

The Catholic Record.

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

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APPLETON'S ENCYCLOPEDIA AND ATLAS.

Just how the view-point of this generation is changing may be seen from the episode of the publication of Appleton's Universal Encyclopedia and Atlas. Two decades ago a work dealing unfairly with the Church would not have occasioned a comment from those without the fold. The publisher, undeterred by remonstrance, would have it "boomed" by the critic and put on the market. Secular publications would acclaim it as a classic. The non-Catholic would buy it and be strengthened in his prejudices. But not so to-day. The editors of various prints have read Father Wynne's pamphlet on the Encyclopedia, and have been saying uncomplimentary things about the Appletons ever since. Now the Appletons themselves have promised to make the required corrections. In a letter to Father Wynne, S. J., they say:

"It is not the policy of this house to ignore complaints that may be made to it affecting the accuracy of statements in its books of reference."

AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

Some of our exchanges are commenting on the fact that Colonel de St. Remy, who refused to close one of the Sisters' schools, was court-martialed at Nantes and virtually acquitted. They are pleased to note that the verdict met with general approval. We are also glad to know that the decision was acclaimed with cheers, and that the gallant colonel is for the time being a hero for the crowd. May we also hope that, let us say, the chivalry which prompted it may become more of a factor in things political. But perhaps the wily M. Combes instructed the court to free the Colonel as a sop to the Frenchmen who are chanting the praises of the Sisters and protesting against their expulsion. We may take it for granted that M. Combes, who is playing the game begun by M. Waldeck-Rousseau, must be assured of a strong backing. Moreover, he is a politician who believes more in work and organization than in grandiose orations. Perhaps he has been taught this by the little effort of the eloquent harangues of the Count de Mun.

He is caricatured in Paris music-halls, but that is the lot of the ordinary politician. Waldeck Rousseau was lampooned and denounced at every street corner, but he won out at the elections. It makes, indeed, inspiring copy, we admit—the procession of men and women to bid farewell to the Sisters; the enthusiasm and rabid outcries against the Ministry; but what does it amount to? Does it denote a renaissance of French virility and faith? We should like to think so, but the remembrance of the years of apathy and of cowardly submission to an atheistic crew bids us not to be too optimistic in our estimation of this fact. We can say, however, that if French Catholics had manifested a few years ago, some of their present-day vigor they would have spared their friends some shameful pages of history. But if they have learned to drop their little Bonapartist and Royalist squabbles and to get down to practical organization—to give us a minimum of rhetoric and a maximum of work—M. Combes and his adherents may have cause to regret the Law of Associations.

BISHOP GOODSSELL AND THE PRESIDENT.

Our old friend the Methodist Bishop Goodsell is again to the fore. Time seems to have no mellowing effect on this gentleman. For his outbreak of two years ago he received a certificate of character that could not be prized by any clergyman. Then he became quiescent, and, as we hoped, for ever more. But alas! the Wisconsin Methodists held a conference and gave him an opportunity to let us know that he is the same old Goodsell. He or they want President Roosevelt to deny that he asked the Vatican to advance Archbishop Ireland to the Cardinalate. Scarcely civil, but quite Goodsellian. He ought to compile a book of Don'ts for Presidents and send it to the White House.

It is pitiable, too, that some divines cannot assemble in concave without indulging in antics that must tax the patience of their followers. If Methodist conferences must be held, why not do business and omit ridiculous questions from the programme?

Concerning the conference a Protestant Republican writes the New York Freeman's Journal as follows:

"You know there are a great many good Methodists, and not by all of them good people; but, like all other good people, they make some mistakes, and this one (the Conference's action) I think is a serious one. Some of them think that the Catholics are part and parcel of the bodyguard of his Satanic majesty, and no doubt these people really feel very badly to think that the President would say a good word to any Catholics. That Conference has taken the President to task on a religious question. It has criticized the President from a religious standpoint. It is endeavoring to bring about a separation of the State and the (Catholic) Church by the very pronounced mixing of the Methodist Church with the head of the nation."

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.

One of the most deplorable follies of which it is possible for parents to be guilty is to allow their children to leave school at too early an age. The boys have a right to some preparation for life. But it is their misfortune often to be taken from school just at the moment they are ready to profit by their books. Lads of promise are flung into the streets to be messenger boys, and in time to take their places in the army of laborers. A laborer may be, and is often, a model of nobility, but already there are too many of us among them. It is idle to say that a lad of ability will make his way. Success is largely determined by our start in life. For everyone who despite disadvantages manages to cut out a place for himself in the world there are thousands of the same class who fail and are the flotsam and jetsam of cities. We have but to open our eyes to see this.

Does it ever strike us to inquire why so many Canadians who have Scotch blood in their veins manage to move up in the world? Is it because they stick together or have greater persistence than others? We do not think so. The real reason is that they are educated. They receive the prizes because they merit them. They had wise parents who kept them at school and saw in old-time fashion that they prepared their school work. And these boys went to college, lived frugally and attended to the business of book-learning. They were men of certain discipline when they entered the lists and had a chance for things to which the callow and unfledged stripling can never aspire. Now why cannot we take a leaf out of their book? Have we no ambition for our children—no desire to make them a credit to society and to their religion. Do we need the miserable pittance the boys earn? Not in one case out of a hundred. And we venture to say that many of the parents who force their boys into employment are the ones who spend much of their earnings in drink. Who builds the mirror-decked and glittering saloons in the poorer quarters of this community? Who pays for them all but the man who spends his life for a scanty wage and because of a want of foresight and common-sense encourages his boys to do the same?

We intend to refer to this in another issue.

RESPECT DUE TO PRIESTS.

"A priest is not an angel," said a priest at the close of a sermon to a large congregation recently. He is only a man; he is human. He has the faults of human nature, but his life is given to God. His hand is the anointed hand which gives you the Sacraments. Respect your priests. Be proud of them. If they have faults, leave the faults to God. "That," says an amiable and thoughtful correspondent, "is just so many Catholic people do not do. Some people are so constituted that, as George Eliot has said, they constantly fix their eyes upon the spots upon the sun and not upon the glorious radiance. We are all apt to take the self-sacrifice and willing service of the priest in much the same unthinking, ungrateful, gratuitous way as that in which we accept light and air. Possible it is in consequence of this airy appropriation as a natural heritage, of the services of the priest, that we are so free with our criticism and so stingy with our gratitude. It should be vice versa. When sickness assails us and death faces us, the priest is the only one upon whom we can call, knowing that the call will be obeyed. Other friends may fail us; the priest never fails us. No matter how cold the night or late the hour of which the night ring comes, it is answered. Truly indeed we ought to respect our priests. The order of Melchisedech, with the wonderful power which it confers, carries with it the blue ribbon of all earthly dignity, but it carries with it also a great dower of human loneliness. When he dons the garb of his supernatural knighthood, the priest is shut out by a wall of separateness from the fair garden of human love. He must go alone and lonely and practically homeless through the world. The life of the priest attords the highest ideal that the

world holds to-day of the Christian charity embodied in the primary commandment of the Positivist school "live for others." At this point we go no further. In common gratitude the least that Catholics can give to their priest is respect and respect and wide indulgence, instead of cold non-appreciation and flippant criticism. —The Kalamazoo Augustinian.

NEARING THE FALLS.

When at the beginning of the Reformation Catholics warned their Protestant opponents that the new doctrines they were introducing were revolutionary, and would lead ultimately to infidelity or atheism, their warning was not heeded, or was scouted as absurd.

But history has justified their foresight. The decadence of Christian faith was at first slow, because people are slow to depart from beliefs, customs, and habits that through many generations have grown into their religious life and social forms. But once the new departure was initiated it moves with accelerating speed to its ultimate logical development. Such has been the history of the new departure called the Reformation. It began by denying the authority of the Church as a divinely commissioned and therefore infallible teacher of revealed truth, and resorted to private judgment. It next resorted to the Bible as inspired Scripture; and this attack on the integrity and inspiration of the Bible has gone on heaving, trimming, higher-criticising and philosophising until the advanced leaders in Protestant thought have, while still professing reverence for it, practically repudiated the Book as the inspired word of God.

It next attacked the Seven Sacraments of the Church. It rejected marriage as a sacrament and reduced it to a mere natural and civil contract, thus opening the door to the divorce evil. It rejected all but two of the sacraments, retaining only Baptism and the Eucharist, or Lord's Supper, and these two are to a great extent deprived of their sacramental character. The Real Presence in the Eucharist being denied, that Sacrament is reduced to a mere commemorative ceremony.

We now come to what suggested these remarks. In a recent sermon in New York, Dr. MacArthur said:

"The doctrine of baptismal regeneration is both unreasonable and unscriptural. The superstitions that have gathered about infant baptism form one of the saddest chapters in Church history. This doctrine of baptismal regeneration makes the minister of religion a worker of magic—a fakir. According to the theory, the child at one moment is a candidate for perdition, then comes the minister with water and the child becomes a child of God—an heir of glory. Such teaching is a violation of all sound reason and true scripture teaching."

Such is Protestantism's last word on the Sacraments. They have been made to disappear as means of salvation from the Divine economy of the New Dispensation. When we consider that Protestantism, in one or other of its multitudinous forms, has denied the Divinity of Christ, the Trinity, and almost every other distinctive Christian doctrine we must conclude that the forecast of the Catholics of Reformation times has been verified, and that the great revolt against the Church of Christ is moving toward its logical ultimate in recent times with constantly increasing velocity, and that it is at present not far from its Niagara.—N. Y. Freeman Journal.

O. Restless, Fictitious, Sectarian Humanity.

From the Lutheran. Philadelpha is to be credited with a new sect—The Church of the Soul. It is a species of spiritualism that carries the Bible under its arm and evolves its theology out of its head. Justice is its motto, and truth and progress its watchwords. It believes in the divinity of man in the deity (save the mark) of Christ. A woman, once a spiritualistic medium, is at the head of the movement. O, restless, fictitious, sectarian humanity! When wilt thou cease searching after strange doctrines and find and test the ones that have been revealed and tried?

EPISCOPALIAN PAULISTS.

The drift of affairs in the Episcopal Church at present portends strange consequences for that denomination. Year after year we witness it copying more largely from the Catholic faith. Comparatively it has been but a short time since we saw it take up altars, vestments and incense. A little longer, perhaps, we have been familiar with its noble-minded women banded together in a Sisterhood. Later we learned that auricular confession had been added and in some instances its ministers have almost made its form of worship an excellent counterfeit for that of the Catholic Church.

Now comes another innovation, the establishment of an order of St. Paul. And a rather strange order it is in more respects than one. According to the constitution of the Episcopalian Paulists membership is restricted to ordained men, although an exception is made in favor of laymen pursuing studies for the ministry. These, however, are excluded from any voice in the conduct of organization. Something peculiar is the reason assigned for calling it into existence. Conditions in the middle West, we are told, are responsible. Many towns in this

section are unable or unwilling, often both to support an Episcopalian minister. The present experiment, it is claimed, will remedy the evil. It does not, then, Episcopalianism in such communities will cease to exist.

Such is the announced scope and purpose of the organization. In it, again, is recognized a departure from Protestant custom. Prominently stands out the fact that it is an imitation of the order, or community, priesthood of the Catholic Church. In this it is another step away from Protestantism and its cold and meaningless forms of worship. And consequently it is a step nearer to Rome. The founders of the new organization may not realize it just now. But they will later on, when its members find there way into the Catholic fold. There can be no other result. It may be delayed, but it is bound to follow. For nothing seems to bring a quicker realization of the emptiness of Protestantism than does extreme ritualism. When Episcopalianism, therefore, has been loaded down with a great burden of imitations of Catholicity its members in good faith will the more quickly catch the deception. As a consequence the truth will be discernable.—Church Progress.

A MINISTER'S SERMON ON CATHOLIC GROWTH.

The Rev. Dr. William Hayes Ward, editor of the Independent, New York, and a resident of Newark, N. J., preached in the Belleville Avenue Congregational Church in Newark recently on "The Roman Catholic Church in America." Dr. Ward quoted many statistics in support of his facts. In part he said:

"In the Confession of faith of the Presbyterian Church the Pope of Rome is characterized as anti-Christ. This is a rudeness, an impertinence and a universal falsehood, and at the last meeting of the Presbyterian assembly it was voted to remove it. The Pope is a noble, sweet, Christian man, and there is no doubt that he fully believes his divine appointment and prays with earnestness that he may perform his duties."

"The Roman Catholic Church in this country is very strong. Early in history, when Franklin was made a Minister to Paris, the Nuncio of the Pope came to him and said that the Pope desired to appoint a Bishop. Franklin answered that it was no business of the Government. Out of 3,000,000 people who made up the population of the country then there were about 44,000 Catholics, or about the nineteenth of the population. Now there are about 12,000,000, or nearly one fifth of the country's inhabitants. There are seven or eight Catholic universities, 12,429 priests, 16,000 churches and chapels, 81 theological seminaries, 163 colleges for boys, 629 girls' seminaries, 244 orphan asylums and 877 charitable institutions of other kinds. In the New York Diocese, which does not include Brooklyn, there are 1,200,000 Catholics, which is the third largest Catholic population of any diocese in the world."

"The Catholics in this country are generous in their religious work and set a good example for others."

"THE ROSARY."

As October is the month of the Holy Rosary a few thoughts on this devotion may prove interesting.

It was an ancient custom in the East to offer crowns of roses to distinguished persons, and the early Christians loved to honor in this way the images of the Blessed Virgin and the relics of the martyrs.

An illustrious Bishop, St. Gregory of Nazianzen, full of devotion towards the Mother of God, was inspired to substitute for the material crown of roses a spiritual crown of prayers, persuaded that it would be more acceptable to the Blessed Queen of the Church. With this idea he composed a long series of crown of prayers, which comprehended the most glorious titles, the sweetest praises, and the most excellent prerogatives of Mary. In the seventh century St. Brigid, one of the patron saints of Ireland, brought this pious thought to a greater perfection. She made the devotion introduced by St. Gregory available to all by substituting for the beautiful prayers he had composed the most popular and still more beautiful prayers of the creed, the Our Father, and the Hail Mary. And in order to know by some material indication how many prayers had been recited, she adopted the custom of the anchorites of the Thebaid, and threaded beads of wood or stone in the form of a crown. Rosary signifies crown of roses; and the prayers we daily recite form a wreath of spiritual roses with which in love we crown our Mother and our Queen.

The word chaplet means little crown. The rosary of the Blessed Virgin is composed of five decades, each of which consists of ten Hail Marys, preceded by one Our Father, St. Dominic, one of the greatest saints of Christianity, and one of the most devoted servants of the Blessed Virgin, was specially instructed in this devotion by the Mother of God herself.

In saying the Rosary we repeat the Hail Mary more often than the Our Father, not as has been said, because we honor the Blessed Virgin more than God, but because, being a devotion instituted in her honor, it is quite natural that the prayers it contains should be specially addressed to her. The Rosary is not, as some unusually enlightened minds conceive, a devotion good for women.

We do not see in what men so greatly surpass women, either as regards the

intellect, or, still more, as regards the heart. In many cases women are superior to men. And so the saying, "God for women!" is worth nothing. And what is there in the chapel that is not good for every one? Is it the Our Father which is not good enough for men? Was not our Lord speaking to His own apostles when He taught them this beautiful prayer? Or is it the Hail Mary which is beneath the mind of men? or the Creed at the beginning? or is it the sign of the Cross? The greatest men of modern times have recited the Rosary with as much devotion as the simple women whom some, with remarkably advanced understandings, appear to disdain. St. Charles Borromeo, St. Francis Xavier, St. Vincent de Paul, Bossuet, and Fenelon are amongst the numbers of those who have offered to the Blessed Virgin this daily tribute of praise. St. Francis de Sales made a vow to recite the Rosary every day. It must be a strange kind of pride which can despise a prayer so honored by such men as these.

The principal mysteries of our redemption, fifteen in number, are celebrated in this devotion, and the right way in which to recite the Rosary is to meditate during each decade on one of the mysteries in the life of our Saviour, or His holy Mother, and to ask God through the intercession of Mary for some virtue which we need, or which shines out more especially in the mystery we contemplate; or we may recite each decade for a special intention, to obtain some grace from God, the conversion of a friend, of a father, a mother, a child, for the cure of some disease, the success of some undertaking, or in case of failure, for patience and resignation.

A faithful daily recitation of the Rosary is sure to prove a great source of happiness.

Congregational Monks.

From the London Globe. Taking the simple robe of St. Francis of Assisi for a model and wearing a plain black gown and cape, a new Order of friars has just burst upon the religious world from Westminster Congregational Chapel. These Nonconformist friars have taken unto themselves the name of the old Roman Catholic Order of which Thomas a Kempis was the most celebrated member, and are to be known as "Brothers of the Common Life." The Rev. R. Westroppe has resigned the ministry of the Congregational chapel in question to devote himself to this new sphere of work, whose development will certainly be watched with curiosity.

THE OPPOSITION TO RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

SIMPLE EXPLANATION OF A FACT THAT HAS PUZZLED MANY PERSONS.

To one living abroad as much as I do, writes Mr. C. E. Jeffery in the London Catholic Times, it seems curious to note the apparent inability of English-speaking Catholics to understand the present agitation against the religious orders in various Catholic countries. Yet it seems to me perfectly clear and obvious. It is impossible, indeed, to visit any Continental country where this agitation is going on and to study some of the foreign newspapers without getting the clue to the apparent mystery. This week the Catholic Times has a paragraph on the threatened action of the present Government of Spain against the religious orders. It finishes up by saying: "It is hard to conceive why the people should be so bitterly opposed to inoffensive men and women whose only desire is to lead a quiet life." Well, the answer to this that "the people" are not opposed to the religious orders. Quite the contrary. The vast majority of the people in all these lands are extremely attached to them—as well they may be, seeing that all the great charitable institutions—the hospitals, schools and homes of refuge for the poor and the afflicted—are managed by the religious.

It is true that a section of the working classes who are not Catholics at all, but Socialists and anarchists, periodically raise a hue and cry against the religious orders. Of course, these men are stirred up and goaded on by professional agitators, who work them up to frenzy pitch by incendiary speeches and often subsidize them to commit acts of violence, as in Portugal, where I heard it said that leading ruffians out of work were paid liberally to stone priests and even nuns (notably the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul). In every country nowadays there are two parties violently opposed to each other—namely, the Liberals (so called) i. e., the free-thinker and anti-Christians, who hate all religion and whose aim is to overthrow it, and the Conservative or clerical party, who make a stand more or less determined against the encroachment of their Godless opponents and in the cause of law and religion.

To say that the great mass of the populace in Spain or Portugal is inimical to the religious orders is as unjust and untrue as it would be to say that at the Protestant "Reformation" the poor of England were party to the dissolution of the monasteries which were their great refuge and support. So far from the lower classes in Portugal being hostile to the religious orders, I was told when I was there that the people were clamoring for their recall and were signing monster petitions to the government for the repeal of the laws against them.

There is nothing that offends God so much as ingratitude and forgetfulness of His benefactions.—Ven. L. de Blois.

MORE EVIDENCE AS TO PROTESTANT DECAY.

The Independent will not agree that America is being de-Christianized by the Public Schools, or by any other cause. The Review quoted extensively a few weeks ago from Protestant writers, preachers and thinkers who believe that secular education, if not altogether, at least in conjunction with other forces, is weakening the hold of Christian teaching, and indeed of all religion, upon the minds and hearts of Americans. All these seem to think that America is being de-Christianized. We did not cite Catholic evidence. We gave the expressed opinions of Protestants, presumably as earnest and as well-informed as the Independent. We find in the Houdietic Review of current issue a paper by the Rev. Robert Morris Kaab of Buffalo, another Protestant minister, which sustains the view of the situation held by the Protestant people we quoted. Mr. Kaab writes:

"Looking at our spiritual condition from the level of history and of experience, taking a most human view of our status, to what conclusions are we forced? Is the prospect of religion in this country bright? Take any group of laymen from any city church, take any body of ministers from any denomination, and put this question to them; what answer will you get? Some, of course, who always indulged in a sort of optimism, as a means of being agreeable, will tell you that the prospect of religion is bright at this time; but the majority of laymen as well as of ministers will present the opposite view."

"It is natural for us, when we suffer embarrassment, to look for the cause outside of ourselves. The first thing we are tempted to do, in view of a moral failure, is to locate the cause of that failure outside of ourselves. This is precisely what Protestants are doing at this time. The adverse conditions now confronting Protestantism are traced to agencies outside of Protestantism. The truth is, Protestantism is itself to blame for its own involved condition."

"This is exactly in accordance with the evidence which we presented from other Protestant sources a few weeks ago. It does not, as we said then, gratify us to see Protestants giving up their faith for agnosticism and atheism. Imperfect as Protestantism seems to us, it possesses at least fragments of Christianity, and we regret to see these fragments thrown utterly away. We do not present these gloomy views, which many leading Protestants hold concerning the decay of their system of religion in America for the purpose of gloating over them. We simply quote them to show the Independent and other Protestant papers that if any Catholic assumes that Protestant Christianity is disintegrating in this country, he has plenty of reason for doing so. Protestants themselves admit it, and admit it freely. What Catholic, for instance, has said any more than the Protestant clergymen quoted above, when, farther on in his paper, he declares unequivocally: "The widespread contempt for religion is due in a large measure to the temporizing, apologetic attitude of Protestantism?"

There is no reason why defenders of Protestantism should grow excited if Catholics state that the United States is being de-Christianized. They only repeat the evidence of other Protestants.—Sacred Heart Review.

FAITH AND SCIENCE.

The death of Virchow, justly regarded the greatest scientist of the age, recalls the fact that during life he was one of the strongest opponents of the ape-theory in evolution, known in the scientific world. He strenuously maintained that the theory was both unproved and untenable—a view to which most leading thinkers of the day gradually have come. Even Darwin, himself, weakened in his advocacy of the system in his latter days.

It must be confessed, moreover, that late exhumation in Egypt and Babylon have done much to make the theory untenable. The discovery that a written literature existed thousands of years before the birth of Moses, did not go far toward proving the development idea well grounded. On the contrary, it showed that man was man as far back as he could be traced. In our own day we see no change in his physical make-up, nor is there any change so long as he exists on earth. All the evidence, so far, is against the materialistic school. The philosophers have simply wasted their energies and misled millions. In his latest work, "Facts and Comment," Herbert Spencer practically confesses that his school has failed.

What else might have been expected? These men persistently stepped out of the radius of light and labored in darkness. They have spent years breaking rocks by the roadside, and have accomplished little. Just now Camille Flammarion has made a discovery which upsets the theory of a plurality of inhabited worlds, so it is stated. What is to follow. How soon shall materialistic science declare herself absolutely bankrupt? We do not know. It is known, however, that Christian scientists like Pasteur, Roentgen and Marconi have accomplished wonders even in our own day. It is another proof that Faith succeeds where Unfaith fails—that God helps those who trust Him.—Catholic Telegraph.

How can we wish to be a Christian without desiring to unite ourselves with Him who is the author and finisher of our faith?—Mgr. L. de Boulle.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

HEART AND SOUL.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR OF "ESPERITO SANTO."

CHAPTER XIII.

Oh, Civilization! the abominations that are committed in thy name! Oh, relentless Progress, murderer of young romance and tender idealism! With the new era of manufacturing industry and wealth a wreath of soot and smoke was coming to crown the brows of the fair Queen of the Straits. The peaceful farms and comfortable residences of the older inhabitants were to suffer a change, to be converted into factories and docks and freight-yards, with the shrieking of steam, and the puffing of engines. My grandfather's orchard was the first in the outlying districts to be sacrificed, and for a while the only one, for the outbreak of the Southern rebellion delayed the march of progress for a time.

I tried to comfort the old man, as he faltered on his explanation. He had made his sacrifice without a murmur till he learned that it entailed a sacrifice for me also. Then his self-reproach was pitiful.

"But, Pepe, why was any sacrifice necessary? I am young and strong. I have my profession, I shall surely be able to earn something. We raise nearly everything we need on the farm itself, so that we require very little ready money. We can live like princes on my income, let alone what I may earn or what you may have."

"You do not understand, Roderic," he said, wearily. "I cannot conceal it from you any longer. My boy, you have not only lost your stock, you were being encircled out of all you possessed. I tried to rescue something for you, that is all."

"What can you mean?" I exclaimed. "Mr. Arthur has invested my money unfortunately, it seems to me stupidly. He may have served his own interests better than mine, but is there anything more?"

"Ay, ay, there is more, but that is the maddening part of it. He has done nothing criminal, nothing illegal, nothing that we can fight in the courts. It is business, that is all, but you and I do not understand business, Rory, my boy. We drag our notions of honor and morality into our money dealings with our friend, and it seems that is not their position, but that, again, is not business. We are fools, you and I, Roderic, a pair of sentimental fools, and we must suffer for our folly."

"I know that we are suffering, grandfather, but I do not yet know what our folly is."

"I forgot, I must explain. Your guardian told you that as you could not afford any longer to be assessed for the yearly deficit of the Forest Lake Mine, you had surrendered your stock and been released from your share of the bonded indebtedness. He did not mention that you had paid \$18,000 in cash for this release, in addition to the surrender of your stock. Ay, you will exclaim and look incredulous! Do you think I paid a penny of it till I had consulted the best lawyer I could find in New York and paid him handsomely for his opinion? They offered me the choice of two things—to be assessed several thousand dollars yearly to cover the annual deficit, with no certainty of success in the end, and should you refuse to go deeper into debt, threatened liquidation, in which case you would be liable for your share of the bonded indebtedness, \$36,000."

The other proposition was for you to purchase your release from the whole concern by the surrender of your stock and the payment of \$18,000. The lawyer advised the latter course, as he said that none but a capitalist could afford either to help on to an uncertain venture as copper or to fail for such an amount."

"I understand!" I said, bitterly. "Arthur and McIr can afford to hold on, for have they not had sixty-three thousand dollars from me in the past, besides the payment of nearly \$2,000 a year for the last four years, and now a present of \$18,000 more? They can well afford to wait for a few uncertain years, till the mine begins to pay dividends, for then they will not have to share their profits with me, but can pocket them all. And the man who drives this bargain with me is my father's friend, the trustee of his orphaned child!"

"Ay, but he has another orphan under his guidance, and an Arthur to boot," cried the Chevalier, the blood of the de Maacarty's boiling in his veins. "You were right, Roderic, in your suspicion, for I have it from Emilio McNeill—who is one of their clerks, though he is not responsible for these things—that Mont-gomeric McIr wished to withdraw from the venture four years ago, and threatened to expose its management if they did not let him do so. It was a species of blackmail which you or I would not stoop to, but it succeeded from his point of view, for they all consented to his terms, to buy his stock of him at par value, dollar for dollar. Now his name appears again on their books in your place as a stockholder to the amount of \$63,000. You have been frozen out, poor fellow, and McIr reaps the benefit."

"And was there nothing, nothing we could do?" I groaned. "It was so hard to sit still and be imposed upon. I felt an insane desire to kill somebody, it did not matter who."

"Nothing, I tell you that the best legal opinion I could get declared that there was no use trying to fight. In a business affair of that kind the rich man controls the situation, because he is rich, and while the poorer man must go to the wall and lose all that he has. Of course you had no cash to pay out for your release, and I would not allow Arthur to sell your shares in the only thing that brought you any income. He offered to take your timber lands at his own valuation, but I have been told that can be great fortunes made in lumber, and the very fact that Arthur was

willing to accept your lumber interest in lieu of cash payment made me certain that it was worth several times what he valued it at. Then I turned to see what I could realize from property of my own—the farm and the orchard. Nobody wanted the farm, but the Yonotega Iron Works needed the orchard, with the pier and four hundred feet frontage on the river. They paid me \$29,000 for the property, and I have put the balance aside for you to develop your timber lands with. I did not know it would break your poor heart like this my boy!"

We were both flushed and choking, but I did my best to cheer him up. "Never mind, Pepe! We will take the money that is left, and we will cut down the lumber and make a fortune. Then we will buy back the orchard, tear down their old factory, and plant the field again with French pears, with peaches, and genuine Calville apples, and it will be like old times again."

He tried to believe me, and I tried to believe in myself, and so we comforted each other and strove to forget. The stately elms and forest trees that bordered the lawn helped to shut out the hideous brick walls of the factory, and we could still catch a glimpse of the river and of Belle Isle across the water. The rest of our neighbors' lawns and orchards of our neighbors' but it was not so easy to shut out from our hearts the sting of injustice, the bitter sense of helplessness under a cruel wrong, the pain of injury at the hands of a friend, so much deeper than any pain that can be wrought by a known enemy."

It was some relief to my feelings to write a full account of affairs to my loyal little friend Etienne. It was enough to tell her what had happened. I should not need to describe the emotions I had passed through, for she knew me and she would understand them. I never for an instant doubted that I should have her complete sympathy, nor was I mistaken. It was a month before I received her answer, and when it came the letter was post-marked "New York." She wrote that in spite of her mother's tears and protestations, her father had insisted on their returning to America and had offered his services to the country as a surgeon in the campaign against the Southern rebels. The rest of her letter was all about me and my affairs. It was straight to the point, full of loyalty to my interests, of indignation for my unjust treatment, of perfect comprehension of all my sentiments, and of confidence in my ability to right my wrongs and confound my enemies. It was signed "Etienne." Yes, dear little girl, with all her vanities and ambitions, her love of finery and success, she was true gold at heart, and I could rely on her loyal, whole-hearted, sympathetic friendship as long as we both should live. I felt better, more at peace with myself, and I had read her letter, and the touch of it near my heart, where it lay for many a day, brought me precious moments of consolation.

It seems strange to me now that I did not reply to her letter as promptly as she had responded to mine, the stranger that in it she had asked me some questions. In a first postscript she wrote: "Has Mr. Mont-gomeric McIr any knowledge of this affair? We see a great deal of him, for he came over in the steamer with us, and I know her is related to Mr. Arthur. He never likes to talk about you, and when I ask him why, he replies that I am too young to understand. Do you suppose that he knows about the way you have been treated and feels too sensitive to speak of it, or do you suspect any other reason why he should avoid your name? I cannot rest till I find out whether he is your friend or your foe."

The second postscript was shorter. It merely said, "Was the name of your family plantation in Cuba the 'Selva Alegre'?" I did not deserve to hear from her again when I could neglect to reply to such a letter, but a few days later came a shorter note to say that her father and Remy had both joined the Union army, that she and her mother would not return to Detroit, but would stay in New York until the trouble was over, so as to be nearer the seat of war if anything happened. Many young Americans in Paris had returned to go to the war. Mr. McIr would have liked to enlist, but he had injured his knee some years before and though he showed no traces of lameness now, yet he could not stand a soldier's life. He returned to America because he had invested in some Cuban property, where he was sure a fortune could be made in sugar, owing to the troubles in our Southern sugar-producing States.

It provoked me that she should write so much about Mr. McIr. What did I care about his knee or his speculations in Cuban sugar? Why need she add that he would be much missed in Paris, as he was one of the exceptional men in the American colony there, that he talked exquisite French, had delightful manners, and understood art, music and European politics, so that one must often do for one's countrymen. Why did she not write more about me and my affairs? Why did she not reproach me for leaving her first letter unanswered? I did not like this second letter at all, so I tore it up, though I did not disturb the former one from its resting-place.

I fully intended to write her at some time, but I was greatly occupied in looking for a chance to establish myself in my profession. By day and night I was engrossed with the conception of a deep waterway through the flats and shifting sand-bars at the mouth of the Sainte-Clair River. I was planning the design of a double canal, with stone abutments crowned with shrubs and trees, and with light-houses built after the model of a Venetian canalier. The sands would be held back by myriads of piles driven into them, on which might be built boat houses, shooting-boxes—even hotels for the benefit of the sportsmen who came in great numbers every season to the flats for the fishing and duck shooting. What an opportunity for engineer and architect to work together and make from these unsightly, dangerous shoals,

not only a passage for the largest ships to the commerce of the upper lakes, but also a miniature Venice, a floating, fairy city of the straits!

The United States Lumber Survey then had its headquarters in Detroit. As the government employed also the services of civil engineers and contractors, I had the opportunity to compete for some of their enterprises, and at the same time bring some of my projects to their notice. They were pleased with my skill at draughtsmanship, and seemed to take no clear-headed and energetic in organizing and directing the practical portions of the work assigned me, but I had to receive many a mild snubbing about my "fancy schemes," as they called them, and to endure some good-natured criticism levelled at foreign-born Americans who were always trying to distort the genius of a new country into the likeness of an older civilization. I suppose they felt towards my projects much as I felt in regard to the dreams of the young Edison lad at Fort Gratiot, with whom I had struck up a friendship in some of my shooting or surveying expeditions up the Sainte-Clair River. His father was care-taker of the fort, one of the oldest of the military outposts, founded by Du Lhut in 1688, and called Fort St. Joseph, which had played a part in the early warfare with the Indians and in the War of 1812. It was an antiquated affair, long since abandoned as a post, but still preserved by the government as an historical monument. The caretaker's son had always interested me greatly, and was certainly an extraordinary lad, working out alone and unaided the most delicate and complicated electrical experiments, but unfortunately he was exceedingly unpractical, or so I thought, wasting his skill and talents on the government as an electrical schemes. It seemed to me that while young Edison and I were both dreaming dreams for the benefit of mankind, there was this essential difference between them—my dreams, though perhaps artistically somewhat in advance of our Western progress, were eminently practical and easy of fulfilment in our rich, energetic, growing young country, while the dreams of Thomas Edison were as impracticable, as futile, and vague as the impossible visions which Balzer was to embody in "The Coming Race."

And so I dreamed and schemed, and worked and planned, trying to forget such ugly facts as the loss of my Nita's last letter, till I was rudely awakened by the Chevalier. My grandfather was deeply engrossed in the news from the seat of disturbance at the South. He buried himself in the newspapers, he talked politics incessantly with his neighbors, and he called a Republican and La Farge, an anti-slavery Democrat. But with neighbor Dennison, a Democrat of the variety known as "Copperhead," he had little discussion. It was evident that the Chevalier strongly favored the war, and that he could not understand and was deeply hurt by my lack of interest in it.

"To think," he sighed, after vainly trying to rouse me to a discussion of the Southern question—"to think that the country should be at war again and not a de Maacarty in it!"

"But, Pepe," I exclaimed, "how can a man fight if he has no sympathy for either side? I cannot wish the North to win, for that would entail the freeing of the slaves, which I should regard as a great calamity. On the other hand, how can I wish the South to win, when it would mean the destruction of the Union, which would also be a calamity? Neither cause appeals to me."

"Cause?" echoed the Chevalier. "Who talks about a cause? Who cares about a cause? I have a country, and my country's cause is mine, for better, for worse, till death do us part! Why did my great-grandfather leave Ireland? To seek freedom? Why did my father leave France? To help others obtain freedom! What country did my father fight for? The United States. What country did I fight for in 1812? The United States! I know of no Confederate States! I know neither North nor South, East nor West! The United States is my country, its cause is my cause, and it is the cause of freedom for all, black or white, Irish or French or African! Child, child! have you a drop of Irish blood in you and yet can sit still at such a time? Can you see such a fight going on and not take a gun?"

I paced my room through that night in great agitation, and I did not think I could sleep, or that my grandfather thought me one; I simply had no desire to fight, because I loved peace, I loved my profession, and the things my heart was bound up in were the things of peace and not the things of war. Besides, I was drawn by ties of kinship on the paternal side to the South; the Irish blood seemed hotter than the French, and the lessons of patriotism instilled by my grandfather. To add to this was my deep-rooted repulsion to the negro race, which made me turn with aversion from the thought of their emancipation. Yet there had been a time when, at the bidding of a girl I loved, I had risked my life for a negro's freedom! Could I doubt what Alix would ask me to do now? All at once I seemed to remember the touch of Etienne's innocent hand on mine as she gave me the little picture of the martyr Stephen, praying for his enemy. With a rush there came over me the memory of Father Leclair's last words to me, spoken with illumined countenance and penetrating, far-seeing eyes. "Never forget, my child, that you are the follower of Him Who died for His enemies."

I sank on my knees before my crucifix. Must I, then, go to war? Must I fight for those I loathed? Must I leave the things of peace that I loved to the profession I had studied so hard and had made such a good start in, the schemes with which I hoped to do so much good, the dear home and the loving grandfather, who would break

his heart if I were killed, and yet would break it if I shunned death? Must I leave Nita for God knows how long, with my mortal enemy by her side, perhaps making love to her, perhaps slandering me, perhaps winning her during my absence and silence?

Clearly and more clearly came back to me words which seemed now inspired. I saw the white-robed figure of a saint, the eyes of the saintly Dominican, as he said to me, "You cannot, as the citizen of a great Democracy, be indifferent to its various public vicissitudes, and you may be called upon to act in the full measure of your strength." So this, then, was the strength of my love for the man Who forgave His enemies, the strength of my patriotism and my citizenship! I clasped the crucifix to my breast and a great calm sank on my spirit.

"I will go," I murmured. "For my God and my country—my God and my country!"

CHAPTER XIV.

The history of my career during the Civil War will be short writing. It contained naught of glory, little of adventure, less of reward, much of suffering. I was offered a commission on the staff of a general of volunteers, but I refused, knowing nothing of military drill or tactics. To be sure, other volunteers, equally inexperienced, were going as captains, and even as colonels, but that was their affair. I knew that I could not command, but that I should make a good private, for I could handle a gun, I could shoot a straight, I could endure much fatigue—being used to roughing it with Indian traps and trappers—and at least I could always fall back to the thought of my loved ones. I was appointed to a volunteer engineer regiment, and we were despatched to the Cumberland Valley, where we operated with the division under Brigadier-General Rosecrans.

The day after my arrival in camp I was greeted by a hearty "welcome" from the shoulder from no light hand, and by a friendly "hello" from the hand of a volunteer fellow; you air grown a mite since I last seen you. "Air you ready, Mr. Brown?" Haw, haw, haw! But I war ready for "em" 'ill, and turning, I recognized the raw-boned Ohio engineer of the ice-bound tug on the night of the rescue of the fugitive slave.

"I can hear that devil of an Indian yell now! Reckon he war some friend of yourn?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Haliburton," I said, as I shook his long, lean hand cordially. "He taught me nearly everything I know in the way of boat-making, fishing, and trapping, and he was loyal to his country. I might have known I should meet you here, sir, fighting in such a cause."

"You needn't to sir me, though they do call me major hereabouts. Yes, sirree! I raised a company of niggers, all runaway slaves. Most of 'em I'd helped over to Canada, and they war glad to come back and fight for the freedom of their fellow-citizens. Some nice boys among 'em. But, sho! how is it air ain't a general at least? How come it you got on a plain private's rig—no stars, no straps, hey? I'd 'a' thought you war born to lead a brigade if not an army corps."

I have just joined as a private of the volunteer engineer corps, and it is only my second day in camp. They haven't discovered my talents yet." I laughed, "but I expect a brigadier-general's commission next week."

"It didn't take me no week or no hour to find out your talents," grumbled Major Haliburton. "You make roads, you build bridges, and that kind of thing? Say, I can give you 'pints about roads in this part of the country. You don't find no paving-stones all shaped to your order lying about here, nor no Doric columns, but I know a thing or two about gettin' a wagon through a swamp, or you make roads for the gentlemen in the swallow-tail coats at your college didn't find it printed in their books."

I shall be delighted if I may come to you for advice and ideas, Major Haliburton. There's where you have the advantage of me, and they say in genteel society, Mr. Jones. You made a guess at my name once, and I set you right, but you haven't set me in the way of knowin' yourn yet."

"I'll answer to Jones on a pinch," I quoted, smilingly, "but my name is Fremont—Roderic Fremont."

"Robert Kid Fray-mong?" he ventured, cautiously. "I reckon I could say it plainer if you wrote it down for me."

"You know the name well enough; but I forget sometimes and give it a French twist in pronouncing it," I explained, writing it out as legibly as possible on the two-spots of spades which he handed to me.

"Free-mont!" he shouted, almost jumping into the air. "Fremont! No wonder I loved you the moment I set eyes on you! Air you any relation to that great man whose name you bear, John C. Fremont, who was my candidate for President of the United States, who married pretty Jessie Benton from hereabouts, and is the idol of every patriot's heart?"

"We are of the same stock, though I suspect there is no near relationship," I explained. "My paternal grandfather and General Fremont's father were both French-sons."

"Your paternal grandfather war to be congratulated," said Major Haliburton, solemnly. "Live up to your name, young fellow. I can say no better thing for you in this world than that."

over, I was quick to see that not only the commanding officer but also the subalterns resented the idea of receiving advice from the ranks, and that for the sake of discipline I must hold my tongue and carry out orders, even where I knew them to be blunders.

My five weeks of service in the Union army were uneventful. Our outposts were engaged in frequent small skirmishes with Confederate sharpshooters, in which we did not always come out best, and the news that leaked down to the ranks from higher circles was not of an encouraging character. It was rumored that the Confederate forces had captured the Confederates and were marching victoriously through Pennsylvania, that the columns of Jackson's army were sweeping up the Mississippi Valley and would soon force us to retreat. The men whispered the news under their breath, and were on the verge of a panic. We were kept busy on roads, for the transportation question was an exceedingly serious one, and caused many embarrassing delays. I hewed logs and shovelled dirt till my unaccustomed muscles ached, and the blanket in which I wrapped myself at night did not keep out the dampness of the marshy ground on which we lay. When I had been no lack of hemlock boughs for couches, and the soil was either sandy or rocky nature, the air crisp and invigorating; but the swamps of Tennessee and Mississippi were of a different character. My joints were rapidly stiffening, and my frame shook with nightly chills.

"Cuss! cuss! cuss!" exclaimed my Buckeye friend, hacking viciously with his jack-knife at a huge chunk of tobacco. "It's enough to make a Quaker swear to see you making yourself sick there over a day-laborer's work, when you air fitted to stand over the whole doggone lot of 'em. I tell you what it is, Robert, you better quit in your regiment. One of my lieutenants had to go and break his thigh-bone by his horse steppin' in a hole and throwin' him. The place is yourn for the askin'."

"I don't wish to hurt my friend's feelings by a refusal, I did not wish to appear to hold myself above any human being, black or white, but that is a lieutenancy in a negro regiment more than I could stand, and I somewhat reluctantly I told him the story of my infancy and my tragic associations with the negro race."

"Sho! now! I don't blame you; it's against human nature to forget such a thing as that! I can't ask you to do it, for it ain't in flesh and blood to get over them things. I see you air a Christian, and you wouldn't do 'em no evil in return; you even fight for 'em, which does you honor; and doubtless you call to mind they have a pretty big case against the white folks on their side; but I wouldn't try to force you into no associations contrary to human nature. But, say! however come it that you war out a rescuin' a runaway nigger at the peril of your own life? I'll bet you there war some gal at the bottom o' that! There! what I tell you? You air as red as a turkey-cock! Jehosphaphat! but it beats all what a man'll do if a gal just ask him!"

The long evening passed, and still God's child lingered and the pathetic wail kept on in the peculiar intervals of the barbaric scale, with halting rhythms and choking breath:

"Come home! Come home!" "See God's child, dey linger!"

Even though the night hid his face from me, even though we stood together in the darkness of the shadow of death, I could not control the repulsion of race and association. It startled me to see such depth of hatred and loathing in my soul, and with one supreme effort I groaned, "O Christ! teach me to forgive and to forget," and, bending down, I took the repulsive figure in my arm, bowed over the rough head, and, standing up to my knees in the slimy ooze, I forced myself to bathe the swollen, fevered cheeks and brow with the brackish water of the swamp. As I did so, my repugnance gradually disappeared, tears welled from my eyes, and unutterable tenderness filled my heart.

"Poor child of God!" I whispered, "you are safe now. He is taking you to His breast. The gates of glory will open to you soon. There is no fear or danger there."

"Frabbit on! my weary soul! I heave from heben to day."

chanted the weak, hoarse voice:

"Hurry on, my weary soul! My Fader call an' I mus' go!"

And with the "midnight cry" came the call, and the weary soul of God's everlasting home. The sky was gray with the first streak of dawn as I dug his grave deep and safe, cutting away the tangled roots with my bowie-knife, and leaving the water to flow around it in wide channels. I fashioned a rude cross before it and knelt to say a prayer before I turned to take thought of my own safety in the coming day.

I had no food, and the woods were full of enemies, as I knew by the ever-recurring sounds. To stay in hiding meant slow death; to venture forth among the enemy meant either resistance unto death or surrender. I could not see that my death would in any benefit my country. Perhaps this was not a heroic conclusion, but it seemed to me common-sense that after I should have made every effort to evade the enemy and reach camp, if I were to find myself hopelessly surrounded I should give up without resistance. I started cautiously in a direction whence no sounds were audible. I had not walked many hundred yards before I suddenly came on three men in gray crouching before a smouldering fire.

Before I had time to sink off, they looked up and caught sight of my wet, pitiable figure.

"Hulloa, Bad!" said one. "Come, dry yourself, son," said another. "Have a bit o' bacon?" asked the third. My revolver was in my hand, their

plastered with mud and slime, the broken bone almost sticking through the skin of his leg, which was inflamed and swollen to the size of two. His eyes rolled till only the whites were to be seen.

"Carry you back to camp!" I exclaimed, crossly. "Why, man, it's as much as I can do to run fast enough to save my own skin, let alone stopping to carry you."

A peculiar singing noise came in time to emphasize my words.

"Mass! don't leave me here for de dogs to get! Carry me back to de deepes' part o' de swamp, fo' de lub o' Gawd!"

There was not much love of God in my heart just then, nothing but impatience and anger at this delay, for the bullets were whistling near us, and every second's loss of time was lessening my hope of safety by flight. With an exclamation of mingled rage and disgust, I stooped and picked up the loathsome object and half carried, half dragged him back into the oozy depths of the morass, silencing his groans with repeated warnings. He clung to me, frenzied with pain and terror. I could not shake off, and, indeed, I began to realize that I might as well make up my mind to stay with him in his hiding-place; for I could tell by the forest sounds that the woods were rapidly filling up with Confederate scouts and sharpshooters. They did not hear us, for the poor negro groaned incessantly, and I could not hush his outcries of pain with every movement. I laid him down in a damp bed among the reeds, and crouched beside him to listen. The distant human sounds were growing fainter and farther off, but my ear, trained by Indian trappers, could easily detect the direction in which they were proceeding, and I knew that the enemy now stood between us and the Union position, cutting off our road to liberty, and that they were encamping within gunshot of our hiding-place.

The negro, his sufferings greatly aggravated by fright, was now in a high fever. Weakened by pain, hunger, and exposure, his life was doomed, and I began to think over the chances of saving my own. My only hope was to steal away in the darkness that was fast gathering in around us, and by a wide detour pass beyond the rebels outposts.

"Mass! I wailed the voice by my side, "I se a-gwine to die, I knows it! I can't hold on much longer, but I don't want de dogs to get at me! Stay by me, massa, till I go—it won't be long—and bury me deep, deep in de water, whar de dogs will lose de scent and won't tear me up. Promise me, massa, good massa!"

Unwillingly enough I gave the poor wretch the desired promise, and he was soon wandering off in a delirium. Now it was so dark I could no longer discern his face or form, and he had ceased groaning, but was singing, in a faint, hoarse voice, old camp-meeting hymns and "spirituals":

"Judas call in de moonlight! Judas call in de moonlight! An' I ain't got time ter larry. Come home! Come home! Come home! Come home!"

The long evening passed, and still God's child lingered and the pathetic wail kept on in the peculiar intervals of the barbaric scale, with halting rhythms and choking breath:

"Come home! Come home!" "See God's child, dey linger!"

Even though the night hid his face from me, even though we stood together in the darkness of the shadow of death, I could not control the repulsion of race and association. It startled me to see such depth of hatred and loathing in my soul, and with one supreme effort I groaned, "O Christ! teach me to forgive and to forget," and, bending down, I took the repulsive figure in my arm, bowed over the rough head, and, standing up to my knees in the slimy ooze, I forced myself to bathe the swollen, fevered cheeks and brow with the brackish water of the swamp. As I did so, my repugnance gradually disappeared, tears welled from my eyes, and unutterable tenderness filled my heart.

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guns were stacked beyond their reach. I might have got away with three merrily, but I did not feel in a murderous mood, as I looked into their friendly, rugged faces. I backed off cautiously, keeping my eye on them and my revolver pointed at them, intending to hold them until there was more space between us, and then make a dash for liberty. Suddenly, without sound of warning, I felt myself pinioned from behind. I struggled passionately in the arms of two stalwart Confederates for some moments, but it was useless, and I suddenly submitted, while they led me back to the group by the fire.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I reckon I had better, under the circumstances, accept your hospitality for the present."

"Reckon your hands!" they replied, dryly. I handed my revolver and knife to the eldest of the three, who received them with a gracious sweep of the hand, and threw his wide cape over my shoulders as I knelt shivering before the embers.

And so ended my brief, inglorious career in the service of my country.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHERE THE LANE TURNED.

The Little Dressmaker was thirty-seven years old and unmarried. She belonged to the mighty tribe of bed-roomites that swarm in a big city.

I have called her a dressmaker. In fact, she worked buttonholes for a living. The matron of the Young Women's Boarding-House had "general" sensibilities and promoted her "guests" according to a social sliding scale of her own invention. "Dressmaker" was better form than "button-hole."

The Little Dressmaker's bedroom was in "the fourth storey" "back." She shared the eight-by-eight dormitory with Milly Wilson, who made "pants" in a roomy, well-lighted, and well-ventilated shop. Milly's fingers were roughened and dyed by the coarse cloths she worked upon, and she brought into the hall bedroom at evening a smell of greasy wool and tobacco. The proprietor of the shop worked with the "hands" and smoked a pipe all day.

As Milly was afraid of the night air, if the window were left open, and afraid of burglars if the doors were left unlocked, the atmosphere of the room was thick and foul by daybreak. The Little Dressmaker always saw the day break under the yellow Holland shade that would not come down further than the top of the lower sash. She had lain awake long by the time the sash became a "glimmering square," and the dawn was like the visit of a friend to her tired eyes. The Lady Doctor, whose name appeared in the reports of the Home, "resident physician," thought buttonholing had for the Little Dressmaker's eyes. As the girl could get no other work, she bought a pair of spectacles and kept her place in Madame Fisher's establishment.

One Friday evening when the left eye was dimmer than usual, she called on her way home from work upon the resident physician, who lived a mile from the Boarding House.

The resident physician nodded kindly to her visitor, and pushed a chair toward her with her foot, her hands being busy with something she was writing.

"Well!" she asked. "How goes it with you to-day?"

The patient was breathing fast and more loudly than she considered respectful and she hastened to apologize.

"It's the spring weather, I suppose," she said. "I get weaker all the time, and my stomach doesn't seem to go even, you know. That's why I breathe so queer."

"You are not well in any respect, I've seen that, this great while," answered the Lady Doctor. "I've done my best. There are complications! I'm going to put you into more skillful hands."

After asking a few questions, she wrote, not a prescription, but a note to a physician so distinguished as a specialist that even the Little Dressmaker had heard of him over her buttonholes.

"Take this to him between 10 and 12 some morning," she directed. "You manage to get there there, as those are his office hours."

"The forewoman will let me make up my time by taking my work at night, I hope," said the Little Dressmaker, gratefully elate with the thought of a complaint important enough to justify a personal interview with the great doctor.

"Don't get discouraged," added the resident physician. While she talked the Lady Doctor held a pencil between her lips. The upper lip had a funny little pointed tip like the extreme and curved point of a bird's beak. It kept the pencil from falling, while she talked on each side of it. She had odd little ways of her own, but she had a heart behind them all. The trouble was she had kept it behind her long and so hard that it was not easy to bring it to the front when she would fain show it.

"It's a long lane that has no turning," she added, looking at the glasses she was polishing instead of at the small figure that had paused on the way to the door for further instructions.

"Good morning! I wish you were well. Don't forget—it's a long lane that has no turning."

Then she glanced at her eye-glasses upon the high bridge of her nose again and bent her head over her work.

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tion," replied the Little Dressmaker, trying to look more modest than she felt, as she spread very salt butter upon very stale bread.

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"You are very welcome," he answered gravely, and his august hand opened the door as she moved to go.

"Good morning!"

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RELIGION FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

In a recent Christian Register Mrs. Julia Ward Howe writes on "The Religious Education of the Young."

"The breaking of their religious fetters and the destruction of a simple and child-like Christianity, at which she rejoices, Mrs. Howe writes: "But let me ask, Do we wish our children to enter this field of practical life without religion? What other power will guide them among the pitfalls of temptation? What other agency will redeem them after repeated offence and failure? What will console them when the heart is bursting with sorrow? What will reconcile them to suffering, and even to death itself? If our children grow up with no habit of devout thought, with no reliance on prayer, with no outlook toward immortality, what will be their attitude in the view of the troubles of life? It will either be one of stoical indifference or of abject cowardice."

"I know, and I suppose that others do, that within the period of doubt and struggle some carefully educated families have been brought up without the habit of prayer, without knowledge of the Scripture, without the custom of public worship. When the great trials of life shall overtake the young people thus trained, when even prosperity may bring with it a weariness and distaste for life itself, where will these, our dear ones, seek comfort, and spiritual guidance? Often within the Church of Rome, which so persistently proclaims itself the only true source of religious instruction, the spirit of the spirit which the barren negations of the spirit which always denies, as Goethe's Mephisto calls himself. Where there true spiritual does not enter, the pseudo-spiritual will usurp its place."

"I myself have not stood aloof from this contest of a past age. I have rebelled against the formalism of public service, against the unintelligent worship of the Bible. Yet I grieve to see that in some families attendance at church is held to be of no importance. I grieve still more to find many of our youth growing up in ignorance of the history and contents of our Bible. There is in this wonderful book much that speaks of the barbarous ages in which its various portions were evolved. Much of it, therefore, is not for our children; and shall we keep them from any one. But shall we keep them from the lyrical ecstasies of the prophets, the lyrical ecstasies of David, the wisdom of Solomon, to say nothing of the later gospel, which has changed the face of the world? God forbid."

"It becomes us, then, to spare no effort to bring the religious instruction of our youth into a just and proper relation with our own time. The cardinal points of religion do not change. Faith, hope and love are to-day as essential to the well-being of the human soul as they were when Paul commended them in his famous chapter. We can present these great themes to-day free from the clouds which once obscured them. Aspiration and service, faith in the love of God and in the right of every human being to the good-will of all—these doctrines do not mutilate,

THE CATHEDRALS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Hamilton W. Mabie, writing in the Outlook, describes the beauties of some Norman cathedrals. "In Rouen," he says, "there are so many beautiful churches that one is tempted to forget all other interests and surrender himself to the loveliness of the French love of it,—which found in those richly decorated minsters the normal and inevitable speech of religious instinct and aspiration. In the cathedral building age these glorious structures seemed to rise almost by magic, built in response to a deep craving for the spirit, and by the united work and sacrifice of great populations. In those days the shrines were glorious in structure, beauty of form of carving, of color, and the names of the worshippers were simple and mean in comparison; in these days the homes are magnificent, but the shrines, even where they are of great cost, devoid of nobility of outline or spiritual suggestiveness."—Sacred Heart Review.

Miss Jones' Voice Greatly Improved. A startling improvement is noticeable in Miss Jones' singing. Her voice is stronger, and that in some families attendance at church is held to be of no importance. I grieve still more to find many of our youth growing up in ignorance of the history and contents of our Bible. There is in this wonderful book much that speaks of the barbarous ages in which its various portions were evolved. Much of it, therefore, is not for our children; and shall we keep them from any one. But shall we keep them from the lyrical ecstasies of the prophets, the lyrical ecstasies of David, the wisdom of Solomon, to say nothing of the later gospel, which has changed the face of the world? God forbid."

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"I myself have not stood aloof from this contest of a past age. I have rebelled against the formalism of public service, against the unintelligent worship of the Bible. Yet I grieve to see that in some families attendance at church is held to be of no importance. I grieve still more to find many of our youth growing up in ignorance of the history and contents of our Bible. There is in this wonderful book much that speaks of the barbarous ages in which its various portions were evolved. Much of it, therefore, is not for our children; and shall we keep them from any one. But shall we keep them from the lyrical ecstasies of the prophets, the lyrical ecstasies of David, the wisdom of Solomon, to say nothing of the later gospel, which has changed the face of the world? God forbid."

"It becomes us, then, to spare no effort to bring the religious instruction of our youth into a just and proper relation with our own time. The cardinal points of religion do not change. Faith, hope and love are to-day as essential to the well-being of the human soul as they were when Paul

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

M. EMILE ZOLA'S DEATH.

The French novelist Emile Zola, who gained notoriety as the inventor of the most obscene class of novels which was ever yet published, was found dead in his house in Paris on the morning of Sept. 29th.

M. Zola and his wife Mme. Zola had returned the evening before from their country house at Medan, and owing to a sudden spell of cold weather, the stove in their bedroom was ordered to be lighted.

Madame Zola explained to the magistrate that she woke in the morning with a violent headache. She understood that the atmosphere of the room was vitiated, and awakened her husband and asked him to open a window.

In the morning, the servant of the household, not hearing any movements in their master's room, entered at 9.30 and found Mme. Zola lying on the bed in a faint.

It was at first supposed that it was a case of suicide, but this supposition is not generally entertained, and the belief is that the catastrophe was accidental.

It is stated by M. Vizetelly, who has prepared or edited most of the English editions of M. Zola's works, that the dead novelist suffered frequently from severe attacks of angina, and at one time nearly died in M. Vizetelly's arms.

M. Zola was by nationality and religious profession a Jew, and it was due to him that the case of ex-Captain Dreyfus, who was also a Jew, was brought up again for trial after he had suffered five year's imprisonment on the solitary Devil's island, having been convicted for treason.

M. Zola was a strenuous advocate for his co-religionist Dreyfus, and the partisans of the ex-Captain in general are disposed easily to overlook the obscurity of Zola's novels owing to the fact that he made great sacrifices in order to effect the reversal of the sentence passed upon the ex-captain.

In this he only partially succeeded, as the verdict was not reversed, though Dreyfus was set free, as it was considered by the French government that he had suffered sufficiently for the crime of which he was convicted.

M. Zola during his life made several attempts to become a member of the French Academy, but did not succeed, as the members of that body on every occasion, when there was a vacancy, elected some other distinguished writer to fill the position.

French Catholics consistently censured M. Zola on account of the immoral character of his writings; and there is no doubt it was in a great measure owing to this fact that he wrote his books on Lourdes and Rome, with the revengeful intention to misrepresent

the Catholic Church. He was much handicapped in writing these works, owing to the fact that he was not given any encouragement by the Church authorities, who very justly regarded him with suspicion, and were, therefore, averse to giving him any information to assist him in his writing.

When he was in Rome preparing his book on the Eternal City he was not admitted to visit the Holy Father or the Vatican, so that he could not give any authentic or reliable information in regard to the administrative work or manner of life of the Pope, and he was obliged to have recourse to surreptitious methods in order to know anything of what was done within the Vatican.

We are informed by a despatch from Rome that when the Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., heard of M. Zola's sudden death, he exclaimed: "If he was an enemy of the Church, he was a frank one. God rest his soul." In charity we can only utter the same prayer, expressing at the same time our regret that the novelist was called to his account so suddenly, without time to express contrition for the evil he has done to mankind by disseminating books of the worst possible tendency, whether we regard them from the standpoint of Christian faith or public morality.

It is often said that we should speak of the dead with charity, or "nil de mortuis nisi bonum": "nothing but what is good should be said of the dead." It would give us great pleasure if we could conscientiously say only what is good of M. Zola; but the above apothegm would not justify us in covering up the danger which lurks in the dead novelist's writings. We are sorry that his undeniable talents were used only for mischief.

AN UNAUTHORIZED TRIBUNAL.

A writer in the Globe of 19th Sept. complains bitterly of the action of a "self-constituted court of revisers, with the General Superintendent of the Canada Methodist Church at the head thereof," in "deciding against the eligibility of one young man" who was recently appointed a missionary to Japan to convert the people of that empire to the Methodist belief.

The writer of the letter in question, Mr. Ernest Thomas of Ottawa, states that "a high official expressed his uncertainty of the doctrinal soundness of the candidates—these being ministers of the Church, whose record and teaching were blameless, as attested by the Conference to which they belong. Consequently it was decided to subject these candidates to a written investigation. Nor was this confined to the standards of our Church. The emphasis was laid on matters of interpretation on which our standard are most properly silent. The answers to these questions were reviewed, and according to the best available information the said high official reported against the eligibility of one young man because his conception of the literary form of a certain passage disagreed with his examiners' literary judgment. This action led to an arrest of the case, and, but for the strenuous action of others, a brilliant and devout young man would have been surreptitiously denied his life work. This ultimate failure of the scheme in no way lessens the gravity of the conduct of the General Superintendent in thus exposing a minister of the Church to an unauthorized inquisition."

The writer goes on to state that this is not the only case of unauthorized inquisition on the part of the General Superintendent, and he calls loudly upon the Annual Conferences to rise in self-defence against the General Superintendent's action which threatened their autonomy. He concludes his letter thus: "No one, of course, questions Dr. Carman's fidelity to his convictions of truth, but the standards of our Church are not co-extensive with his convictions; nor is the proper mode of procedure to be found in action for which the true precedent is in the notorious Star-Chamber."

In connection with this case the Globe's correspondent mentions as a parallel piece of autocratic procedure, which was, however, delivered on an entirely different principle irreconcilable with the former, "a favorable report" (which was rejected) "from a tribunal appointed in open daylight in the case of Dr. Workman, surely," he adds, "the seat of judgment was not free from subjectivity."

We understand that the objection against the young minister who applied to go to Japan was that he had been inoculated with certain of Dr. Workman's views to the effect that the prophecies of the old Testament which Christians apply to Christ have no reference to Him as the long expected Messiah, and other Latitudinarian teachings.

We have no wish to interfere with the internal discipline or dissensions of Methodism, yet we feel it incumbent on us to say that if the case is as it has been stated to us that there is an objection on the part of the leading clergy of that denomination to sending to convert the heathen young men who deny either the office of Christ as the Messiah of prophecy, or His divinity, or the inspiration of Scripture, we cannot but sympathize with those leaders who would save their Church from being precipitated into the abyss of Latitudinarianism. Yet we must say that Mr. Thomas makes a strong point in comparing the tribunal before which the young clergyman was obliged to appear to the Inquisition and Star-Chamber. Methodists have always maintained in common with other Protestant sects that Christ left no authority in His Church to lay down an obligatory creed. It was to be left to the individual judgment of Christians in what sense the Bible should be accepted. "For what other purpose was the Bible given to mankind," they have always asked, "unless that each person is authorized to interpret it for himself? The Bible and the Bible only is the Christian rule of Faith."

Surely if this rule is correct, there is no authority in the Methodist or any other Church to sit in judgment on the creed of its members. Still less has any self-constituted tribunal the right to usurp the office of a judge over them.

Under the Old Law, Almighty God ordered, according to the Protestant Revised version: "Judges and officers shalt thou make thee in all thy gates, which the Lord thy God giveth thee, according to thy tribes, and they shall judge the people with righteous judgment." (Deut. xvi., 18.)

"And thou, Ezra, after the wisdom of thy God that is in thine hand, appoint magistrates and judges which may judge all the people that are beyond the river, all such as know the laws of thy God; and teach ye unto them that knoweth them not. And whosoever will not do the law of thy God, and the law of the king, let judgment be executed upon him with all diligence, whether it be unto death or to banishment, or to confiscations of goods, or to imprisonment." (Ezra vii., 25.)

In the New Testament we have: "If he refuse to hear them," (the witnesses who are present when a brother has been shown his fault,) "tell it unto the Church; and if he refuse to hear the Church also, let him be unto thee as the Gentile and the Publican." (St. Matt. xviii., 17.)

"That thou mayest know how men ought to behave themselves in the house of God, which is the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." (1 Tim. iii., 15.)

"And He (Christ) gave some to be Apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the body of Christ till we all attain unto the unity of the Faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God. . . . that we may be no longer children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine by the sleight of men, in craftiness, after the wiles of error," etc. (Eph. iv. 11-14.)

There is, therefore, an authority in the Church of God to which all are bound to submit. But Methodist and all Protestant sects when they began to exist rejected this authority—instituted by Christ Himself—and they have no right to set up another tribunal instituted by men to act in its place. Moreover, if they do so they are inconsistent with themselves inasmuch as they proclaim that each individual is himself the supreme judge of Faith in his own case, having at hand the Bible on which to form his own judgment.

Surely, if Christ's Church has at all the power of giving judgment in such cases as are here referred to, the judgment of the Catholic Church, which is founded on the tradition which has come down from the Apostles through the constant teaching of nineteen centuries, is more reliable than that which depends on the fancy of a General Superintendent who has not even the teaching of his own Church standards to rely upon for his decisions.

From the case as explained by Mr. Thomas we may remark another fact beside what we have already mentioned. Assuming that the points on which the General Superintendent and his judicial colleagues found the young minister unorthodox were the three we have specifically mentioned above, or any one of them, the General Conference which sustained him must have been itself heterodox or it would have been as eager to prevent him from teaching such doctrines to the heathen whom it commissioned him to convert; and if this be the case, the heterodoxy of Latitudinarianism must have already made greater ravages among the Methodist clergy than we have hitherto been aware of.

What has become then of the stalwart and unflinching belief in the divine authority of Scripture and the divinity of our Redeemer which existed among Canadian Methodists but a quarter of a century ago? And if the Methodists have so drifted from the teachings of

Faith, is it not to be feared that some other sects have drifted away still further? Alas! the Protestants of our day may well ask, "Whither are we drifting?" But we did not need to know the special facts alluded to in Mr. Thomas' letter to know before they had drifted far enough.

BUFFOONERY IN A CHURCH.

The spread of buffoon methods for raising money for Church purposes has been so great during late years that now scarcely more than a few weeks pass without its being made known through the press that somewhere or other, chiefly in the United States, some new examples of such disreputable means has taken place; and has even been resorted to in the pulpit for the purpose of securing a large congregation in the church for that day or evening at least.

If the end be really to spread the Gospel, we cannot deny that there is a good object in view; but the end does not justify the means, when the means adopted are unlawful or buffoonish. The Gospel is degraded thereby, and is made a laughing-stock, the result of which cannot be that the truthful Gospel of Christ is promulgated. This is the case in regard to the following invitation which, we are informed, was issued in a western town a few days ago whereby the public were requested to attend an "egg-social" which was held in the church indicated:

THE INVITATION.

To the people of this town and vicinity is extended a cordial invitation to an extraordinary egg-social to be held in the prayer-meeting room of the United Evangelical Church, Friday evening 29th Sept., under the L. C. E.

An egg-social of this egg-social will be a free entertainment of excellent music, singing and speaking, extremely entertaining, beginning exactly at 7.30 o'clock and egg-standing over a period of thirty minutes. When this egg-social is egg-handled the pastor in a short egg-temporaneous speech will eggplain why this social is given. The curtain which separates the prayer room from the auditorium will be rung up, egg-sponsing to view eggstraordinary egg-samples of decoration egg-emphasizing the skill of the L. C. E. ladies, and you are requested to eggname them and to set a good egg-sample by partaking of egg refreshments prepared for this egg-social occasion, which we assure you will greatly eggceed your egg-expectations; and you are cordially invited to eat eggs in plenty before making your eggexit.

GERMANY AND GREAT BRITAIN.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times less than three months ago quoted an article which appeared in a journal named "The Information," published in the Austrian capital which professes to speak with a knowledge of the case, and which states that the anti-British sentiment of the German people is very strong, notwithstanding the interchanges of expressions of good-will between the Emperor William and King Edward. The writer of the article thus quoted asserts that the German Emperor has powerful political reasons which induce him to cultivate friendly intercourse with the King, though he is fully aware that there is a deep-seated antipathy between the people of Germany and of England. The Emperor's purpose is said to be to have a free hand in carrying out a trans-oceanic policy, which he could not have unless he should be in agreement with the British Government, and he expects that through a personal friendship with King Edward he will succeed by degrees in creating a more favorable feeling toward himself and the German people, on the part both of the Government and the people of England.

It was the opinion of the same writer that the new government which was even then expected to succeed that of Lord Salisbury, would be less friendly to Germany than that of Lord Salisbury, the prognostication being that whether Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, or the Duke of Devonshire should become Premier, there would be less friendship for Germany, for the reason that Lord Salisbury had taken up the sentiments of Queen Victoria, who entertained much affection for her grandson the Kaiser. The Kaiser also had a profound respect and love for his grandmother, but it is believed in Austria that there is not the same cordiality between the Kaiser and the King; nevertheless, for the reasons already adduced, the Kaiser will continue to cultivate King Edward's friendship.

As an evidence of the hatred entertained by the Germans towards England, especially under the newly constructed British Government, it is stated that the Germans are, or were, fond of putting on their espudgers pictures of Mr. Jos. Chamberlain to be spit upon, while the saloons are decorated with representations of Cecil Rhodes being hanged, and Lord Roberts being kicked from place to place by the Boers. Private postal cards were also frequently issued representing British soldiers flogging Boer women, and these

were permitted by the German post office authorities to be transmitted by the mails.

When these facts became known in England, there was a good deal of indignation expressed, yet we do not think that there was so much hatred of Germany excited as the Austrian papers imagine. The fact that such representations were common in Germany showed, indeed, that there was much sympathy with the Boers; and this is not greatly to be wondered at, owing to the close race relationship which exists between the Dutch and the Germans so that the latter to some extent regarded the former as their brethren. This fraternity of feeling, however, is not of very long standing, as the desire of extending the boundaries of the German Empire so as to blot out Holland from the map of Europe, is known to have been very strong in Germany, and it is perhaps only through the fear of rousing the hostility of other great powers of Europe that more determined efforts have not been made before now to absorb Holland into the German Empire. We may reasonably suppose, therefore, that the great affection for the Boer descendants of the people of Holland, which has been displayed by the Germans, was rather a transient sentiment than any substantial love for either the Boers or the Hollanders, and this being the case, now that the South-African war is ended, the German hostility towards England will in all probability rapidly cease to exist.

On the part of the English people, however, though there was naturally some indignation at the hostility shown towards England by the Germans on account of the Boer war, the facts were never brought home to the English people so strongly as to excite any deep-seated anger, and whatever ill-feeling may have existed will be easily dispelled, so that it is not at all improbable that the good feelings which formerly existed between the two powers, Germany and Great Britain, may be easily restored. Thus, if German and British interests should not clash too harshly in Turkey and Persia, there is still a likelihood that there may be established a thorough understanding in regard to the colonial policy to be pursued by the two countries. The friendly manner in which German and British interests were reconciled in Africa will undoubtedly, as we believe, tend towards bringing about such a mutual understanding. From more recent intelligence, we understand that this new condition of affairs is already rapidly coming about.

MORE KIND WORDS.

We sincerely thank the Rev. James Browne, Alderney, Channel Islands, England, for the following very flattering reference to the CATHOLIC RECORD, which appeared in the last number of that excellent quarterly magazine, The Voice, of which the rev. gentleman is editor and publisher:

"We have the greatest esteem for our old friend the True Witness, also for The Casket, but for the CATHOLIC RECORD we cannot say too much. We find it so amusing, instructive and edifying that we look upon it as the greatest blessing in a Catholic family. We could not hesitate to entertain a sincere respect for any Catholic family that would be the recipient of a paper embodying so much talent and learning. Any constant reader of the RECORD must necessarily be proud of his religion. Certainly its weekly visit should be a matter of course for every family in Canada. Address: Mr. THOMAS COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont., Canada."

M. ZOLA AND THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PRESS.

In another column will be found an account of the tragic death of M. Emile Zola, the French novelist whose chief claim to fame was the gross disregard of morality displayed in the portrayal of vice in its most revolting aspect. A remarkable feature of the accounts given by the press generally of the tragic occurrence is the unanimity with which the dead novelist is spoken of as worthy of a prominent niche in the temple of fame both on account of his talents as an author, and of his courage and readiness to sacrifice his personal interests in the defense of ex-Captain Dreyfus.

M. Zola was, indeed, a man of considerable ability, but we cannot regard talents applied to bad uses as constituting a valid claim to be placed in the temple of fame. M. Zola's defence of Dreyfus we may presume was undertaken in the honest conviction that the ex-captain was innocent of the very serious charges brought against him, and in this hypothesis of his honesty, he, of course, deserves due credit for maintaining so determinedly the cause which he believed to be right. Yet we cannot rid ourselves of the opinion that a great part of the sympathy shown for Messrs. Zola and Dreyfus in connection with the Dreyfus trial was given to them owing to a wrongful belief which was fostered by the

enemies of France to the effect that the justice of French courts cannot be relied upon. We do not share this belief, and we are, therefore, not convinced of the innocence of Dreyfus. It is not because Dreyfus is a Jew that we thus doubt the correctness of the judgment of the English-speaking press on this matter; but because we do not believe that the high French officers who constituted the two courts-martial which tried the accused, would perjure themselves by wrongfully condemning an officer of so dreadful a crime as treason to his country.

The English-speaking press is almost unanimous in expressing the belief that M. Zola was harshly treated by the French Academy in being kept out from that learned body when his name was proposed as a member thereof. We do not agree with this opinion. From what we have heard, and from parts of his writings which have been published, we confess that we do not see such merit in his writings as should entitle him to be numbered as one of the few men who have a just claim to be called the great makers of French Literature. M. Zola's bold obscenity does not seem to us a just title for placing his name on that honorable list, and the matter certainly appeared in this light to the Academicians themselves, who were the very best judges in such a case.

M. Zola appears to us to have been moved mainly by vanity in attempting so pertinaciously to be elected an academician. Nothing else could have led him to write when applying for election:

"I am patient, even obstinate, and shall persevere in presenting myself till you receive me."

The reply was witty as well as pungent: "We shall put your patience to the test. You are free to persevere in sending in your applications."

MONTREAL CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

The annual report of the Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal, (which designation corresponds to the Boards of Trustees of Ontario,) has been issued for the school year 1901-1902. It refers very feelingly to the death of Father Quinlan and Mr. Hart during the year, both of whom took a deep interest in the welfare of the schools and of the pupils in attendance.

The Catholic schools of the city are now attended by 19,135 children, and the teachers number 298, of whom 185 are women, chiefly Christian Brothers and 213 women, chiefly members of religious orders.

\$241,636.30 were expended for the ordinary or current expenses of the schools, while the current revenue reached only \$238,794.42. The deficit was made up from funds brought over from last year, leaving still a balance of \$12,458.45 on hand to meet unforeseen demands.

\$31,454.49, which was in the treasury from the sale of debentures, was expended in building new school-houses, and paying debt on school-houses already built. In addition to this over \$8,000 were spent for these purposes, which amount is still to be provided for.

CANADA AND THE COMING CORK EXHIBITION.

Mr. J. Brodie, the Acting Commissioner and Secretary of the Canadian Pavilion at the Cork Exhibition, has announced in an interview with a representative of the Cork Constitution that the Canadian Government is making every effort to make a good showing at the Exhibition. The object is both to encourage intending emigrants from Ireland to direct their course to Canada and to open a market in Ireland for Canadian goods.

In reference to Irish immigration into Canada, Mr. Brodie gave it to be understood that it is not the purpose to induce those who are contented with their lot in Ireland to leave their country, but to show those who are bent upon seeking their fortune in other lands, that Canada affords many inducements to intending immigrants. To make this clear he said:

"When I tell you that the object is to advertise our country I have explained the reason of our presence. Doubtless you know that the Irish element in Canada is numerous and powerful. No doubt they felt that if the Canadian Government took an interest in the Paris, Glasgow and Buffalo Exhibitions, the same interest should be taken in Cork Exhibition. I may add as a matter of correction that the Canadian Pavilion comes under the control and the direction of the Canadian Department of Agriculture. The Department of Immigration is in no way interested, and has no officials in the building. You must not imagine that we, Canadians, are not anxious to get the Irishmen, as well as the men of any country. Of course we are, and the Irishmen know how welcome we make them, and how beneficent are the laws of our country. I make this explanation because it has been said that the

Canadian Pavilion is intended to encourage emigration. This way of stating the matter what Canada wants, and stand that the Canadian will be in every respect have no doubt it will be lesson to intending emigrants.

ST. MARY'S MISSION.

St. Mary's Church taxed to its utmost Grand Musical Vespers evening, the opening of Mission to be given Fathers. The sermon by Rev. Gregory O'Brien known to Londoners, previous occasions given the Cathedral here with Rev. Father Doherty.

The different services the following hours: to be celebrated at 5.30, followed by a short instruction ending at about 6.15 a Mass will be at 8 o'clock instruction of some who will be given; in the 4, there will be the W for the success of the in the evening, the Most Holy Rosary, the Blessed Virgin, the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. This is the first Mission—which has only recently from the Cathedral—consequently an even ordinary importance formed congregation faithful generally.

As we go to press at the Mission we earnest readers to pray to Almighty God and fratricity the efforts missionaries.

T. W. Russell, President of the Irish Protestant Union, is now a strong opponent and advocates communal estates. In assenting, between landlords; Russell recently wrote choice is really be civil war—really be and another spell of which English states through the nineteenth which, however recent wrong doing, is not that have all but ruin. It is a good sign to Irish Protestants with a united count of the land question hopeful, and cannot be delayed.

THE IRREVERENT.

Painfully irritating conduct of some charge of their religion is it a matter of self feel called upon to feel. The wonder is to contain them under the circumstances cases these individuals spect in the House visiting non-Catholic.

As an example of we refer might sweep past the hol on deigning even one-legged prayer who cling around boxes during Mass, seen there at any of the year. The back class who never kneel erect, ated people, who, positions between a barroom lounge. know the Mass by a prayer book is no hands. It would a question them.

Such persons, it taken as devotion Catholic. To say to charity, they are a bad as they are, that those who constitute. These are approaching the Communion, make are pursued by fl arms, they use an until the whole tion. There is no to indicate devotion action is that of gatherings seeking gress or exit. Now, all this is There is no act to perform weighted than the reception Zacharist. They and Blood of Our Jesus Christ Him was crucified on believe, this they out of keeping actions. On the latter indicate indi and insult? This would not if the proper appreciation of the act they were. And until that is hope of having th rected.—Church I

Canadian Pavilion is intended simply to encourage emigration.

This way of stating the case is exactly what Canada wants, and as we understand that the Canadian exhibit in Cork will be in every respect creditable we have no doubt it will be a useful object lesson to intending emigrants from Ireland.

The Canadian exhibits were excellent in Chicago, Paris, Glasgow, Buffalo, Wolverhampton and elsewhere and we have every reason to believe they will not fall short in the coming Cork Exhibition.

ST. MARY'S MISSION.

St. Mary's Church, London, was taxed to its utmost capacity at the Grand Musical Vespers on last Sunday evening, the opening of the two weeks' Mission to be given by the Jesuit Fathers. The sermon was preached by Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S. J., well known to Londoners, having on two previous occasions given Missions at the Cathedral here in conjunction with Rev. Father Doherty, S. J.

The different services will be held at the following hours: the first Mass will be celebrated at 5.30, and will be followed by a short instruction, the whole ending at about 6.15 a. m.; the second Mass will be at 8 o'clock, at which an instruction of somewhat greater length will be given; in the afternoon at 4, there will be the Way of the Cross for the success of the Mission; and in the evening, the recitation of the Most Holy Rosary, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, the sermon, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

This is the first Mission in St. Mary's—which has only recently been detached from the Cathedral parish—and it is consequently an event of more than ordinary importance to the newly-formed congregation as well as to the faithful generally.

As we go to press at the beginning of the Mission we earnestly request our readers to pray to Almighty God to bless and sanctify the efforts of the zealous missionaries.

T. W. Russell, Protestant Unionist, is now a strong opponent of landlordism and advocates compulsory sales of Irish estates. In ascending to a conference between landlords and tenants Mr. Russell recently wrote as follows: "The chief is really between peace and civil war—between a real truce of God and another spell of that hateful rule which English statesmen have tried all through the nineteenth century, and which, however necessary to restrain in wrong doing, is no remedy for wrongs that have all but ruined the country."

THE IRREVERENT RUSH.

Painfully irritating at times is the conduct of some Catholics in the discharge of their religious duties. Nor is it a matter of surprise that pastors feel called upon to scold concerning them. The wonder is that they manage to contain themselves so admirably under the circumstances. For in many cases these individuals show less respect in the House of God than do visiting non-Catholics.

As an example of the class to which we refer might be cited those who sweep past the holy water font without deigning even to notice it. The one-legged prayer crowd in the rear who cling around the confessional boxes during Mass, but are rarely ever seen there at any other time throughout the year. The stiff knee and weak-back class who never genuflect and never kneel erect. The self-opinionated people, who, when seated, a sermon is being preached, are seen to be approaching the rail to receive Holy Communion, make one imagine they are pursued by fire. With swinging arms, they use and crowd and shuffle until the whole aisle is in commotion. There is nothing about them to indicate devotion or reverence. Their action is that of persons in public gatherings seeking advantage of ingress or exit.

Now, all this is most reprehensible. There is no act the Catholic laity can perform weighted with more solemnity than the reception of the Blessed Eucharist. They are receiving the Body and Blood of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ Himself, the same as was crucified on Calvary. This they believe, they profess. But how can they keep with both are their actions. On the contrary, do not the latter indicate indifference, irreverence, and insult? This should not be. It would not if the guilty parties had a proper appreciation of the solemnity of the act they were about to perform. And until that is done there is little hope of having the offensive evil corrected.—Church Progress.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, BROTHER.

The Missionary Review.

Rev. W. G. Paddock, Field Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society, recently put these pertinent and solemn questions: "You wonder that we spent \$700,000,000 last year for crime alone in our land. It is because of the waste places and the forgotten millions in our country * * * We were formed for the purpose of teaching the Gospel to the destitute, to reach lost souls in every part of our land and yet so small in number that we can never make a self-supporting church out of them. Are we doing it? No. Are the Methodists doing it? No. Are the Presbyterians doing it? No. Is the Church of God anywhere doing it? No. Is it not why we have probably sixty thousand lumbermen in our woods to-day. Who cares for their souls?"

Before commenting on the larger issues suggested by the sweeping indictment of the sects, by a member of one, it is pertinent to answer the specific instance of neglect alluded to—referring to the lumbermen in the woods. There is just to hand in last week's Catholic Union and Times, a statement made by Father Fleming, one of the Oblate priests who during the past fifty years have been doing just such missionary work amidst the lumber camps of Northern and Western Canada. Our contemporary very justly dwells on the vast change which modern advance has wrought even in the region of the backwoods by the thrusting forward of branch lines of railway, so as to touch the trade, and the comparative ease with which missionaries nowadays can get into communication with their hardy denizens. In earlier days it was no child's picnic to face the wilderness and its perils in those remote territories; yet the Oblates did not shrink from the task; nor were they alone in this devoted labor, priests of other orders of the true Church of God gave their lives to it unhesitatingly, even though their work or their names were never put before the world by such men as the Rev. Mr. Paddock. To a representative of the North Star (Parry Sound) Father Fleming gave some idea of the work and the methods he adopts to carry it on:

"It is tiresome, in some respects and fatiguing, but one gets accustomed to hardships and discomforts. At first I felt anything but at home, but as the years roll by, I have come to like it. My custom is, after supper, when the tables are made ready for the morning, to give a general invitation to all the men to come to the cookery, where I talk for three-quarters of an hour, sometimes longer, upon some general subject. Then I announce confession, and whenever there is any one for Holy Communion, I am up with the lark to say Mass so as to have all over before the men take breakfast, viz., if they breakfast at 5, I begin at 4.30; if at 4.30, I begin at 4; if at 4, I begin at 3.30, and so on."

The sort of missionary to whom Mr. Paddock addresses his lament is not usually admitted such material enjoyment. How missionary prospects stood in the earlier days may be gathered from what Father Fleming experienced so lately as nine years ago: "A lumber camp was a novel sight to me. A twenty-mile drive brought me there about 5 o'clock in the evening. After a hearty meal of pork, beans and potatoes and tea without sugar, I told the foreman that with his permission I would say a few words to the men. "All right," said he, "but we are on a long draw and as the tall teams are not in yet it will be late before the tables are cleared, so you had better go to the sleeping camp, but I fear you will have to use something more weighty than words to have any effect on these men, for they fear neither man, God, nor the devil; they are the hardest lot I ever struck."

The foreman's estimate was justified in the facts of Father Fleming's reception by some of the wild crew. They listened with impatience to his talks at first, and one went so far as to throw a shoe jack at him. But his patience prevailed, and the "tough" who threw the missile got sick, confessed his guilt and was received into the Church before he died.

The American Home Missions do not appeal, it seems, to the broad sympathies of an imperial race in the same way as do the Foreign Missions. Bishop Brent had only to smite the rock with his wand when he wanted a stream of gold wherewith to build a cathedral for Protestants in a land where there are none but few officials, and lo! there came a \$100,000 from such large-hearted Christians as Mr. Pierpont Morgan, Senator Hanna, et hoc, with an assurance of \$1,000,000 to carry on a propaganda against the religion of a people who as yet have no divorce court and no lynch tribunal. Bishop Brent is desirous of introducing "American methods" into "church work," and so his missionaries are to be sumptuously lodged and have summer resorts and every luxury for the elite victims of a three years' course in a relaxing climate. The peas in the shoes of the devoted pilgrims he will take shall be well boiled.

There are no "forgotten millions" in this land, Brother Paddock—so far as the Catholic Church—the Church of God—is concerned. There are those she cannot reach for want of men like Mr. Morgan and Mr. Hanna. She does not send out her missionary priests with funds sufficient to build a cathedral whenever a new parish is started. The priest sent forth, without a dollar, "Savior and gold have I none," each may truly say as he begins the task imposed on him by his superior. Not so with the sects. Their ministers would consider such an idea un-American and unbusiness withal. They must be furnished with funds sufficient at all events to make a substantial beginning. When we see men like Bishop Brent going into a Catholic country, without money, and

building cathedrals out of what the people of that country will voluntarily furnish for such a purpose, then we will say that the Rev. Mr. Paddock ought not to be given ground for his threnody, for the sake of the hitherto undiscovered vitality that exists in the principle of a system divided against itself, from bottom to top.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

THE SAINT OF ASSISI.

The English reviews have spoken very highly of Mr. Edward Hutton's "Studies in the Lives of the Saints." He writes from too great a distance; he has not the faith which understands the spirit of the saints. But he confesses his own limitations. "Look not too high on these my figures," he says. "I have drawn them from the waist down, the shoulders and head were beyond my sight?" He writes in quaint and sympathetic English, and if his vision is not of the heights, he draws out what he sees with loving truth.

Oh St. Francis, for instance, he writes: "Al! he is a man so like to Christ that in himself he is a picture—an imitation of Him. He loved water and stones, the trees and the flowers, the birds sang him up to heaven and praised him to the angels and they have kept his memory green. He is so cheerful would seem Christ spoke with him from Heaven as he says: 'He loved the sun that he knew fell on Christ's head too, and the rain that drenched and chilled Him. He, too, considered the lilies and found them passing fair, and remembered that the birds came from God's treasuries. Ah, he was weary, too, at night, and slept while the tears dried upon his cheeks, and laughed and sang over the Umbrian hills seven hundred years ago and loved his God and served Him well in the world.'"

FROM CANTERBURY TO ROME.

We welcome with pleasure from the highly esteemed and earnest convert, Dr. Benjamin F. De Costa, a volume of five hundred pages, entitled "From Canterbury to Rome," which contains notes of travel in Europe and the East, and shows the gradual formation of Catholic belief in the author's mind. The steps taken by him "in passing out of the Protestant communion into the Catholic Church," it is published by the Christian Press Association Publishing Company, New York. The preface tells us that its date "marks the close of two years of the most satisfactory and happy experience in the Catholic Church." The object held in view in the planning of the work was not, however, controversial; and the author wishes it to be distinctly understood that, whatever he may say about systems, he "entertains only the kindest feeling towards persons of different belief, and especially his former co-religionists, for whom he must ever cherish the most respectful regard." He hopes that his work may prove worthy of consideration by Catholics and Protestants both, and says with beautiful simplicity and straightforwardness: "It will be seen that, in the course of years, the author was occasionally misled in his views, yet all the while a general advance was being made towards the Catholic Church, where he at last found rest. In noting the successive stages of the long journey, inquirers may find some encouragement to persevere. All seekers after Catholic truth, however, may rest assured, that the most painful and laborious effort will be both justified and recompensed by the final result. If only a single pilgrim is helped on the way, the time bestowed upon the preparation of this volume will not have been expended in vain."

This interesting work begins with Dr. De Costa's early life in New England, his student-days in Wilbraham, Mass., and Concord, N. H.; his quiet ministerial life until he became chaplain to Massachusetts forces in the Civil War, and here we meet with an incident which comes to us with peculiar force as we read it so soon after the death of the deeply revered Father Scully of Cambridgeport. Dr. De Costa writes: "We next found ourselves before Yorktown, seeking to take the place by force. Easter Sunday dawned wet and dreary. Instead of Easter bells, it was the roar of great guns. Yet soon after the camp was fairly astir, I caught the notes of what appeared to be an anthem, solemn but joyous. Protestants were all unmindful of the imperial race in the same way as do the Foreign Missions. Bishop Brent had only to smite the rock with his wand when he wanted a stream of gold wherewith to build a cathedral for Protestants in a land where there are none but few officials, and lo! there came a \$100,000 from such large-hearted Christians as Mr. Pierpont Morgan, Senator Hanna, et hoc, with an assurance of \$1,000,000 to carry on a propaganda against the religion of a people who as yet have no divorce court and no lynch tribunal. Bishop Brent is desirous of introducing "American methods" into "church work," and so his missionaries are to be sumptuously lodged and have summer resorts and every luxury for the elite victims of a three years' course in a relaxing climate. The peas in the shoes of the devoted pilgrims he will take shall be well boiled.

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than ever interesting this history of a life that has rounded out its span of seventy years, and still flows on in blessing for us all. May its history bring to many readers the grace which the author has so thankfully received and which he would so gladly share!—Sacred Heart Review.

THE BOOKMAN.

AN AMERICAN IMPRESSION OF CARDINAL MANNING.

In "Contemporaries," an interesting book by that judicious critic and pleasant literary gossipier, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, he entertainingly describes many of the celebrities he met in London in 1878. Speaking of English orators, he pays a noteworthy tribute to the late Cardinal Manning. "Most remarkable of all," he says, "and surpassing in spontaneous oratory anything I ever heard in England, was the speech . . . of Cardinal Manning, a man whose whole bearing made him, as my friend Moncreaf Conway said, 'the very evolution of an ecclesiastical.' Even the shape of his head showed the development of his function; he had the noble head and thin ascetic jaw, from which everything not belonging to the upper realms of thought and action seemed to have been visibly parced away; his mouth had singular mobility; his voice was in the last degree winning and persuasive; his tones had nothing in them specifically English, but might have been those of a highly cultivated American, or Frenchman, or Italian, or even German. I felt as if I had for the first time met a man of the world, in the highest sense,—and even of all lands existed by implication in that one speech at the Prison Congress. If I were looking for reasons in favor of the Roman Catholic Church, its strongest argument, in my opinion, would be its power to develop and promote to high office one such man. The individual who stands next to him in my personal experience, and perhaps even his superior, is a French priest I once met by chance in one of the great continental cathedrals, and whose very name I do not know, but who impressed and charmed me so profoundly by his face, manner, and voice, it has seemed to me ever since that if I waked up to find myself betrayed into a great crime, I should wish to cross the ocean to confess it to him."

INTOLERANCE—ITS ORIGIN.

In the inertia or fixedness of belief and of religious and social habits of life, natural to large bodies of men, is to be found the real source of intolerance and persecution. It is a truth in the intellectual as well as in the physical dynamics, that large masses are put in motion slowly. Changes, at least in the religious and social world, are not per saltum, but by slow degrees; and usually—history being the witness—with the friction known as intolerance and persecution, which is the way opposition to sudden changes manifests itself. It makes no difference whether the change is for the better or for the worse; opposition to the sudden disturbance of the status quo will be the same.

Intolerance then is a natural impulse in man, a protest against disturbance of the status quo, whether that status be religious, social, or political. It is not a characteristic acquired by education or association, but is inborn and ineradicable. It may be mitigated, softened, or attenuated into a quasi tolerance, or hypnotized into a dormant state, but it still lies latent in our human nature, as force lies latent in gunpowder, awaiting the spark of opportunity to awake it into action.

It is useless to quarrel with this inborn propensity or fact of our nature, as clearly proved by the history of the race. We should accept it as a fact, and strive to keep it, like all our other passions, within legitimate bounds. We cannot change our nature or lift ourselves out of ourselves. What, it may be asked, is intolerance legitimate in any degree or in any bounds? We answer yes; and in proof we need only to refer to every prohibitive law ever enacted by man. Every such law is intolerance of that which it prohibits and for which it provides a punishment. Prohibitive laws are necessary to the very existence of society, and therefore intolerance is to the same extent necessary. Had the United States government not have been intolerant of secession this Republic would not now exist. Intolerance then is legitimate and commendable within certain limits.

But what are these limits? There's the rub. The people of every nation do, and from the nature of the case must, determine for themselves what they will tolerate and what they will not tolerate. In determining the question they are invariably governed by their conception of God, His nature and His will. No nation ever existed without this conception or without a sense of the obligations such conception implies. There never was and never will be a nation of atheists. The next thought that governs a people in making their laws is to provide for their continuous social life, peace, order and prosperity. Anything that they deem inimical or dangerous, to each or all of these they will prohibit by law—not tolerate. They may err in determining what is inimical or dangerous, but they will act on their convictions and take the consequences.

Should a stranger go among such a people vented in their religious belief, whatever it may be, and united in their approval of their social forms and political principles, and attempt to introduce doctrines, religious, social or political, antagonistic to those that are by thought and habit dear to them, he will find himself in a dangerous position, and he may have to pay the forfeit for his rashness with his life. This is the experience of Christian missionaries in all times, as it has been the experience of scientists and political agitators. They have all, to a greater or less extent, suffered the fate of the disturber of the status quo.

We believe as thoroughly as we believe in the existence of the pantheism which we are now writing, that if the seventy or eighty millions of people in this country were Methodists, all of one mind in belief and in customs and habits springing from that religious belief, they would not tolerate a stranger teaching doctrines antagonistic to their belief. They would perhaps be forbearing enough to invite him to depart, but if he persisted and persisted they would in all due form hang him as a disturber of the status quo, a public enemy not to be tolerated. We do not say they would do this because they were Methodists, or Presbyterians, or Baptists, or Catholics, but because the same human beings, with the inborn instincts and impulses of their nature.

If the Northwestern Christian Advocate will read what we have said above it will understand our view of Protestant missionaries, foreigners, going among the South American peoples, who are all of one mind in their Catholic belief, and to whom the foreigner with his antagonistic doctrines is a disturber of the status quo. Their delicate sense of hearing is intolerant of his discordant noise, but after awhile they may grow accustomed to it.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

"WORSHIP"—"ADORE."

We find it necessary to be quite accurate in describing the devotion which Catholics pay to the Mother of God. Cardinal Manning says: "The devotion—or worship, as we say in our old English speech—to the Blessed Virgin which the Catholic Church teaches to her children, may be best defined in these words: 'It is the love and veneration which was paid to her by her Divine Son and His disciples and such as we would have borne to her, if we had been on earth with them; and it is also the love and veneration we shall bear to her, next after her Divine Son, when through grace we see Him and His Kingdom.'"

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WHO IS DOWIE?

"John Alexander Dowie: The Prophet and His Profits" is the title of a paper by John Swain in the October Century which is described in a sub-title as "A Study at first hand of a Modern Elijah." The character of Dowie's rule may be deduced from the following paragraph: "Divested of his mantle and other accessories, Dowie is, in fact, a Scotchman, a former minister of the Congregational Church, a faith-healer, and the General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion (John A. Dowie, owner and proprietor). Possessing all the usual characteristics of the first three of these, and being the only example we have yet had of the fourth, he is susceptible of ready analysis and examination. He has a long head for business, a cunning that passes belief, and a bump of acquisitiveness that recalls at once the fate of Mark Twain's three Glasgow Jews, who could not get care fare to escape from Scotland. He has implicit, unquestioning faith in God, a tendency to believe that too large a share of this world's good things cannot come his own way, and another tendency toward finding the hand of God in all that pleases him and the unconquerable force of the Adversary in all that does not. He has a piety that is not cant, and a sincere goodness (when he is uncrossed) that wins the love of all who become intimate with him. As a faith-healer he has a power which, with the present slight understanding of such phenomena, approaches the marvelous, and which, by virtue of hypnotism, telepathy, or some subtle suggestion, actually does relieve great numbers from pain. As head of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion (it is as General Overseer that he is almost always referred to by his followers), he possesses the most autocratic power it is possible to wield in this Republic, having absolute spiritual and temporal sway over all who believe in him. In his city of Zion, which is the capital of the world to the 'Dowieites,' he is supreme. Wherever an adult male as Dowie directs, there is a vote to be cast. Wherever a dollar is in the pocket of a Dowieite, there is 10 cents that belongs by right to Dowie, and 90 cents more that he can have if he really needs it, as he often does. Wherever the cross and crown of Zion are found, there no alcoholic beverage or tobacco is used, no pork or oysters or drug is consumed, no card game played, no profanity is heard, for these things are invariably governed by their conception of God, His nature and His will. No nation ever existed without this conception or without a sense of the obligations such conception implies. There never was and never will be a nation of atheists. The next thought that governs a people in making their laws is to provide for their continuous social life, peace, order and prosperity. Anything that they deem inimical or dangerous, to each or all of these they will prohibit by law—not tolerate. They may err in determining what is inimical or dangerous, but they will act on their convictions and take the consequences.

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It is a Old Story. The Jewish World says: It is a somewhat remarkable fact that in Rome, the headquarters of the Catholic Church, Jews are received in society and have the same privileges in commerce, the same prominence in politics and the same freedom of conscience as other races, while in Protestant Germany they are not recognized as equals, in France and Australia they are persecuted, in Russia and Roumania they are subjected to impositions that are so often cruel as well as unjust."

A GLIMPSE OF PRE-REFORMATION ENGLAND.

Sacred Heart Review.

"The Act Book of the Ecclesiastical Court of Whitley," edited by Alice M. Cooke, M. A., and recently published in London by the Chetham Society, furnishes information curious and valuable as to the social condition and habits of northern England on the eve of the great upheaval misnamed the "Reformation." Unenlightened popular Protestant opinion is that for many years preceding the Reformation the common people of England, and indeed of all Europe, either groined under the exactions of the Church or were entirely neglected spiritually. The religious orders are supposed to have been clothed with unlimited power and to have used it with unlimited emolument. That this is contrary to fact every publication like the one above mentioned readily shows; for, as the Athenaeum which reviews this volume truly says: "It is only by the publication and accumulation of such documents as this that true historical judgments can be formed." The following extract from the Athenaeum's notice is well worth reproducing in view not only of the erroneous opinions entertained about the Monks in the Middle Ages, but also because of the ideas afloat concerning the "landlord friars" in the Philippines, and their alleged exactions, which have been bothering so many of our non-Catholic friends of late:

"The study of this record brings vividly home to the reader that there is nothing in our modern life in any way analogous to the position of a great Cistercian house, especially one of the commanding importance to which Whitley had attained in the county life of Lancashire. The abbey was not a mere home of cloistered monks, but, owing to its wide and generous hospitality to all sorts and conditions of men, it was a centre of general resort. Whitaker, the historian of Whitley, has been able to show, by careful and ingenious proof, that the house did not spend more than a fourth of its great revenue on its own requirements. The house was also a great landlord, and in its dealings with its vassals offered a happy contrast to the more exacting rule of secular lords." This religious house of Whitley administered ecclesiastical law throughout a large section of country. The Act Book is the register of an ordinary ecclesiastical court by a commissary appointed by the abbot. The court met as a rule in the parish church of Whitley. Various offences were considered and passed upon. Charges of absence from church, talking in church, work on Sundays and festivals, or even late on Saturday night, when the Sunday festival had begun, were among them. For instance: "Alice Marroft, of Rossendale, was presented in 1513 for making barley bread and winnowing grain on Whitsun Day, and her brother, Edward Marroft, for making a shirt on All Saints' Day. The father, William Marroft, was at the same time accused of taking ten shillings in usury. The jurors of Trawden gave evidence at the same court that certain prisoners had broken the Sabbath (voluntarily Sabatum) by carrying corn on Michaelmas Day. In 1527 Christopher Crawshaw was presented for continuous talking in the chapel during divine service, to the disturbance of the faithful."

This hardly shows a condition of shameful negligence on the part of the Church to the religious interest and spiritual welfare of the people. Neither do the punishments imposed for these offences prove that the ecclesiastical court was unduly severe in its punishments, judged even from a twentieth-century standpoint. Miss Cooke, who edits the Act Book, considers that the procedure of the court "leaves the impression of a kindly, even a paternal jurisdiction, intimate and gossiping in its range and working, but orderly, beneficent, and wise in its sentences, as in its activity." In some respects, indeed, modern courts may have something to learn from these old-time ecclesiastical courts, particularly the one under present discussion. Society itself, as at present constituted, might well take a hint from this sentence of the Athenaeum's reference to the court of Whitley: "In cases of immorality it is satisfactory to find that like measure (of punishment) was meted to men and women."

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A Raucing Paper.

"These secret organizations of the Roman Catholic Church are nothing but hot-beds of political scheming and intrigue, and suppression is their just reward." This sentence from last week's issue of the Episcopal Recorder refers to the various religious orders now being persecuted by the French and the Swiss Republics. It is a good specimen of the hashes of cant and mendacity which are weekly served up to the readers of such organs, whenever the religion they hate but cannot injure has to be referred to. There are no secret organizations in the Catholic Church; the eyes of the whole world are on them, and the vows they take are taken before God and man. And while this so-called Christian sheet thus boldly proclaims its lie against devoted men and women who consecrate their lives to the service of God's poor, it carefully keeps in the background the fact that it is a secret organization, ramifying over all the world, that has engineered the persecution under which they suffer. In all probability the person who wrote this lie is a member of that very organization—a Royal Arch or Thirty-third Degree man.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

We have not advanced the price of our tobaccos. Amber smoking tobacco, the Bobs, Currency and Fair Play chewing tobaccos are the same size and price to the Consumer as formerly. We have also extended the time for the redemption of Snowshoe tags to January 1st, 1904.

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO CO. LIMITED.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCIX.

In our last we propounded to ourselves the question, What would a Protestant, that was a true Christian, and a thinking man, have said when the Syllabus and accompanying Encyclical first appeared?

In the first place he would say: I am as much bound by the Ninth Commandment (as Catholics and Lutherans reckon) as toward all other men. It is true, Luther denies this, and commands me never to shrink from a lusty lie if it will benefit the Protestant cause, and never to think that it is possible to sin in French in this line than even the maligning an active Papist.

Whether the general inclinations of the Catholics to the Democratic party has had to do with the consciousness of Jefferson's inestimable services in protecting them, I do not know, but I presume so in large part.

Of course the Fathers did not undertake to dictate to the several states how they should deal with religion. To exclude Catholics from office until 1821; New Hampshire, at least in theory, from the higher offices until after 1861. Several states required their governors to be Protestants until, say, about 1830, perhaps later.

The founders, however, though they could not interfere with these lingering restrictions of the states, were thoroughly resolute that no religious test of any kind should ever be required for Federal office. The continual pressure of this national provision, although not of legal force over the particular states, has of course, perhaps chiefly, brought about the disappearance of the old restrictions from their constitutions.

In our next we will consider some bearings of this fact. CHARLES C. STARBUCK, Andover, Mass.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Twenty-Second Sunday After Pentecost. OUR DUTIES TO GOD AND THE WORLD.

Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. (St. Matt. xxii. 21)

If the Pharisees were a bad set and tried to ensnare our Lord by the question, how should we give to God and to the world, we may at least thank them for the answer it brought forth. For it unmistakably shows us that we owe a duty not only to God but to the State as well.

No Christian worthy of the name would hesitate to admit the claim that God has upon us. He is our Creator, and yet speak after the fashion of mine? Our Redeemer, our Sanctifier. All that we have we owe to Him, and our innate sense of gratitude prompts every man to see the justice of the claim that He has upon us. But it is one thing to acknowledge the justice of a claim, it is quite another to make it good.

It is easy enough to admit that we should honor God's claims, by serving Him with our whole heart and our whole mind; but the difficulty arises when God in this or that particular circumstance demands of us that we should render unto Him things which belong to the State, or to the world.

Men in most cases strive to invert the logical order which God has established of seeking first the kingdom of heaven and our things afterward, by striving for everything else first, and then God's claims at the end.

Never forget, brethren, that it is always upon Him a service, and that the payment is not to be made the last few days or years of our life.

Neither must we ever forget that we have to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's. That is to say, we must always remember that we owe respect and obedience to the government under which we live, and that, indeed, should not be a hard task for us who have the great privilege of living under one of the best governments in the world. Here we can build up our churches, our schools, and our public institutions without any unnecessary interference from the State. Here we can practise our religious observance to our hearts' content, and no one will interfere. Here we can render unto God the things that are His. Therefore should we all the more willingly render unto the State all that belongs to it. And how? By being worthy citizens of the State, as we wish to be worthy children of God; by conscientiously fulfilling our duties as become those who have the interest of their country at heart.

Some men think it is no offence against either God or the government to neglect to fulfill their obligations. Some are too lazy or indifferent to cast an honest vote; some others are so mean and sordid as to sell their votes to the highest bidder; such men are not worthy the protection they receive from a free country. They ought to be among the serfs of Russia. No, brethren, for just as we must never forget our duty to God, we must never neglect our duty to the State.

A PONTIFF'S PASTIMES.

POPE LEO'S SHEAF OF SONGS.

If the chief recreation of mankind is to be found in books, it is but poetical justice that the writers whose works confer so much delight in the reading should themselves experience pleasure in the writing of them. Doubtless some poetry has been produced by poets upon the rack, to be read in the armchair—the rack of partnership between writer and reader. Shelley knew that "the sweetest songs" to the world are "those that tell of saddest thought" in the producer; and the dulcet climax of the poet's art is reached when he attains by the dying swan has passed into a proverb. Great efforts; great conferrals without great suffering; so that the poet may well be described, and a great poet has well indeed described him, as "One stricken from his birth With curse, Of destinate verse."

Of his student days one other serious verse remains, addressed to a friend who "Repels the Wanton." A little batch of charades intervened between this and a poem addressed to Mr. Orfei; and in 1864 begins a series of poems in which the prelate of Perugia pays the tribute of verse to the excellence of this nun or that priest in his diocese. Of one of these the parish priest of Ramazano, eminent for his charity to the poor, the rhyme goes:

Wondrous, to help his needy flock, he poured Wealth from the scantiest hoard! And of another, Mother Rosalind Bastini, the record is made: A mother's praise is thine, who grieved old No less in grace than years amid thy fold.

The lines on Philography, of which he declares that "Appelles, Nature's rival, wrought no fairer imagining," mark the year 1867. Reversing those final figures, and coming to 1876, we have the verses in which he narrates the principal facts of his life before his Pontificate. They begin gaily: A child—what happiness thy bosom fills Beneath thy father's roof, mid Lepine Hills: and they sedately follow his course as a pupil of the Jesuit Fathers at Viterbo where "the art Loyola left instructs Thy mind and heart," and afterwards in Rome at the College of Noble Ecclesiastics and at the Gregoriana University. Then he commemorates his priesthood and the various stages of his rise to ecclesiastical eminence, from which he looks, however, with pity upon himself: Ah me! so loyal, thy people's love, Thou scarce canst hope a guardian from above

In various poems in honor of local saints—such as St. Hieronymus, who lost his life as Bishop of Perugia when the Goths besieged the city—a note is struck which will recall, in Professor Henry's translation, some of the popular hymns of Father Faber. The first is the last verse of the hymn on "The Holy Family" may well be brought together in quotation: Jesus (thou light of realms above, Sole hope to mortals given, Whose childhood crowned with domestic love With glorious omens from Heaven.

What grace and power of love made sweet The House of Nazareth— Such may our hearts and homes repeat In birth and life and death.

In the Pope's "Latin Hymn" we have again a glimpse of the interior of that first Nazareth House: With toil, saith He, my limbs are wet, Preaching the Blood's sweet, Ah, how He bears our chastisement! With sweet content!

At Joseph's bench, at Jesus' side, The mother sits, the Virgin bride, Happy if she may cheer their hearts With loving arts. O Blessed Three, who felt the sting Of want and toil and suffering, Pity the needy and obscure Lot of the Poor!

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Of Learning Patience, and of Fighting against Concupiscence.

For if thou wishest to be truly delighted and to receive mere abundant consolation from Me; behold, in the contempt of all worldly things and in the renouncing of all those means and pleasures shalt thou be blessed, and an exceeding great comfort be derived to thy soul.

And the more thou withdrawest thyself from all comfort in things created, the more sweet and the more powerful consolation wilt thou find in Me. But at first thou shalt not attain to these without some sorrow and labour in the conflict.

The old custom will stand in the way, but by a better custom it shall be overcome. The flesh will complain, but by the fervour of the spirit it shall be kept under.

The old serpent will tempt thee and give thee trouble, but by prayer he shall be put to flight; moreover, by useful labour his access to thee shall be in a great measure impeded.

BABY'S FIRST TOOTH. A Family Event that Does not Always Bring Unmixed Joy.

Baby's first tooth does not come unannounced. Inflamed gums and impaired digestion produce a feverish and fretful condition about which the mother often feels concern. The baby boy of Mrs. George McGregor, of Hamilton, Ont., was troubled with diarrhoea while teething and was cross and restless. He did not sleep well and matters became serious. The mother writes as follows: "My sister had used Baby's Own Tablets for her baby and advised me to try them. I got a box and after giving the Tablets to the baby a few times he began to improve and was soon well. He is now a big, healthy baby and whenever he gets fretful or does not feel well I give him a Tablet and he is soon all right again."

Baby's Own Tablets replace with great advantage castor oil and other nauseous, griping drugs. They sweeten the stomach, quiet the nerves and promote healthy sleep. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate and to be absolutely harmless. If your druggist does not keep them you can obtain a full-size box by mail, post paid, by sending 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION. A Sure Cure for Constipation. Some remedies cure this distressing complaint in a day, some in a month, but NERVINE never fails to cure in a few minutes. Just ten drops of NERVINE in sweetened water cures to stay cured. NERVINE also cures Gravel, Colic, Pain in the Stomach, and Sick Headache. It has five times the strength and curative properties of ordinary remedies, and should be in every household. Better buy a 25c. bottle and try it. NERVINE is all right.

HAMILTON'S PILLS FOR THE LIVER. The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that no child will refuse it, and is put at the disposal of the poor from its benefits.

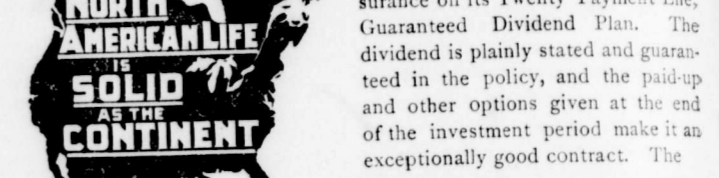


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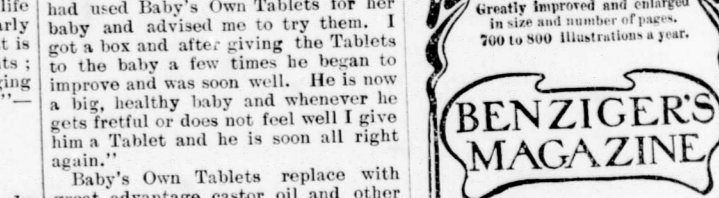
NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

Miracle at Lourdes. London, Sept. 13.—The Daily Chronicle says that a Mrs. Notterman has returned to her home in London after a pilgrimage to Lourdes where, to all appearances, she was miraculously cured of an internal cancerous tumor.

At last! The closed door, the corner, the prayer for the boy, indeed, a good son, a virtuous lad, just the one to make his mark in country, which recognized to success but well of persevering effort. He is about a year ago, a position of a large mercantile concern, and obliging disposition, duty and tact for business, the confidence of his employees of the establishment.

The London Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Canada. ESTABLISHED 1859. HEAD OFFICE LONDON, ONTARIO. FULL GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. SAINT ANTHONY'S AID FALLS.

A SISTER OF ST. FRANCIS.

"Ah, mother darling, but I make the lady of you in a b silk dress I'll be gettin' yo "Now, Teddy darling, talkin' foolish; an old body a silk dress, indeed." "Why, mother, you're as an assistant bookkeeper get 'Acch! don't be so high; it's dangerous allr "But, mother, hasn't Mr. good as promised me the job, I'm making the piles of m won't I spend it on you, m on you that saved the bite on your maid for me. And servan't-maid for you. You and toiled enough."

"God bless the dear, ki the boy, but it'd be a sore d own mother would be a st strangers do for him? To leave everything in the h Lord, and we'll be satisfie "He do!" "Sure, mother, sure; 't be off. Take care of I'll be back this evening w "He kissed his moth ately—his little mother, w all—and started, whistlin tune, down the street to business."

Mrs. Finnigan stood at their feet but humble looked after her boy with a fondest affection. Wa lithe, active figure, the ve his dear father, resting u these twelve long years— true and so handsome wa the finest gossamer in all side. Yes, God in His goodness, too, surely, ha the husband she loved s but he had left her the sunshine of her life, she thanked Him daily, thankful, more resigned, i in the dispensation of Pr the sons and daughters of

At last! The closed door, the corner, the prayer for the boy, indeed, a good son, a virtuous lad, just the one to make his mark in country, which recognized to success but well of persevering effort. He is about a year ago, a position of a large mercantile concern, and obliging disposition, duty and tact for business, the confidence of his employees of the establishment.

The day passed quickly in abundance, and about it with a will, especially the lead part, and kind to him. Was e Well, no, it seems there a rift in the lute to me. There was Butler, a s morose individual, who the question of Teddy's been broached, to come aside to the boy.

"Perhaps, thought Ted, fellow had his private spoke cheerily to him oblige him by many litt eness. Butler, however, crusty.

"Did you observe an anything out of order?" "No, sir; I came in some price lists for Mr them from the safe, and as I had several thie being closing."

"What did Butler lists at this hour?" "wright, frowning."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. SAINT ANTHONY'S AID NEVER FAILS.

A SISTER OF ST. FRANCIS.

"Ah, mother darling, but I'm going to make the lady of you in a bit. It's a silk dress I'll be gettin' you, and—"

"Now, Teddy darling, don't be talkin' in that way, you're as fit for silks as I am, and you're as fit for silks as I am."

"O, Mr. Crosby, I never did it; God knows I never did it; God knows I never did it."

"I can't afford to make suppositions. I must have certainty. The persons and belongings of each and every one of the employes must be searched before leaving the building," said Mr. Wainwright.

Teddy brightened. Thanks be to God, they can't suspect me any longer. Several were searched, but nothing was found. Teddy's turn came; nothing was found on him; he was radiant, all would seem to be cleared up.

"O, Mr. Crosby, I never did it; God knows I never did it; God knows I never did it."

CHATTS WITH YOUNG MEN.

There is no road to success but through a clear strong purpose. A purpose underlies character, culture, position, attainment of whatever sort.

Don't Harbor Them. Some one has said in reference to temptations: "You cannot prevent birds from flying over your head, but you can from their building nests in your hair."

Secret of Keeping Young. One of the secrets of keeping young, vigorous and supple-jointed, is to continue to practice the activities of youth, and to refuse to allow the mind to stiffen the muscles by its suggestions of age limitations.

What Makes Young Men Old. Perhaps our young men will receive the following remarks of Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons with more respect than if they were made by a professor or a confessor or some other less distinguished personage.

Wasting Away. The Sad Condition of Many Young Girls. Mothers should be very careful when their daughters complain of headache, fickle appetite, dizziness or heart palpitation.

Abundance Takes the Iron from the Blood. It is a curious fact, in the history of nations, that only those which have had to struggle the hardest for an existence have been highly successful.

Not Even Crazy People

Many young men start out with the idea that they can learn to do everything by intuition and that they will simply carry every thing with a high hand and head everybody else's will to theirs.

The Cure for Constipation. It is not a violent cathartic, but a mild and tonic laxative—which is another way of saying.

Constipation Cure. Free Samples. Statures for Sale. Statues of the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony, colored 12 inches high.

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FATHER KÖNIG'S NERVE TONIC. FREE A Valuable Book on Nerve Tonic.

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