books, whose study would fit Catholics, somewhat, to define and prove the faith that is in them?"

INTERESTED.  
(Name and address enclosed, but not for publication.)

The article to which the writer refers was copied from the Providence Visitor and the source prominently acknowledged. It is our experience that the majority of non-Catholics who touch upon matters of religious controversy in their conversation with Catholics avoid the subject of religion proper, but prefer to introduce historical matter connected with it and insinuate old-fashioned charges about Catholic superstition, sneers at purgatory, indulgences, scapulars and other things which they do not understand. Such controversialists never fail to make the Catholic aware that he is "priest-ridden," nor to hint that he can commit as much sin as he likes, and as often as he likes, so long as he goes to confession, gets absolution, and "squares it" with the priest for permission to commit more sin by the formula of an indulgence. Now, we say that the Catholic who is not able to repel this sort of attack must be either very witless or very ignorant indeed. If he preserve any recollection of his catechism he should be able to dispose of the sneers about confession, absolution and "indulgences for sin," charges of being "priest-ridden," and similar topics are outside the legitimate bounds of controversy, being merely matters of opinion or prejudice. On questions of Catholic doctrine every Catholic ought to be able to stand up for the faith that is in him. But if there be Catholics who have forgotten the precepts of the early literature, they should begin anew; and begin at the beginning. They should take up the catechism again, ponder over its simple teachings and commit them to memory.

For more advanced stages of discussion we cannot do better than recommend Cardinal Gibbons' admirable treatise, "Faith of Our Fathers," as a model of clear-cut statement of the Catholic case. Father Searles' handbook, "Plain Facts for Fair Minds," may also be heartily recommended as especially adapted to the American temperament and present conditions. Simplicity of proposition and lucidity of answer are the leading characteristics of this good book. Written by a convert from Protestantism and indicating all the difficulties which have to be surmounted by every ordinary intellect in quest of the light, the defender of Catholic principles cannot well find reader or more serviceable equipment. The first named work is to be had of any Catholic book seller for 50 cents; Father Searles' from the office of the "Catholic World," New York, for 25 cents, or in batches at a much smaller rate.

A splendid work in the same line, a classic and likely to hold its own though written a long time ago, is Dr. Milner's "End of Controversy." Although treated in a different style and having more of a scholastic flavor than either of the works above named, this is none the less clear in its logic nor convincing in its conclusions. Its author ranks among the illustrious expounders of the Church in the days when its condition was truly described by the word "militant"—the days of English penal persecution. The book is sold for 75 cents.

To those who are capable of still higher levels of receptivity we would commend the study of Cardinal Newman's works, especially his "Apologia pro Vita Sua." This work can be had for about \$1. For purposes of doctrinal defence the quartette of books named would in themselves be almost sufficient armory for any mind; but there are many others still more easily accessible and of infinite value as auxiliary reading. Chief amongst these are the publications of the Catholic Truth Society, which may be had for a few cents each for the most part. The Catholic World, New York, has

undertaken the duty of supplying these in the United States at the lowest possible charge. They form a complete, most invaluable library in themselves. A list of them will be gladly supplied, we believe, by the publishers of the Catholic World, the Paulist Fathers.

But there is also a Catholic Truth Society in San Francisco which, under the initiative of Rev. P. C. Yorke, has done yeoman service in the cause of truth diffusion. A full list of the pamphlets published by it would be unsuitable to our space. But we may quote a few of the more prominent ones. "The Practice of Confession in the Catholic Church," by Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J.; "The Catholic Church and the Bible," "The Sabbath or Sunday," "The Infallibility of the Pope," by Rev. P. C. Yorke; "Why I Am a Catholic," by Rev. Charles A. Ramm; "Confessio Vistoris," by C. Kegan Paul. The foregoing are all serviceable works, and they are to be had for about five cents a copy from the Catholic Truth Society, Room 37, Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. Taken in bulk for distribution, the cost per copy is almost fractional.

We trust we have said sufficient to show our esteemed subscriber and all others in like difficulty that the Catholic who wants information about all things affecting his religion needs only to make his desire known in order to have it fulfilled. The Catholic Truth Societies of England and the United States are now doing splendid service in the dispelling of error and falsehood and the rectification of old-established historical apocrypha concerning the Church in its relation to temporal things.

When the polemical stage has been mastered we would heartily recommend the Catholic student who can afford the time to read and the money to spend to take a course of reading in Cardinal Wiseman's diversified library. The amount of delightful and varied literature contained in those wonderful treatises on religion, art, science, history, taste, is incomparable. The publisher who shall undertake the issue of a popular series of this great literary treasure will deserve the gratitude of the whole Catholic world.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

### DESCRIPTION THAT TOUCHES THE SUBLIME.

The description given by the daily papers of the religious ceremonies on the occasion of Lord Russell's funeral were, from a Catholic point of view, remarkably unobjectionable, so much so that some of the Protestants "religious" papers have shown displeasure. We give a portion of the Daily Telegraph's description, which really touched the sublime.

"They kept strange vigils with Catholic fidelity to the dead who watched all night beside the coffin of the Lord Chief Justice while the four high tapers round the catafalque flickered upon the ghostly shadows of the vast nave, and the silent mystery of the altar was touched with sanctuary gleams. Until those obscure hours when all prayers are sighs were penetrated by the dawn the great Oratory was the solemn vestibule of eternity. This was the prelude to the Requiem for Lord Russell of Killowen yesterday. To the Catholic Church her departed are but the higher presences of the unseen congregation. They underwent the ceremony of death to enter upon the parallel life of the imperishable spirit. In all her thought of them they remain of the human community, and the Requiem Mass is always more than a mourning and an intercession for the peace of the individual soul. It is the dirge of all the earth, the cry of mortality, the appeal of weary generations against the difficult trouble of the world, in which joys are phantasmal or fugitive, while pain abides; it is the expression of all the secular craving of the tired heart for the infinite compensation—for eternal consciousness in immortal rest. The 'Dies Irae,' greatest of all hymns since it first gave utterance to the inmost soul of that most spiritual and mystically imaginative of all centuries—the thirteenth—has been chanted in the same accents for the many generations of mankind springing and harvested, in their succession, like the gathered corn. The service at the Oratory yesterday was a comparatively brief and simple form of a ritual which, in its full grandeur, can be the most sublime and mournful in the world; but it had, nevertheless, the essential emotions, the pathos, the poignancy, inseparable from the Mass for the Dead. The Requiem of retrospect for one is the Requiem of anticipation for all, and implores that perfect peace to which returns forever the desire of the unquiet sons of men."—Catholic Universe, London.

God has made many gracious promises to men; and to encourage sinners to repent assures them of pardon; but He nowhere promises time. That He reserves to Himself and His own disposal.—Facillus Baker.

Never be scandalized at what you see or hear. If you lived among the angels and gave heed to what was going on, many things would seem to you not to be good because you do not understand them.

Pain is necessary to holiness. Suffering is essential to the killing of self-love.—Father Faber.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

AURELIA;  
OR,  
THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE.

PART THIRD—THE VESTAL.  
CHAPTER XVII—CONTINUED.

"What is the matter with you, Regulus?" he asked, "and what has happened?"  
"Nothing worth mentioning, my lord. As I passed through the forum some miserable slaves insulted me. . . . But I would not delay the important news I bring you. . . . Metellus Celer will be in Rome to-morrow. . . . He is in sure hands!"

"Have you witnesses to secure his condemnation?" asked the emperor, with an eagerness which proved that this news did not find him indifferent.  
"Yes, my lord, we have three whose confession leave no doubt as to the intimate relations existing between Metellus Celer and the Vestal. . . . Those three witnesses are: Misticus, the flutist at the sacrifices, the same who corresponded with Lucius Antonius, and who also had in his charge the delivery of the letter which Metellus Celer wrote to you; Gellia, the wife of the same Misticus, and, finally, Paalæstron, the porter-slave of your niece Aurelia."

"No, my lord," replied the informer, with a wicked smile. "But Ravinius is there, and he is a great master in the art of making those speak who wish to preserve an ill-timed silence."  
"Very well, Regulus. This very night I shall converse with a college of Pontiffs. . . . and to-morrow. . . ."  
"My lord," said the informer, interrupting Domitian, "to-night will be the last night of the Saturnalia; during which no sentence can be pronounced. It will be, perhaps, better to wait till to-morrow night. I require this delay, moreover, in order to give you more complete proofs."

"So be it, then," said the emperor, "I shall be to-morrow night in my house in Alba. . . . See which of you will be laid in proper time before the pontiffs, so as to avoid all hesitancy. . . . Go, I rely on your zeal."  
Regulus made an obeisance to the emperor, and left the Palace house, with his heart filled with the first joy he had tasted on that fatal day. Instead of returning home he now sought the shortest road to arrive at the cave, dug into the most rugged side of Mount Regillum, and which served as an habitation for the mysterious Ravinius. It was late in the night when he reached the cave. Ravinius was asleep.  
"Get up! Ravinius, I must speak to you!" cried the informer, shaking him roughly.  
Ravinius growled, pretty much as a bear would if disturbed in his lair, and arising from the wild beast's skin, which served him the purpose of a bed, stood up in all the majesty of his colossal stature.

"It is I, Regulus!" the informer proudly hastened to say.  
Ravinius blew upon the ashes in his hearth and lighted a pine torch which he made fast against the rocky wall of the cave.  
"Here I am," he then replied to Regulus, as he seated himself on a rough bench. "What is it that you wish?"

CHAPTER XVIII.  
THE DEN OF WORMS.

The pine torch lighted two things: the cave of Ravinius, and Ravinius himself. Both were horrible to look at. He was an image of moderate width, but the depth of which, shrouded in darkness, could not be estimated. Rough masonry work, whose stones were blackened by time, or green-coated by ravenous, unpeopled earth, and prevented slides. In whichever direction the eye wandered in this fearful abode, it met not a single familiar article of household furniture, but objects of strange and terrible shape—some snags of wood, others of iron, or of stone. These fearful objects which make one shudder at a look at them, are instruments of torture. It would be difficult to enumerate them all, and we have no desire to entertain the reader with their hideous nomenclature.  
Ravinius is the public executioner, the torturer, the man far from all human beings, rejected by Rome which he is not permitted to inhabit. There never was a more frightful type of ancient barbarity. Over his hairy shoulders, to which hung athletic arms, appeared an enormous head crowned with red hair as coarse and shaggy as that of Caledon's boar.  
No feeling of pity ever softened his savage features, lighted by round eyes that roll vacantly under bushy eyebrows. Ravinius is the embodiment of stupidity, but it is cruelty, not idocy which has destroyed his intellect. The shrieks of suffering can alone rouse him from his apathy. When the victim begs for mercy, he replies by a frightful smile! When the bones, crushed by the instrument of torture, pierce through the flesh, Ravinius is in ecstasies.  
The life of this wretch had passed amidst the tears and groans of victims. Almost every day he was sent for by matrons whose delicate hands would have tired chastising their slaves. He would then strike with such fury that, unless he was stopped, death inevitably followed, as it happened in the case of the unhappy Domitilla.  
Sometimes, also, but much less often, poor wretches were sent to his cave, to be tortured; he marked those days with a white pebble and dreamed of them in his sleep.  
Such was the man whose services Regulus came to secure. Their interview was short and decisive.  
On the evening of the following day, towards the tenth hour, the interior of Ravinius's den was illuminated by the red glare of a large fire. Two aids were already preparing the instruments of torture. Prominent amidst the iron claws, the pincers and the sharp blades heating in this fire, was an iron chair which had been brought to a white heat and emitted sparks.  
Without, the night was dark, and the icy December wind blew furiously. The snow-flakes fell thick and fast, and, swept by the storm, penetrated into the cave, and fell hissing on the red coals.

A chariot stopped at the entrance of the den, and a party of men, alighting from it, entered the gloomy abode of Ravinius. These men, who were pontiffs, accompanied by the scribe who was to take down the depositions of the victims. They were followed by Marcus Regulus. Soon the distant noise of numerous steps, with which mingled occasionally the most heart-rending shrieks, was heard. The victims were approaching. Three walked, borne by vigorous slaves, now halted at the mouth of the cave, and were immediately surrounded by Ravinius and his aids. They drag out their prey and the slaves withdrew.  
Ravinius returns near the fire, carrying in his arms a young woman whose face of terror hid another with his large hand. He drops her on the damp soil of the cave.  
It is Gellia, the graceful, lively little woman. She has fainted.  
Misticus came in next, struggling manfully against one of the torturer's aids. At the sight of his wife, senseless as the flutist, the poor flutist uttered a shriek of rage, and made a desperate effort to free himself. But a fearful blow struck behind his head, stretched him lifeless near Gellia. The aids, picking him up, carried him to the rack placed in readiness in an angle of the cave, and tied him secretly by the hands and feet upon the fearful instrument.  
Finally, Paalæstron made his appearance, led by one of the aids, struggling manfully against the torturer's aids. He walked submissively, but staggering like a drunken man, not understanding why he was brought there, and scarcely able to see what was going on around him.  
A few wandering eyes at last rested upon Regulus, whom he recognized by the lurid glare of the fire. At this sight, his chest heaved convulsively, his teeth chattered, but fear paralyzed his tongue. He knew now where he was, and who had brought him there. Another glance had shown him Ravinius, the public executioner, the fearful spectre that haunted the dreams of slaves.  
A few hours before, Paalæstron was sitting in his lodge, thinking of the glorious Saturnalia which could return only in another year; and thinking also, perhaps, with grim joy of the vengeance wreaked upon Marcus Regulus. Suddenly, armed men entered his lodge, struck the neck of his feters, mark of his bondage, and proceeded to bind his wrists. He invoked the name of his noble mistress, whose house was thus forcibly entered; but the men replied that they acted by order of the emperor, and that the poor slave dared not resist the supreme authority.  
It was also in the name of the emperor that Misticus and Gellia were ordered to enter the separate litters in which they had been brought. Gellia felt a fearful presentiment that Misticus, who seemed to feel only his wife's pain.  
"Misticus, my dear Misticus! is it not to you I owe my life and happiness?" she exclaimed, with a voice that lost all hope, commenced to show an admirable courage.  
"Confess! confess what you know, and the torture will stop!" said the pontiff.  
"You are monsters!" replied Gellia, growing calmly. "It is a good time to stop, when my poor crushed feet will never bear me up any more! Do what you will with me, now! I know nothing! You cannot wrench a single word of falsehood from me!"  
This increased the pressure of the clogs to such an extent that the unfortunate little woman writhed with pain and uttered fearful shrieks, but she still repeated with energy: "I shall say nothing! I will not lie! It shall not be said that I have been an accomplice in your crimes!"  
Misticus, although bound fast, was making tremendous efforts to come to his wife's assistance.  
"My lords, my lords," cried the unfortunate Misticus, and his voice would have moved a wild beast. "I call the gods to witness! Gellia knows nothing. Cease torturing her. I alone receive the pain in those exhausted bodies which hardly preserved strength enough to write under the burning embrace of the heated iron instruments."  
Helvius Agrippa, as Dion Cassius testifies, could bear no longer the sight of this fearful agony, and dropped dead from sheer horror.  
This incident did not stop the cruel work. Ravinius and his men called in aid all their ingenuity, while Marcus Regulus and the pontiffs, bending over the dying victims, listened eagerly for their last words. But their lips clenched in the last throes of death, now uttered but faint groans. Misticus, however, made a supreme effort.  
"Save Gellia!" he said faintly, "save Gellia! I am going to confess."  
"Misticus! Misticus!" cried the brave young woman, gathering the little strength that was left in her for this noble appeal, "my body is but a crushed, bleeding mass, you cannot save me! Do not give those monsters the satisfaction of having uselessly vanquished us. I am dying. Farewell. . . . dear husband."  
"She is dead!" exclaimed the pontiff. Misticus uttered a cry of rage, and expired, hearing a last curse at his torturer's hands.  
Ravinius could gloat over his work. Four dead bodies were lying at his feet. Marcus Regulus and the pontiffs got into their chariot and hastened to meet Domitian, who awaited them with the college of pontiffs to decide upon this serious religious accusation.  
This is all that was ever known concerning the manner in which Cornelia's death was resolved on that fatal night.

CHAPTER XIX.  
CLEMENS CALLS ON GURGES.

The venerable pontiff of the Christians was kneeling in prayer before the image of the Crucified Saviour, when two young women, panting with haste and emotion, and their faces bathed with tears, entered precipitately his humble abode.  
"My lord! my lord! . . . Save the Grand Vestal! She has been executed! . . . The sentence is being executed! . . . She will perish!"  
Thus spoke, together, Aurelia and Cecilia, for it was they who had sought the venerable Clemens.  
"My lord! my lord!" repeated the former as she embraced the pontiff's feet; "save Cornelia! . . . Save her who has been a mother to me! . . . Oh, save her, my lord!" said the holy priest, "it is God alone to whom we must pray kneeling! . . . What?" he resumed, "can it be that they have pronounced that barbarous sentence?"  
Clemens, since his interview with the Grand Vestal, watched over her with fatherly solicitude. He foresaw that the day was not far when he should hear of her condemnation. He was not surprised, therefore, at this news, although the march of events had been so rapid that he would be no soon called upon to keep the promise made to her for whom he implored the assistance of heaven.  
"My lord! . . . she is in the hands of the pontiffs, exclaimed the diseased Aurelia, and her head for the first time to the God of the Christians.  
"After a short invocation, the pontiff arose, and taking his pilgrim's staff, prepared to depart.  
"Madam," he said to Aurelia, "return to your home, and let hopes follow your execution which all Rome will witness. . . . But I shall give back to you the friend whose life you came to seek me."  
"What has happened?" asked Cecilia.  
"My daughter, it is important that I should be completely informed. Conceal nothing from me."  
"Father," replied the young woman, "for several days past my noble mistress and I have not left the Grand Vestal, who was continually in prey to the most sinister forebodings. Yesterday these sad presentiments increased so fearfully that we remained with her the whole night. . . . Alas! her involuntary terror was but too well founded!  
"I spoke to her of you, Father, and of the strength with which you had clothed you; but she said your hopes were vain. . . . and that if she were to fall into the abyss, your hands would be powerless to rescue her. I endeavored to drive away those thoughts of bitter despair by the best way I could. . . . I read to her passages from our sacred books, where Christian souls find comfort in learning resignation. . . . My noble mistress united her efforts with mine. . . . She spoke of your influence near the emperor, whose beloved niece she was."  
"I believed it! . . . Oh, yes, I believed it! . . . but it is not so!"  
"I interrupted Aurelia, and her eyes were glistening with emotion and wounded pride.  
"But," resumed Cecilia, "it was impossible to soothe the involuntary anguish which now and then caused the unfortunate Vestal to start and shudder. At such times she would descend upon us from a dull sky, which was nearly always gray and veiled with curtains of lead.  
"One morning during my watch the steersman came to me and said: "There is a sampan, captain, that has just come into the bay, and which seems to be trying to speak to us."  
"Ah, who is in it?"  
Before replying he looked again through his glass.  
"Here is, captain, a kind of priest, Chinese or I don't know what, who is seated alone at the stern."  
"The sampan advanced over the sluggish, oily, warm water without haste and without noise. A yellow faced young girl, clad in a black dress, stood erect and paddled the boat bringing us this ambiguous visitor, who wore the costume, the headdress and the round spectacles of the priests of Annam, but whose beard and whose astonishing face were not at all Asiatic."  
"He came on board and addressed me in French, speaking in a dull and timid way.  
"I am a missionary," he said, "from Lorraine, but I have lived for more than thirty years in a village six hours' march from here, in the country, where all the people have been converted to Christianity. I wish to speak to the commandant and ask for aid from him. The rebels are threatening us, and are already very near. All my parishioners will be massacred, it is certain, if some one does not come promptly to our aid."  
"Alas! the commandant was obliged to refuse aid. All the men and guns that we had been sent to another place, and there remained on board just enough sailors to guard the vessel; truly, we could do nothing for those parishioners 'over there.' They must be given up as lost.  
"The overwhelming noonday hour had arrived, the daily torpor that suspended all life. The little sampan and the young girl had returned to land, disappearing in the unhealthy vegetation on the bank; and the missionary had, naturally enough, staid with us, a little taciturn, but not recriminative. The poor man did not appear brilliant during the luncheon he shared with us. He had become such an Ananias that any conversation with him seemed difficult. After the coffee, when the cigarettes appeared, he seemed to wake up, and asked for French tobacco to fill his pipe; for twenty years, he said, a like pleasure had been refused him. Then, excusing himself, because of his long journey, he sank back on his cushion.  
"And to think that, without doubt, we should have to keep with us for several months this unforseen guest that heaven had sent us! It was without enthusiasm, I assure you, that one of us went to him to announce on the part of the commandant: "You have prepared a room for you, Father. It goes without saying

that you will be one of us until the day when we can land you in a safe place."  
He did not seem to understand.  
"But I was only waiting until nightfall to ask you to send me to the end of the bay in a small boat. Before night you can surely have me put on shore, can you not?" he asked unobtrusively.  
"Landed! And what will you do on land?"  
"I will return to my village," he said, with sublime simplicity. "I could not sleep here, you know. The attack might be made to-night."  
This man, who had seemed so vulgar at first, grew larger at every word, and we surrounded him, charmed and curious.  
"But it is you, Father, who will be most in danger."  
"That is very likely," he replied, as tranquilly as an ancient martyr.  
Ten of his parishioners would wait for him on the shore at sunset. At nightfall, all together, they would return to the threatened village, and then, at the will of God!  
And as they urged him to stay—because to go was to go to certain death, to some atrocious Chinese death—this return, after aid had been refused, he became indignant, gently but obstinately and unchangeably, without long words and without anger.  
"It is I who converted them, and you wish me to abandon them when they are persecuted for their faith? But they are my children!"  
With a certain emotion, the officers of the watch had one of the ship's boats prepared to take him to shore, and we all shook hands with him when he went away. Always quiet and now insignificant again, he confided to us a letter for an aged relative in Lorraine, took a little French tobacco, and went his way.  
And as the twilight fell, we watched in silence over the heavy, warm water the silhouette of this apostle going so simply to his obscure martyrdom.  
We got ready to leave the following week, I forget to where, and from this time on events gave no rest. We never heard more of him, and I think for my part that I would never have thought of him again if Mgr. Morel, director of the Catholic missions, had not insisted one day that I write a little missionary story.

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A CHINESE WAR STORY.

Pierre Loti writes the following striking story of a French missionary in China. It is translated by Katherine Head for The Outlook:  
In the sinister yellow country of the extreme Orient, during the worst period of the war, our boat, a heavy iron clad, was stationed for weeks at her post in the blockade in a bay on the coast.  
With the neighboring country, with its impossible green mountains, and its rice fields like velvet prairies, we had almost no communication. The inhabitants of the villages or the woods stayed at home, defiant or hostile. An overwhelming fear descended upon us from a dull sky, which was nearly always gray and veiled with curtains of lead.  
One morning during my watch the steersman came to me and said: "There is a sampan, captain, that has just come into the bay, and which seems to be trying to speak to us."  
"Ah, who is in it?"  
Before replying he looked again through his glass.  
"Here is, captain, a kind of priest, Chinese or I don't know what, who is seated alone at the stern."  
"The sampan advanced over the sluggish, oily, warm water without haste and without noise. A yellow faced young girl, clad in a black dress, stood erect and paddled the boat bringing us this ambiguous visitor, who wore the costume, the headdress and the round spectacles of the priests of Annam, but whose beard and whose astonishing face were not at all Asiatic."  
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"Alas! the commandant was obliged to refuse aid. All the men and guns that we had been sent to another place, and there remained on board just enough sailors to guard the vessel; truly, we could do nothing for those parishioners 'over there.' They must be given up as lost.  
"The overwhelming noonday hour had arrived, the daily torpor that suspended all life. The little sampan and the young girl had returned to land, disappearing in the unhealthy vegetation on the bank; and the missionary had, naturally enough, staid with us, a little taciturn, but not recriminative. The poor man did not appear brilliant during the luncheon he shared with us. He had become such an Ananias that any conversation with him seemed difficult. After the coffee, when the cigarettes appeared, he seemed to wake up, and asked for French tobacco to fill his pipe; for twenty years, he said, a like pleasure had been refused him. Then, excusing himself, because of his long journey, he sank back on his cushion.  
"And to think that, without doubt, we should have to keep with us for several months this unforseen guest that heaven had sent us! It was without enthusiasm, I assure you, that one of us went to him to announce on the part of the commandant: "You have prepared a room for you, Father. It goes without saying

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THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

They that know the Sacred Heart know God; they that love the Sacred Heart love God.  
When the enemy excites disturbance in your soul, go and seek your peace in the Heart of Jesus by acts of love and abandonment.  
True love of the Sacred Heart is shown by the recognition of His love.  
If you are in trouble and disquietude, the Divine Heart is an abyss of peace, and this peace it will impart to you.—Blessed Margaret Mary.  
There was not a beat of the Sacred Heart of Jesus which was not an act of love for us.  
When one is at the feet of Jesus, one is very near His Heart.  
The true disciple of the Sacred Heart of Jesus will learn from Him the submission and resignation which characterized His every action. One might begin in a very simple manner to imitate the virtues of the Sacred Heart by repressing every appearance of repugnance or weariness.  
How good it is to dwell within the Heart of Jesus! Let us not allow ourselves to be torn thence, for it was written of Him: "Those who depart from Thee shall be written upon earth." But what will become of those who approach Thee? Teach us Thyself. Thou sayest to those who approach: "Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—St. Bernard.  
God has created us with a free will; we can accept Him or reject Him, and in these latter days unfolded to the sinful world the treasures of His Sacred Heart. We can either receive them, and through them receive all the graces and blessings necessary to our welfare here and throughout eternity, or we can reject them and be miserable in this world, and the next. There is no middle way at the present time, between serving the love of Jesus Christ and betraying Him. The only choice left us before the Sacred Heart of Jesus is to be His minister or His adversary, an apostle or an apostate. "If any man love not our Lord Jesus Christ let him be anathema." (1 Cor. xvi. 22.)

WHERE WE ERR.

There is a charge against us that in spite of the severe discipline of the Church we are no better, and perhaps less respectable, than others who have no supernatural helps to virtue. Although men sometimes judge only externally, there is nevertheless something in this objection. Briefly stated, the answer to it is this: All the helps to virtue which the Church extends to us for use can through ignorance be abused and even wrongly used as substitutes for active individual exertion. Strangers are disgusted when they find us partaking of the sacraments and attending holy mass, and then slipping back again into our old habits of dishonesty or intemperance. Men err when they believe natural vigilance is enough to conquer sin, and they err perhaps quite as much when they forget that the instruments of grace were given not to destroy personal effort, but to develop it. Of what use is the sacrament of penance if we do not in union with it exercise strenuous personal exertion in eradicating an inveterate habit?

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# THE RESTORATION OF THE MASS.

In the Church of England.

From the Monitor and New Era, August 10.

One of the greatest and most fundamental religious changes that was made at the Reformation in England was the substitution of the Communion Service for the Mass, to use the phrase which was so often on the lips of the leading Reformers, and anyone that chooses to compare the service of the Mass in the Roman Missal, which is now used in the Catholic Church in England (and which is identical, save in a few unimportant details, with those used in England before the Reformation) with the Communion Service or "Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper," as its title runs, in the Book of Common Prayer, will see at once how wide and far reaching is the difference between the two; it is a difference, not in details, but in root principle. The Mass is, of course, a Communion Service, but it is that and a great deal more; it is also a service of sacrifice, and the idea of sacrifice is quite as prominent in it as the idea of Communion; whereas from the "Administration of the Lord's Supper" the idea of sacrifice is wholly absent, or, if it may be said that there are in the service two allusions to sacrifice, the sacrifice alluded to is something quite different from the sacrifice of the Mass, it is in one case merely the aims of the congregation, and perhaps the unconsecrated bread and wine, of which God's acceptance is asked, and in the other case the sacrifice is "prayer and thanksgiving" or "ourselves, our souls and bodies." This is only what would be expected by anyone acquainted with the views of those who were responsible for the compilation of the Book of Common Prayer; they were prepared, or some of them were, to admit the idea of a sacrifice or oblation of the fruits of the earth (though in fact they made no mention of any "oblations" in the earlier editions, and the word was not put into the Communion Service till 1662), and even Luther, violently opposed to the Mass, made frequent use of the phrase "Sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving," and its use in the Book of Common Prayer can be traced to his influence. But the Eucharistic Sacrifice, or Sacrifice of the Mass, the idea of which runs all through the Catholic service, is something quite different, it is nothing else than the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Our Lord, which were and are believed to be objectively present on the altar after the consecration, by which the bread and wine were and are believed to be miraculously changed, though the change is not visible to the senses. It was against this idea, against that is to say, the doctrines of the Real Presence, or Transubstantiation, and of the Sacrifice of the Mass, that the most vehement attacks of all the Reformers were directed; all the discussions turned mainly off this point, and the Mass was denounced as idolatrous and blasphemous in the strongest language that has ever been used in religious controversy. To get rid of it, and put in its place a Communion Service and nothing more, which should contain no idea of Transubstantiation or of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, was the chief aim of the Reformers, headed by such men as Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and Hooper, and in this aim they entirely succeeded. In the Reformation controversies, by the way, no distinction was ever made by either side between the "Real Presence" and "Transubstantiation." Catholics and Protestants alike recognised the terms as synonymous, and both also recognised the undoubted fact that Transubstantiation, in exactly the same sense as it is taught now in the Catholic Church, had been in England as elsewhere, part of the official teaching of the Church, since its definition by the Fourth Lateran Council in 1215.

The first English Communion Service was published in 1549 in the first edition of the Book of Common Prayer, generally known as the First Prayer Book of Edward VI; it was founded almost entirely on Luther's Communion Service, or "Mass," as he called it, with the exception of an original composition, and the word "Mass" was retained as a sub-title; it was described as "The Order for the administration of the Holy Communion commonly called the Mass." Being practically Luther in tendency, that is to say, while every trace of the Eucharistic Sacrifice was carefully eliminated from it, even to such primitive and almost universal practices as the fraction of the Host and the commixture (because Luther denied the Eucharistic Sacrifice) and in that important respect it differed entirely from the old Mass, it was, nevertheless, perhaps barely patient of an interpretation in accordance with the teaching of the Catholic Church on the Real Presence (as Gardiner attempted to prove), because Luther did not profess to deny the Real Presence, what he did was to define it in a way of his own; his theory on this point which he called "Consubstantiation," was soon discarded in England, and the main theories about the Eucharist apart from the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation, became the Calvinist, or Receptionist, and the Zwinglian; the Calvinist theory maintains that the Body and Blood of Christ are present only in the hearts of the worthy and faithful recipients of the consecrated bread and wine, which remain after consecration just what they were before; this became the doctrine of the old High Church party in the

Church of England, of such men as Guest, Bancroft, Laud, Andrews, Coste, Sancroft, Kenn, and later of Koble (in his earlier days) who concisely and perfectly expressed the doctrine of the school in his famous lines:—

"there present in the heart,  
"Not in the hands, the eternal Priest  
"Doth His true Self impart."

The Zwinglian doctrine on the other hand became that of the Low Church party, it is that the bread and wine are mere symbols and no more, and that those who receive them worthily and with faith derive the same benefits as if they had actually received the Body and Blood of Christ. According to this doctrine, the Eucharist is, as a clergyman of the Church of England not long ago expressed his belief that it was, the "bare memorial of an absent Lord." The philosophically minded person will see that these two doctrines amount to much the same in the end; even the Church Times has discovered and declared in a leading article, that there is practically little difference between its own idea of the Eucharist and that of the well-known Evangelical, Mr. Webb Pope; both doctrines have been tersely described by Catholics as the "Real Absence."

The 28th Article and the Church Catechism teach the Calvinist rather than the Zwinglian view. The first Prayer Book of Edward VI, was in use for only three years, it never satisfied the Reformers, who were either Calvinist or Zwinglian in their views on the Eucharist, and it was regarded by them merely as a stepping stone; it was supplanted in 1552 by the Second Prayer Book of Edward VI, the Communion Service in which was identical, except in two or three unimportant details, with the Communion Service in the Book of Common Prayer now in use, which is that issued in 1662. The object of the revision in 1552 was to remove any trace of the doctrine of the Real Presence, the idea of Sacrifice having been already got rid of, and the main influence in the revision was that of Martin Bucer, who had become the mentor of Cranmer, and held Calvinistic views on the Eucharist. The Communion Service compiled under Bucer's influence was to be patient either of a Calvinistic or Zwinglian interpretation, while rigidly excluding any Catholic or even Lutheran interpretation, and everything that Gardiner had fixed on the Book of 1549 as patient of Catholic doctrine, was swept away or altered. The Calvinistic tendency had been already apparent in the first Prayer Book, thus for instance the phrase in the Missal in reference to the bread and wine "that it may be made for us the Body and Blood of Thy most Blessed Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ" had been significantly altered into "that it may be to us," a very different request, as Cranmer was careful to point out. In 1552 such phrases were discarded altogether, and the Calvinistic (or Zwinglian) idea is plainly expressed in the consecration prayer when it is asked "that we receiving these Thy creatures of bread and wine may be partakers of His Most Blessed Body and Blood." The first Communion service did resemble the Liturgy of the Mass in many respects, though the main idea of the Mass had been removed from it, it followed the same order for instance, but the present Anglican Communion Service bears no resemblance to the liturgy of the Mass, its order and arrangement are totally different, and indeed quite unlike any liturgy previously used in any part of the world; the Creed, the "Gloria in Excelsis," the part of the "Sanctus" and Preface, and a few expressions here and there, may be traced to the Mass via Luther and Bucer, but otherwise it was a brand new service, radically different in every way from anything that had gone before, though strongly resembling the Communion services of the Helvetic Protestants. The significance of the change is well brought out by a change that was made in the rubrical directions. The belief in Transubstantiation, of course, necessitates the utmost care with regard to the consecrated species, and in the Mass careful provision is made for the "oblations," i. e., the reverent consumption of what remains of the consecrated species, and the ceremonial cleansing of the vessels which have been used. The first Prayer Book made no provision for the ablutions, and there has never been any provision made subsequently in the Communion Service, but the first Prayer Book did contain a rubric ordering the officiating minister only to consecrate as much bread and wine, as he thought would be sufficient for the number of communicants and no more. This rubric was omitted in the Second Prayer Book, at Bucer's instigation, and another inserted at the end of the service which ordered that the curate, (i. e., incumbent), should have to his own use all that was left of the bread and wine after the service.

Whether consecrated or not. There is reason to believe that this was done intentionally with the object of denying Transubstantiation and insisting that no change took place and it was the custom for at least a century for the majority in the clergy to consecrate a large amount and take home for personal consumption as ordinary food what was left. An attempt was made in 1662 to stop this by a rubric ordering the officiant to call up some of the Communicants to consume what was left of this consecrated bread and wine (a direction also incompatible with a belief in the Objective Presence); but, in spite of that rubric, the old practice encouraged by the compilers of the Second Prayer Book continued down to our own time, and is probably not yet extinct. More-

over, Cœlin though he was responsible for the present rubric justified the practice of allowing the curate to have the remnant of the consecrated elements for domestic consumption, on the ground that "the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ do not remain longer than the holy action itself remains, for which the bread and wine was hallowed; and which, being ended, return to their former use again,"—a statement incompatible with any belief in an Objective Presence.

So much has been said to make clear the difference between the Mass and the Communion Service, and the great change that was involved in the substitution of the latter for the former. During the last fifty years opinion in the Church of England has greatly changed; a large majority (sic) of the Anglican clergy now hold and teach the doctrine of Transubstantiation and the Sacrifice of the Mass, and such clergymen are naturally not satisfied with the Anglican Communion Service. At first they were contented with introducing into the Church of England the vestments, ceremonies, and outward accompaniments of the Mass, all of which were discarded with the Mass itself at the Reformation. But they have gone much further. In hundreds perhaps thousands of Anglican churches the Mass has been restored, the actual liturgy itself, that is to say, either wholly or in part, and the prayers expressing the Eucharistic Sacrifice and the Real Presence, which the Reformers abhorred, are said privately by the officiating clergyman in those long pauses, which always occur in the Communion Service in a ritualistic church, and which worshippers often find so inexplicable. At a choral service this is less noticeable, because the prayers from the Mass are said while the choir is singing but anyone who attends a "low celebration" at a ritualistic church will notice the frequent pauses, during which the officiating minister interpolates some portion of the Mass into the Communion Service. This growing practice has naturally led to a demand for Missals or Mass books, and this demand has been liberally supplied. The Anglican Missals are sometimes, but not always, called by that name, but, by whatever name they are called, they all alike contain a composite service consisting of the Catholic Mass and the Anglican Communion Service dovetailed together; first a bit of the Mass, then a bit of the Communion Service, then another bit of the Mass, and then another bit of the Communion Service and so on, the Mass, of course, to be said privately and the Communion Service publicly. In some cases the whole of the Mass is interpolated, in others only parts; when only part is given the favorite parts are the preparation prayers from the beginning of the service, the prayers at the Offertory (entirely omitted even from the first prayer-book), and the greater part of the Canon of the Mass, which, of course, contains frequent allusions to the sacrifice, and also a prayer for the dead, another particularly obnoxious feature in the eyes of the Reformers, who struck out of the Book of Common Prayer in 1552 every trace of prayer for the dead.

One of the earliest books of this kind is called "The Rites of the Altar," another called "The Ritual of the Altar," was edited by Mr. Olby Shipley, who afterwards became a Catholic, and yet another by the Rev. A. Stapleton Barnes, now also a Catholic priest. But perhaps the most complete of all is a "Missal," published by Messrs. Rivington and Percival for a committee of clergymen connected with the now defunct "Society of St. Osmund," which, although it costs two guineas in unbound sheets, has had a large sale. This book contains the whole of the Mass according to the Use of Sarum, i. e., as used in the Diocese of Salisbury before the Reformation, which is almost exactly the same as that used in the Catholic Church now, and was the liturgy of the Mass best known to the Reformers; every word of the Catholic liturgy is printed and dovetailed with the Anglican Communion Service as we have described. And, in addition, all the special Catholic services for the week before Easter, swept away at the Reformation, are given; these include the service for the blessing and procession of palms on Palm Sunday, for the placing of the reserved sacrament in the "sepulchre" and ceremonial washing of the altar on Maundy Thursday, the "Mass of the Pre-sanctified" (i. e., Mass with the reserved sacrament) on Good Friday, and the blessing of fire, of the paschal candle, of the font, holy water, etc., on Hely Saturday, or Easter Eve. These services are used in many Anglican churches. The book also contains all the Introits, graduals, secret prayers, communions, and post communions for the various days of the year, i. e., certain variable parts of the Mass which have no counterpart in the Communion Service, and, in addition, a large number of collects, epistles and gospels from the Missal for days for which no service is provided in the Book of Common Prayer. These days include the "Black letter" saints' days in the Prayer-book Calendar (which was inserted in 1602 because they served as dates at that time, when they were more often used than the days of the month), and also feasts done away with at the Reformation, and not mentioned in the Prayer-Book at all, such as the feast of St. Thomas a Becket, Corpus Christi (the festival constituted in the 13th century in honor of the doctrine of Transubstantiation), and the Assumption of Our Lady. Full provision is also made for Masses for the Dead and all the Votive Masses.

Certain parts of the Missal were used recently even publicly used; the

collect, epistle and gospel must, for instance, be said aloud, a proper preface from the Missal was often used aloud, and at choral services the choir sang the Introit, Gradual, etc., from the Missal, and sometimes the Kyrie. It was a common practice to omit the Commandments, and even the Creed and "Gloria in Excelsis" are often omitted when they are ordered in the Missal not to be used, though the Prayer-Book does not contemplate or allow their omission at any time; if this is done, and the Collect, Epistle and Gospel are taken from the Missal and not from the Prayer-Book, the result is a composite service which is not the Mass and not the Communion Service. No wonder that the Church Times once described the service in a prominent London church as a "polyglot Mass," that a visitor to another church was told by his neighbor, who saw him searching his Prayer-Book in vain, "You will not find that book of much use here, sir; allow me to lend you this little manual." This open disregard of the Book of Common Prayer has been, however, for the most part, discontinued at the request of the Anglican Bishops.

Whatever may be thought as to the desirability or otherwise of these voluminous additions to the Anglican Communion service, there can be no question as to its being desirable that their full significance should be understood. As to whether they can be defended or not I am not at present concerned to enquire; but it is fair to say that the defence usually put forward by extreme High Churchmen is the plausible one that a clergyman has a right to use in church what private prayers he pleases. That may be so in the Church of England, but such an admission will carry us a long way; certainly in the Catholic Church no such contention would be admitted for a moment, and if a priest were discovered to be in the habit of privately interpolating the Anglican Communion service into the Mass he would be severely dealt with; the contingency is not likely to arise. Moreover, it may be remarked that the most important parts of the Mass are always said "privately" in the Catholic Church. The significance of this growing practice in the Church of England (and it is steadily growing) lies in the fact that the only object of using prayers and ceremonies from the Missal is to supply the admitted deficiencies of the Anglican Communion Service with regard to the doctrine of Transubstantiation and the sacrifice of the Mass, and to emphasise those doctrines. To an ordinary person it is difficult to reconcile this practice with the loud and oft-repeated protestations that the Anglican communion service is the Mass under another name, and contains all the essentials of the Catholic Mass. In any case, the significance of the restoration by individual clergyman of prayers and ceremonies that the Church of England has deliberately rejected can hardly be exaggerated. The preparatory prayers of the Mass include the XIII. Psalm containing the words, "I will go unto the altar of God," a form of confession in which the Blessed Virgin Mary and the saints are confessed to, and two prayers including appeals to the merits of the saints. All these were naturally rejected by the compilers of the book of common prayer. All these prayers are used habitually, as has been said, by a large number of Anglican clergymen. The prayers at the "Offertory" in the Catholic Mass are all of a distinctly sacrificial character; they were, therefore, all rejected by the Reformers, and the "Offertory" itself was entirely done away with, the clergyman being instructed to place the bread and wine on the table without any ceremony or prayer. All these prayers are now restored in an unauthorized manner, and the old prayers, "So let our Sacrifice be in Thy sight that it may be pleasing to Thee," and the invocation of the Holy Spirit, "Bless this Sacrifice prepared for Thy holy name," are said. The "Lavabo," or ceremonial washing of the hands, and the use of incense were also omitted on account of their sacrificial significance; they have been restored in the books we have mentioned. The same importance attaches to the commemoration of the Saints and request for their prayers, the prayer that the elements may "be made the Body and Blood" of Our Lord, the prayer "we offer to Thy glorious Majesty . . . a pure Host, a holy Host, an unspotted Host," the prayer for the dead, the frequent reference to the consecrated elements as "the Body and Blood of Christ" simply: all these were swept away at the Reformation on account of the doctrines they involved, all have been restored by the "advanced" clergy.

And so it is with regard to the ceremonies and gestures, the solemn lifting up of the paten and chalice at the Offertory, the frequent signing of the Cross, the kissing of the altar, the elevation of the consecrated wafer and chalice, the genuflecting or kneeling of the celebrant immediately after the words of consecration, the very attitude of "sacrificing" priest in which he is ordered to stand, the solemn breaking of the Host, and the dipping of it in the chalice, all these usages plainly set forth the doctrine of Transubstantiation and the sacrificial aspect of the whole action; and, therefore, were they deliberately rejected at the Reformation. That they should be restored by individual clergymen under the guise of "private prayers," is, to say the least, a strong measure. In some cases the rubrics of the Missal (which are given in full in the book published by Messrs. Rivington), actually conflict with the rubrics of the Anglican Communion Service; in such cases the editors prefer the rubrics of the Missal. Thus, at the consecration the instructions of the Book of

Common Prayer are set aside altogether, and those of the Missal take their place, and whereas the Book of Common Prayer orders the officiating minister to break the bread before the words of consecration are said, the imitation Missal, like its genuine prototype, orders the "fraction of the Host and the Commixture," after the consecration, through, as has been said, those ceremonies were omitted even in the Communion Service of 1549. Such liberties can hardly be covered by the excuse of "private prayer."

To Catholics it cannot but be a matter for satisfaction that the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist should have gained such a hold on members of the Church of England, as these facts demonstrate. But, at the same time, they cannot but feel that the making of such far-reaching changes by individuals on their own responsibility is contrary to that principle of authority which is a fundamental principle of Catholicity.

### MISTOOK THE COURTESY.

A very pretty girl who lives in Frankford went to Wilmington the other day with her uncle, says the Reporter's Nosegay.

In the evening she stood on a corner, in front of huge church, waiting for a car. Many laboring men, with empty dinner pails on their arms, were passing on the way home from work, and it touched and pleased the young girl to see how respectfully these honest, brawny fellows bowed and raised their hats to her. "They are but lately come from the mother country," she thought, as she acknowledged with a gracious smile each salutation; "and they think from my appearance that I am some distinguished person—and daughter of senator or governor—and they suppose it is the custom here, as it is at their home, to make obeisance humbly to such as I. It is very pleasant and nice of them," she said to herself, "but I must have acknowledged fifty or sixty bows by this time, and my neck and face are getting tired with so much smiling and nodding." On that account, however, she would not be so rude as to ignore the lowly workmen's bows, and she was working away like Mr. McKelvey reviewing a parade when her uncle, who had stepped into a drug store, rejoined her.

"What in the world are you doing, Marie?" he asked. The young girl explained. "Why, you silly girl," said the uncle, "don't you see it's a Catholic church you're standing in front of? These men are Catholics and it's to their church they are lifting their hats, not to you."


### BAD TEMPER.

Hawthorne remarks anent "Old Maid" Pyncheon's grotesque pride in her want of success as a shopkeeper—she was a gentlewoman of long descent—that it is queer, but nevertheless true, that people are generally quite as vain of their deficiencies as of their available gifts. It is not equally queer and equally true, that people are often as vain of their defects as of their virtues? We have in mind our friend with the bad temper. He confesses its possession in a way which is rather a bid for admiration than a manifestation of compunction. Like a spoiled child, he sometimes flatters himself that it gives him an air of distinction to cultivate what George Eliot call a "dual in calculableness"—and he expects his friends to endure his sudden lapses into ugliness without prejudice to his standing as a good-hearted fellow in the main. One day he treats you with affectionate effusiveness. When next you meet him he impresses you with a crushing sense of your own insignificance. One moment he is all sunshine, the next his brow is clouded. He will do you a good turn to day, but to morrow he repels you with rude words and harsh looks. A man of this kind may be the possessor of many high qualities, but his bad temper obscures them all. It is like the dead fly which, as Scripture says, spoils the sweetness of the ointment. The habit of giving offence "without meaning it" will, if persisted in, leave a man friendless. The good-heartedness that indulges itself in wanton outbreaks of temper may be interesting to students of human nature, but it is not calculated to inspire lasting attachment.—Providence Visitor.

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Advertisements—Ten cents per line each insertion space measurement. Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, the Bishops of Hamilton, Peterborough, and Oshawa, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning. Advertisers must be paid in full before the paper can be sent up.

When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent up.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you, and wishing you success, Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, J. D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Laurias, Apost. Deleg.

London, Saturday, Sept. 22, 1900.

ITALY'S NEW KING

The Roman correspondent of the Catholic Times relates an interesting incident in regard to the justice and mercy of the new King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel III. One of the first decrees signed by the King was an order for the release from prison of a man named Gaetano Scinto, who had been sentenced to death by the criminal court of Trapani on a charge of murder committed in 1865, but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life with hard labor. Notwithstanding numerous petitions by his friends for his release, he has been kept in prison thirty-four years. His children and friends who sent in these petitions were convinced of his innocence. But a short time ago a priest made affidavit before the assizes of Trapani to the effect that a man on his death bed acknowledged that he was himself the murderer, and that Scinto was innocent of the crime. The facts were submitted to the new king and a decree was at once issued for the release of Scinto.

THE EMPRESS TO BLAME

The Rev. W. R. McKibben, a returned missionary from China, asserted in an address recently delivered in the University of Chicago, that the Emperor Kwang Hsu is not at all the rabid enemy of Christianity which many might suppose him to be, judging from recent events in that empire. He is, on the contrary, very favorable to the introduction of Christianity, and he had even asked for and obtained from the missionaries at Peking a Bible that he might study it carefully. He had already obtained some knowledge of the Bible owing to the fact that a Bible in the Chinese language was presented by the Christian Chinese women to the Dowager Empress on her sixtieth birthday, and Kwang Hsu had read it, but he desired to have one for himself. "From that time," says Mr. McKibben, "the movement of reform spread throughout the empire, and had it not been for the empress, China would now have been far on the way to civilization." It is the empress and not the emperor who inaugurated the present persecution of Christians.

A YELLOW JOURNAL.

The Boston Herald recently brought an absurd and silly charge of a new character against the Catholic missionaries in China, stating that it has been their practice, in order that they might become acquainted with Government secrets, to give permission to their converts of high standing to continue to conform outwardly to the heathen religious practices to which they were accustomed, and pretend to be still followers of Confucius or Buddha, while being in reality Catholics.

This hypocrisy, which is in reality a denial of Christ, is not tolerated by Catholic theology, and of course it was not permitted by Catholic missionaries. The Rev. Dr. Traay, diocesan director of the Association for the Propagation of Faith, corrected the Herald's misstatements, and pointed out in two letters to the Herald the impossibility of such a thing having occurred; and after some demur on the part of the Herald, that journal acknowledged that its story was imaginative, and that in refuting the supposed argument used by the Bishop at Peking that Elias had acted similarly toward Naaman when the latter was converted, (4 K. v.)

"We had imagined that in the case referred to, the policy of Elias was adopted

by the Roman Catholic Bishop at Peking for a similar reason."

The permission given by Elias (Elisha) to Naaman was merely to bow down with his master in order to fulfil his official duty by sustaining his master's weight, and not to adore false gods with him, for Naaman solemnly professed his faith:

"I know there is no other God in all truth but only in Israel, and thy servant will not henceforth offer holocaust or victim to other Gods, out to the Lord."

THE BLIGHT IN IRELAND.

Reports come once more from Ireland that the country is threatened with famine owing to a blight on the potato crop. So recently as five weeks ago the accounts of the condition of the crops was very favorable; but the blight has come on suddenly and unexpectedly on account of long continued rains.

We sincerely hope that the reports may be exaggerated; but we regret to be obliged to say that there is good reason to fear that there is too much truth in them. In the counties of Mayo, Cork and Kerry blighted potatoes have been dug in many places, and it is the property of the blight to spread alarmingly when once it appears at all, if the rains continue, especially if the blight appears before Lady-day, August 15, as is the case this year. We hope that the prognostications of ill may not be verified; but Irish papers state that the prospect is most alarming, and the usual preventive, which is the spraying of the potatoes, does not appear to have any effect in preventing the spread of the blight.

POLITICAL PROFESSIONS vs. POLITICAL PRACTICES.

The following appeared in the Globe of the 4th inst., and must have been regarded as of considerable import as it appeared in black face type:

THE LIBERAL LEADER'S WORK. We desire, first and foremost, to render equal justice to all classes of persons and to all portions of Canada; we desire as far as lies in us to make this Canada of ours a united Canada; we do not want only that there should be no distinction in Canada between Roman Catholic and Protestant, Frenchman or Englishman, between the man who speaks one language or the man who speaks another language, or between the man who professes one religion and the man who professes another; but we want to see every man in Canada proud to be a Canadian, and all working together shoulder to shoulder for the benefit of this country each day. Acting upon that view, my friend and leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, took his political life in his hands in 1896, and in opposition to every prejudice which might be supposed to weigh with him, and in opposition, apparently, to every instinct of his own people, he took the position that every province should have the right to manage its own affairs as it deemed best. It was a noble and daring thing for him to do. The triumph Sir Wilfrid Laurier achieved in settling the school question was the greatest achievement of any administration in fifty years—Sir Richard Cartwright at North-west.

These are brave words and high sounding, Sir Richard! But we have heard them or something strongly akin to them before and oft, just prior to every election. The man who utters them and believes in the principles he is proclaiming should endeavor to secure practical application for that which he propounds as a political axiom. We agree there should be no distinction between Catholics and Protestants in this Dominion, and this is what we have been urging and fighting for during the past twenty years.

In our last week's issue we extracted from a pamphlet written by one of the Protestant minority in Montreal the views expressed by the Hon. Edward Blake as to the measure which should be meted out to the minority in Ontario, when in active politics in Canada. He said:

"I freely render to my Roman Catholic fellow countrymen, first, religious freedom, and next, their stipulated rights; but more, I say, being strong, we ought to be what the strong should always be—generous to the weak. Measure full, heaped up and running over is the measure to be given by the strong to the weak; and by so doing we shall exemplify true Christian principles."

When the Hon. Robert Baldwin was the leader of the Liberal party a man's creed formed no barrier to preference. His was not Liberalism in theory only, but a practical application of the principles he professed. And when a Catholic was capable and would do credit to the position the office sought him as freely and with as hearty a recognition as it sought the possessor of any other form of religion. Mr. Baldwin regarded any other mode of bestowing the patronage of the Crown as being the worst form of bastard Liberalism. Equally liberal and fair in his treatment of the Catholics of this Province was Sir Francis Hinks.

We have never claimed that because a man is a Catholic he should therefore be appointed to office. And we would be sorry to see any one elevated to a position he is incapable of filling with credit to himself and the country.

But what has Sir Richard Cartwright and his colleagues in the Government done to obliterate the distinction be-

tween the treatment accorded the Protestant minority in Quebec and the Catholic minority in Ontario? He knows as a member of the Mackenzie administration that the Catholic supporters of that Government were most shamefully treated. He does not recall to be now told that during 1870 and 1871 the Catholics who fought to uphold the principles of the party when the Liberals had nothing to give, and from all indications were not likely to have anything to bestow for many years, were, when the fortunes of the party changed, absolutely forgotten, and those they had been fighting against were the recipients of the Government favors. Was it any wonder that after this shameful treatment the Catholics abandoned Mackenzie and his Government in 1878?

Now, what has Sir Richard and those associated with him in the present administration done towards bringing about that equality in the treatment of the Catholic minority in Ontario with that of the Protestant minority in Quebec? We have again and again given statistics showing that the measure of Protestants in Quebec was "heaped up and running over" as to judicial appointments. It is equally so as to the other offices in the gift of the Crown. And we have shown the niggardly spirit in which the Catholics of Ontario have been treated in appointments to the judiciary, so it is not necessary to enlarge on that. But there are other important offices that appear to be equally beyond the reach of Catholics, such as the Postmasterships and Deputy Postmasters, the Collectorships of Customs and the Deputy Collectorships, the Collectorships of Inland Revenue and the Deputy Collectors, etc., etc. The Catholics, after much worry and turmoil, receive a clerkship here and there with a landing-waitership in the Customs occasionally. THESE ARE CONSIDERED GOOD ENOUGH FOR THEM; AND WE HAVE WHAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE A REPRESENTATIVE IN THE CABINET WHO TUS PERMITS THE CATHOLICS OF THIS PROVINCE TO BE BRANDED WITH THE BRAND OF INFERIORITY. OUT UPON SUCH SUBSERVENCY—SUCH CONSUMMATE FOLLY AS THAT.

THE CHURCH AND KING HUMBERTO.

The Osservatore Romano, treating of the reasons for the permission granted that King Humberto should be buried with the rites of the Church, explains that there were two grave reasons why this permission was given by the ecclesiastical authorities. One was to protest against the execrable crime by which the late King met his death, and the second was still more decisive, inasmuch as the King, especially during the later period of his life, gave unmistakable tokens of religious feeling, so far as even to state in a letter to the Archbishop of Naples that he desired to be reconciled to God during this Holy Year of Jubilee.

Under these circumstances, the Osservatore tells us,

"It is presumed that in the last moments of life, he would have asked the infinite mercy of God, and would not have hesitated to reconcile himself to Him if the opportunity had been within his reach. It is the law of the Church which has been several times declared by the Sacred Penitentiary, that in such cases ecclesiastical burial may be given to a person not otherwise entitled to it, the external pomp being proportioned to the quality of the person."

It follows from this that there was no inconsistency on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities in granting Christian burial to the late king. The Church acts as a merciful mother, and inclines to favor the deceased when signs of penitence are found in their manner of conducting themselves before death, and this was the case with Humberto. Thus the Roman Ritual, which is the principal and authorized rule for the guidance of all priests on such occasions, has the following directions in regard to those to whom ecclesiastical burial should be denied:

"Ecclesiastical burial is refused to those who have been publicly excommunicated with the major excommunication, to manifest and public sinners who die in the state of mortal sin, to those of whom it is publicly known that they have not once in the year received the sacraments of Penance, and the Easter Communion, and have died without any sign of contrition."

Charges of inconsistency have been made against the Church authorities on the present occasion, but the above rules show that there is no ground for any such charges.

The Holy Father has also been blamed for refusing to admit the prayer composed by Queen Margherita to be recited in the churches. We have already pointed out in our columns that this prayer could not be made a liturgical prayer, because it was not issued by the proper authority, which is only the ecclesiastical authority. Besides, it praises King Humberto's supposed virtues to an exagger-

ated degree. We cannot think badly of the amiable and pious Queen Margherita for holding the King, her husband, in very high esteem. But this is a very different matter from the adoption of such a prayer for the universal Church of Christ, or from its formal ecclesiastical approval.

The Osservatore Romano remarks that "it was composed by the Queen in a moment of supreme and comprehensible anguish;" but it was not written in conformity with the laws of the Liturgy, and it was not, therefore, and it can never be approved by the supreme authority of the Church, either as a liturgical prayer, or as a prayer to be used by the faithful.

In fact, those who have blamed the Holy Father for not approving of this prayer would have blamed and ridiculed him if he had actually approved of it, and the ridicule would seem to have been deserved.

We cannot reasonably be surprised at the attitude of the Church in regard to this prayer, nor at the fact that the Pope did not do what the enemies of the Catholic Church would have wished him to do, for we may be sure that they would consider him to have acted reasonably whatever might have been his attitude in regard to this matter.

LYNCH LAW IN ILLINOIS.

One of the results of the universal freedom of opinion claimed by Protestants in religious matters is manifesting itself at Godfrey, Illinois, just north of Alton City, where the Rev. Owen W. Rose, a minister of the Gospel who resides at Sabula, is at present engaged in scouring the country with two bloodhounds and a posse of fifty armed men in search of two negroes whom the pursuers intend to lynch. Mr. Rose requests the authorities not to interfere in case the men are captured, as it is his intention "to string them up by their legs with their heads dangling downwards, and shoot them to death."

We have not noticed that the fugitives have been captured yet, but at the last intelligence they were still at large. The crime for which it is proposed to punish them was indeed a horrible one; but surely their wickedness is not a valid excuse for the Chinese barbarity with which these law breaking Christians propose to inflict punishment.

The negroes were guilty of murdering William Riggs, a brother-in-law to the minister, who is leading the party of avengers, most of whom are members of his flock, whom he has persuaded of the propriety of the peculiar vengeance he intends to wreak on the fugitives when caught.

William Riggs, the murdered man, lived on a farm near Godfrey, and was in a field cutting corn on Friday, Sept. 7, when the two negroes approached and asked for work. He told them he had no work to give, whereupon they demanded his money. He saw at once that he stood no chance in a physical encounter with the two ruffians and handed over to them 50 cents, which was all the money he had in his pocket. As soon as the negroes saw that he had let go his corn-knife, the only weapon he had, they attacked him with razors inflicting on him several horrible gashes, after which they cut circles and other figures around his legs, until growing tired of this diabolical amusement they left him still with life, though in a dying condition. He was able, however, to give the details of the crime to his brother-in-law when the latter found him lying helpless and bleeding an hour and a half later.

It is difficult to find language to express horror for the crime of the two negroes, nevertheless religion and the law of the land alike forbid private individuals from taking into their own hands the punishment of such guilt, and especially so atrocious a punishment as that which has been decided on by the mob of lynchers. It is contrary to all our understanding of the obligations of a Christian for a private person or persons to undertake the punishment of the guilty; and worse to inflict such atrocities as the lynchers propose. Surely if the Christian Church for which and in the name of which the Rev. Mr. Rose officiates, were the well-organized and self-governing body which Christ instituted to be His Church on earth, and to perpetuate the work which He began, it would not for a moment tolerate that one of its ministers should play the part of a public executioner on his own authority, or with authority derived from the lawless mob which recognizes him as its leader. Yet it is only the natural consequence of the lawless principle of Church government that not only each

local sect, but each individual has the inherent authority of forming its own or his own code of Christian morality, for the guidance of its or his moral conduct. The present is only one of innumerable instances of the practical application of the erroneous principle on which Protestantism as a whole is founded; the application of which demoralizes Christian communities.

CELEBRATION OF THE FRENCH CANADIAN SOCIETY OF ARTISANS.

An interesting celebration of the annual festival of the French Canadian Society of Artisans took place in Montreal last week when the association went in procession from their hall at the corner of St. Francis Xavier and Notre Dame streets to the Cathedral of St. James to assist at solemn Mass in a body.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi was absent, but Mgr. Racicot assisted to represent him.

The musical part of the service, under the leadership of Professor Couture, was very fine, and included a number of solos by well known artists. The sermon was preached by the rev. chaplain of one of the branches of the society, on the motto adopted to express the objects of the association, "Justice, Economy, Welfare."

The preacher spoke very forcibly of the evils of intemperance, and of the incalculable injury caused in the community by this vice. Among other things he pointed out that they who are the slaves of intemperance forget everything, including their duties to God, to society, to religion and their country, to their families and to themselves.

"Consider," he said, "how many poor mothers are there who have toiled many years, and made many sacrifices, and have labored incessantly for their children to make them good citizens and good Catholics; and those children have by intemperance made all their mother's labors vain and fruitless. Can it be possible that children can be so ungrateful as thus to reward their mother's care?"

The appeal was most eloquent, and brought tears to many eyes.

The Society of Artisans has become very numerous, having now seventy-five branches throughout the Dominion and the United States, and having on its roll 15,000 members. The occasion of the annual feast was selected for the holding of the second convention of the society at which delegates were in attendance from branches throughout the continent.

THE CHINESE PERSECUTIONS.

At the present moment, while the massacre of Christians, and especially of Christian missionaries is being still perpetrated throughout China, one would suppose that a returned missionary, who has himself escaped from the scene of persecution by flight, when his flock was in danger, would be somewhat backward in incriminating those who have remained at the post of danger for the purpose of giving aid and spiritual consolation to the converts to Christianity to whom they have been the instrument of God in bringing them to a knowledge of the Gospel.

Dr. Percy Leslie is a returned missionary from China, and though he is described as a "medical missionary," he is virtually on the same footing with the reverend missionaries whom he accompanied, and he was, equally with them, sent by the missionary societies in Canada to do missionary work. It is admitted that Presbyterian ordination does not confer any special sacerdotal character, and is only a humanly devised form by which men agree to devote themselves either for life, or for a shorter period to ministerial work, and as Dr. Leslie has devoted himself for a while to missionary work in China he must be regarded as part of the missionary system of the Presbyterian Church of Canada.

We find that in his interview published in the Mail and Empire of Aug. 24th he declared on the authority of an unnamed high Japanese official that there are two causes for the brutal atrocities which have been committed by the Chinese during the persecutions of Christians now raging: one is the "anti foreign sentiment," and the other "the attitude of the Roman Catholic missionaries whom he (Dr. Leslie) personally knew to have departed from missionary work, and got mixed up politically. One way in particular was to offer a man every legal protection if he would join the Church."

We sympathize with Dr. Leslie on account of the sufferings he endured before and during his flight from Honan, but we cannot allow his attempt to excite harsh feeling against the Catholic missionaries in China to

pass without protest. It is well known that both the Jesuit and Franciscan priests, who are the chief Catholic missionaries in China, are men thoroughly devoted to their work of doing good, and the secular clergy who are there scarcely fall short of their religious co-laborers.

The Protestant missions in China all date back within the present half century; and though we fully admit that there are zealous workers among the missionaries, their labors and their sufferings cannot be compared with those of the devoted Catholic missionaries who have been laboring in that field for over six hundred years.

The number of martyred missionaries during this period is beyond estimate, and it is not in keeping with honesty for those who have not been laboring in the same field for half a century to depreciate their work, or to represent it as being carried on in an unworthy manner.

What Dr. Leslie says of the Catholic missionaries in China is totally inconsistent with the usual bearing of Catholic missionaries to heathen lands; but we are aware, and we have already given in our columns instances of an overbearing attitude, such as flourishing revolvers and the like, on the part of certain Protestant missionaries towards the Chinese, and to this may probably be attributed partly the hatred of the Chinese for foreigners, though we are aware that this hatred has arisen chiefly out of the aggressions of European powers on Chinese territory. This much is virtually admitted by Dr. Leslie himself, who said in one of his interviews:

"The trouble in China was not caused in any way by missionaries. It was entirely due to an anti-foreign outbreak. This is shown by the attack on foreign dealers at Canton, men entirely unconnected with the religious enterprises. There was no religious question raised in Honan; but we were attacked because we were foreigners."

There have been many efforts made by sectarian missionaries and their co-religionists in America to throw the blame of the present persecution upon the Catholic missionaries, but without reason, as we have shown before in our columns. The Catholic missionary who goes to preach the gospel in heathen lands always expects to meet hardship, and probably death; but the Protestant missionaries who went to China nearly always took care to have the gun-boats of some European nation or of the United States within call, and loudly they called for them when they feared trouble. At the present moment the missionary societies of America and Great Britain are also calling upon their Governments to send their fleets and armies to China to open up the country to their missionary enterprises and to protect their missionaries. It is unheard of that Catholic missionaries ever sought to preach the Gospel with an army at their back. It is, therefore, only jealousy at the undoubted success of Catholic missions which has led the Presbyterian and Methodist missionaries to raise the outcry that Catholic missionaries are the cause of the present Chinese outbreak against foreigners.

The number of Catholics at present in China is considerably over 600,000. To the thousands of martyrs who have suffered death for preaching the gospel of Christ to the Chinese during the last six centuries and more, many have been added during the recent outbreaks. Among those who have recently suffered in their work of propagating the Gospel there are two Bishops so far as known: Bishop Gullion, Vicar Apostolic of Manchuria, and Bishop Antonio Fantosati of South Honan, the same Province from which Dr. Percy Leslie succeeded in making his escape by flight. Both these prelates were men of eminent sanctity, great learning and wide popularity. We cannot at present estimate the number of priests and lay converts who have likewise gained the crown of martyrdom.

CHINESE TRUTHFULNESS.

The Literary Digest gave recently a translation from Count d'Hennison's narrative of the treatment of some French and English prisoners who were in the hands of the Chinese in 1860, which throws some light upon the curious diplomatic methods of the Chinese, and finds a parallel in the assurance which the Chinese diplomats so readily gave while the foreign legations were being beleaguered in Peking by Boxers and Imperial troops, that the Ministers were "well and safe in Peking," while every effort was being made to slaughter them, and they were saved from massacre only by the almost incredible courage with which they defended themselves against all their assailants.

Li Hung Chang was one of the dip-

lomats who gave most positive and apparently straightforward assurances that the Ministers were safe and were being specially protected by the Chinese Government, though he added the ominous remark that while the Ministers were safe, the other people who were with them were "of no account."

According to Count d'Hennison Prince Kong was informed that there could be no negotiations entered upon until the prisoners, eight Frenchmen and five Englishmen, were given up. Prince Kong said "Yes" but "it was a Chinese yes, which means no more than a Chinese 'no'." The prisoners, he said, were all well, and would be released when peace was declared. Until then they must be kept in Peking as hostages.

The march of the allies was then continued toward Peking, and the Chinese found it necessary to produce the prisoners, and brought five of them to be given up. The count thus describes their condition:

"M. de Lautrec seemed to have grown a head smaller. He was dressed in an old Chinese woman's skirt. His tortured hands had assumed an S shape. He had been fettered with ropes, which, when he complained, were wotted to make them shrink and thus eat deeper into his flesh. Yet while he was thus treated, Prince Kong had written as follows to Baron Gros: 'I have the honor to inform you that I have given orders that M. de Lautrec shall be treated with the greatest consideration and respect. A few days later the rest of the prisoners were turned. We are bringing them, they are all here, peacefully, the little mandarin who walked in front of the vehicle. There was a wild jumble of half rotten and coffin-like skeletons in it. Chinese profligacy demanded that the entire skeletons of those who had been tortured to death should be returned.'"

"SOUUPERISM" IN THE PAPAL CITY.

Pope Leo Denounces Methods Adopted by the Sects to Seduce Poor Catholics of Rome.

Correspondence of the Catholic Standard and Times, Rome, August 25.

While the busy weeks have passed, each in turn crowding out the material data which I had collected afresh in evidence of Protestant "souuperism" in the Papal city, the Holy Father has issued a monumental letter to Cardinal Respighi, the Vicar of Rome. In it he exposes the works and the wickedness of the sectaries in question, furnishes argument and refutation as he proceeds, adds entreaty and appeal to logic, and—incidentally but more than once—utters a bold protest against the painful situation which obliges him to assist as if personally at such distasteful data as respectfully words I may presume to respectfully add a local and humanizing note. He can literally see from his windows to the east the conventicle which has been set up on the Via Cola di Rienzo in one of the most ignorant and poverty-stricken quarters of Rome.

"From the outset of our pontificate," he commences, "we have had occasion to point out as one of the most deplorable evils brought by the new order of things to this capital of the Christian world the active proselytism displayed by heresy, and the consequent peril to which the faith of our people is exposed. And addressing on this subject our Cardinal Vicar (on June 26, 1878, and March 25, 1879) we repeatedly imparted to the faithful exhortations, counsels and warnings, putting them on their guard against the many efforts which sects of all kinds from abroad were here making, under the shelter of the public law, in order to spread in the minds of believers the poison of denial and error."

His words were not without effect. But the evil grows apace. "It is now patent to all, from the evidence of facts, that the design of our people is a manifold emanation of Protestantism, is to set up the standard of religious discord and rebellion in the peninsula, and principally in this Mother City, in which God Himself, by an admirable ordering of events, placed the centre of that fruitful and sublime unity which was the object of the prayer addressed by Our Divine Saviour to His Heavenly Father (Joann. xvii., 11, 21), and which the Pope jealously defended even at the price of their lives, and despite the opposition of men and the vicissitudes of time."

The sects, "not being able to count upon the strength of the truth, avail themselves, for the extinguishing or weakening of the Catholic faith, of the defenceless tenderness of youth, of insufficiency of education, of the privations of indigence and of the simplicity of many who are accessible to flattery, attractions and seductions. Let the missionary boards rebut this sweeping accusation if they are composed of gentlemen and ladies."

"In the face of this fact," the Pontiff immediately continues, "we feel first of all, the need of publicly declaring, as we have done on other occasions, how bitter is the condition of the Head of the Catholic Church, who is constrained to behold the free and advancing continuance of heresy in this Holy City, whence should be spread throughout the entire world the light of truth and of example, and which should be the honored seat of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. As though the torrent of unwholesome teaching and depravity which daily and with impunity proceeds from books, professions, chairs, theatres and journals were not enough, to all these causes of perversion there has been added the insidious activity of heretical men, who, confiding among themselves find agree-

laments who gave most positive and apparently straightforward assurances that the Ministers were safe and were being specially protected by the Chinese Government, though he added the ominous remark that while the Ministers were safe, the other people who were with them were "of no account."

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The march of the allies was then continued toward Pekin, and the Chinese found it necessary to produce the prisoners, and brought five of them to be given up. The count thus describes their condition:

"M. de Lauterac seemed to have grown a head smaller. He was dressed in an old Chinese woman's skirt. His tortured hands had assumed an S shape. He had been fastened with ropes, which, when he complained, were waited to make them shrink, and thus eat deeper into his flesh. Yet while he was thus treated, Prince Kong had written as follows to Baron Gros: 'I have the honor to inform you that I have given orders that M. de Lauterac shall be treated with the greatest consideration and respect.' A few days later the rest of the prisoners were returned. 'We are bringing them, they are all here, pleasantly, the little mandarin who walked in front of the vehicle. There was a wild jumble of half-rotten coffins and coffin-like skeletons in it. Chinese probed demanded that the entire skeletons of those who had been tortured to death should be returned.'

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Correspondence of the Catholic Standard and Times, Rome, August 28.

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His words were not without effect. But the evil grows apace. "It is now patent to all, from the evidence of facts, that the design harbored by these heretical sects, which are a manifold emanation of Protestantism, is to set up the standard of religious discord and rebellion in the peninsula, and principally in this Mother City, in which God Himself, by an admirable ordering of events, placed the centre of that fruitful and sublime unity which was the object of the prayer addressed by Our Divine Saviour to His Heavenly Father (Joann. xvii., 11, 21), and which the Popes jealously defended even at the price of their lives, and despite the opposition of men and the vicissitudes of time.

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ment only in trampling the supreme pontifical authority, the Catholic clergy and the dogmas of our holy religion, the significance and still, more the august beauty of which they are unable to understand. On this account the faithful, who from all parts of the world, even the remotest, come on pilgrimage to Rome in order to find here comfort for their piety and their faith, are deeply saddened at seeing this soil, which has been bathed with the blood of the martyrs, invaded by sects of every kind, intent only upon uprooting from the souls of the people that religion which, none the less, has been declared the religion of the State and which is the principal object of their love and veneration.

"You will readily understand, my Lord Cardinal, how bitter this state of things is to our heart, and how lively is our desire to see appropriate remedies applied, and such as may avail, if not to altogether remove the evil, at least to lessen its gravity and bitterness. And it is for this purpose that we received great consolation from an excellent work, to which we ourselves gave inspiration and impulse, which is called that of the 'Preservation of the Faith,' and still more from the good results which it has begun to give owing to the untiring zeal of those who direct it or belong to it."

After recommending it, the Pope proceeds: "Let all strive to fortify the character of the Catholic people by inspiring noble and holy resolutions and at the same time by warning the incautious that under the harmless guise of colleges for boys, seminaries for girls, schools of foreign languages, superior education and help to needy families there is hidden the wicked design of insinuating in minds and hearts the proscribed principles of heresy. Let the faithful be convinced of this truth, that nothing can be greater or more precious than the treasure of that faith for which their fathers fearlessly faced not only want and misery, but often violent persecution and death itself. And this feeling of strength cannot but be natural and deep-seated in the souls of this our population, which well knows that the Catholic Church not only possesses divine characteristics which distinguish it as the only true one and the only one which has received the promises of eternal life, but that it has ever conferred inestimable benefits upon Rome, Italy and the world—overcoming barbarism by the justice of laws and moderation of customs spreading as St. Leo the Great well says (Sermon I. in Natali SS. Petri et Pauli) the way of Christian peace far beyond the limits explored by the eagles of Rome, saving letters, libraries, culture and monuments; inspiring every order of science and art; giving succor to the weak, the poor and the oppressed by generosity of its affection and the magnanimity of its sacrifice and heroism."

With this the Pope concludes by appropriately hoping that not a single Roman will be seduced from the glorious faith of the Eternal City.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE MISSIONARIES.

There is in Paris a community of young ecclesiastics who attract universal attention, when taking the walk which is the only outdoor recreation to be had by such in a large city. They attract attention, not because of any peculiarity in their dress, which is that of all ecclesiastics in Catholic countries, but because they dash along the streets, as if it were a case of life and death to reach some goal. They are the students, and—in some cases—the priests of the Seminary of the Society for Foreign Missions. Their rapid pace is one of the preparations for their future apostolate—for they are going where their strength of physique and power of endurance will stand them in as good stead, in a way, as the flame for the salvation of souls that burns within their breasts and supplies the motive power to their physical exertions.

This Society for Foreign Missions is altogether unique. Unlike societies of religious, it can scarcely lay claim to any one person as its founder and father. It is the result of the zeal of different persons in different places for the spread of the Catholic faith. It dates from the middle of the seventeenth century, when the efforts of the pious missionaries who had labored in the far East combined with the ardor of some young Parisian priests to establish on a firm basis the results already obtained in the Orient. At first, vicars apostolic were chosen and appointed, and then, thanks to the pecuniary assistance of some devout women, and of Louis XIV. of France a college was founded to train young men desirous of consecrating themselves to labor in this new vineyard of the Lord. Those who offer themselves for this field do not form a religious community in any sense of that term. They are secular priests without religious obligations of any kind—save indeed, the promise to lead the lives of ecclesiastics, and to live, labor and die under the authority of the Bishops and the Supreme Pontiff for the conversion of the people of the Orient to whom they may be sent.

These brave, young hearts enter the Seminary of the Foreign Missions filled with the burning zeal of the first apostles, and pass their days there preparing themselves for the hardships in store for them. From the day they enter the seminary they never leave it till the day on which they bid good-bye forever to family, home and country, and go to verify their solemn promise to consume themselves in the conversion of the heathen. The ceremony of his adieu to all that the natural man can hold dearest is one of the most touching ever witnessed.

It takes place the evening before the departure. The young missionaries enter the chapel and kneel on the steps of the altar. Behind them kneel their conferees, and then come their friends and relatives. A solemn silence reigns in the holy place and every one experiences that indescribable clutching at the heart and swelling in the throat which precedes the performance of all touching ceremonies. Night prayers are recited, and the subject of the next day's meditation is read. The travelers of to-morrow remain standing, while the others sit down. A venerable missionary advances and delivers a discourse besetting the occasion. When he has finished the new apostles ascend the steps of the altar and there, not two feet from the tabernacle, they turn and face their brethren. The young aspirants to the same mission leave their places, and, followed by the friends and relatives of the departing missionaries, fall upon their knees and in turn kiss the feet of the young heroes, who tenderly raise them up and embrace them affectionately—the choir all the while chanting the words of the Holy Spirit: "Quam speciosa pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona!" It is a scene that touches the most hardened heart. To see those brave young confessors of Christ bid good-bye to all that our human nature holds most dear; to see them with unwavering firmness clasp to their hearts, first the companions of their studies and then the friends of their youth, nay, at times, a beloved parent, and to know that the human anguish of the moment is lost in a feeling far higher, a feeling of joy coming from the prospect of a life of labor for the Master's sake, a life to be closed, perhaps, by the reception of the martyr's crown; all this must needs bring tears to the most reluctant eye, and rejoice the Christian heart that such love of God still burns on our earth. Over and above the sobs rising from the breasts of affectionate relatives, they hear the signs and groans of those who are waking in the valley of the shadow of death; the divine conquers the human, and with joy and desire they cry out: "Behold we come!"

The weaker and tenderer hearts, those that loved most strongly a son or brother, have not dared to take part in this trying ordeal—or at least have not ventured any nearer than the gallery. How could a dear mother, at whose knee the future martyr learned to hush his infant prayers, or a tender sister, the innocent pearl he, as an elder brother, watched developing, and who loves him with an unspokeable love; how could such as these witness a scene like this—much less take part in it—and survive! And yet—with all honor to the nation that can give the Church such children—there have been and are such parents, rivals of the mother of the Maccabees, who falter not in making such a sacrifice. Such a one must have been the French mother who, when the news of her son's martyrdom was broken to her, exclaimed: "God be praised! The fear is now passed that my child might yield to the temptation to fly so much suffering!"

As the leave-taking finishes, the song of farewell to the missionaries bursts forth. The ceremony is over; those who participated in or witnessed it, retire; on the morrow there is another dispersion of apostles, and their friends at home await with Christian resignation and joy the reunion which will take place only in heaven.—Rev. T. J. Mulvey, in the Sacred Heart Journal.

MARTYRED IN CHINA.

Society of Jesus Has Lost Nine Fathers — One Lay Brother.

Fathers A. Fink, R. Gaudissart, A. Neveux, C. Cezaud, V. Gissiger and Brother T. Kleffer, of the Society of Jesus, were killed in China before August 12. Since then Fathers Dunn and Mangen have been massacred at Tchett with three thousand Catholic Chinese. These, with Fathers Andlauer and Isore already announced, make nine Fathers and one lay brother killed by the Chinese. They all belonged to the French Province of Champagne of the Society of Jesus.

Father Modestus Andlauer was an Alsatian, and was fifty-three years old when martyred. He had been eighteen years in China, and was much loved by the converts. Father Isore was forty-eight years old, and had also been eighteen years on that mission. Towards the close of his theological studies he asked to be sent to the Zambesi mission in Africa.

"Why prefer this mission?" said Father Granddier, then Provincial.

"Because it seems to offer more chances of martyrdom."

"If that is your only reason," replied the Father Provincial, "you might turn your preference to China, where persecutions may break out at any time."

"Oh if that is so, I ask for China." "Very well, you shall go." He was only sub-deacon then, and was ordained priest in China on account of his talent for governing others. He was, in 1895, made minister of the section in Koang-Pi-Fou and remained in this charge until his death. On account of his savoir faire and his knowledge of Chinese customs and the temperament of the people, he had acquired much influence.

Fathers Andlauer and Isore were killed in the chapel on the afternoon of June 19. Their heads were separated from their bodies and were and are still exposed at the gates of the village which is occupied by 200 "Boxers" who have spread terror on all sides. The bodies of the Fathers remain un-

buried in the chapel in which they were put to death. Nearly all the Christian villages of Oai have been pillaged and burned. There has been no effort to repress the "Boxers" as all the troops have been sent North against the Europeans, so that the whole Northern part of the Jesuit mission is at the mercy of the "Boxers." On all sides there is burning and massacre.

In all the Jesuit houses throughout the world, after the evening Litanyes, three Our Fathers and Hall Marys are said by order of Father General Martin for the preservation of the Chinese missions. The Jesuit Father Prosper Paris, Superior of the Nanking Mission, was at the Consistory of April 17th appointed Vicar Apostolic of Nanking to succeed the late Bishop Simon.

MARS THE ANTICHRIST.

Those who read the daily newspapers not for the sake of their contents, but rather to deduce the plain meanings of their lesson as chronicles—the people, that is to say, who are capable of thinking clearly and acting unselfishly—all such people cannot avoid the conclusion that the one great obstacle to the spread of Christianity is the military spirit which finds expression in the lust for territory. By Christianity we mean the true Church of Christ. The false, which follows in its wake wherever it endeavors to plant the seed of the saving faith, is as the cancer to the wholesome grain. It raises the demon of doubt in the minds of inquiring catechumens, and so frustrates the best efforts of the messengers of Christ. This doubt is turned into cynicism when the followers of Buddha or Confucius behold men who come to preach a purer religion leading the most worldly lives traveling about with their wives and retinues, often engaging in trade, and giving flagrant example of the hypocrisy which preaches a system too pure for the preacher's own fancy. Then the Asiatic or African applier the test of result to the nations whence these so-called missionaries come. He finds them constantly sending their ships and their soldiers in the wake of peace and brotherly love, for the avowed purpose of seizing by force that which is not theirs and forcing conditions of trade, unfavorable to the weaker native merchant, on the people to whom the preachers have been delivering pious exhortations to virtuous living. This is the procedure which has been steadily going on all over the East, in Africa and amidst the Melanesian archipelago ever since the formation of the British and American Bible Societies. The British missionaries in especial have been the advance agents of Mammon and Mars.

We would ask any thinking man or woman who had been reading the story of Tien-Tsin, Pekin and Tung Chow, as told by the correspondents in the wake of the allied forces, how can it be possible for Christianity to hope for success in the Orient in the face of such an appalling chronicle of savagery. It is one of the most horrifying things ever penned. People who have read Schiller's "Thirty Years' War" are ready to faint with horror at the tale of the sack of Magdeburg. Now, we are living nearly three centuries from that period, in which savagery in warfare was the general habit. We pride ourselves on our progress in humanity, and we attend international peace congresses to advance it. But here, in the very region where it is most desirable, for the ultimate perfection of the principle, that the people should be impressed with the superiority of Western civilization, the supposed product of Christianity, we find the armies of the different nations behaving in precisely the same way as the armies of Tamerlane did. The peasants are slaughtered in their fields, the townspeople in their houses. Women are ravished with brutal violence, old men murdered in cold blood, infants bayoneted in their mothers' arms. The troops fight with civilians for booty; the torch is applied in the frenzy of wantonness to everything that affords shelter to hapless refugees. Dams are not riot more sickeningly than the soldiers of powers called Christian and civilized. Our own men and the Japanese appear to have been the only ones who maintained a semblance of discipline and decency. So many accounts concur in ascribing enormities to the allied armies that it is impossible to hope that they may, after all, be only libels on our common humanity.

This terrible Chinese incident cannot but prove an immense setback to the efforts of the genuine Christian missionary not only in China, but all over the East. It proves not only that brute force is the basic principle of that civilization which pretends to be Christian, but that all the basest passions of degraded human nature characterize the instruments sent forth to give effect to its claim for superiority. The memory of previous atrocities has burned into the Chinese mind; but these all sink into insignificance, so far as we can judge, beside the horrors of Tien-Tsin and the other scenes of recent hostilities. The accused spirit of militarism and conquest is the one fatal stumbling block in the path of the Church. War is anti-Christ; and the whole effort and prayer of the Catholic world ought to be directed to the throne of grace that the curse be lifted from the earth.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Moral truth lies too deep in the order of creation for the plummet of the human mind. Morality is the consummate wisdom of God. The only way for a man to see it for it to be "revealed" to him.—Dr. Frank Crane.

LOUISIANA'S LEPERS.

Touching Scenes Described by a Priest Who Visited the Lazaretto.

Writing in "Donahoe's Magazine" concerning a visit to the Louisiana leper settlement, Rev. L. W. Mulhane says:

"Soon Sister Beatrice, Sister Superior, appeared and we found ourselves at once on a common footing recalling reminiscences of the old Bay State. She led me to the little chapel, and after a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament we started to see the lepers, who are housed in the little cabins formerly occupied by the slaves of the plantation. Thirty lepers we saw, 'scubs and butts of humanity,' as Robert Louis Stevenson once called them, boys and girls, men and women, white and black, young and old. They are very sensitive and do not like to be questioned, but being assured by the Sister that I came as a friend, long ago interested in their sufferings, it was not long until I had their confidence and they gathered about me like a happy crowd of school children. What was my amazement to notice one man with a G. A. R. pin on his coat, an old soldier, who said he had been one of Sherman's drummers, and after the war remained in the South and contracted the disease, and now what shot and shell had not accomplished, leprosy was slowly doing for him. My first intention had been to return to the city by the evening train, but the evening shadows were falling athwart the lepers' chapel ere I noticed the late hour, and at the earnest solicitation of all I consented to remain over night and accept their hospitality. Soon I was given an impromptu serenade by the boys' orchestra of five, and was forced to give them a little speech. It was the strangest audience mortal man could address—four white capped Sisters of Charity and thirty of God's afflicted lepers in every form and shape and type of the awful disease. Their disconsolate looking eyes, telling of hearts long strangers to hope, still pierce my soul, seeming to cry out: 'Oh! stranger from the great world, have you a gleam of joy to offer us?'"

"The little chapel, perhaps forty by twenty feet, was soon the scene of a picture never to be forgotten once painted on memory's camera. The door was open and through the wind-ow came the balmy air with the hum and echo of insect life, and naught else was heard but the whispered words of the priest offering up the clean oblation of the New Law for these children of God, whom the Old Law named 'Unclean—Unclean.' Mass finished, a little instruction was given by the priest, and then, as it was Friday, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed. The acolyte, a leper boy, whose face was a thing of pity and horror, his hands encased in gloves, moved about the sanctuary like one of God's noblemen. Benediction over, the little choir of lepers, sang 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' and though the voices were broken by the harsh throats afflicted with this inscrutable curse, never did the hymn have such a meaning to me, as I listened to the plaintive wailing of these afflicted ones, beseeching their God. 'Yes, nearer, O God, nearer to Thee, draw these Thy children!' was my prayer, and I confess I did not try to restrain my tears."

"THOU ART PETER."

A Description of the Singing of the Great Text in St. Peter's at Rome.

The Catholic Truth Society has just published in pamphlet form an excellent lecture by Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, delivered in St. Louis many years ago, while the Archbishop was still coadjutor of Archbishop Kendrick. The title is "What Catholics Do Not Believe," and we reprint the concluding paragraphs—a glorious and inspiring description of Christ's words to Peter, as sung in the great Mother Church in Rome.

"It was in Rome, in the year 1867. On that occasion—the eighteen hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Peter—we were assembled in the magnificent basilica that bears his name. Five-hundred Bishops gathered around the Sovereign Pontiff—Bishops from every tribe and nation upon earth. There he stood, the Supreme Pontiff, the great central figure. Forty thousand wax lights illumined the magnificent assembly. The sculptured saints of eighteen centuries looked down from their niches and from the tombs around upon us. The vast basilica was crowded to its utmost capacity. The Papal choir, near the grand altar, commenced to sing these words: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church,' and when these one hundred voices seemed to have exhausted all the power and beauty of melody, three hundred voices above the entrance to St. Peter's continued the text: 'I will build My Church,' and the two choirs united, and then four hundred voices—the Chorus Angelorum—in the dome, that vast and wondrous dome, to which Diana's marvel was a cell, continued this text, and in the end the basso voices commencing, and the whole magnificent ocean of melody surging onward, they sang: 'And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it—Portas inferi, non prevalent eburn.' We heard the non at the altar; we heard it above the distant portais; we heard it ringing round and round the dome. That text sounded in my mind that day as the announcement of a fact—a of a challenge—a of a prophecy. There, above the tomb of Peter; there, where the hostile powers had met for eighteen hundred years; there, where they had measured lances, these powers of

he'll and the old, united Church—the misrepresented, but still glorious Church—these words sounded, like the announcement of the fact that after eighteen hundred years of fighting she was still victorious. They rang out like a challenge, as if she said: 'Come forth and fight the battle for eighteen centuries more if you wish it,' and of a prophecy that that battle should end victoriously for her, because of God's great promise! Oh, glorious Church of the living God! Oh, only divine institution upon earth! In all thy power, in all thy unity, in all thy beauty, cumulated but not less lovely, here is the sanction for thy continuance, here the communicated life of God that gives the vitality and which will crown thee with victory forevermore. 'On this rock I will build My Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'"

OUR MORNING PRAYER.

"How do we make our morning offering?" asks Father Gignam, S. J. "How many of us make it in a drowsy manner, scarcely conscious of what we are saying, or with our mind occupied with thoughts of what is likely to occur during the day? In making our morning offering our words must mean what they say. I offer my prayer, I mean to pray a real, earnest, heartfelt prayer, such as would satisfy the Sacred Heart, and for all the intentions which may please Him; I offer my work, and I mean to work as Mary would teach me, and by my zeal and earnestness in exterior labor to edify and encourage those who come in contact with me. Let no one, from false humility, imagine himself too little, too unimportant, to be capable of influencing others. Not one with whom we come in contact escapes without some impression from us, for good or for evil. The morning offering ought to be earnestly meant, so often repeated, that it becomes part of our daily lives."

"OH, I GO TO CHURCH WHEN I FEEL LIKE IT."

To the person who said so to me the following from an exchange is an appropriate answer:

1. Anyone frequently remaining away from the church is in danger of getting careless in every point of religion.

2. Let nothing induce you to speak disparagingly of your church or religion. Stand by your Church as you would by your mother. Make no engagements which would interfere with your attendance at Mass. Church engagements stand before all others.

3. Pray for your priests. They need it; they are only men with great responsibilities and with many to please. If there is any member of your family, or of the congregation, sick, please notify the priest.

4. If any acquaintance of yours needs the aid or counsel of a clergyman, inform your priest of it.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

The upward movement which the visible temple portrays is the reaching out of the soul, in worship, in submission, in hope, towards a power higher than itself, the Author of its being; and it is this reaching out of the soul that we call religion. The word itself is derived from the Latin term "religare," and primarily means the uniting of one thing or one person to another. In the universal tradition of mankind, religion is the uniting of men to God, the upward bringing of man's sighings, the downward bringing of God's favors and, so understood, religion is man's supreme need, and man's supreme duty.

MR. EYE WITNESS AND THE NECTAR CUP.

Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD:

About the mighty power wielded in the defensive and offensive strokes of the pen of Mr. Eye Witness, we shall make no comment, but shall content ourselves by simply laying before your readers a few samples of his wisdom and voracity, set side by side with the "exaggerations" and that "most painful charge of Soggarth." The "table," he says, "was certainly deplorable"; the scenes around the hotel, where "some twenty or so" of the picnic party gathered, "were certainly disgraceful and in these 'disgraceful scenes,' he informs us, "a few of the Forsters were the first to give vent to their rage. In the way of a footnote we might explain that about sixteen kegs of lager beer were sold on the picnic ground. Soggarth's exaggeration runs thus: 'They had a picnic . . . and are congratulating themselves on the success achieved while the Catholic world around them stands aghast, pained and humiliated at the disgraceful exhibition they have dared to make, etc.'" What an exaggeration! Again let us hear Mr. Eye Witness, "But are we to hold the whole parish responsible for the acts of these few?"

The most painful charge of "Soggarth" is that the people of Fallowfield are wanting in respect for the clergy. Soggarth on the other hand says, "Though this scandalous work may have been conducive to the gratification of those who have tried to counteract the work of the good missionaries, the day will come when the self respecting people of Fallowfield will be able to show the world that this evil is not theirs nor that of a people generally, but of the few evil doers who for the present seem to have the upper hand." For the further benefit of Mr. Eye Witness we might add a word or two from Exodus 20: 16. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." It is said some few words in respect to account of the way in which Soggarth applied the rod of correction to the innocent boys out for a little recreation, but certainly Eye Witness was not, for he never looks at the nectar cup. SOGGARTH AGAIN.

ST. MARY'S SANCTUARY SOCIETY, TORONTO.

Toronto, Sept. 12, 1900. At a recent meeting held by the St. Mary's Sanctuary Society the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: D. Murray, President; R. Murray, Vice President; J. Fulton, Sec. Treasurer; J. Madigan, Librarian; L. Dance, Ass't Librarian.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE COWARDLY HEROINE.

Minnie Leland was not a welcome guest when she made her appearance at Sweet Briar farm. The day the letter announcing her proposed visit was received there was quite a commotion among the younger members of the Randolph family.

"I wish she would stay at home," said Amy, emphatically, after the letter was read. "I do not like these city people who make their country visits merely from selfish motives."

"And go round with her nose in the air because she does not find city accommodations on the farm," muttered George. "I have seen girls from the big towns who thought it a mark of refinement not to know a cow when they saw one, and who boasted that they could not tell a sheep from a pig."

"She will laugh at our plain clothes and the way they are made, too," suggested Ellen. "Of course she will bring half a dozen trunks packed with finery, and spend nine tenths of her time before the looking-glass, primping."

"I am sure I shall not draw an easy breath while she is here," grumbled Frank. "Nor eat a good square meal in her presence," added George, with a knowing wink.

"Come, come, children! you must exercise more charity toward your cousin," remonstrated Mrs. Randolph. "You have not seen her since she was a very little girl, and it is both unfair and unkind to condemn untried."

"We are only judging her by the average city girl," excused George. "They are all proud and stuck-up, and act as though they were made out of a better quality of clay than ordinary people."

"I do not think that my sister Mary's daughter can be the useless, disagreeable creature that you have described," said Mrs. Randolph, reprovingly. "We always credited Mary with more than ordinary common sense, and I'll be surprised if her child resembles the picture you have photographed."

The expected guest arrived a day or two later, but instead of the half dozen trunks packed with finery Ellen had predicted, she brought with her only an ordinary-sized telescope, which proved amply large for the modest wardrobe she carried. Her dresses though bright and fresh, were as inexpensive and as plainly made as either Amy's or Ellen's, and she was more unselfish and unassuming than either of them.

One bright autumn afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Randolph went away, leaving the little ones and the house in charge of the older children. Everything passed off pleasantly until, just as they were sitting down to tea, in brushing past the stove, Edna's cotton gown caught fire. In a moment she was enveloped in flames, while the frightened children ran hither and thither, wringing their hands and crying for help.

And he did, much to Minnie's astonishment, for the girl who always tried to do her best, it sounded like flattery to have her cousin compliment her for doing her plain, simple duty. "I never thought of heroism in connection with my effort to save the baby," she protested. "I simply did what was right."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may grate or jar on the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint or suspicion or gloom or resentment, his great concern is to make every one at his ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the distant and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics that may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation and never wearisome. He makes light of favors which he does and seems to be receiving, while he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or mere gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes an unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage—that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to become our friend.

An Interesting Chat.

I have heard of persons who claim to tell the character and disposition of a horse by his nose, but recently I met a gentleman, an evening reception of literary people, who told me that he can pick out a stingy, small-minded man or one that is liberal and generous-minded, by a glance at his nose. "Nine out of every ten men," he continued, who have a concave nose and particularly if it is small, are stingy or intensely selfish, narrow-minded and mean. It would take but very little dealing with them in a business way, to discover this fact. When you see a large or good-sized nose that is convex in build and especially if it has more or less of an intimation of the Roman nose about it—as architects would say—you can depend that its owner is a liberal, broad minded fellow, and usually, very scholarly."

Discipline.

What logic is to intelligence and reason, what economy is to finance, discipline is to conduct and character. By discipline I mean the series of means by which we make life strong, mistress of itself, and by which we establish among its various forms of action an equilibrium which instead of bringing them into conflict harmonizes them. Under the pretence of liberty and the dignity of man, many modern schools have rejected discipline, with frightful results. He who has no check, no law, no reverence, who does not know obedience, and who does not recognize the authority of inevitable laws, which underlie everything, and which conscience should reflect, descends lower than the brute.

Discipline is necessary and salutary. You need hope to gain nothing, without it, and to be undergoing it unceasingly, if we would not fall into confusion, incoherence and sterility; Unhappily, all the world do not seem to have thoroughly grasped this. There are many strong, but deluded minds among youth, who think they can dispense with details and can reach the mountain top without the fatigue of climbing step by step. The lack of real discipline is the scourge of the times.

I wish I could make every young man perceive the horrible state of depravity and misery into which those foolish and soft hearted beings throw themselves, who dread all manly control, who do not know how to refuse nor resist anything, and who yield to the first wish, desire or whim, or to the impulses and caprices of events and wills other than their own. I wish to make them perceive it in order to awake the desire for a different life in the hearts of those who catch a glimpse of the abyss into which it is possible to fall. For although this seeming severity appears so formidable, its results are beautiful. Action is such a good thing that we must prefer the lash of the whip which makes it, to the caress which lulls it to sleep. In spite of all, we appreciate its grandeur. Even weak, de-

based minds have a secret admiration for it. He who is in control of himself is like a light-house in the moral world.

Strength of Soul.

Nothing so instantly recommends itself and is so imposing a strength of soul. When it passes, we feel that royalty has passed by, and something in the depths of our nature makes us wish to possess this royalty. The spectacle of debased wills fills us with disgust for others and ourselves. There are days and hours when the appreciation of universal worthlessness crushes us. The spectacle of virility on the contrary, is consoling. It is enough for its pure ray to have once shone into our conscience, for us never to forget it. It is a veritable sermon and one we love, to meet a young man whose ideal is to be strong and to fear nothing but a mean action. Such a character, realizes his noble aspirations by discipline and attention to its small details. For it is with small details that we must begin. Be sure of this, that action, like all of man's faculties is subordinate to the laws of development. It may be cultivated like the intelligence and like it rise from simple things to the most difficult. In the details of life make it your aim to be active rather than passive. We can be in bed because we ought to be there and need rest. We can also be there because we are simply lazy. This is to be passive. It is the same with all the acts of life. To work simply because one is forced by hunger or thirst is to be passive. Life demands the conquering in detail of the inevitable and of outside influences; of the desires, the appetites, the passions and the force of inertia which is in every one of us.

The Secret of Life.

How many human beings have lived and died without ever suspecting that the great business of human life is to live human life, and not to allow themselves to be carried along and dominated by it. This is the secret of human life, that young soldiers must learn who wish to enter this school of war,—they must seize on life, they must keep a watch on it and must strive to gain ground on the passives which surprise and binds us, in spite of ourselves, when the guard within is sleeping. A good way to bring about that vigilant action which makes our life come little by little under the power of our reflective will is to strengthen it by every kind of virile exercise. Nothing is so effective in hardening it as a little trouble, privation and even suffering. As a rule, strong characters have lived in the very midst of the struggles and the difficulties of life. Events have furnished them a severe and solitary school. Let us follow the hint life gives, and be hard on ourselves. Let us seek fatigue, exertion, all that stretches the muscles and solidifies the bones, all that makes more red the blood, all that exercises patience and endurance of whatever nature it may be. Little by little under this regime one comes by daily practice to lift weight which inert hands cannot even move. Bodily vigor is one of the conditions of moral vigor. To strengthen the soul we must strengthen the muscles, said Montaigne.

Of Love and Hate.

To enlarge life and to better it; to make it just, strong, pure, heartfelt, joyous; to love it and to prove his love by serving it—this should be the aim of every young man in the land. But when you have learned to love life in its divine essence and its integrity, one must hate many things. Hatred of evil is the indispensable complement of the love of life. He who knows not how to hate: knows not how to love. He who says, "I love," to say it truly must say with the same breath, "I hate." These beautiful and mighty passions are the backbone of struggles. All the great friends of men have known them, because they are enduring as the rocks on which one builds one's house or breaks one's head.

To love and hate with all that one is and all that one has, even to the point of sacrifices and death, is what constitutes the highest degree of virile discipline. Willing obedience from humble beginnings and faithfulness in little things has now become the highest liberty and the loftiest and purest pleasure.

A fig for cowardly and passive enjoyment, which after all, makes us effeminate and leaves us unarmed and exposed to even the smallest attack. What a wretched happiness this! True happiness is in action, in struggling. Oh to live, to suffer, for what one loves and worships,—for faith and hope and love and justice and God. Oh to be a manly heart, a rampart as the Greeks had it, a breastwork that cannot be taken: to be able to say no as firmly as yes, to have a sword that can be depended upon as surely as the rising sun, to fall into step with the immortal phalanx who march to humanity's field of honor, in a blaze of glory!

Father Ignaz Uerega, a Lazarist missionary and a Hungarian by birth, wrote some years ago, from China, a statement which sounds strange enough in the light of present events. "In almost every part of China churches and chapels are building, some with towers, all with the symbol of the cross rising above them. In many districts we carry the Blessed Sacrament to the sick openly through the streets, and celebrate burial services. Our Christian sea-captains hold public devotional services on the decks of their ships and the high-born passengers offer no objection, but sometimes sanction it by

their presence. The truth is that upon this gigantic native tree, which we call China, many a noble Christian growth has been already grafted."

THE CHAINED BIBLE.

Since his recent conversion from the Anglican to the Catholic Church, says the Literary Digest, Dr. Benjamin F. De Costa has shown his zeal for his new found faith by extensive lecturing and writing. In the Catholic World (August) he returns to the subject which chiefly occasioned his change of belief, the relations of the Roman Catholic Church to the Bible. He writes in the present instance especially of the common assertion that the popular reading of the Bible is or has been opposed by the Roman Church, and says: "The truth, nevertheless, remains that the first book printed on the invention of printing was the Bible, and that before Luther was born, 1483, fifty-eight editions of the Bible had been printed in Latin alone; and that prior to Luther's famous chained Bible, in 1507 one hundred and twenty-nine editions had appeared, thirty-eight of these being in the German tongue. In 1507 small and cheap pocket editions were in circulation. Protestants were even obliged to complain that Catholic countries were in advance of them in the printing and circulation of the Scriptures. The British Museum alone shows nearly thirty Catholic editions before Luther's Bible."

"No doubt that there was a chained Bible at Erfurt in 1507. Chained Bibles were found two hundred years later, as chained directories are seen to-day in hotels. The preface of the pre-Luther German Bibles stated that the book was 'for the use of unlettered simple folk, lay and spiritual.' They were quoted freely in sermons; and when Luther's edition appeared, Zwingle, a fellow-reformer, charged Luther with changing and mutilating the Word of God, which was deliberately done in the King James translation, as the revised edition now shows. Much of Luther's translation was plagiarized."

The Bible was published in Rome before Luther was born, as well as in cities like Naples and Florence. The Popes contributed to get the Bible into circulation. In France and Spain many editions appeared, and it is estimated that 900 000 Bibles were in circulation when Luther 'discovered' the Bible in 1507. In 1811 Pope Clement had ordered the establishment of professorships for the study of the Sacred Word; and Pius VI, in 1778, congratulated the Archbishop of Florence on his success in placing the Scriptures in the hands of the people in their own tongue, as the Scriptures 'ought to be left open to every one.' The history of the Popes is a history of Bible advancement. Adam Clarke, the celebrated Methodist commentator, declared that the Benedictine Calmer's was, 'without exception, the best commentary on the Sacred Writings ever published either by Catholics or Protestants.'

THE BEST OF ADVICE.

To Those Who Feel Sick, Weak or Depressed.

MISS BELLE COHOON, OF WHITE ROCK MILLS, N. S., TELLS HOW SHE REGAINED HEALTH AND ADVISES OTHERS TO FOLLOW HER EXAMPLE.

From the Aeadien, Wolfville, N. S.

At White Rock Mills, within sound of the noisy swish of the Gasperon river, is a pretty little cottage. In this cottage there dwells with her parents Miss Belle Cohoon, a very bright and attractive young lady who takes a lively interest in all the church and society work of the little village. A short time ago an Aeadian representative called upon Miss Cohoon for the purpose of ascertaining her opinion of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—which remedy he had been informed she had been using. He was very cordially received and found both Miss Cohoon and her mother most enthusiastic and ardent friends of this great Canadian remedy which is now so universally used throughout the world. We give below in essentially her own words Miss Cohoon's story:

"Three years ago this spring my health was very much run down. I had not been feeling well for some time and when spring opened up and the weather became warmer my condition became worse. The least exertion exhausted me and was followed by a awful feeling of weakness and a rapid palpitation of the heart. I seemed to lose my ambition, and a feeling of languor and sluggishness took its place. My appetite failed me and my sleep at night was in a very sorry condition. I suffered in this way for some time. Then I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they soon began to work a change for the better. My strength and spirits improved wonderfully, and the old feeling of tiredness began to leave me. My appetite returned and my weight increased steadily. By the time I had used less than half a dozen boxes I felt stronger than I had done for years. Since that time whenever I feel the need of a medicine a prompt use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has always brought me speedy relief, and in future when ailing I shall never use anything but these pills, and strongly advise others to follow my example."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a

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