

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14 1903

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## The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, Nov. 14, 1903.

### FEDERATION.

Over two years ago we advocated the Federation of the Catholic Societies of Canada. Our articles excited some comment at the time, and we were informed that Federation would be a fact at no distant date. But the years have passed and Federation is as yet but a possibility. Still we cherish the hope that the officials to whom this subject did appeal may be induced to take it under their protection and to place it before those concerned in some definite form. We believe that it would be productive of good inasmuch as it would provoke an interchange of thought and aspiration, a welding of interests, and an increase of enthusiasm for all things pertaining to the good of society and the Church. We might then know better what our brethren in other parts of Canada are doing and to learn much from them. We could compare methods and results, and devise, perchance, some better way of achieving success. We might also be stimulated to greater exertions by the story of their work. For the fire of enthusiasm is fed by the example of others, and many a colorless life becomes beautiful when brought near to energy that is not wasted on trifles, but pulses through actions that tend to make men better. It is easy, we know, to wax melodramatic on this matter. It requires no effort to dilate on the value of self-sacrifice though we may be chary with our proofs of it. But there is need of it, for it must be a potent factor in the work of sweetening the atmosphere that is surcharged with selfishness and of replacing before our eyes the ideals that have been lost sight of in the mad chase after the dollar. Blood is the price that the world pays for freedom. And they who doubt our assertion should question our pastors. They will tell them that hundreds of men do not belong to any of our organizations and are afforded day in and out every opportunity to go to the devil.

### OUR BROTHERS.

We may, of course, say that these men will ever be welcomed to our societies. True, but how is it that they give us but seldom a chance to extend them that welcome? Does it ever strike us that they hunger for sympathy? They are but children—disfigured if you will by constant battling for bread; but, like children, they are honest and ready to follow the lead of anyone who cares to help them. They are cooped up in factories or working around at odd jobs. They are environed by influences which make for their degradation and ruin, and against these they, humanly speaking, fight, when they fight at all, with bare hands.

Again, we may contend that they can combat all this successfully. True but would not a word of sympathy hearten and enable them to front life with a greater assurance. They can understand and appreciate the utterances of a brother. It is as precious to them as is a flower to the city-bred gamins who have never seen but the stones of his street. But he who undertakes to clasp hands with the dwellers in tenements must himself be a man. For they do not take kindly to sham, nor do they relish being talked at. Pious platitudes will not hold them.

### AN INSTANCE.

About two weeks ago, we happened to be present at a talk by an individual who though earnest enough adopts a method which to our mind is unconvincing and unnatural. The men who thronged the building—a ramshackle affair misnamed Opera House—were laborers of the ordinary type and they were there to listen and to learn. The lecturer was very big, but he failed to make any impression upon his auditors, and the reason was that his talk was devoid of the human element. It never stirred a heart string, and the men went home convinced that they had been cozened into giving their time for nothing. If the lecturer had but dropped his cant and talked naturally; if he had shown that he looked upon them as his brothers and not as an inferior class of the human being, and came not only to dispense the charity of his eloquence but to give them the benefit of a friend's counsel, he would have scored. But he never got anywhere, or, as a man sitting near us, growled: "Why can't that dude with the boiled shirt play ball?"

### WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

We say this unhesitatingly because we have observed, for instance, the Salvation Army at work and noted how they obtain results. We may laugh at the Army with its drums and noise, but it does get near the hearts of some people. Its quaintly garbed women find a hearty welcome in many homes because they manage to put a gleam of brightness into the lives of the inmates. And the socialist—he who feels that the forces of wealth are massed against the right—has many an enthusiastic auditor in stuffy rooms throughout the city. We have doubtless many an article and essay as ammunition against such, but the men to whom the socialist speaks have not these things to hand, and they are led to believe that some day there will be a fair deal all around. We who have comfortable homes may smile at all this and brand it if we will with all manner of epithets. But let us put ourselves in other's places. Suppose we were shackled to labor that promises nothing but a safeguard against starvation and saw our children—for this cannot be helped—exposed to sin that flammets itself unabashed, what would we say? Suppose that we were dazzled by the vision of clean homes; of parks in which the children might romp and play; of halls for amusement and instruction, of the day when fair Charity and not ruthless Competition would hold the reins in the car of Progress, would we turn aside from the teller of these marvels to come? We may laugh at them as day dreams. But all the same there are hundreds who believe in them with all the intensity of their souls.

### LEAST OF ALL.

And by the way, the good people who have always had a fence around them to prevent them straying into forbidden pastures should restrain their "Oh Mys" when they happen upon what seems to them a case of terrible depravity. Hunger, we know, can account for something. And it is not at all improbable that if these well dressed slummers had had to run the gamut of temptation their moral plumage might be ruffled. At all events it is well to heed the advice of the Imitation: It will do you no harm to place yourself least of all. It will harm you much to prefer yourself even to the least.

### PRACTICAL WORKERS NEEDED.

But how are we going to reach those who do not belong to our organizations? We must reach them, for, as the great Archbishop Ireland says, "he who holds the masses reigns." What of the thousand and tens of thousands who seldom or never open the church door? What of the uncounted and unkennt—the tenant of the cellar and alley—nay, the mendicant and the outcast. We are doing our little best for these people, but we think that with our societies federated we could get from their combined knowledge and experience a programme or scheme that would aid us in our labours. And if this programme were in force in every city of Canada many a loss would be spared to the Church. At present the one barrier between many and despair is the priest. But his duties are manifold. Here, then, is an opportunity for the testing of Catholic spirit.

We can form our own Salvation Armies, we can have workers in tenement districts. We can offset false principles by Catholic teaching and show our brethren that our love for them is not based on temperament nor on caprice, but on truth eternal. A determined and concerted movement to this end would be productive of an immense amount of good. And if every year or so we could assemble in some Canadian city to hear words of cheer and counsel from our leaders, the work would be taken up with renewed vigor. It would be systematic and business-like. Not a spasmodic effort here and there, nor one man trying to do the work of ten, but organized action.

### AN INVALUABLE ALLY.

When we brought up this question we were told that it would be regarded as an attempt to form another political party. We suppose that it would be misunderstood in some quarters. We grant also that to those among us who are so prudent as to do nothing it might have a fearsome aspect. But we think that it could be a partisan politics. There would be danger of it falling into the hands of the wire puller and of the gentry who are out for the staff, but this danger could be obviated by con-

servative leadership, backed up and dominated by the members of the various societies.

We cannot see one reason why Federation should not be a success. Each society preserving its own government and officers would be under the direction in some particulars of a central board. However we shall not trench on matters of detail. Suffice it to say that in our opinion the cause of Catholic truth, the welfare of the Church, the rights and duties of citizenship, the prosperity of our truth societies would find an invaluable ally in Federation.

### NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Since opening our house here at Winchester it has been our wish to work among that large and scattered population which lies outside town and city—a people early intelligent, kindly and interested in everything; to whom, however, a priest is a curiosity, ceremony a circus, and Catholic Doctrine the chain that binds and fetters.

To change all this a noble achievement; yet the tired missionary, carrying upon him the dust and scars of a ten months' campaign, on a field that spreads from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, and from the Cumberland to the Rockies, has scarcely enough strength or daring to make a summer attack on the alert natives, alone and unaided.

Early in July two students from the Boston Seminary joined us. These young men left their homes, and the rest and ease of a summer by the sea, to spend their vocation as missionaries, giving their days to tramping along the lakes and byways, seeking, for no money, and their nights to teaching them, in the rather poorly ventilated rural school house.

It is zeal such as this that helps and inspires.

Thus re-enforced, we opened the campaign.

The Moinette school house on Sunday, July 19th to the 20th; the Baker school house from July 20th to the 21st; the Liberty school from Aug. 2nd to 9th; and the Balvidore school from Aug. 9th to 26. These were the battle-grounds and the dates of engagements which were to occupy some of our spare summer hours.

The plan of action was this: To advertise our meetings with a catchy poster, headed: "Preaching by the Catholics. Come and hear them." At the probable that if these well dressed slummers had had to run the gamut of temptation their moral plumage might be ruffled. At all events it is well to heed the advice of the Imitation: It will do you no harm to place yourself least of all. It will harm you much to prefer yourself even to the least.

And you seldom need wait long for the denizen of the rural South to "clear" for action. He is a good and an appreciative listener, while you are firing from the heights, or wield the sword of question above his head; but the short stroke engagement which follows, you must take as well as give. This part, it would seem, has a type peculiar to itself. Usually those who do not attend some particular church will immediately disclaim a fixed belief in the tenets of any denomination. With perhaps rare exceptions, they will you first, hence they have no church, no religion, the Cumberland mountaineer, however, is different. He will tell you of his church in the first moment, and argue for its exclusive right from sun up to down, and he will even suggest a whole day's discussion of the relative claims of his church and yours; yet he rarely ever goes to church, and seldom has the faintest idea of the teachings of his church, or sect. But he does not discourage every protracted meeting "by his presence and his interest, from the Mormons to the old colored Baptists. He is a regular "meetin' bird."

The first and most difficult thing to drive into him is the sense of obligation. This done, you have him.

We had a real grand opening. That first night at the Moinette school house is not easy to forget. An hour in advance a reserved seat was packed. When the meeting opened the passage-ways were blocked; the little platform on which the speaker stood was pressed down and overflowing, and the entrance was no entrance at all; every window-sill held at least three, and outside of each clustered a small battalion; while the green sword on either side was held by the reserve, who stretched in the moonlight, satisfied to be within easy distance of the firing. It was the first preaching by the Catholics, and every neighboring house was emptied. After the lecture an old man past seventy, noted for this; that, living within half a mile, he had never attended a meeting, elbowed his way to the front. Shaking his head by the hand, he declared: "I bought new shoes to come to see you and hear how you preached."

At the Becker school a new feature was added—explanations of the Mass, following the five-cent Prayer Book, published by the Catholic Book Exchange. Copies of these were handed to those interested. In the lectures and answers to questions that might learn of our beliefs; now we wished them to know something of our worship of his character, its simplicity, its directness to the Mass is the chief worship of the Church, it must furnish the best key to the character of that worship. A good old lady, who wanted to buy one of "them black books," thanked us for explaining to her "why that bell was rung under the preacher's tail."

As usual, the old order of questions came into the question box: "Why

don't priests marry?" "Why do you priests drink all the wine, and give none to the people?" At the Liberty school, however, we had a brand new question: "Why do Catholics catch pain-water on Fridays to make Holy Water, and then use it for medicine?" This question was written in a clear, legible hand, with correct spelling and punctuation, all indicating that the asker is some one above the average intelligence.

### WHY TO DARKEST AFRICA?

One night, on approaching the "meeting house," we came in full view of the mountains. Always beautiful in their green and rugged eminence, singularly carried that night, for up the side, directly in front of us, a bright, leaping blaze—a mountain fire—a bonfire, perhaps, or the last of some old unused house. We admired; reached the meeting house, preached to a large, tranquil audience, and thought no more of the mountain fire. Next day we heard something of that fire. Two men, neighbors, had approached the school house, and one of them, an old man, Simon Bacher and his aged life-partner. They were alone; the men carried guns, and the women the chain that binds and fetters.

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as to shut God from their mind, over them the devil has power."

In advising young Catholics then, who feel themselves called to the marriage state, I would call their attention to another utterance of an inspired writer: "We are the children of saints, and we must not be joined together, like heathens, who know not God." (Tob. 8:5.) I would remind them that "a good wife shall be given in the portion of them that fear God, a man for his good works." (Eccles. 31:3), and that "a prudent wife is properly from the Lord." (Prov. 19:14.)

To make sure that your partner will be "from the Lord" I would ask you to pray and consult your pastor (and parents) just as you would do in case you felt a call to the religious life; then do not pick on those who are evidently not "from the Lord," but from the devil, such as an enemy of your religion, a person of bad habits, etc. Above all things pray to the Most High that He may direct thy way in truth." (Eccles. 37:19.) "My son do nothing without counsel, and thou shalt not repent when thou hast done." (Eccles. 32:24.)

Just as the ceremony at a mixed marriage is the simplest and the oldest that the priest ever officiates at, so the ceremony by which two good Catholics are united for life is one of the most solemn in the Church's ritual. The Catholic marriage, in the words of St. Paul, is "a great sacrament," and hence the ceremony is performed in the church. Moreover, as the marriage state is one of the three states of life to which the parties are called by God, and in which they do to serve God together till death, like the reception into the religious life, marriage is entered into before the very altar.

Instead of being "joined together as the heathen who know not God" (Tob. 8:5), before two good Catholics speak the word which makes them one, they by a good confession remove from their souls everything that might prevent God's presence at the ceremony; and by putting themselves in the state of grace, they dispose themselves for God's blessing on their wedded life. Now God looks down upon them with the same loving eye as when the cleansing waters of baptism made them His adopted children. He sees the light of faith and the beauty of His own image resplendent on their souls. As their hearts become one, so does grace marry grace and faith marry faith.

No sooner are they united in marriage than the holy sacrifice of the Mass is offered from them with special prayers for God's blessing and protection on their lives and for His powerful help to enable them to perform their new duties well. The Church even allows an interruption at this Mass which is not permitted to the priest at any other time. During the principal part of the sacrifice, whilst Christ is personally present on the altar, the priest leaves of the Mass, invites the newly-married couple to approach the altar, and then turning to Christ, the priest asks Him again to grant them a long life, a happy life, a life so blessed and replete with good works that it will be a sure way to the Heavenly Banquet. A few moments later the Son of God becomes their first food that morning and thus unites Himself more closely to them than they are united to each other.

Could God's blessing be withheld from a marriage, thus prepared for and thus entered into? Is not there an unspoken difference between the cold, sad, mixed marriage and the solemn, joyful Catholic marriage?

Are you now surprised that the Church inveighs so strongly against mixed alliances?

After such reflections will any who reads this enter into marriage without prayer, without its preparation? Will they allow themselves to be led into an unhappy marriage by an enemy of their religion, by a person of bad habits, etc.? How could they do so, with these terrible words uttered by the Holy Ghost ringing in their ears? "They who in such manner receive marriage, as to shut out God from their mind, over them the devil has power." (Tob. 6:17).—Kind Words From Your Pastor.

### "THE SCHOOL OF GENEROUS HEROES."

"I believe that our own future will be blessed with increase in proportion as we, with earnest faith, send help to them who cry to us, as we have cried to others and received their help. I believe it because it is the disposition of our heavenly Father greatly to help those who do such works of faith and charity. I believe it because there is no charity greater or more blessed than that which cooperates with God in sending His servants forth to spread His light, and minister His grace, to the nations afar off who sit in darkness and alienation of soul from their Supreme God. I believe it because the mission to the heathen is the school of generous heroes whose works of faith and sanctity will bless the country that sends them forth. I believe it on the word of our Blessed Lord; 'Give and it shall be given unto you again, full measure, and heaped up and overflowing in your bosom.' All facts show the operation of this heavenly law of charity. The great missionary nations have been the flourishing and enduring churches. Our Lord is of His grace to the people who are generous to the destitute souls for whom He died."—Bishop Ullathorne.

### OUR DAILY BREAD.

In the fourth petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," we beseech God to grant us those things necessary to sustain life. But it also contains an admission of deepest significance. For while we pray that God may give to us each day food, raiment and habitation for the body, by doing so we proclaim God to be the Giver of all gifts, the Dispenser of all needs and our sovereign Benefactor.

The measure of our prayer is to secure the needs of the day. And this much we can always feel certain to receive if we pray with proper spirit. For the glory of God and our own good this much is sufficient. If more be added it behooves us to examine whether it comes from God's bounty or our own dishonest contriving. If the former, then should we return our thanksgiving. If the latter we should remember that it is not ours. Neither does it come from our sovereign Benefactor.

Furthermore, the words of this petition teach us the folly of praying for wealth. Riches are no part of our daily needs. God has not promised these, which too frequently are gotten by most questionable methods and often lead the gatherers away from God. Conditions in the world to-day furnish confirmation of the fact. While scarcely proper to discuss their acquirement here we may say that riches are not the result of repetition of the Lord's Prayer. Another most important lesson taught by this petition is our great need for God's assistance. From Him comes all life and upon Him each moment of our existence depends. How necessary, therefore, to invoke His help for all our needs. How necessary to ask that He give us this day our daily bread with the greatest devotion, not as with the greatest distraction and indifference.

There, perhaps, we may find the solution for many to whom daily needs are denied. Casting themselves upon their knees for their morning invocation of aid, the words of the petition are hastily muttered while their mind has already gone out to their avocations. In longing attitude they perform the act of adoration and supplication to their Supreme Benefactor without fervor or reflection. They have not prayed for their daily bread, but rather made of their petition a mockery. Hence it is not surprising that we meet with many in need of daily bread.—Church Progress.

### CONVERTS IN ENGLAND.

A NUMBER OF THEM CAME FROM THE HOMES OF FARBONS.

The Tablet has had some very interesting remarks arising out of the conversion of the Rev. R. H. Benson, son of the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury of that name. He is only one of several converts who have come to the fold from the homes of Anglican Bishops and their families. For instance, Mr. Algar Threlkeld, during his father's tenure of the See of Westminster became a Catholic, and another Bishop of Winchester, Samuel Wilberforce, encountered the same kind of unintended but inevitable opposition when his daughter, Mrs. J. H. Pyle, took that journey to Rome, which three of her uncles likewise made. A grandson of Bishop Wilberforce is counted among the English Jesuits, and at Woodchester, where he was received, Mr. Benson, son of an Archbishop, is likely enough to have some very interesting exchanges of thought with Father Bertrand Wilberforce, A. P., the nephew of another Anglican prelate. Again, Archbishop Tait, of Canterbury (of whom his wife jokingly said that he believed all Catholic doctrines but the Pope) had a convert to the Church—the converts to the Catholic Church—the Rev. E. B. K. Fortesque himself, provost of St. Minian's, Perth. Another convert, Father Harper, S. J., had a brother among Anglican Colonial Bishops, Bishop Ryder, who entered the Catholic Church, and a daughter who became a nun. In Father Ryder, of the Birmingham Oratory, that Bishop has a grandson. Miss Mary Stanley, a fervent convert to the Church which she served diligently by her labor and her fortune, was a daughter of Bishop Stanley, of Norwich, and a sister of the Dean of Westminster. Archbishop Wheatley, Newman's old antagonist, supplied a nephew to the Catholic Church, afterwards known as Father Pope. Lady Charles Tynne was a daughter of Bishop Bagot of Bath and Wells. Father Coleridge, S. J., had a brother-in-law in Bishop McKerness of Oxford, and Dr. Pusey gave a great-nephew to the society and two great-nieces to be enrolled among nuns. Another instance given by The Tablet is worthy of note. It is that of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, who amid the thousand cares of managing that great engine of social amelioration, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, may find time to remember that he has a son in the clergy list of the Catholic Directory.

The Catholic Church was made for the whole world. It was so formed as to get along under all governments, among all races, for all time. It is not Italian, or foreign, or national—but universal; the one pervading Church of Christ.

Hope is the Christian's guiding cloud by day and his pillar of fire by night. By it he walks peacefully in storms and trustfully in contrition. By it he enters the gates of death without fear. It is a little of the light of Paradise sent down in advance to lead men to the eternal day.

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PALMS

ANNA HANSON DORSEY, AUTHOR OF "COANA," "FLEMINGS," "TANGLED PATHS," "MAY BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

On every side her love for the child, who from its birth had been to her as her own flesh and blood, was cast back upon her; a wall of separation, as transparent as air but as impassable as adamant, had risen between them; she felt that in all the strange things that had so lately happened, and the many changes they had brought about, she was no longer necessary to the one only human being that she loved—and her proud, faithful heart was breaking. But she relaxed no tense vigilance she could tender; her vigilance was almost sleepless, lest the danger she dreaded might come without word or warning. And, because she loved to hold Claudia near her, and see her bright, beautiful face dimpled with smiles, she cut out and helped to make garments for her "beggars"; and because—perhaps this was the primary reason—the child would be exposed to less danger of infection if the miserable wretches were clad in fresh, clean raiment, she redoubled her efforts to substitute such for the soiled tatters that in some cases scarcely covered their nakedness.

In the meantime the "mill of the gods" had gone on grinding the fine wheat of the Lord; at the Temple of Mars, in the Flavian Amphitheatre, at the Temple of the Earth, in the dungeons outside the gates and elsewhere in and about Rome, the work went on, as it had been going on year after year, until more than a lustrium had passed, without a sign that it was near the end. It was monotonous, and the spectacle of a martyrdom was every day a new one to excite much curiosity or interest, except when something more extraordinary than usual attended it. Besides, the Roman people liked extremes; if they had horrors, they wanted an even balance of pleasure and amusement; and, somehow, it happened that just at that time there was more of the former and less of the latter than seemed to them either agreeable or necessary.

Something was at hand, however, that would not only break the present monotony, but give Rome a laugh—under the breath, but it was understood—at the expense of Valerian the Emperor was going to the Temple of Mars, to receive the keys of the Temple of the Dea—same who had been in chains in the dungeons of Hippolytus ever since his arrest, and had there exercised those powers attributed by the pagans to magic—the key of the Christian Treasury, which contained, it was asserted, an enormous amount of gold, silver and jewels.

In his rich imperial robes, seated in his curule chair, surrounded by lictors and guards, Valerian awaited his anticipated triumph; for was not he the first of the Emperors who had been able to wrest their concealed treasures from the Christians! And was not a sign that their cause was weakening and their spirits, and conversed affably with certain of his satellites whom he invited to attend him.

Opposite to him was the *catasta*, raised by a few steps above the floor of the Praetorium, upon which the criminal usually stood, in view of all present. The Procurator, in official robes, occupied his place, here were the *medicari*, there the notaries, ready to take down questions and depositions. On one side appeared lictors, the keen edge of the axe bound up with their fasces, turned outward; while against the wall a group of savage-looking men, naked to the waist, waited with implements of torture, ready at a word to spring to their bloody work. The Praetorium wore the semblance of a hall of justice, but Valerian the Emperor presided. There would be no formal trial; he was there to receive, from one prejudiced by his own acts, the concealed treasures forfeited by his crimes to the State, and to deal as the laws of the Empire demanded against the conspirators and blasphemers of the gods; but for the sake of appearances it was well for the officials of the law to be present.

Outside, a scene was progressing that baffles description. Rome seemed to have vomited forth all her beggars—halt, blind, diseased—a hollow-eyed, want-stricken, faded army of men, women, and children, that, despite the resistance of the guards, around the Temple, pressing upon one another, and overflowing the great portico and pillared vestibule. The hum of their voices, the angry orders of the soldiers, the sound of blows, followed by shrill outcries, reached the ears of Valerian, like the confusion of a tumult, or a pallid line stole over his bloated visage. Was there a revolt?—were assassins at hand, who would presently rush in and slay him where he sat? His flesh trembled, his brutal heart grew faint; but suddenly there was silence, and he breathed more freely.

At that moment Laurence, accompanied by Hippolytus and surrounded by guards, was ascending the Temple steps, and when about half way he turned for an instant, confronting the terrified assemblage below, and lifting his manacled hand, made the Sign of Redemption, and breathed for his blessing like a heavenly dew upon them; then the guards, recovered from their surprise, came roughly than before urged his advance.

Although under suspicion of sharing with his family and slaves the delusion arising from the singular events that had so recently occurred in the dungeons of his house, Hippolytus had not been interfered with, but still had the custody of Laurence, as it was he, and through his persuasions, the latter would be induced to give up the treasures he had in charge. This supposition was confirmed by the fact that he had consented to yield his secret.

Hippolytus was not yet openly a Christian. Although grace had touched his heart, and—like Festus—he was

"almost persuaded," so far, he had had no time to weigh the matter. And now what use Laurence expected to make of the mob that, with his co-operation, he had summoned to meet him on this 9th day of August, 258, he was at a loss to understand; but supposing that these poor wretches were connected in some way with the question of the secret treasures, he gave the holy deacon his own way, thinking that, even should the means seem foolish, the result would prove satisfactory. Accordingly he whispered an order to the captain of the guards as the prisoner entered the vestibule, and those who had been driven back by blows a few moments before were allowed to pour in, until all the available space in the Praetorium was filled.

Valerian had been promptly informed of the harnessing of the uproar that had so startled him, and quite regained his self-possession when he saw the Christian deacon standing on the *catasta*, calmly awaiting his pleasure. The dignified, composed air of Laurence, his serene fearless countenance, in whose presence he secretly felt his own ignoble inferiority, stung the tyrant, who, however, resolved to control himself until the coveted treasures were in his possession; then—let the Furies dance, and Cerberus whet his fangs!

"Thou knowest why thou art here? Deliver up the key of thy treasury, and designate its location; then, if thou wilt cast a grain of incense in yonder brazier in honor of Jupiter, life and liberty are thine," said Valerian, in tones which were intended to sound conciliatory, but their coarse rumbering had quite the contrary effect.

"Had I a thousand lives instead of one, I would not cast a grain of incense in honor of thy gods, which are of stone and metal, without sense or feeling, and was the clear, ringing answer, that penetrated every ear in the vast hall. "I have but one life, and that belongs to Jesus Christ, the only True and Living God, Whom I serve and adore, and for the love of Whom I am ready to suffer death. As to the treasury of the Church, behold it, tyrant! in the poor and miserable congregated here and around this Temple, who have been brought hither by my summons, that thou mightest see and know that the Church of Christ hoards neither gold nor silver nor precious things, but distributes all to the poor."

The rage of Valerian at an answer that demolished with one blow his avaricious schemes took from him the power of articulate speech, and for a moment or two he roared like an infuriated bull, while he eyed the infuriated before him, not knowing what form his vengeance would take, or on how many it might fall—every heart except that of Laurence, which, uplifted above all tempests of human wrath, had a foretaste of those eternal consolations which would soon reward him in their complete fulness.

At last from the chaos of the tyrant's fury words thumped themselves out: "Seize him, lictors, and scourge him!—the liar! the deceiver! the blasphemer of the gods! And disperse your rabble! hunt them down! trample them in the dust!" he belted.

While the "rabble," weeping for the teacher who had led them into the way of salvation, and been their provider and counselor, were dispersed, and, with obedient fidelity, "trampled in the dust"—while the lictors were laying bare to his loins the tender flesh of Laurence, Valerian suddenly remembered that it was due to his own dignity to assume an indifferent and impartial air, as of a stern judge intent only on the punishment of an offender against the State; for had he not been publicly duped, and would not all Rome make a jest and comedy of his discomfiture? He knew the Roman spirit too well not to feel assured that its satirical wit would break out in epigram and lampoon at his expense; that it would be a sweet net for the teeth of every vulgar bond in the streets, and in the public square, as (on the sly) even in the portico of the academies and libraries. Aye! he knew the laugh was against him, and that there was no love for him to keep it back; but who betide the audacious Christian who had humiliated him!

Aye! were indeed, so far as he had power over the body. With demonic malice he looked on, while the lictors with dexterous blows bruised the flesh of their unresisting victim with their rods—while the scorpion whips of the executioners tore and mangled it, expecting, hoping every moment that he would cry out or moan with excess of pain. But this satisfaction was denied him; for Laurence stood with folded arms and closed eyes, turning himself this way and that, as he was bidden; the edges of his keen sufferings dulled by the contemplation of Jesus in the Hall of Pilate, counting every blow endured for the love of Him precious beyond all price.

Still more enraged by this heavenly composure, which he looked on as defiance, but which the devils who instigated him understood, the cruel Emperor now caused Laurence to be laid upon the rack, and hot plates of iron applied to his bleeding, quivering sides; but the firmness of the saintly victim remained unshaken, his constancy unturned for an instant, confronting the terrified assemblage below, and lifting his manacled hand, made the Sign of Redemption, and breathed for his blessing like a heavenly dew upon them; then the guards, recovered from their surprise, came roughly than before urged his advance.

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with a copper vessel of water, with which Laurence, rejoicing in the midst of his tribulation, baptized him.

Faith and courage now filled the soul of Romanus; he desired only to suffer the same torments he had inflicted on Laurence; and standing forth and raising his hand to secure attention, in a loud voice he declared himself a Christian. (All that is related of the conversion and martyrdom of the soldier Romanus, has been gleaned from the "Acts of St. Laurence.")

"Scourge the cur within an inch of his life!" roared Valerian from his curule chair; "then may the furies of hell devour him!" Venting his rage on Romanus until wearied by his invincible constancy, the gentle Emperor wiping his frothing lips, refreshed himself with a draught of cooled wine, then ordered his new victim to be taken outside the gates and executed. And Romanus, learned from the lips of Laurence, was led away, outside the Porta Salara, to his death, which, by faith, baptism, and the shedding of his blood for Christ, filled up the measure of his merits, and in a brief space won for him the crown and palm of martyrdom.

By this time Valerian was fatigued, overcast, and hungry. The supper hour was approaching, and his pampered, luxurious appetite craved its wonted indulgence. He would go to the Baths of Sallust, refresh himself, and return to finish the work so well begun. Having left his instructions with the officials he went away with his attendants.

The holy deacon Laurence, without a sound spot in his flesh, was removed (still accompanied by Hippolytus) to another apartment, which opened upon the grove of palms that surrounded the Temple of Mars. Here he was visited and consoled by many of his friends. "I have but one life, and that belongs to Jesus Christ, the only True and Living God, Whom I serve and adore, and for the love of Whom I am ready to suffer death. As to the treasury of the Church, behold it, tyrant! in the poor and miserable congregated here and around this Temple, who have been brought hither by my summons, that thou mightest see and know that the Church of Christ hoards neither gold nor silver nor precious things, but distributes all to the poor."

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HOW THE ANGEL BECAME BAPPY.

BY REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, D. D.

The angel's name was Astrael. He was not one of the great Archangels that stand close before the throne of God, nor did he belong to any of the seven orders of spirits, but his place was far down in the lower choirs but directly facing the great White Throne of Lamb. He was one of the faithful few that smote and buried from the battlements of heaven the fallen angels when St. Michael raised his battle-cry, "Who is like unto God?" and from that time he had many chosen and delicate duties appointed him, all of which he discharged most faithfully for the love of his great King. For the first thousand years after the fall of the angels, he was charged with the care of a great beautiful star that was quenched when the angels fell, for you must know that every star in heaven is called after its angel, and the stars that belonged to the rebel angels were suddenly extinguished when God drove these unfaithful servants from heaven. Then they were rekindled. So every night our angel had to fly through the fields of space and lit up this beautiful star and hold it aloft in his great right hand, whilst he himself fronted the Almighty. Hence he took his name Astrael, that is, angel of the star.

But after a thousand years his duties were changed. And for a thousand years he was charged with the duty of watching a great white lily, that budded and expanded from spring to summer, and was finally gathered and placed before the Blessed Sacrament. So every springtime he came upon earth and drew up the tiny green shoot from the brown mould, and every day made it stronger, until at last the white petals would open out from the green sheath. And then as it grew and broadened, and the white velvet leaves expanded, he had to keep it very pure and unstained, and ever and anon he shook his wings over it, and a beautiful perfume fell on the lily, and was wafted tenderly out and placed in a beautiful bowl, and our angel came with it into the silent chapel, and bent over it and touched the leaves with his lips to keep them fresh, and then bent very low before the tabernacle and flew back to his place in heaven.

Now, our angel was not very happy out there amongst the great lonely stars; and though he was much happier amongst his lilies, there was always a pain at his heart—a sad, melancholy feeling that he could not put aside. Because he saw day after day in the courts of heaven a strange thing takes place. Several of his companions would return to their places, after many years' absence and many would return very sad, and he could see their eyes dim with weeping, and notice that they always kept their wings closed, yet their hot tears would drop on the bright shining floor. But some would return their faces full of joy, and now and again they would bring with them another beautiful spirit, not an angel, yet very like an angel, and Astrael was quite jealous to see the dim eyes of affection which his companions had for these souls. And he heard them called the "children of the angels," and the angels were called their guardians. And he was hoping and praying every day that the great King would call him and send him to earth, and give him such a precious charge; but thousands of years rolled by and Astrael was unprovided.

It was the eve of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady; and there was great joy in heaven. They were all preparing to celebrate the feast of God's Holy Mother in a worthy manner; but Astrael noticed that there was the greatest eagerness to do honor to the great Queen amongst the children of the angels. Suddenly a bright thought struck him. He would ask the Blessed Virgin to grant him the great desire of his heart. He prayed for the favor. But he had no need of asking. For our Blessed Lady read his thoughts and the morning had scarcely dawned when he heard his name, "Astrael! Astrael!" He looked up in amazement. All eyes turned to him. Suddenly there came flashing along the great choirs who bent humbly before him, a mighty Archangel, his broad wings extended, his hair flying like a cloud behind him, and he stood over Astrael and said: "Follow me!" And Astrael rose and followed him far up amongst the stars, until he stood upon a great shining throne, and he covered his face with his hands, for he was blinded and found himself standing face to face with the Queen of Heaven. Gabriel stood beside him. And his Queen spoke thus, and her voice was soft and gentle: "Astrael, I know the prayer of your heart. To-day it is granted to you. For to-day there is born on earth a child whom I place under your protection. She shall be called Mary. Bring her safe here to the foot of my throne to bless you and me forever!"

Astrael thought he should have died from joy at this most favored hour of the great Queen. He could not speak, so he bowed very low; and, accompanied by Gabriel, stood down like an arrow from heaven, and passed out amongst the stars.

A dark and narrow lane in a crowded city, a tall house, black and begrimed from smoke, windows broken and patched with paper, a rickety staircase that led up and up ever so high to an attic, where the rafters, festooned with cobwebs, were plainly visible, and under the rafters a wooden box filled with a little straw, and on the straw a little babe just born—here is what Astrael saw when he had swept the bright skies and entered to the earth, in a tiny babe and very beautiful, with blue eyes that blinked at the light and a little rosebud of a month and pink fingers that opened and shut and found nothing. And Astrael bent over the cradle lovingly, and fanned the babe with his great wings and felt very happy.

After a few days he stood beside the

baptismal font, saw the white robe of innocence placed round the infant and heard it called by the sweet name of "Mary." Then he rested for seven years, gathering all his strength for the struggle which he knew was coming. Now and again he would swoop down to the earth and whisper some things to the mother, and then she would clasp her child closer, and pray that Almighty God would save her child from sin. And then, when Mary could walk, and was beginning to know the names of things, Astrael would teach her the names of Jesus and His Mother and put little pictures in her way, and lead her sometimes into the quiet church, where she would sit for hours, looking up at the pictures in the stained-glass window, at the statues of the Sacred Heart and the Madonna, and above all, at the great crucifix that stood by the pulpit with the white figure upon it, and the red marks in the hands and feet and side. Somehow, she could scarcely tear herself away from the study of this crucifix. She would sit, her hands folded in her lap, her blue eyes wide open and sorrowful, gazing at the sad face and drooping figure, the wreath of thorns on the head, the black nails, the red blood. But, above all, the sad eyes of the Figure haunted her. She thought they were looking straight into her own and once or twice she thought she saw the lips parting, and heard the voice speaking, and she was going up to the crucifix when her mother lifted her from the bench, and took her home and said she was a strange child.

Now, the seven years went by, and the struggle commenced. One day, that Astrael, full of joy, had entered the little room, he saw sitting close by Mary a dark spirit in whose eyes there was a baleful fire, but who spoke so softly, so sweetly, that the Angel Astrael was deceived until he saw on the forehead of the spirit the red mark that denoted eternal reprobation. He was face to face, the first time for several thousand years, with a fallen spirit. He trembled, but recovered himself and took his usual place by Mary's side.

But, when he looked on the child he was frightened. The sweet look of peace had flown away from the blue eyes, which were now troubled, the face was hot and flushed and the hands that had lain so peacefully together were clenched and moistened. Some dark thought was in the mind of the child. It was the first temptation.

The dark spirit spoke and the face became more clouded. He brought up before the mind of the child some hard words that had passed in school between the children that day, and he touched with his dark finger a red burning spot where a little girl had struck Mary's cheek in her anger. He prompted her to revenge, told her how sweet it would be to strike back again and how her companions would applaud her. The child's face grew darker and darker; the crimson in her cheek grew brighter and brighter.

Astrael was in despair, and in despair he cried aloud to his Queen to assist him. That moment the mother entered. She had on her shawl and bonnet. She had returned from market, and thought she would pay a visit to the church. She called to Mary to come; but Mary did not heed her. She came over and shook the child and then, seeing her burning face and her eyes bloodshot, she cried out with a great cry, fearing that her child was sick. And, snatching her up hastily, she fled to the church, flung herself at the feet of the crucifix and cried to God with all her heart to save her child.

Now the child was saved; but not as the mother thought, from death, but from sin. For no sooner had Mary seen the crucifix and looked into the sorrowful eyes that seemed ever so sad to-day, and recollected all that she had heard of the sufferings of her Saviour, than her heart was broken with sorrow, and she felt a great lump in her throat, and she knelt on her mother and wept bitterly.

Now months and years rolled by and everything seemed to go smoothly with Mary, but it was a terrible and anxious time for her angel. If he never left her side, even for an instant, neither did the dark spirit. And no one can suspect what an awful conflict was being waged around the soul of that little child. Daily she went to school, her face shining, her yellow curls tossed over her shoulders, her blue eyes looking before her, "fearing no danger, for she knew no sin." But around her, and above her, and within her, was raging the conflict of sin and grace, of darkness and light. How watchful all the time her good angel was! How carefully he removed from her way the snares that were laid for her by the enemy; how often he hid his finger softly over her eyes lest they should stray from curiosity into danger; how often he closed her lips when she was tempted to utter angry words; and how tenderly he put her hands together and guarded the wandering mind when she knelt at prayer, and gave up her soul to God!

These last were happy times for Astrael. They were the only moments of relief he enjoyed during the day. When the mother took Mary to morning Mass or to evening Benediction Astrael could go inside into some private chapel and join his brother angels in the canticle of triumph that goes up everlastingly from the choirs of angels, both in heaven and upon earth.

But these were brief moments. The instant Mary set foot outside the church the angel's charge commenced again and lasted through the day and even into the watches of the night. For even when darkness was upon the face of nature, darkness unbroken save by the silver lamps which the angels hung out in heaven and when the restless eyes of the world were closed and Mary amongst other children of humanity, breathed peacefully in her little cot, Astrael stood watching, his broad wings closed and himself motionless except for the night wind that lifted now and again his long hair from his shoulders. It was a beautiful sight—the angel and the child. Mary peace-

fully breathing in the calm sleep of childhood, her yellow hair tossed over the pillow, like threads of gold, and her face calm and beautiful. The angel looking at her intently, dreaming of the time when she would be a saint in heaven, and would claim her as his child and now and again turning from her to look up into the eyes of the stars and thinking of the bright courts above them.

In childhood time passes quickly, because it is a period of enjoyment. The days flew by rapidly, and whenever her birthday came round, Mary wondered how a year could seem so short.

At last one morning she awoke, and her mother kissed her and some little friend sent her a pretty book, and on the inner cover was written: "To Mary, on her eleventh birthday." "Eleven! Can it be possible?" thought Mary. "Why, I am quite an old woman," and she ran rapidly to the looking glass; but there was not a single gray hair in her yellow plaits, not a single wrinkle in the pink cheeks; but, all the same, Mary looked very grave, for she felt she might have more time to prepare carefully for the great day of First Communion. But now that she was eleven, there was no further obstacle in the way, and hence was she very grave, very serious, but very happy on this birthday morning.

The next few months flew rapidly by, it was midsummer and one morning when the sun was shining ever so warmly on the earth, and the air was full of the incense which the flowers sent up towards heaven, the children assembled in their parochial church to make their First Communion. There were a vast number of people present, the mothers and sisters of the children, and what they saw was this: Six rows of children all dressed in white with blue sashes, with veils over their heads, and flowers and candies in their hands; and they looked so serious, yet so happy, that many aged persons felt themselves deeply touched and sometimes a tear would gather and steal down the furrowed cheeks of some who remembered their own First Communion of long ago, and thought of the many things that had happened since then.

But I saw something more than the people. For I saw amongst the ranks of the children many bright spirits that stood motionless and silent, each watching his precious charge, and amongst them I recognized Astrael, looking ever so happy and so bright, as he bent over Mary's golden hair and whispered to her many beautiful things of God and the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Mother. Not a trace was there of the dark spirits this morning. They dared not come into so holy a place; and as the angels hovered over their precious charge, I could not see a trace of anxiety on their faces. They seemed as happy as the children. Well, the Mass went on. The children had approached the altar rails, and I saw Astrael amongst the ranks, and he was hovering in the air for an instant. I saw him kneeling before a statue of the Virgin and the Child that was placed in one of the side chapels. For a while he was motionless. He then passed his hand slowly across his forehead as if he were thinking whether he was going to do what was right. At last he fully made up his mind, and with his hands clasped, and his eyes fixed on the statue of his Queen, he prayed ever so earnestly—that Mary might die. What a terrible thing, you will say, but nevertheless it is true. He prayed that Mary might die in her perfect innocence. He thought of the years of the first temptations, of the risks that Mary had run; he thought of heaven, and how certain now Mary was to be admitted there; he thought of the angels whom he had sometimes seen returning and whose hot tears fell on the shining floors of the heavenly city, and he shuddered and trembled to think that this might possibly be his own fate if Mary should die. And he prayed ever so earnestly that his Queen would now take her child to heaven in her innocence; and, strange to say, his prayer was heard, for he saw distinctly the statue bend its head towards him; and, full of joy, he flew back and once more took his place at the side of Mary.

There were a few days of rejoicing, of intense piety and happiness and then Mary felt a strange languor creep over her. The hand of the great dark angel called Death, and was laid upon her. She struggled against it, became more gay and playful than ever for a while, but the angel was too strong for her, and gradually she faded away. The roses disappeared from her cheeks, her quick elastic step became slow and heavy, her breathing became very difficult, and she often felt inclined to lie down and rest, though she had done nothing to tire herself.

Her mother, for a while, shut her eyes to Mary's illness, but one day, whilst the child was bending over the fire, there came upon her a sharp, dry cough, that shook her and made her tremble all over; and the mother started from her seat and then resumed her work but a great lump gathered in her throat and a big tear slowly filled and fell upon her hand. But when Mary asked: "What is the matter, mamma?" she said nothing, but proceeded with her work.

And now Mary felt a strange longing for solitude. The noise of the



The Catholic Record.

Published Weekly at 481 and 483 Richmond street, London, Ontario.

Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels."

THOMAS COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey.

Messrs. Luke King, John Nigh and P. J. Neven are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for The Catholic Record.

Agent for Newfoundland, Mr. T. J. Wall St. John's.

Rates of Advertising—Ten cents per line each insertion, single measurement.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Its master 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, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 14, 1903.

PREMIER COMBES AND THE FRENCH NATION.

Our readers will not drop many tears of regret when they hear that M. Combes, the anti-Catholic and anti-Christian Premier of France,

has determined to retire from office, owing to his having made the discovery that the majority which is at present supporting him in the Chamber of Deputies is very precarious and not likely to continue its support of him.

The Paris Figaro asserts positively that he would retire from the Premiership immediately, were it not for the fact that his immediate withdrawal would result in the defeat of the budget which is now before the Chamber and which M. Combes is anxious to pass, as its failure in the Chamber would endanger the fabric of godless education which he has established. It is said that the huge taxes which he has thrown upon the people by his suppression of the religious orders which were conducting schools and charitable institutions at small cost to the public, have caused in many localities, and even in such socialistic centres as Marseilles, a great reaction against the brutal policy of the Government, which has had recently a great effect upon the Deputies and have made it almost certain that his government would be defeated by Christmas; at least, thus many people in France figure out the situation. We confess we repeat these speculations with diffidence, for every vote on the policy of the government down to the latest has shown an undiminished majority for the Atheistic rulers of France. If it be really true that the Catholic feeling is strong in the country, it is inexplicable to us that it does not show its strength at the polls when the time for the choice of Deputies comes around. Why does not the Catholic population take up the fight at the polls to thrust the Atheistic government out of power? We fear that the Catholicity of the people is itself of the weak and timorous kind which covets with fear at the least sign of vigorous opposition.

A despatch from London of so recent date as Nov. 4th informs us that the London Times says on the authority of correspondence from Brittany, that there is a movement on the part of ultra Catholics there in favor of emigration to Canada, and that a Breton priest, Abbe Lelech, spent last summer in the Canadian Far West examining suitable localities for emigration caused by the closing of the monasteries, the prescription of the Breton language, and the erection of a statue to the Atheist Ernest Renan in Brittany.

These acts of the infidel government are indeed sufficient to fill us with despair in regard to the religious future of France; but we are still of the opinion that hopeless as the case seems to be at present, faith and religious belief will have a great victory in France in the near future.

As regards the Bretons, they are undoubtedly the most stalwart natives of France; and they will make splendid settlers for Canada; but we would rather see them stand their ground in their own country to help fight the battle of religion when the proper time comes, as come it must, when the votaries of irreligion make their final and most desperate effort to abolish religion in France, and to substitute for the worship of the true God, that of an imaginary deity, as they did in 1702. In our opinion these Bretons would show more patriotism and loyalty to God if they should await the issue in their own land, that they may have a share in the

work of restoring France to the proud position she once occupied as the eldest and most faithful daughter of the Church of God on earth.

The deeds of the Bretons in 1701 and down to 1795 constitute some of the noblest history of the French nation, but it the descendants of the heroes of that period desert their country at a critical moment, we fear we must call them degenerate sons of noble sires. We cannot believe that the despatch is true which would force us to regard them in this light.

ECCLESIASTICAL LEGISLATION.

It is generally supposed that the Presbyterians are the most firm among the Protestant denominations in the repudiation of all ritualism and ceremonialism in religious worship and practice; and this firmness is accentuated in the Westminster Confession, which says in Chapter 20, section 2:

"God alone is Lord of the conscience and hath left it free from the doctrines and commandments of men which are in anything contrary to His word or beside it, in matters of faith or worship. So that, to believe such doctrines, or to obey such commandments out of conscience is to betray true liberty of conscience; and the requiring of an implicit faith, and an absolute and blind obedience, is to destroy liberty of conscience, and reason also."

It thus appears that it is a destruction of liberty of conscience, and therefore, a grievous sin, to command a special dress for the clergy, which is not to be found ordered in scripture, and to obey such a law is a betrayal of conscience!

Notwithstanding this, we are informed by the New York Tribune that a South Presbyterian Presbytery has passed a resolution strongly condemning those ministers of the denomination who presume to depart from the use of the clerical garb which clergymen usually wear, and who adopt "bob-tailed coats."

Such a decree is as tyrannical as it is trivial in the face of the above provisions of the Confession of Faith; and it is difficult to understand how the Presbytery in question, which is said to be one of the most important and intelligent of the Presbyteries of the South, can vindicate itself from the charge of Ritualism, as well as of a "betrayal of conscience" by enacting such a law.

It is true that we are elsewhere told in the Confession that, "they who upon pretence of Christian liberty, shall oppose any lawful power, whether it be civil or ecclesiastical, resist the ordinance of God." (Sec. 4.) We are likewise told in Chap. 31, Sec. 3, that it belongeth to synods and councils ministerially . . . to set down rules and directions for the better ordering of the public worship of God, and government of His Church." From this it might be inferred that the Church has authority to regulate the dress of ministers, so far, at least, as the decorum of their demeanor is concerned. But where two sets of principles are laid down which are irreconcilable with each other we must infer that the religious body which thus lays down contradictory articles of faith—the Confession being the standard of faith of all Presbyterians—must teach error either in one case or the other.

It is a matter of some surprise that these erudite contraries were not removed by the General Assembly which met last summer and revised the Confession. As this was not done, it remains the duty of Presbyterians to believe in opposite doctrine which cannot be reconciled with each other!

We do not by any means deny that Christ's Church has legislative powers over its members and clergy to direct their conduct toward eternal life. These powers are absolutely essential to the Church. But when a Church lays it down as a certain principle that it has this power, and elsewhere declares that all exercise of such a power is a tyranny which ought not to be obeyed, we may well doubt that this is the same Church which St. Paul declared to be "The Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth," or that Church to which Christ promised that the Holy Ghost should "teach all truth," and with which the same Holy Ghost should "abide forever."

It is easy to see the purpose with which both the contradictory doctrines we have pointed out were invented by the compilers of the Confession. That which restricts the authority of the Church is meant to justify their rebellion against the Catholic Church, whereas the assertion of the authority of the Church to make laws was made to give them authority to rule their followers; the purpose being not in either case to inculcate the strict truth.

Do not lose hope if you do not at once succeed. Remember that patience is a missionary virtue as well as zeal. "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the earth, and should sleep, and rise, night and day, and the seed should spring, and grow up whilst he knoweth not." (St. Mark iv. 26.)

THE CONCLAVE OF CARDINALS.

There is one persistent statement of the Roman correspondents who gave professedly by telegram a detailed account of all the movements of the Cardinals having reference to the election of a new Pope after the death of Pope Leo XIII, which has been most fully refuted by authentic information which has been furnished since the election of Pope Pius X.

The assertion was made boldly that there were several parties in the college of Cardinals representing several distinct policies, and having their specific candidates for the supreme Pontificate.

The College of Cardinals was represented as an intriguing cabal divided into irreconcilable hostile factions endeavoring by every means in their power to overthrow each other.

We do not at all doubt that there were different views held as to the most eligible candidate, but we have been assured by all who were in any way connected with the Conclave, that the proceedings were, from the beginning to the end, conducted with the utmost gravity, dignity, and charity. So true is this that there could not be found anywhere a deliberative body to excel in decorum the Conclave's proceedings.

The facts that votes were divided from the beginning among different Cardinals shows that opinion was divided, but there was no such thing as canvassing in the sense of the word as it is usually understood. The Cardinals were not only free by the fact that they could at any time give their votes for whom they would, but they were free even from the influences of persistent persuasion; for every member of the Conclave was fully aware that his colleagues were men of piety and having minds of their own which would make them immune from excessive outside influences, and there was no attempt to make use of such influences.

All this has been attested by Cardinal Gibbons who, having been a participant in the entire proceedings, was thoroughly acquainted with all the movements of the Cardinals. Other Cardinals have given similar testimony.

Another matter which concerned Cardinal Gibbons personally was also denied by him on his return from Europe. It had been asserted that he was canvassing in France while on the way to Rome, to induce the French Cardinals to oppose the election of Cardinal Rampolla, and that he had succeeded in obtaining their promise for a united vote against Pope Leo's Secretary of State.

This statement, like many other statements made by Roman correspondents on divers occasions for the press, when upon affairs of the Church were in question, has also been most positively contradicted, as not having in it an iota of truth.

PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

A movement has been begun in the United States looking toward a union of the various Presbyterian Churches. The leaders of the movement are encouraged to take this step, seeing that the unions of Presbyterians which have taken place in Canada and Scotland respectively have operated in adding very much to the strength and influence of the whole Presbyterian body.

Two committees from the Northern and Cumberland Presbyterians have already met and discussed plans of union. No definite action has been taken further, but it is admitted that a decided advance has been made, the more especially as the members of both committees are more positively confident that a union can be effected than was generally expected, and even than they themselves expected before meeting. It is presumed that their confidence will communicate itself to the members of both denominations, and thus hasten the union.

Should this union be brought about between the two denominations now negotiating, it is expected that the Southern Presbyterians will be induced to follow so good an example, and to seek to make one body with their Northern co-religionists.

It is to be remarked that in all these negotiations the colored Presbyterians are not taken into account. None of the white sects have any desire to combine with their dark-skinned brethren, who, it may be presumed, will not have the same heaven with the former in the next life!

The Cumberland Presbyterians have at least one doctrinal difference with the Presbyterians in general, as they hold that it is unlawful to give their allegiance to the United States under the present constitution, or to serve in any political office, inasmuch as the constitution does not recognize the subjection of the nation to Almighty God. We do not anticipate that this will be a very serious obstacle to the union, as doctrines are very readily laid aside by sects when there is some purpose to be gained by so doing.

IS ANARCHY A RELIGION?

An English Anarchist named John Turner recently reached New York, and since that time has been endeavoring to propagate Anarchistic doctrines. The police arrested him, and on the matter being brought before the Government, his deportation was ordered. Habeas Corpus proceedings for his liberation were entered before Judge Lacombe to prevent the enforcement of the order of deportation, and a hearing was given on the 28th ult. to the pleading of Turner's counsel, who maintains that anarchy is not a crime, but a religion, and that the order for Turner's deportation is a violation of the bill of rights, and an act of persecution.

Anarchy is opposed to all religion, and it is a grotesque proceeding to give it the name of a religion for the purpose of shielding an Anarchist against laws deliberately passed by Congress to protect the country against Anarchists. So soon after the murder of President McKinley, it is a piece of unconscionable impudence to give Anarchy the name of a religion of which it is the denial, and to endeavor to gain for it any privileges which may be accorded by law or public conscience to religion in any form.

We are strongly of the belief that public opinion is still so firmly set against the murderer of President McKinley, that no such plea as that set up in favor of Turner will meet with the approval of the people of the United States.

THE DOWIEITE CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK.

John Alexander Dowie's invasion of New York with an army of evangelizers which has been estimated variously at from six hundred and fifty to three thousand has proved to be a complete fizzle, and probably before the present issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD reaches our readers the whole company will have returned to Zion, the Dowieite city which was built by the pseudo-Elijah, and in which most of the business enterprises are his property. It was unfortunate for Dowie's enterprise that at the very moment when he was starting on it, the final decision of the New York Court of Appeals was given in the case of J. Luther Pierson, holding a Dowieite father responsible for the death of his child who was allowed to die without a medical man being called in for the relief of his infant daughter. This fact caused much indignation in the city against the whole Dowieite movement, and any success in converting the New Yorkers to Dowieism was not to be expected under the circumstances, and no one will be surprised to learn that Dowie shortened his stay in the city by a whole week on finding that he excited no enthusiasm for his cause.

Some remarks on the decision of the court in the Pierson case will be found in another column in this issue. The multitude of the people in New York attended Dowie's lectures in vast numbers, indeed, but the crowd was in no way sympathetic with the Faith-Curist, and was assembled rather to jeer and ridicule the Faith-Curist Chief, who took his revenge by heaping contumelious reproaches against the people of New York and especially the newspaper reporters whom he described as noxious vermin, the scum of mankind, and the vilest of the vile. All this vituperation was indulged in because the reporters with one accord described Dowie's actions in detail without giving a word of encouragement to the people to believe in him, which they could not be expected to do if they were honest even in a moderate degree.

During Dowie's stay in the city, as he was driving through the streets in his carriage which is elegant and costly, the carriage and team were seized by a constable for the payment of the costs of the law-suit against Pierson, for which Dowie was held responsible, not merely because he was the prime cause of the neglect of the father to provide medicine and a physician for the child that died, but also because he had authorized the employment of a skillful lawyer to defend the cause of Faith-Curism.

The carriage and team have been attached for \$1,000, and it would appear that Dowie will be held to the payment of this amount. As he is said to be a multi-millionaire this sum will be a small matter to him.

By a curious coincidence, another case of Dowieite malpractice occurred at Massawippi, near Sherbrooke, Quebec, on the 23rd of October, which was also during the time of Dowie's attempt to convert New York. As this fact was made public through the press, many people of Dowie's audiences were made acquainted with the case, and this contributed greatly to the hostile reception given to the prophet. The case was as follows:

The fifteen year old boy of Mr. Alexander Kezar, Mayor of the township of Hatley, fell sick of diphtheria, and as

the parents were Dowieites, medical aid was not called in. Shortly before the boy's death, and three days after he was attacked by the illness, the parents had him get out of bed to pray and sing.

Such instances of malpractice as those which we have mentioned in this article have been frequent among both Dowieites and Christian Scientists during the last few years, but it must be said that the Dowieites have been more aggressive than Christian Scientists against all forms of the Christian religion. Dowie has been an earnest propagandist of his peculiar views, and his publications have been abusive against all Christians, but especially so against the Catholic Church, for the reason probably, that very few Catholics have been induced to give up their religion to embrace Dowieism; whereas the Christian Scientists, though they do maintain an absurd system of philosophy, do not attack so viciously the foundation of Christian faith as taught by the Churches.

It is stated that the Holy Father Pope Pius X. has decided that at the first meeting of the Congregation of Rites at which he will preside in person, and which will take place on Nov. 17th, the question of the beatification of Jeanne d'Arc or Joan of Arc, will be taken up again with a view to her ultimate canonization. So far, the investigation has shown that the life of this heroine was most saintly, and her career inspired of God, and that the evil stories on the strength of which her character has been blackened are calumnies.

Jeanne d'Arc's career is one of the brightest pages of French history, and France will, no doubt, be grateful to the Popes Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X. for having vindicated her good name.

Some of our Catholic contemporaries have supposed that the canonization of the heroic "Maid of Orleans" will contribute towards making the French Government less hostile to the Catholic Church. We do not count upon this result so long as Premier Combes rules the destinies of the country. The present rulers of France are decidedly Atheistic, and the canonization of a hundred French saints would not make them less so. The battle for freedom of worship must be fought at the polls in France by the Catholics themselves shaking off the bondage of an infidel Government.

A BOLD FORGERY.

A bold attempt was made a few days before the issuance of the first Encyclical letter of Pope Pius X. to palm upon the Church a spurious letter which was issued from some obscure and unknown quarter, as the official document of the Holy Father.

The same type and form of document were used which are accustomed to be employed in Vatican publications, and the forged paper was sent by mail to all the Cardinals and nuncios abroad.

This spurious missive was in good Latin, so that many who read it really believed it to be the expected Papal Encyclical. It quoted copiously many texts of Scripture, and imitated the style of Papal documents. It was addressed to all the Church dignitaries of the world, including those schismatical bodies, inasmuch as such passages as would have restricted it to Catholic dignitaries were omitted; and this fact was a clue whereby the Osservatore Romano, the official organ of the Vatican, was enabled to trace the forgery to its source, which was found to be one of the anti-Catholic institutions of the city. The Osservatore Romano warned the public against the fraud, and by careful analysis of the contents of the document showed that it was spurious.

WHAT IS THE INDEX?

NOT THE WHOLE, BUT ONLY A SMALL PART OF THE CHURCH'S LEGISLATION REGARDING THE READING OF BOOKS.

Rev. M. I. Smith, S. J., in the New Voice. What is the Index of Prohibited Books?

This question is discussed by theologians and canonists who wish to make clear the scope and purpose of ecclesiastical authorities in sanctioning the publication of a list of forbidden books. It is asked by well-meaning non-Catholics who desire to obtain information for merely speculative ends. It is asked by conscientious Catholics because they seek the guidance of the Church in what is now a matter of the greatest importance—the matter of reading.

It is asked by bigoted and flippant declaimers in order to have a suitable occasion to show the obscurantism, the timidity or the narrow minded intolerance of the Church. The index, they think, is one of the pitiable devices of Pope and Cardinals to hold the allegiance of Catholics by keeping them ignorant of the enlightening teachings of modern times. Or again, these writers, deeming it not worth while to waste their virtuous indignation on the Church, take an apparently different talk. They grow merry over the fatuity and ineptitude of such means and instruments as the Index. They point out the fact that in this list comparatively few books are contained, while hundreds of thousands go unlisted.

And the unlisted are incomparably more dangerous to Rome and Roman pretensions than many of the practically harmless books on the Index. Evidently the Pope and Cardinals are a little too timid or too lazy to pursue, capture and put into their pillory the great faith-destroying criminals who are going about at large. For all these classes of inquirers a very interesting article appeared recently in the Civiltà Cattolica. This magazine is a bi-weekly edited by learned Jesuit fathers in Rome under the immediate supervision of the Holy Father. The gist of the article is as follows:

The Index is not the whole, but only a small part of the legislation of the Church regarding the reading of books dangerous to faith and morals. No upright man would think himself permitted to do every deed in his power, speak every word or think every thought or entertain every wish. Because such a course is clearly forbidden by the law of nature, revealed in the Reason and conscience of man. A vast multitude of books are so openly coarse, obscene, immoral, irreligious, blasphemous that no other law is needed to declare authoritatively that they are not to be read. The Church teaches that this natural law is the will of God, binding on the conscience not merely of Catholics, but of every man and woman whose mental condition is such as to leave them responsible for their actions. The natural law is unchangeable. Books of the above description have always been, are now and always will be prohibited to all. They need no further listing or indexing.

Second. Many books not clearly forbidden by the natural law because not openly heretical or immoral or atheistic or obscene are still full of danger to unsuspecting readers. We know on good authority that the devil has a way of taking the role of an angel of light. In olden days he displayed this angelic disposition through the instrumentality of the serpent. In modern times his favorite instruments are certain classes of authors.

To prevent this cunning deception especially since the time of the Reformation, the Church has issued general decrees prohibiting not individual books, but large classes and divers kinds of writings which either manifestly or insidiously labor to undermine the faith and morals of their readers. The zeal of the reformers in propagating their doctrine was largely frustrated by the loyalty of the Catholic peoples to ecclesiastical authorities. It was then that the wily "angel of light" process began to be extensively used. It was then, too, that the great Catholic invention of printing was made means of spreading heresy and immorality, everywhere endeavoring to lead man away from their allegiance to the Church. Even since this propaganda of Atheism, and the canonization of a hundred French saints would not make them less so. The battle for freedom of worship must be fought at the polls in France by the Catholics themselves shaking off the bondage of an infidel Government.

Books and readers grew together. The need of special action on the part of the Church to save her people from false teaching and immoral influence became urgent at once and has lasted to our own day. Our critics of the index are guilty of an ignoratio elenchi. They take the index as identical with the complete and general legislation of the Church on this matter of reading. The fact is, the Index is not, strictly speaking, in the nature of legislation at all, but rather in that of a series of court judgments. The natural law and the general decrees of the Church did not make known by name what books were prohibited. Thousands of books—today—we might better say hundreds—were clearly to be placed in the categories of the books forbidden by either the Church or the State. These, too, were just as clearly free from any taint that would bring them under either ban. In between these two classes there would naturally be many doubtful and controverted cases. When doubts occurred or controversies arose as to whether a book was prohibited or not, inquiries were made of the proper authorities. The book thus brought up for trial was examined and condemned or acquitted, according to its merits. In order to make the saving legislation of the Church more effective, Bishops, priests, educated laymen and especially officers of Catholic schools and universities were encouraged or required to present doubtful books for examination. Again, it happened that careless and wayward Catholics might read books about which there really was no doubt on the part of conscientious and intelligent men. The latter knew that such books came under the general prohibition, while the former persisted in reading until examination took place and an explicit decision was rendered; in other words, until the book was put on the Index.

Out of cases of this character grew the list of prohibited books now known as the Index. Hence: First, not all prohibited books are contained in this list, but only a comparatively very small number. Second, they are not by any means the worst books that are found in the Index, since real and bona fide doubts existed as to whether they were forbidden or not until a decision was obtained and the books listed. Third, some grossly bad books are indexed either because it was found that disobedient Catholics would otherwise read them or for some other particular reason.

Our exclusion from these facts and explanations should be that the Church is not a tyrannical or intolerant, but laudably vigilant in safeguarding the souls entrusted to her keeping; that the character of the works on the Index and the smallness of their number do not show any carelessness or incomprehension on the part of the Church in selecting the books worthy of condemnation, but rather demonstrate the ignorance and conceit of the critics; that Catholics ought to have a sincere respect and reverence for the natural law, the ecclesiastical decrees and the special decisions as shown in the Index relating to this matter of prohibited reading.

THE CHURCH

Novel

The distinctive burial ground is word, with its sleeping apart Christian early with a droll, with a audience—the faithful departed says, "with the but merely a slotted by a glorified The Catholic solicitous to a character should it ever scene of any occurrence, such ceases to be a ground without secession or ecclesiastical restricted extension entitled to its friendship with and whenever, thirty years a Church are in forced against space is placed shunned by all cemetery is a ment. The people indiscrimination community is and traditions principle and Church has Catholics and the honors ture, namely, ground and suffrages. Su sistent and se organization the memory rided its claim flouted its p continue the com counter to all and of scandal astical burial not allowable, when civil fu burial are on unworthiness apostasy or su encouragement—has been co sisted in to it will be rare to give a ally in the first consul already him habits and as intrinsic sometimes allows it, but usage and as and atheists neither admiri nor grant Ch before dying regard of b bodies to be

BISHOP COZ

TO A NON-

The Rt. D. D., B. D. J., addressed the regular meeting of the House of Commons and her were also Roy Jones, Bishop Con interesting often misun "The Pap Score." The disti closest inter argument man The Pap arrogance, pation nor authority by Scrip Christian turies. It in unbrok looked on from His d sion to tea is a field f seeking th it cannot presented, understood by the des His Churo know the doer than into the with the B a more pe will bring the child until, as S into the t ledge of t man into fullness of one bapt Jesu. Ch sponse wi speed the

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

We need not fear man's judgment, nor be elated by his praise. The world praises where little praise is due and oftentimes condemns when the best motives have inspired our actions.

One thing alone is necessary, one question only must we ask ourselves and answer honestly—'are our lives such as God would have them, such as He intended them to be?'

Don't get foolish and get sore when things don't come your way—'baby and declare. 'Now, I won't play!'

If your dearest hopes seem blighted and despair looms in view. Set your jaw and whisper grimly, 'They're false, yet I'll be true.'

Bless your heart, this world's a good one, and will always be a man's. Hate, misanthropy and malice have no place in nature's plan.

Many young men, beginning a business career for themselves, make the mistake of supposing that financial credit is based wholly upon property or capital.

The credit men in jobbing houses are not inclined to advance credit to the man who though he may have inherited a fortune has shown no capacity for business, and is of doubtful character.

The young men who start for themselves, on a small scale, as more energetic, work harder, are more alert, are quicker to appreciate the chances of the market, and are more polite and willing than those with large capital.

The credit men in jobbing houses are very quick, as a rule, to see the success-qualities in prospective buyers, and seldom make a mistake in their estimate of what credit it is safe to extend.

What is the secret of success? asked the Sphinx. Push, said the button. Take pains, said the window.

Never be led, said the pencil. Be up to date, said the calendar. Always keep cool, said the ice.

Do business on the tick, said the clock. Never lose your head, said the barrel. Do a driving business, said the hammer.

Aspire to greater things, said the nutmeg. Make much of small things, said the microscope. Never do anything offhand, said the glove.

Spend much time in reflection, said the mirror. Never take sides, but be round when you're wanted, said the bell.

Get a good pull with the ring, said the doorbell. Be sharp in all dealings, said the knife.

Find a good thing and stick to it, said the glue. Trust to your star of success, said the night.

Strive to make a good impression, said the seal. Turn all things to your advantage, said the fath.

In every calling, a courteous and attractive manner is a potent talisman of success, while rudeness, shyness or awkwardness often neutralizes the finest of other gifts.

"If I could command the speech of twenty nations," said Mr. George G. Williams, the able and honest president of the National Chemical Bank, New York—who, in his calling, has fought his way up from the lowest to the highest rung of the ladder—"I would preach politeness to them all. It is the Aladdin's lamp of success."

I do not speak idly in praise of politeness, for out of the experience of fifty-six years in the banking business, it has been borne in upon me almost daily that courtesy is one of the prime factors in the building up of every career. It is the hall-mark of the Christian gentleman and of the keen man of affairs."

It has been said that graciousness can sugarcoat a "No" so as to make it taste like "Yes." Madame de Tenain, a shrewd society woman in Paris, said once to Madame de Geoffrin, "Never rebuff any man; for, though nine persons out of ten should not give themselves a fathering's trouble for you, the tenth may become a useful friend."

Can this charm of courtesy, the habit of uniform civility, be acquired? And if it can, in what way? No doubt, in its highest and most captivating forms, it is one of the results of time—an inheritance from generations generously bred. But its essence is simply a desire to give others pleasure, even at the cost of some denial or inconvenience to one's self—the manifestation of a sincere, cordial frankness, and a perennially sunny, golden temper—a manly deference, without hypocrisy, sycophancy, or obtrusion, and this, surely can be acquired by any human being. True

courtesy springs from goodness of heart. As Lord Chatham wrote to his nephew, "It is benevolent in trifles." For its acquisition one need not study any artificial rules. Etiquette, which consists mainly of posture making, is often the very essence of ill breeding. It involves a constant thinking of one's self, whereas thinking of others rather than oneself is the very first law of all courtesy. To attain true courtesy one must be filled with a kind loving spirit. Without this all outward forms of politeness are empty husks—a cheat and a sham; with it he has won more than half the battle. Frequently good society and good sense, with observation and attention, will achieve the rest.

"Live among wolves," says a Spanish proverb, "and you will soon begin to howl." Live among well-bred people, and insensibly you will catch and reproduce the air, the address, and the nameless grace of those with whom you associate.

Tortenson Was Carried in Battle on a Litter. Who was it that, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, stormed Constantinople, and was the first man to leap from galley to shore and display the standard of St. Mark, thus winning a signal triumph for the Crusaders? Was it a young man or a middle-aged one, full of health and vigor? No; it was the blind Dandolo, Doge of Venice, bearing the weight of ninety-one, if not of a hundred years. Again, in the Thirty Years' War, what commander was it that astonished Europe by the swiftness of his movements; who, even more than the Turkish captain, Bayazet, deserved the name of Iberin, or "The Lightning," and of whom it was said that he saw with the eyes of Argus, and fought with the hands of Briareus? It was Tortenson, the victor of Schweidnitz and Jankowitz, and other hard-fought battles, who had to be carried about, even on the battlefield, on a litter. Gibbon, in the "Decline and Fall," records a similar triumph of a Turkish commander, who won on his litter, in spite of the same disease, a series of brilliant victories over the veteran legions of Rome. But to descend to later times, was not the one-eyed hero of Aboukir and Trafalgar little, sickly, and lame? Was not the conqueror of Quebec the victim all his life of a fatal disease, and his constitution ruined at the very time when he scaled the heights of Abraham, defeated Montcalm, and made the name of James Wolf memorable to all ages? In conclusion I would say that health is a priceless thing; but, in view of the facts I have stated, why should any man who lacks it be led thereby to despair of worldly success or usefulness? Often when nature has been niggard to a man of physical vigor—when she has given him a weak or diseased body, which by no possible regimen can be made rugged or healthy—she has compensated him by a proportional excess of mental power. But even when this is not the case, he can accomplish great results, as the falling drops of water wear away the rock—non est sed sapie cadendo. By concentrating the labors of a life of some single worthy object, by economizing and making the most of the golden dust of time—the precious moments, so valueless singly, so inestimable in the aggregate, which most often an invalid may often achieve greater results than many a robust man who, confiding in his ability to work and to work with energy at all times, lets hours, and days, and weeks run to waste.—Success.

Now for the "dog stories," vouchered for a truth, every one. The first brings in a famous dog lover, Sir Walter Scott. The Century Magazine is publishing a series of letters written by Sir Walter to Mrs. Hughes (grandmother of Thomas Hughes, whose "Tom Brown's School Days" most of our boys have read) and answered by the lady. The letters show that Mrs. Hughes was a very fond of dogs; her intimate friend, Mrs. Hayman (also a friend of Scott) whom she visited twice a week, strongly disliked them. Near Mrs. Hayman's house, where Mrs. Hughes must pass every time, was a stable in which was kept a wretched dog so obviously half-starved that the compassionate woman started at the habit of bringing him a parcel of bones wrapped in newspaper and tucked inside her ample muff.

The dog soon knew and watched for her, and manifested touching signs of gratitude and affection. Mrs. Hayman found the performance a fruitful subject for mirth and made much fun of the "folly and greasiness," as she termed it, of her friend's peculiar form of charity.

On the morning when I went to meet Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Hughes noted in her journal, "he had arrived and was sitting with her, and immediately on my entrance she cried out: 'Well! Have you been pampering your nasty, mangy cur?' And when I answered in the affirmative, she turned to Sir Walter and said: 'I don't know, Mr. Scott, whether you will think me you over by singing, but I must tell you that this simpleton lives in the cloisters of Westminster and comes here twice or thrice a week, bringing with her a parcel of dirty bones, with which she fills her nice new muff, for a nasty half-starved cur, and feeds the creature with them.'"

"He made no reply for a minute or two, but leaned back in his chair gazing hard at me under his shaggy brows, but then thrusting out his hand he caught hold of mine in a grip which I can only compare to a blacksmith's vice, exclaiming: 'You and I must be friends!' which during his remaining life he verified."

Many years after, when he and she were walking together near Abbotsham, the dog-loving paragon of Maida and creator of "Laird" and "Bevis" returned to the incident. "Do you know what made me take such a fancy to you?" he asked, abruptly, and after a pause he added: "'Why the dog and the muff.' She had forgotten her old-time practice and looked puzzled, so he continued to remind her: "The dog in Berkeley Square. From that moment on, I should have done just the same myself."

A story of an heroic and intelligent act by a young collie dog comes from Gage's Lake, Ill., and as a result the dog had found a new home, and where he would be treated as one of the family. One afternoon a few days ago a three-month-old child disappeared mysteriously from the camp on the shores of Maida where the child's parents were enjoying an outing. When darkness came on, and everybody turned out to search for her. All night the search was kept up, and the anxiety of the parents knew no bounds. Finally it was concluded the little one had died in the water, and arrangements were made by the father to drag the lake. The camp of the family is on the farm of Henry Meak. The next day, returning from driving his horse to pasture, and his dog ran with him. Suddenly the animal began barking terrifically under a pile of brush. Mr. Meak thought little of it and passed on, calling to the dog to follow, but the animal kept on barking, and refused to move. Finally, drawn from curiosity, the dog's owner thought he would investigate, and going to the brush saw a wanderer, wholly oblivious to her surroundings and unconscious that she had been the cause of so much excitement and worry, says the Live Stock Tribune. She was picked up and carried home to the tearful mother, and the entire community rejoiced at the being found. The father of the child went to the farm and asked that the child should have the collie, which is now the pet of the lake region.

Some time ago, according to the Republican of that city, a half starved, exhausted setter dog strayed in o West Springfield (Mass). His body was gaunt, his eyes glassy, his legs tottering in the most. A man possessed of the necessary requirements for membership in the society with long and much abused hair was attracted by the dog's appearance. He noticed on examination that the dog wore a collar bearing the name "Benjamin Pepper, Hartford, Ct." The man took the dog home and gave him a square meal and lodging, and in the meantime communicated with the man in Hartford whose name was on the dog's collar. A prompt reply was given during a blizzard the dog was given shelter in the home of Mr. Pepper, where he had been duly adopted. In time the creature became greatly attached to his new quarters. Last summer the owner of the dog gave him away to a man in New Hampshire, two hundred miles distant from Hartford. One day the animal, with a more determined air, left his new home and started southward. From that day until he appeared in West Springfield the dog was heard of no more. At last faithfulness is to be rewarded, and the dog will doubtless live and die in the home of his former owner at Hartford.

The New Hampshire correspondent of a New York paper says that the intelligence of dogs was never better displayed than in a case which came to light in the town of Greenville. A little more than six weeks ago

spoken in a low voice, without a gesture. He made no reference to the evidence or the merits of the case. When he finished, judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury filed out, but soon entered with a verdict of \$500 for the plaintiff, whose dog had been shot, and it was said the defendant considered himself lucky to have escaped hanging.

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Louis Cameron lost a valuable hound. When last seen the animal was in company with Charles Rodier's dog Sport and a little fox terrier, and all three were making for the woods on a run. Mr. Cameron tried to find some traces of his hound, but finally decided that he had been shot or poisoned and gave up hopes of recovering him. Immediately after the disappearance of the hound Sport began to leave his master's house regularly every morning, returning each evening. Mr. Rodier tried to follow the dog, being curious to know what took him into the woods so much with the fox terrier. He supposed the two dogs went hunting together, but failed to find any evidences of their having done so. Last Sunday as Charles Newton was walking down the Wilton road he saw Sport and the fox terrier sitting beside the road looking into the bushes. To his great surprise both dogs growled savagely at him, although he had always petted them. Walking past the pair slowly Mr. Newton noticed the lost hound crouching in the bushes. The hound was a pitiable sight. One of his hind legs was gone and all the toes were missing from one forefoot. The tail had been cut off short and a long, freshly-healed scar showed where his head had been torn open. One eye was also gone. The wounds were fairly well healed, and Mr. Newton concluded that the Cameron hound was bound for home, being assisted by Sport and the fox terrier.

Appearances indicated that the hound had been run over by a train, and the regular disappearance of Sport and the terrier proves beyond a doubt that they carried him food and cared for him during the six weeks that he lay wounded in the woods.

Is it any great wonder that we prize our canine friends? Many a good man would not part from his dog for any price offered. The poor German in the story expressed this priceless quality in quietly touching language. Once upon a time a gentleman was walking with his youngest son at the close of the day, and in passing the cottage of a German laborer the boy's attention was attracted to the dog. It was only a common cur, but the boy took a fancy to him and asked his parent to buy the animal for him.

Just then the owner of the dog came home and was demonstratively met by the dog. The gentleman said to the owner: "My little boy has taken a fancy to your dog, and I should like to buy him. What do you ask for him?" "I can't sell that dog," said the German.

"Look here," said the gentleman, "that is a poor dog, but as my boy wants him I will give you a sovereign, \$5, for him."

"Yaas," said the German. "I know he's very poor dog and not worth much; but der ish von leedle ding mit dat dog I can't sell. I can't sell de vag of his tail ven I comes home at night."

IMITATION OF CHRIST. We take no notice where our affections lie; nor do we lament the effecting of purity in all we do. For all flesh had corrupted its way. (Gen. vi. 12.) and therefore the great flood ensued.

As therefore our interior affection is much corrupted, it must needs be that the action which follows should also be corrupted, which is a testimony of the want of inward vigor. From a pure heart proceeds the fruit of a good life.

We are apt to inquire how much a man hath done; but with how much virtue he hath done it is not so difficultly considered. We ask whether we be strong, rich, beautiful, ingenious, a good writer, a good singer, or a good workman; but how poor he is in spirit, how patient and meek, how devout and internal, is what few speak of.

Nature looketh upon the outward things of a man, but grace turneth herself to the interior. Nature is often deceived, but grace hath her trust in God, that she may not be deceived.

BROWNSON'S EXPERIENCE. Henry Morgan in October Donahue's He afterwards compared his experience of different beliefs during the twenty-two years between his profession of Presbyterianism and conversion to the Catholic faith as that of one stepping on cakes of ice, each cake barely supporting his weight until he could reach the next until at last he stepped on solid ground. His old associates prophesied his return to Protestantism within six months, but no man ever adhered more firmly to the truth once he had found it. Mrs. Brownson became a Catholic immediately after her husband's reception into the church; the children who were too young to need instruction were baptized with their mother, two others just before her death. One of Mrs. Brownson's greatest sorrows was the unchristian character of her husband's writings and speeches a few weeks after their marriage. She was then a devout believer in the so-called orthodox faith but she knew that it was useless to argue with her husband. She waited and prayed patiently and hopefully, as the years went by and in the end had the supreme happiness of seeing her husband accept not only all of the Christianity which he believed but going even further and embracing all that Christ had taught.

If attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. K. Logg's Dysentery Remedy and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease, which is the strongest man and that destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it is a genuine remedy, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bicker's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but some so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the deceased parts a chance to heal.

SURPRISE is SOAP Pure Hard Soap. Includes images of soap boxes and a person washing.

"Let the GOLD DUST twins do your work." Don't plod along like your grandmother did before you, scouring and scrubbing; bending and rubbing. GOLD DUST makes housework easy. It cleans everything and injures nothing. More economical than soap. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, New York, Boston, St. Louis, Montreal.

The Church is the Greatest Society. Apropos of the stress laid upon membership in Catholic fraternal organizations as a means of keeping Catholic young men faithful to their duties as Catholics, the New Century remarks: "The young man who will not go to Mass unless he is forced to by the written or unwritten law of his 'society,' must be fatally deficient in some essential quality."

THE FIRST BABY. What joy there is in the home when the first baby comes, and yet to the young and inexperienced mother who has to care for it there is no other period of her life so trying. In the little ills that are certain to come the inexperienced mother scarcely knows what to do. To the young mother—to all mothers—Baby's Own Tablets are a real blessing. They promptly cure such troubles as constipation, colic, sour stomach, diarrhea and simple fevers. They break up colds, destroy worms, cutting of teeth tion accompanying some of the most serious ills. These Tablets are sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate, nor any other of the harmful drugs always found in the so-called "soothing" medicines. They are good for all children from the new born babe to the well grown child. If you do not find the Tablets at your medicine dealers send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and a box will be mailed you post paid.

IN NATURE'S STOREHOUSE THERE ARE CURED—Medical experimenters have shown conclusively that there are medicinal virtues in ordinary plants growing up around us which give them a value that cannot be estimated. It is held by some that Nature's store is a cure for every disease which medicine and ignorance have visited upon man. However, this may be, it is well known that Nature's Vegetable Pills, distilled from roots and herbs, are a sovereign remedy in curing all disorders of the bowels.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

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O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt Is the best made During the last few months a great many so-called Liquid Extracts of Malt have been placed on the market and sold at prices for which it would be impossible to make a genuine Liquid Extract of Malt. If you want the best ask for "O'Keefe's," and insist upon getting "O'Keefe's." Price 25c. per bottle 20c. per dozen allowed for empty bottles when returned. W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Drugist, General Agent, TORONTO.

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