

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## TRUTH FOR NON-CATHOLICS.

What Father Elliot's Experience has Taught him

In the splendid Easter number of the *Catholic World* magazine, the Rev. Walter Elliot, of the Paulists, has the following article on missionary work among non-Catholics:

In reading the Missionary Notes published in this magazine some might think that the missionaries are over-anguine. "You make too much of the friendly reception given you," it might be said, "for it is curiosity rather than deep religious feeling that brings Protestants to hear you. It will be a long and weary work to convert this people, or any large portion of them." In answer to such thoughts we say that we have not to render account for the future. Our responsibility is limited to fulfillment of present obligations. And for the present we can get an audience of non-Catholic very where, and in most places a numerous one. Hence we are missionaries.

The writer has given over forty missions to non-Catholics during this and the preceding winter, always obtaining good attendance and in a majority of cases overflowing audiences.

Let us realize as an actual fact that we can get a hearing. Accept our evidence, accept the evidence of many other priests from all sections of the country: we are witnesses who have tried the experiment and who have succeeded. The condition of things is therefore this: the Catholic Church in America is among a non-Catholic people who are willing to listen to Catholic truth. Stop at that fact and square your conscience with it. As layman, priest or prelate, reckon with God thus: I am a member of the one true Church, and I can get a hearing for its claims from non-Catholics: what should I do about it?

The ears of our separated brethren are open to the truth; such is the actual fact. It may be said that the open ear is not always the open heart; and that is true. The word of truth is sometimes, nay often, permitted to enter in at the ear but refused an entrance to the heart. Men hear and do not believe. They hear willingly enough in some cases, attracted only by a sense of fair play, by mere admiration of the style or substance of the lectures, with no thought of accepting and assimilating what they often admit to be theoretically true. No doubt the word of God frequently lodges on the surface of the heart, to be allowed to wither there by neglect or to be overgrown by worldliness and passion. But there are heart missionaries as well as ear-missionaries. And it is great gain to win only a hearing. In doing that much one is certainly God's instrument. In moving hearts one cannot tell what instrument the Holy Spirit will use. But the undoubted fact that we can get a hearing is a valuable (if perhaps an unwelcome) element in making up an account of conscience; and this is true whether I am layman or clergyman.

The duty of a Catholic is not confined to making converts outright. It is to remove bitterness, to set aside delusions, to overcome prejudice. If you cannot make converts of your Protestant neighbors you can at least make good-natured Protestants of them. Is there no obligation to set about doing this? If you can get a hearing, it may be that you cannot gain an immediate victory, but you can reduce the warfare to a friendly contest, you can put an end to polemical scalping. To establish our belligerent rights is half the battle. To secure a hearing for Catholicity as one among the religious claimants is an immense advantage. As to positively converting particular persons, two influences are most necessary: one is God's secret inspiration, and the other is the piety and intelligence of Catholic friends and relatives. But both of these are aided by public lectures which frequently are necessary adjuncts of inner grace and outer edification.

The outlook is favorable. Not every one perceives it, any more than every one understands the outlook in the business world; the eye for business opportunities is in the business man's head. So the missionary prospects are known by those whose vocation or whose inner light has led them to study the matter. Such observers perceive that prejudice is not nearly so strong as once it was, allowing for exceptions in particular places or among particular classes. Many Protestants are now met with who will not take it for granted that Catholicity is totally wrong, has no foundation in reason or in revelation. Converts are an appreciable part of many of our congregations. The press dare not openly attack the Church, and in large part has no desire to do so, and it is quite accessible to the publication of articles on the Catholic side. And, especially, judicious attempts to gain a public hearing for Catholic claims secure a non-Catholic audience. Furthermore, practical and zealous Catholicity is not deemed a bar to social intercourse.

Nor is this open door merely the idle curiosity of a worldly or vicious people. Although worldliness and vice are prevalent enough among our separated brethren, antagonism to revealed religion is comparatively rare. And as

a worldly Catholic still holds fast to his faith, so does a worldly Protestant adhere to his, allowing for many exceptions and admitting that his faith is vague. The non-Catholic people of America, good and bad and taken as a body, are religious in their tendencies. They believe in God as their maker and ruler, in Jesus Christ as their teacher and Saviour, in the Scripture as God's book. And, taken again as a body, their aversion to Catholicity is not passionate. On religious subjects of every kind, not excepting Catholic doctrine and practice, they will converse much, read some, and will listen to competent lectures. May it not be affirmed that this condition of our countrymen places us in the position of the Apostle?—"Woe is me if I preach not the gospel."

I am by no means implying that infidelity is unknown, or that there is no peril, no threatening sign, of unbelief growing general among non-Catholics. Doubt is among them, and doubt is an infectious disease. All I mean to say is, that Protestants generally hold truths which are introductory to full Christianity, to use the happy expression of the Pope in his Encyclical to the American Church. Of the future we know nothing, however much we may conjecture. What is evident is that Christ yet stands before the American Protestant people as their accepted teacher; he is to them their Saviour and their God. And what think you, is the duty which His Church owes to such a people?

Our proposition if put into another form might be stated thus: There is satisfactory evidence that the majority of our non-Catholic countrymen are persuaded that if a Catholic lives up to his religion it will make a good man of him; they now agree that Catholicity can make men virtuous, that it does not hinder their being good citizens; in a word, it is a religion worthy of respect; that means worthy of a hearing—an admission on their part of incalculable missionary value, and of most serious import to our consciences.

This takes practical shape in a missionary tendency in the ordinary ministrations of religion. Every parish priest should be something of a missionary. Every parish church should have an Apostolic side; as to doctrine, by lecturing, preaching and distributing literature; as to devotion, by introducing extra liturgical services which non-Catholics can understand and are likely to attend. Elsewhere (see *American Ecclesiastical Review*, September, 1894.) I have enlarged on this part of my topic, for the special attention of my brethren of the parish clergy. Every function of the parish church can, if the pastor wishes it, be made a medium of communicating truth to non-Catholics.

But let us hope that a band of Bishop's missionaries may soon be introduced into every diocese, as we already have one in the diocese of Cleveland—a limited number of the diocesan clergy set apart, each for a term of years, for missions to non-Catholics. Let such missions once become part of the routine of a diocese and even routine men will rise to a missionary level. The assignment to this work of competent members of the secular clergy, while stimulating all missionary influences of the regular parish services, will, in addition, give a public name and life to the apostolic side of religion.

Divine Providence has so shaped men and things in the universal Church that both in spirit and method we are now well fitted for Apostolic undertakings. Pope, Bishops and priests are drawn nearer together now than for many ages heretofore. The Pope is more the Bishops' Pope than formerly; and, especially here in America, the Bishops are more the Pope's Bishops than during the fading era of established churches and cordons; and that makes the Bishop's priests more an apostolic priesthood than formerly. It makes all the people, whether they be Catholics or non-Catholics, sheep within the fold, or "other sheep not of this fold," the people of the Bishops and the Pope.

But meantime some of us wait for ecclesiastical legislation. The unready man converts the spur of the law—until he feels it, and then he clamors for freedom. Priests say, Why don't the Bishops take up Protestant missions; and then the people say, Why don't the priests take them up? And we all say, Why don't the Catholic press do it? And, again, Why don't the religious orders do more of it? All of which means let anybody set to work converting Protestants—except poor me.

Missionary movements do not originate by law-making. The suggestions of Providence can rarely be made compulsory, least of all those for winning souls. In this sort of campaigning the soldier would rather run in the way of God's commandments because God has enlarged his heart than because the ecclesiastical Provost Guard would whip up the stragglers. Fruitful missionary activity originates in the voices heard in the inner chambers of men's souls. Apostolic zeal flows from the springs opened in our hearts by the touch of the Holy Spirit. When he smites the rock abundant waters flow forth, when he lifts the rod the Red Sea of obstacles is parted asunder. Authority is indeed necessary, but

rather as an aid to missions than as a creative force. And let me ask my clerical reader a few questions: Did your Bishop ever hinder you in any good work for Protestants? Have you done all the good for them he will let you do? Have you always treated him in a way to secure his affectionate trust? Can a Bishop be the manager of all-work for a hundred and fifty priests, and be the Holy Ghost besides to originate new departures? Let a zealous and competent priest first try his hand at public lecturing in places and under circumstances favorable to his purpose, and then let him form his plans and submit them to his Bishop.

For a priest a few years ordained no better fortune could be coveted than some time spent in apostolic lecturing. And at the end of life, no thanksgiving will be more heartfelt than that of the priest who can say: "Thank God! He gave me the grace to win souls from darkness to life."

The career of the priesthood is placed in public life, not in a hermitage. Our great High Priest went about doing good, and so worked and taught that the people pressed upon him in vast multitudes. His moments of solitude were stolen from his hours of labor. Some good priests forget this. "Who built the church in this spot, away outside the town?" I once asked an active pastor, and he answered: "One of my predecessors, an excellent man but timid. His successor and my immediate predecessor, also a devout man, was never seen by the general public here, except once a day as he walked solemnly down to the post office and walked solemnly back again. The rest of the time he was invisible to all but his own people. Out of his sanctuary and his residence he acted like the Lord's ticket-of-leave man—and all this he boasted of as the right course of conduct. So that when I came here I found Catholicity a sort of hermit church."

This peculiarity is sometimes varied by the most bitter public attacks against Protestantism, both doctrinal and personal. The following from the *Life of Blessed Grignon de Montfort*, who certainly was not a minimizer of doctrine, is here appropos: "It is interesting to note that in dealing with the advice of many, he avoided all controversy, which too often has no other effect than to place the mind of the hearers in an attitude of defence, if not antagonism. He contented himself with setting before them the Catholic doctrines, in their simple beauty, and pointing out the marvellous connection of one with the other. He was convinced that the revelation of God in Christ as delivered to men by the one Church, which is his body, is so beautiful and luminous as before long to approve itself to every truly unprejudiced mind. His chief effort, therefore, was to remove prejudices, and to free the minds of his hearers from false conceptions of Catholic truth." And although this great servant of God preached his extreme devotion to Mary as well to Protestants as to Catholics, yet his kindness and his freedom from controversy enabled him to make many conversions, some of them being notorious haters of the faith." (vol. ii., p. 122.)

Nothing in the way of controversy can equal the direct statement of the truth by a man esteemed by his hearers for his virtues; nothing but wilful prejudice can fail of receiving some good influence from it. We can certainly count on a movement in many minds towards conversion as the result of Catholic sermons and lectures well prepared and well delivered by public-spirited priests. The temptation to attack Protestantism, we must admit, is great. For example, it makes one's blood boil to think of honest people being fooled with such a preposterous delusion as that the private interpretation of the Bible is the divine rule of faith. And there are so many outright self-contradictions in distinctive Protestant doctrines, that all one's logical faculty rises to indignation. The very sense of the humorous which is aroused by incongruities and inconsistencies is embittered by the lamentable sight of so many millions of good souls kept from the peaceful unity of truth, the joy of certain pardon for sin, the participation in the divine life of the Eucharist, the fullness and security of union with the Holy Spirit in the interior life of prayer as practised in the Catholic Church.

But it will not do to attack even delusions which are associated with all the pious thoughts of a life-time. Locate holiness and truth where they belong, in God's Church; and the intelligent classes will sooner or later perceive that what they revered as Protestantism, was but Catholicity impoverished and in exile. Let us resist the temptation to attack Calvinism, for it is being put to death in the house of its friends, and its very slayers will resent your interference. Among Protestants themselves there is an active and universal movement against the errors peculiar to the Reformation era, such as the private ownership of God's word, justification without works, total depravity, religion without church. Let these agitators have a monopoly of exterminating error—they are numerous, active, and every way competent. The day will come

when spoil and spoiler will both be brought into the Church. But oh! let us get into men's minds our positive doctrines. Let us do it at once. Let us work and pray and teach and lecture, let us print and distribute these holy truths, let us converse about them, and truths whose restful knowledge is the seat and foundation of all our joy.

How many times do we not hear something like this: "Father, up to a year ago a good many Protestants used to attend our church, and we were beginning to have some conversions. But a mission came along (or we had some lectures), and the fathers so abused our friends and neighbors and called them such hard names that since then we can't induce them to listen to us at all."

The conversion of this Republic rests on our souls. The American people belong to Jesus Christ and to His Church. Even if ninety-nine out of a hundred of them were safe in the fold He bids us leave the many to take care of themselves and go forth and seek and save the few that are lost. But it is just the reverse. It is a small portion of the flock who are safe. Who, then, shall blame a priest if he steals away occasionally from his "ordinary duties" to take advantage of his missionary opportunities? Who shall blame a Bishop if he allows one or two parishes to remain for a season vacant, that a million of immortal souls may not cry out against him at the day of judgment?

One of our Lord's most famous miracles was expedited because it was in favor of a Gentile, of whom the disciples said: "He loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue." Precisely so with many good Protestants all over America. They love our people, they admire their virtues and are patient with their faults. And where there is a Catholic church in the United States which has not Protestant money in it?—not to mention our charitable and educational institutions. What! shall we send missionaries to cannibals in the South Seas and none to these our brethren?

Would that only a quarter as much money and a little of the zeal expended upon evangelizing the red men and the black men among us were given to missions for white non-Catholics! There is almost a positive distinction made against the whites in missionary matters, a distinction founded on "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." If a black man or a red savage were so much as hindered admission at the door of a circus tent for racial reasons, the whole power of the American union would, if necessary, be used to set the wrong right. Yet you seem willing to bar out the whites from the tabernacle of the Covenant on account of the unhappy accident of being members of the Caucasian race, the imperial blood of the world. There are newly-founded and already flourishing orders of missionaries of both sexes wholly set apart for our black Protestants and our red heathen, there are splendid seminaries and colleges and novitiates and schools to train Evangelists for the Protestant "boilers in kitchens and stables and for the miserable remnants of our Indian tribes; and what is being done for their cultured and powerful masters? Nay, if you say charity demands our first care for the ignorant, the poor, the outcast, I reply by asking if there are none such whose skin is white? Are there no "poor whites" in the South? Is there any ignorance denser than that of millions of Northern whites concerning the truths of Christ's religion? Are there no educated Protestants gone totally astray in religion? A man who knows everything but Christ's true religion is only the more ignorant for his knowledge. "I hold everything as dung save the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Black, red, white, tawny—our standard, is of every color. "My beloved is white and ruddy." "I am black but beautiful"; yes; but do you mean that black is the only beautiful? Not long ago I was equally amazed and edified at the account of hundreds of noble priests who had died of malaria on the African missions, the average life of the Fathers, as my informant who is a provincial of a missionary order, assured me, being hardly seven years after arrival at the missions. But when I spoke to him of the American mission to the whites he was evidently the recipient of thoughts wholly new. Now I say this: If you will send your hundreds to an early death from African malaria, why not give at least a few of your heroes to apostolic labors here in America, where they may die after many years of hard work in lecturing and catechizing and interviewing and converting kindly fellow-citizens? No one wonders that the ends of the earth are searched for souls to be saved, for that is our Church's mission; but I wonder at being thought eccentric for appealing for missionaries to save souls right at our own doors.

In the many non-Catholic missions which we have given, nearly all of them in public halls, we have learned many strange things, but the strangest of all is the ripeness of the harvest. The fruit is so ripe that it is falling from the trees and is being carried away by every passer-by. Even the religious perplexities among our countrymen, their very divisions and

sub-divisions, spring from their eagerness for the truth. They want to be holy with the holiness of Christ, and that makes them enter and then makes them leave one and now another denomination. They are a religious people who are accessible to Catholic argument—would that all Bishops, all provincials of communities, all priests and nuns, would write this fact on their hearts! Let it be posted up at every recruiting station of our Lord's peaceful army, that the American people can be drawn to listen to His Church. Let it be announced in the seminaries, let it be placarded in the novitiates and colleges and scholasticates the world over: Beloved, the Great Republic: it is a Field White for the Harvest.

## KING SOLOMON'S JUDGMENT, AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

EL CATHOLIC RECORD:—Dear Sir—In Father Young's recent work, "Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared," under the title, "The Judgment of Solomon," we find an exceedingly apt illustration of the Catholic position in regard to the education of children as contrasted with that taken by the enemies of religious teaching in the schools. I feel confident that the extract will interest your readers.

The Catholic maintains that religious and secular education should go together, that the whole child should be educated: that religious teaching, being more important than the knowledge of things secular, requires at least as much care in the imparting as does the latter, while of those who desire to abolish religion in the schools, some perhaps would prefer that no religious teaching should be given at all, but the majority are not opposed to religion in the schools, if they could only force their own religious views upon Catholics. As the latter class cannot do this, their opposition to religious teaching arises from the fact that it is Catholic teaching to which they are opposed. They are willing to sacrifice their own children—to see them educated without religion, and let them grow up without the knowledge of God—if they can only by doing this prevent the education of Catholic children in the faith of their parents. Thus, like the false mother before Solomon, they are willing to "divide the living child in two" in order to prevent Catholics from bringing up their offsprings in the way they should go.

Father Young puts the matter thus: My readers will recall the Scripture story, how King Solomon the Wise gave a judgment which at once discovered the true mother of the child claimed by two women: "Divide the child in two, and give a half to each woman" was the decree. "I am content," said the impostor. "Nay," cried out the true mother, "pot so, do not kill the child, but give it to her, that it may live." Then said the wise King: "Give the child to her, and let it not be divided, for she is the true mother thereof."

What application has this wise judgment of Solomon to the present contention between Catholics and Protestants as to who shall have the child, all of the child, so that it may receive proper intellectual, moral and religious education, a whole, true, living education?

That which goes to make up a true education is composed of two elements, well distinguished as *religious* and *secular*. To-day we hear a popular, insincere clamor, all the more self-condemnatory in those who use it, which distinguishes those elements as *sectarian* and *non-sectarian*. Given together, both these elements combine to unify the educational vitality of the child and they mutually strengthen each other. To divide them is as fatal to the true mental and moral being of a child, as it would be its certain death to force a separation between its soul and body, to divide the spiritual from the material element of a living man.

This has not only been the constant assertion of the Catholic Church, but until the late rise of Nullifidian (no faith) secularism in politics and education, threatening a violent disruption of the political and social order, such was also the common sentiment of all religious-minded Protestants. . . . Who does not see that the popular Protestant cry to day is: "Divide the child in two, we are content!" And what is enough to make one shudder with horror is to hear, in effect, the insane clamor from the Protestant multitude: "Divide all the children in two with the sword of the State! Sooner than that the Catholic children shall live, let the sword fall as well upon our own!" But let us look further, in order to see even yet more clearly which is the true mother in this rivalry for possession of the child. As yet the sentence of Solomon—"Give the living child to this Catholic woman for she is the mother thereof"—has not been pronounced, and as the impostor came before Solomon's judgment-seat in possession of the child, so Protestants are now, practically, in possession of the children, as a body, in this country. Now for the test.

Thus the Catholic woman: "I pray thee, O just and wise State, to grant unto me thy servant that I may give suck unto my child. Behold how it languishes and faints for want of

nourishment, and my bowels of compassion are moved upon my child as I witness its sufferings. Behold my breasts are full, and this other woman's are dry. Therefore suffer me to come unto the child that I may suckle it."

"Nay, I will not that she come near it!" cries out the Protestant woman. "Keep her off, O King State! Deny her all access to the child. 'No sectarianism in the Public schools!' Is not that the law which the protectors of American institutions would fain make, O King State, if they could? It is true I have little or no 'sectarian' milk to give the child, for my breasts are dry, or so nearly dry that the child will not suck. But then neither shall she suckle it, however full her breasts. Keep her off; for if once she be permitted to nurse the child before thine eyes, O State, and in the sight of all the people, then will her fruitfulness be shown and the shame of my barrenness be made manifest."

"Then I pray," still pleads the Catholic woman, "that I may, at least, take the child under my own roof-tree and there minister unto its wants."

"Forbid her also this," cries the other; and there is a dog-in-the-manger wrath in her eyes and fury in her hands as she looks around for her friends and neighbors—her Evangelical Alliances, her National Leagues for the Protection of American Institutions, her A. P. A.'s and her Loyal British Orange-men, who have come over to help protect(?) American institutions—who all troop forward with a goodly display of banners inscribed with, "No foreign denomination," carried by the British Orangemen; "No Church and State," carried by the Evangelical Alliance, which labored hard in Congress to establish the Protestant religion, and failed; "No State Aid to Sectarian Schools!" carried by the National League for P. A. I.; and, in place of a banner, an old hangman's noose formerly used in Ireland to choke the Catholic woman's brothers who were schoolmasters, carried by the A. P. A., and the United Order of American Mechanics.

And as they all stand face to face round about the king's judgment-seat King State saith to his officers: "Bring me a sword!"

"And the friends of the Protestant woman bring him a sharp sword they have themselves prepared—the sword of the '16th Amendment to the Constitution.' And when they have brought the sword to the king—"Divide," saith he, the living child in two, and give half to the one and half to the other." And the woman whose child is alive saith to the King (for her bowels yearn upon her child), "I beseech thee, my lord, give her the child alive, and do not kill it, but grant me leave to come unto it, so that it die not; I will stand without her (school) house all the day, and when she and the child shall be weary of each other, then thy servant craves to be let come near unto the fruit of her own womb for the space of a brief half hour, O King State, and in haste will I suckle it that it die not, and go my way." But the other cries out: "Let it be neither mine nor hers but Nullifidian, and be divided, though it die."

Shall not the King State answer and say in the words of Solomon the Wise, "Give the living child to the Catholic woman, and let it not be divided, for she is the true mother thereof?" And shall not all America "hear the judgment which King State shall judge, and fear the King, seeing that the wisdom of God is in him to do judgment?" Yours etc. J. F.

## A Beautiful Example.

Le Rosier de Marie states that *La Gasotte de France* has lately published the following incident:

Some days ago—in a city, which we will not name, two French Generals met privately to have a little confidential conversation on the war of 1870. It was the anniversary of a date which brought sorrow to their hearts but a glorious one in the terrible year. After recounting the events in detail around their cheerful fire the two generals spent the greater part of the evening reciting the Rosary for their companions in arms who had fallen on the field of honor. At 4 in the morning they assisted at Mass in a private chapel; they served the Mass on their knees and received holy Communion, thus no doubt following the example of the great Sobieski on the morning when Vienna was freed from the enemy. That is all. But the statement of this simple fact will perhaps cause to some of our readers the same emotion that we ourselves experienced when it was communicated to us in confidence.

Parents owe their children good example—the example of saying their morning and night prayers, the example of abstaining from meat on Friday, the example of hearing Mass on Sunday, the example of frequenting the sacraments, the example of all the virtues suitable to their state. And if the children fail in the practice of the faith for want of that example, the delinquent fathers and mothers shall not go unpunished.







APRIL 20, 1895

Japanese Lullaby.

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings— Little blue pigeon with violet eyes— Sleep to the singing of mother bird—swinging, Swinging the nest where the little one lies.

A PAIR OF FRIENDS.

And the Way Mary's Memory was Kept Green.

BY MATT CRIM.

Timothy Blake had just moved into one of the garret rooms in a tenement house on Seventh avenue. It had been a private residence at one time but when the tide of fashion and prosperity turned its way uptown, the old home had been cut into small rooms, and squalor and dirt replaced artistic comfort and ease.

It was in the autumn that Timothy moved into his new quarters. He felt quite happy, for his savings had again accumulated. He could go out any time and order the monument, and was only waiting for an idle day to come.

For a week or more he failed to meet any of his new neighbors except some dirty, healthy-looking children playing in the stairs. But occasionally in the evening he could hear movements in the room adjoining his, and a faint, hacking cough. That cough distressed Timothy. It was unobtrusive yet persistent.

One evening, as he stood on the landing at the head of the stairs, he suddenly heard that cough behind him, and turned quickly. A gray, thin-faced man was toiling slowly up the slight flight of stairs. He was very slight, and very refined looking in his threadbare black clothes. His face was clean shaven, his worn linen spotlessly clean. A loaf of baker's bread flaunted its crustiness through the end of the brown paper parcel he carried under his arm.

"Your daughter?" "No, my wife. She's gone now to be with the blessed saints." "Oh," sighed his host, sympathetically. "Yes, she's gone. I wouldn't call her back; no sir. I wouldn't call her back; but the evenin's are lonely, sure they are very lonely."

"And mine are lonely, too." And then the two old men looked at each other, and from that moment dated their friendship. Mutual loneliness had a great deal to do with bringing them together. Timothy discovered that his new friend was very, very poor, and also very proud—sensitively proud. He had been ill and out of employment for months.

"But I shall be ready for work again very soon now—very soon," he said, cheerfully. "I'm only taking a little time to build my strength up. Somehow the weather seems colder than usual this year." "Faith an' so it does," the old Irishman agreed.

He set his wits to work, and it was quite wonderful how he managed to help his neighbor without wounding his pride. But after all the schemes were very simple. "I'll be your friend some day," Mr. Silvestre remarked one evening, with a slight tremor in his voice.

"Sure, sir, an' it's me friend you are now. It would do me Mary's heart good to see us." They were sitting at the little table in Mr. Silvestre's room, with tea and toast and an oyster stew steaming before them. A bright fire raged in the stove, flinging out a warm, red glow, while down upon the roof and against the window beat the wind and sleet of a winter storm.

"I feel quite strong to night, Timothy. Perhaps I shall be able to go down town to-morrow." "Not while it's stormin', sir; you mustn't go while it's stormin'. Don't you hear the sleet fallin'?" He had to lean back in his chair and smother a fit of coughing even while Timothy was talking. Red fever spots flushed his hollow cheeks, beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead.

"But I am pretty well; don't you think I am pretty well, Timothy?" he said, as soon as he could get his breath again. "Sure, sir, an' you're gettin' fat," lied Timothy, gulping down some obstruction in his own throat; "but you must get a heartier appetite." "Oh, I shall just as soon as I can get out more. I stay in the house too much. I think I must read you a little poem, Timothy. It came into my mind to-day while looking over some old letters."

"Poetry, sir? Sure an' do ye write poetry?" "Now and then," he said, modestly. "We'll clear away the dishes, and then while you are smoking I'll read it to you." Presently they sat by the stove, and Mr. Silvestre brought out the poem. It was simply about "A Lock of Henrietta's Hair," the verses moving smoothly along to a pathetic close. Timothy listened with his rough gray head bent wisely to one side, and at the close of the reading burst into high praise.

"It's enough to make one weep, sure an' it is. I know me Mary would cry her eyes out if she could hear it. She loved poetry, an' where is Henrietta? Is she gone too?" "Yes," said Mr. Silvestre, softly—"yes, she is gone, too?" He smoothed out the paper. "She went forty years ago—forty to-day."

He sat gazing silently down to the floor for a few minutes and then he began talking of the love of his youth. Timothy forgot to finish his pipe that night. He sat and listened with mouth agape, and large tears rolling down his grizzled cheeks. He could almost feel Henrietta's living presence himself. And to think she had been forty years in her grave!

started out with his pockets filled with manuscripts. To recount all his experiences, as he went from door to door with his wares, would be foolish. At some places he met only beautiful courtesy, at others gibes and jeers. It was rather ridiculous to think of a great, hulking Irish laborer hawking verses about for sale; dainty, romantic verses, written in a fashion of the past.

Finally Timothy went to a young editor who was struggling with a new paper, and asked him to take some of the rejected poems. "I can publish them, but I can't pay you for them," said the candid young man. "Well, now, would you be after tellin' me what you would pay if you could?" the old Irishman inquired.

"Oh, about five dollars apiece, I suppose." "An' they'll go into the paper, sir?" "Yes, right away. They'll help to fill up space," laughing rather drearly. "An' may I have forgive me for foolin' the poor gentleman," he muttered to himself when he saw his friend's childlike delight.

"Sold Timothy—actually sold" cried Mr. Silvestre, in a trembling tone, his wrinkled, fevered hands carressing the bills, his eyes almost wild in their brightness. "Sold fast enough," said Timothy; and his face took on a deeper tinge of red as he thought how the world might be applied. He had to sit down and tell the whole story, how he found the young editor, and the number of poems he thought he could take.

"I'll go to see him some day. To think that I'm to live by the earnings of my pen!" He started up and held out his hand to Timothy. "I owe it to you. I never can repay your kindness; but I'll not rob you any longer, my friend, my dear friend. Take five dollars of this—and I'll pay you more when it comes." Timothy could not speak for the choking in his throat; but he laid hold of that outstretched hand, and for a moment the two old men were not much better than women at concealing their emotion.

It was worth the deception he had practiced to see Mr. Silvestre when his first poem was published. Again he thanked Timothy, and he kept the precious paper by him where he could occasionally glance at the verse column. But when the excitement of realizing that the public at last appreciated him had worn away, his strength failed again.

"It must be the effect of the cold weather. I'm sorry, I thought I'd write a story. Well, well, I must have patience. We'll go to the South when spring comes, and I shall feel better; oh yes, I shall be quite strong." "That you will, sir," Timothy replied; but he smothered a sigh. His savings were dwindling down, and he wondered what he should do when they were gone.

"Never mind about the monument, Mary, me darlin'. I can save more money. But what will happen the poor gentleman if he finds out the trick I'm playin' on him, I don't know." All one evening the sick man talked restlessly, making plans for his work, and for Timothy's future. "You've labored hard and long. It's time you had a little rest." The next morning he said: "Stay with me to-day, Timothy. I want to make some calculations as to our expenses when we settle down in the South. I don't think you need to look for work again. I know I can earn all that is needed."

So the day passed. In the afternoon he woke out of a light sleep, exclaiming: "Spring has come. I smell the yellow jessamine. I see the violets in bloom. We must get ready for our journey. Make haste, Timothy—make haste." "Yes, sir." "Give me pencil and paper. I must write one more poem before we go. What thoughts, what visions! Raise me up, Timothy. Henrietta is coming; don't you see her with the jessamine in her hair? I'm glad, so glad, the journey is over, that we are in the South at last. Oh, how the birds are singing! Yes, Henrietta—I know now that you didn't die—that I only dreamed it. Do you remember the walk to the old cottonwood tree? Shall we go? To them come. What a beautiful spring—I never saw—so many flowers; I feel inspired—I—"

IN DEFENSE OF CONFESSION.

A Learned English Jesuit Shows His Reasonableness.

On a recent Sunday evening, Father Brown, S. J., in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Liverpool, England, preached a sermon on the confessional that the Catholics of this country will appreciate. Father Brown, who spoke in contrast to the injunction of Protestant Bishop Ryle, of Liverpool, to "shun the confessional," took for his text the words: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained," (St. John xxi, 23.)

Having quoted the well known text bearing on this point (John xx, 21-23), he asked had not our Lord in those solemn words declared that He appointed the Apostles to share in, carry on and perpetuate the great work of redemption, and especially that work of mercy of the good High Priest, forgiving the sins of poor humanity? No unprejudiced mind could draw any other conclusion from those words. And yet Dr. Ryle says that for three hundred years, the wisest, soundest and most learned divines of the Anglican Church had denied that that power was to be drawn from those words. Also for three hundred years, the same wise, sound and learned divines of the Anglican Church, told us that the Church of Christ was not founded and built on the rock and that Peter had no special power or authority, that when our Lord said, "This is My Body, this is My Blood," He did not mean that His Body and Blood were really there; yet for this time, aye, for six times three hundred years, had the whole Church bowed down in humble faith before these words, reaching the words of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, who wrote in a catechism for the people of his time (fourth century): "Christ has said, 'This is My Body' and who will dare say it is not?" And these words have been repeated all through the centuries, and the Bishops and doctors of the Catholic Church assembled in the Council of Chalcedon in the fifth century, when the decree was passed with one voice cried out: "Peter has spoken through Leo." From that time right down to the nineteenth century it was the same echo, and Peter still speaks to us this day through Leo.

In its teaching and practice all through the ages, the Church had ever maintained that on the occasion referred to in his text, Christ solemnly gave to His Apostles the power to forgive sin and establish the Sacrament of Penance. Could reason object to that, against the Divine ordinance? No, common sense told us that reason could not. They said, "Confession is too difficult, it is too much to expect from human nature." Was that the voice of reason or the voice of cowardice? Granted it was difficult, but with it there was a comfort, consolation and joy, that made up for all difficulty. Let it be a hundred times more difficult, was that ground for reason to object? To labor, to work, was most difficult and cost many and many a hard struggle. Was that ground for object to virtue? In the world as it is at present, with all its allurements and temptations, for youth to keep themselves pure was most difficult. Was that ground for reason to object to Purity? Was there anything ennobling to our nature, anything that exalted it, that worth having or getting but cost something and was difficult to be got? Was that ground for reason to object to it? What all men admired in their fellow men was heroism, a man standing out above all others and showing that he had a soul and spirit and something grand about him, because he had done something difficult. Could reason object to heroism? There was a courage and nobleness of soul in acknowledging before God that you have done wrong to one who would rather go to prison and die rather than betray the confidence given to him in confession.

He was not exaggerating. He knew priests put into prison because they would not reveal matter of confession. One whom they all knew well—dear old Father Joseph Johnson—had been threatened with imprisonment under similar circumstances. They had a saint of the Church canonized because he had suffered martyrdom rather than reveal things made known him in confession. Confession

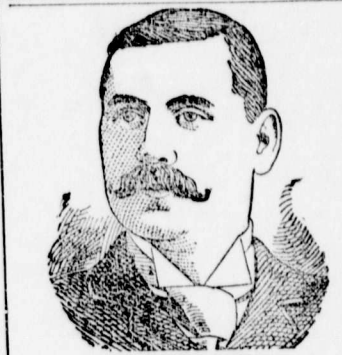
was humiliating—that was the point; but reason told us that to have committed a sin, there was the shame, there was the wrong. Sin was a revolt of pride against God and, therefore, the best atonement was humiliation accompanied with the acknowledgment of one's wrongdoing. Therefore reason could not object to confession: the very objection raised was reason for it. In sorrow for offending God, in turning away from evil, in restoring ill-gotten goods, in making reparation to a person for injury done to him in his person, property, or character, was there anything unreasonable in that or that would lead to the exclamation "Shun the confessional?" But perhaps it was evil in its effects; perhaps, since there were so many that said the confessional was wrong, confession was a bad thing, and there must be something evil in it. Well, some hard things were said about the poor Jesuits. The Jesuits must be a bad lot, and why? Because everybody says that the Jesuits are bad; almost every book written about them says they are bad; nearly every man you come across says there is something wrong about the Jesuits.

He (the preacher) remembered not long ago, a gentleman who he did not know at the time, but who is now one of his best friends, saying his hearing just after Bismarck had brought about the expulsion of the Jesuits from Germany. "Bismarck has done the best work of his life. He has driven the Jesuits out of Germany." He remarked to his friend, how was that? "Oh, surely," he said, "everybody knows the Jesuits: their teaching is immoral, their doctrine is corrupt, and the very presence of a Jesuit in a house is contamination." He said to his friend, who was a lawyer, "You say their doctrine is immoral. There are plenty of works written by the Jesuits, there is hardly a library in the world but contains books written by Jesuits on all manner of subjects. Have you read any of these works?" Strange to say he had not. "I can only condemn you on your own ground," replied the preacher. "You are a lawyer, and a point of law is that the accused cannot be condemned unless the cause is known. You have not read a word of their books. You said their teaching is immoral. Have you ever listened to a Jesuit teaching?" He said he would not go near them, although there was a Jesuit church in the town where he lived. "I can only condemn you out of your own mouth," pursued the preacher. "You said the very presence of a Jesuit in a house was contamination. Now I, unworthy as I am of the honor, happen to be a Jesuit, and I appeal to my friends at this table, whether they consider my presence a contamination."

He apologized. From that day this, he is one of the preacher's friends, he has been listening to his preaching, you don't know the real Jesuit, the man with the dark bright eyes who wears a black cloak, with villainy in his countenance, and treason in his gait. That's the real Jesuit." That was all imagination. So they heard people talking against the confessional who had never been near a confessional in their lives, who did not know what confession meant, who had not the slightest idea of it, but said confession was bad and must be bad.

The preacher then proceeded to disprove this by further illustrating the beneficial effects of confession upon the individual, upon the family, and upon society, showing that it upheld the chief supports of society—right of property, authority and religion—without which society would crumble to ruin, and conclude testimony was most valuable, as he was one of those who swept away it, and yet who declared that one of the effects of the Reformation was that "decency and modesty were done away with and that everybody wished to be perfectly free to do whatever he liked." That "every kind of vice was much greater than before." To such a state had things come that the inhabitants of one of the towns in Germany, seeing the awful havoc made amongst them, actually petitioned the Emperor Charles V. that the confessional might be restored in their midst. It was, therefore, not the voice of reason which condemned the confessional. What voice, then, must

it be? Pascal, a great French writer, said the heart has many reasons which reason knows not of. We should say that the voice which said "shun the confessional!" was certainly not the voice of reason, but the voice that came from a corrupt heart.



Mr. John Bailey

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Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

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

London, Saturday, April 20, 1895.

RITUALISM AND CHRISTIAN REUNION.

Notwithstanding that the High Church party in England base their claims on the erroneous notion that the Church of England continues to be a real branch of the universal Christian or Catholic Church, in spite of the complete separation which took place under Queen Elizabeth, there is much that is praiseworthy in their aspirations for the religious unity which existed in the Christian world before the Reformation.

Under Queen Elizabeth the Church of England acknowledged a new head, to whom the prerogatives of St. Peter's successor were transferred. New doctrines were set forth as the creed of Christianity, a new liturgy was invented, and in every way possible the new Church was made different from that which had been the Church of England for nearly fourteen centuries.

But we find with pleasure that a new mode of thought is now finding favor among Anglicans, and a sample of the direction which this new mode of thought takes is found in a recent address delivered by Lord Halifax before the English Church Union, containing the following utterance, remarkable for its reasonableness, and no less so from its being received with approbation by the members of the union, who may be considered as representing very fairly the sentiments of the High section of the Church of England. Lord Halifax said:

"The unity of the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ lasted one thousand five hundred years. For one thousand five hundred years men might talk of the Church of England, the Church of France or the Church of Spain, but all knew that as there was but one Lord, one faith, one baptism and one Eucharist, so there was but one Church, and all looked to Rome as the great central See, grouped around which the different churches were supported in the profession of a common faith by the link of an external authority which, binding them to itself, bound them close to one another."

When we find expression given to such sentiments, and recall to mind that similar sentiments are entertained by the most earnest and zealous among the Anglican clergy, we are led to hope that a return to the unity of the Church is not to be reckoned among the impossibilities.

True it is that these sentiments are repudiated by another important, and perhaps equally numerous, section in the Church, the Low Churchmen, of whom the Archbishop of Canterbury is one of the leading spirits. It has even been announced that the Archbishop has publicly denounced Lord Halifax's utterances within the last few days, asserting that any proposal of union of the Church of England with Rome cannot be entertained until Rome renounce its errors. But it is to be borne in mind that the Low Church party cannot and does not control the Church. Besides, High Churchism which expresses itself after Lord Halifax's manner, is making progress in spite of all opposition, though it is the growth of only the last half of the present century, that is to say, little more than the growth of the study of the generation, and yet, at the present moment it has become as potent as any, if not more so than any, party in Anglicanism. It is, therefore, evident that it is a plant not to be easily killed in the life of a nation, or of the religion of a nation, half a century is but a short time; and when we witness so great a change in England during that period we cannot help entertaining the hope that before long there will be an irresistible movement of thousands, and perhaps millions, of English-speaking people back again toward the Catholic Church and Christian unity.

It is further stated in a recent despatch from London that Lord Halifax, who is now visiting Rome, is there for the express purpose of paving the way for the consummation of a reunion, and that the Church Union, which comprises three thousand Anglican clergy

men and thirty Bishops, supports him in these advances. The London World has also published a cable letter from its Rome correspondent to the effect that Lord Halifax actually asked the Pope "to send a tender and gracious message to Anglicans" in his forthcoming encyclical letter. We cannot say positively whether or not this is the case, but it is a sign of a great change of sentiment in England, whereas notwithstanding the Archbishop of Canterbury's denunciation of the union movement, such an announcement has excited very little comment except among the religious organs of the press.

There are great obstacles in the way of this result, among which there are the strong anti-Catholic prejudices with which the English people have been inculcated from the cradle; but these prejudices are being rapidly removed with the spread of education, and the progress of the High Church or Ritualistic movement; and though we do not go so far as to expect that there will be a universal or general movement of this kind, we have confidence that it will be of great magnitude, extending not only through England and Scotland, but through English-speaking America and Australia as well; for the Ritualistic movement has taken a firm hold in all these localities. We do not expect it to be so extensive in Ireland, however, for High Churchism has made little or no progress there. Irish Protestantism is founded on the political ascendancy which the Protestants of the country have enjoyed for three centuries and a half, and that ascendancy has been kept up in hate. We may hope that this hate may be eradicated by degrees, but we cannot expect God's grace will be accepted at once by a population composed of trained persecutors, and the return of the Irish Protestants to the one fold cannot be expected to come so soon as that of multitudes who have not been educated from their infancy in the same way.

What adds to the reasonableness of our expectations is the fact that it is asserted authentically that the Holy Father is disposed to favor to the utmost extent the movement of English Protestants toward the Church, and for this purpose, we are told, he will, if necessary, grant concessions of discipline which will make their return to the one fold easy. Further than this he cannot go, as Catholic faith, being a sacred deposit, coming down to us from Christ Himself, cannot be compromised or changed. It does not appear, however, that this fact will create a serious difficulty, for the Ritualists seem to have advanced so far that they will not ask that any Catholic doctrine be so changed as a condition of reunion.

For the reasons we have already given, we do not think, or imagine for a moment, there will be anything resembling a corporate or official union, or any amalgamation of the Catholic and Anglican Churches. We know from history that such things have taken place in the past, as the conversion of nations in an incredibly short time, or by a single act, but the like occurred where there was no cunningly contrived theological systems in direct opposition to Catholic faith, such as have been devised during the three centuries and a half that have elapsed since Protestantism was established. These systems form a serious intellectual obstacle to the acceptance of the Catholic faith, so our expectation of a reunion rests upon the fact that this obstacle has been removed from the minds of multitudes through the acceptance of a new mode of thought, the logical consequence of which is the complete acceptance of Catholic doctrine. Only by a miracle of grace can the Catholic Church be accepted in its entirety by English-speaking nations as a whole. We by no means say that it is impossible that such a miracle will be wrought; but as we do not claim the spirit of prophecy we cannot presume to predict it. We can only regard those signs which indicate what is likely to occur under the influence of causes which will lead to results by natural human reasoning, and our inference is that such a movement as we have indicated is among the probabilities of the not distant future. For these reasons also we regard the Ritualistic movement as one which, though illogical in many respects, is nevertheless likely to lead to important and beneficial results, and we, therefore, contemplate it with considerable satisfaction. The reunion we expect will be unofficial on the side of Anglicanism, but even if it may be called a movement of individuals it will be on a large scale which will make it one of very great importance.

THE SCHOOL ISSUE IN HALDIMAND.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy has at last found a constituency in which to test his strength as the political leader of a party based on no-Popery lines. By the acceptance of a portfolio in the Cabinet, Dr. Montague vacated his seat in Haldimand, for which he offers himself again, but an opponent presents himself in the person of Mr. Jeffrey McCarthy, of Barrie, the law partner of his leader, and he runs on what is known as "the McCarthyite platform."

Before this issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD shall have reached most of our readers, the result of the contest will be known, and we will not attempt to predict it. We do not imagine, however, that the McCarthyite will win on the merits of his party, which, at the moment of writing, numbers only two members in Parliament, Lieut.-Col. O'Brien, the M. P. for Muskoka, and his doughty leader, whose threat is still remembered, that if his principles are not victorious through the ballots of the people, they must be sustained by bullets.

We do not suppose that the sentiments of Mr. McCarthy are approved in Haldimand; yet it is possible that for the sake of annoying the Government, many Liberals may vote the McCarthy ticket, and in this way indirectly endorse the raising of a religious and race issue.

The nomination took place on Wednesday, 11th inst., and, on the occasion, the speeches of the candidates turned chiefly on the question of the remedial order sent by the Dominion Government to Manitoba directing the Provincial Government to redress the grievances inflicted on the Catholic minority by the recent school legislation of the Province.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy also spoke on the same subject. His argument was an appeal to the prejudices of the people against Catholic education. On this subject he had nothing new to offer, but he repeated his well-worn argument that Catholics in general do not use, and do not want, Separate schools, as many Catholic children attend the Public schools of Ontario, and a Manitoba Catholic, Mr. John O'Donohue, came to Ottawa to help Mr. McCarthy in his appeal to the Government not to issue the remedial order.

Regarding Mr. O'Donohue, we have already stated in our columns that he is no representative of Catholic sentiment. The Catholics of Winnipeg repudiated him as soon as they heard of his visit to the capital. As far as the attendance of Catholics at the Public schools is concerned, we have to say that Catholics in this Province use the Separate schools, almost without exception, wherever Separate schools exist. In many localities there are so many Catholics settled that they find they can obtain all the benefits of the Separate schools through the Public schools of the sections, and they do not deem it necessary to establish Separate schools. The children attending these schools are returned, of course, as attending the Public schools of the Province, and their number is not very far short of those who attend Separate schools. Hence, there are comparatively few Catholic children in Ontario who do not enjoy the advantage of a Catholic education in the school. The few remaining are scattered over a wide area where it would be impossible to support Catholic schools. We, therefore, maintain that the Catholics show by their acts that they do want Separate, or at least Catholic education. It matters little by what name the school is called, whether Catholic, Separate, or Public, as long as they enjoy the advantages they desire.

We are happy to be able to add that Dr. Montague, in his address to the electors, gave no uncertain sound as to the intention of the Government in regard to the Manitoba school law. He told the electors that the Constitution of Manitoba, known as the Manitoba Act, was passed by Parliament, "not to protect the Catholics of that Province, but to protect the minority, of whichever faith they might be." He added that the Government was guided by law, justice and right, in passing the remedial order, and said pretty plainly that it will continue to be so guided. He added: "When the Government does deviate from those principles one single inch . . . I will be no longer a member of that Government."

We trust that these promises will be carried out, and as we have confidence in Dr. Montague's sincerity and honesty, we feel confident this will be the case. We gladly give the Government credit for thus declaring its intentions

—as we may fairly assume that Dr. Montague speaks the sentiments of his colleagues.

A FALSE REPORT RESUSCITATED.

It appears from various sources that the mis-statement which appeared first in some American journals to the effect that Father L. A. Lambert, the distinguished author whose "Notes on Ingersoll" so completely demolished the Infidel lecturer, had abandoned the Catholic Church, is being repeated now in distant regions, and much capital is being made of the false statement, in order to make it appear that the able priest who succeeded so well in refuting the blatant infidel had abandoned the Catholic Church.

One minister in Newcastle-upon-Tyne made use of the false report and it served for a text for several sermons, out of which grew quite a controversy; but it is believed that the minister was in good faith, as he appears to have acknowledged his error after receiving assurances from New York that he had fallen into a mistake. He was misled by the statements which appeared in some papers on the subject.

From the New York Freeman's Journal, which is edited most ably by Father Lambert, we learn that precisely similar statements have been made in Kingston and other towns of Jamaica, in the British West Indies. In this last report has been added the additional circumstance that Father Lambert was received as a minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church at a Conference recently held at Montego Bay, Jamaica.

The person who appears to be misquoting under Father L. A. Lambert's name is one Achilles Lambert Lopeck, who seems to have adopted the name Lambert in order to give himself a notoriety to which he is not entitled. He is engaged in delivering no-Popery lectures, and, as is usual with lecturers of his class, he finds it profitable to pass himself on the public as a Catholic priest of distinction.

Father Lambert, in referring to these reports, in the columns of the Freeman's Journal, makes it thoroughly well understood that he has no intention to abandon the faith of ages for either Methodism or any other form of Protestantism, for, as he says: "If the Catholic Church is not of divine institution Christianity is a delusion," and "Were the Catholic Church to cease to be, it would be but a short time when Christianity would be as dead as the religion of ancient Egypt, and its tenets would be a subject of interest only to the inquisitive antiquarian. . . . Whatever of positive or affirmative truth there is in Protestantism, is found in Catholicity. All else of it is negative, which, as a basis of religion, is worse than a foundation of quicksand. No thing, no institution, can live on negations. They constitute at best but a Barmecide feast, and are inferior even to the bitter dust of Dead Sea apples."

SUFFERING ARMENIA.

Notwithstanding that the Turkish authorities have employed every means to conceal the facts in connection with the atrocities which were perpetrated in Armenia last August, enough evidence has been brought to light to prove that the outrages which were reported have scarcely been exaggerated, if they have been exaggerated at all.

Under terror of vengeance of the authorities, it is impossible even for the mixed commission which has been sent to Moosh to gather evidence to get at the whole truth, for the authorities have made every effort to prevent witnesses from appearing before the commission, but notwithstanding this, enough of facts have been ascertained to prove that the outrages committed were most shocking, and that they were really perpetrated by command of the Turkish Government, which sent a firman from Constantinople ordering the destruction of the Armenians, who were said to be in a state of rebellion against the Sultan, but who were in fact only protecting themselves against the predatory attacks of the Kurds. The evidence brought before the Commissioners was of so shocking a character that the Turkish interpreters were afraid to translate it, and thus there are many obstacles thrown in the way of ascertaining the truth; nevertheless, it appears to be certain that the European Commissioners, at least, will make a report implicating the Turkish Government, and rendering it a certainty that England, France and Russia will unite in demanding such reforms in the gov-

ernment of Armenia, as will make it impossible to renew such outrages. At least, this is to be expected unless the jealousies of the three nations which have undertaken the inquiry interfere with their coming to a satisfactory conclusion.

Independently of the mixed commission, the London Telegraph has a special reporter in the district where the outrages were committed, and as a specimen of the attempts made by the Turks to suppress evidence, this reporter relates that a huge pit was dug behind the residence of Viillage, chief of Djellygeozan, in which hundreds of mutilated bodies were buried—heads, arms, hands, legs, and trunks mingling in one mass.

As soon as it was ascertained that the commissioners intended to institute an enquiry into the whole occurrence, orders were sent to have this terrible witness to the wholesale slaughter removed, and an effort was made to destroy the mingled limbs and bodies by pouring petroleum into the pit in large quantities and setting it on fire. The barrels of petroleum used for the purpose had been originally intended for burning the Armenian villages, but though it was applied to this new purpose, the mass could not so easily be consumed, and a hill stream was dammed and turned on to wash away the evidence of the mass acre. Even by this means it was not removed, and the Turks were then ordered to carry away the remains piece-meal before the arrival of the commissioners, and the orders were carried out.

The details of the massacre, showing how men, women and children were ill-treated while being taken to a distance from the camp before being slain are most sickening, and though many of the fugitives were willing to risk their lives to go to Moosh to give evidence before the commission, these were seized and cast into prison to prevent them from carrying out their intention. Every Armenian who was suspected of an intention to testify was similarly seized by the spies and police and imprisoned, and it was thus hoped that the efforts of the commission to ascertain the truth might be frustrated.

Under such circumstances it is not to be expected that the commissioners will ascertain more than a tittle of the facts which it was their intention to discover. There has, however, been enough discovered to establish the horror of the atrocities in a general way, and to cast the responsibility on the Government, so as to justify the most severe measures to guard against their repetition, though it is to be expected that the Turkish investigators will testify that the stories of the atrocities are destitute of foundation.

It is to be hoped that the European members of the commission will make a full report, independently of what may be done by the Turks, whose purpose is to whitewash the Government, and to throw dust into the eyes of the European members of the commission.

Earl Kimberley, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, promised, a few days ago, that the British Government will act with firmness and decision. On receiving a deputation of the Armenian Association of London he expressed his warmest sympathy with the objects of the association, and declared that the Government is doing its best to make the enquiry into the outrages as thorough and searching as possible. He stated also that the European representatives will make their reports, independently of the Turkish officials. It is requisite that such should be the case, though it is to be feared that the testimony to which the commissioners will have access will fall far short of exposing the horrors in their full enormity. Lord Kimberley states, however, that the object of the European commissioners will be to secure future protection for the lives, property, creed, and lands of the Armenian Christians, and that the Governments of France and Russia are in perfect accord with that of Great Britain, and are determined to act in unison to establish satisfactory reforms.

It remains to be seen what these reforms will be. The Turkish Government has proposed a plan of reform whereby a partial autonomy shall be secured to Armenia, which must remain, however, under a Moslem Government. When it is considered that Turkey has already broken all her promises that the Armenians should have a humane and just government, under which there should be complete religious liberty, it is difficult to believe that the three powers which have undertaken to settle the question will be satisfied with the Turkish scheme of reform. It would seem that nothing less than a complete autonomy of the

Armenians will give them immunity from similar atrocities in the future; but Lord Kimberley's declaration scarcely authorizes us to hope that this will be established, as he stated in continuation, that "it is one of the problems to be solved, how to bring about the reforms desired, without raising the Eastern question in an acute form." He added, however, that when the time for action comes, the Government will not be found wanting, as it feels itself irrevocably bound to bring about a satisfactory reform.

It is well known that Russia does not wish to establish an independent kingdom of Armenia, as the experiment of an independent Bulgaria as a remedy for the Bulgarian atrocities has not given satisfaction to Russian diplomatists. The opposition of the Czar to this mode of settlement of the Armenian question may, therefore, prevent this method of dealing with the Armenians, and it remains to be seen what steps will be taken to secure them from a repetition of the horrible scenes which are described as having exceeded in barbarity the similar outrages in Bulgaria, which were the real cause of the Russo-Turkish war, and the subsequent establishment of Bulgaria as an independent nation.

THE COMPARATIVE STATUS OF PUBLIC AND SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

To such an extent has it been the custom for agitators against our Catholic schools to laud the Public school system as far superior to anything which Catholics could possibly produce, that there are many persons who imagine that these assertions are indisputable, and that it would be the height of impudence to pretend that there could possibly be anything superior to the Public schools of the Province. A report, however, recently issued by the Principal of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, being the 20th annual report of that institution, incidentally mentions some facts regarding the students who habitually present themselves to be admitted at the college, which put quite a different face on the matter.

According to the report, these students are very often completely ignorant of the most important branches of a good English education, especially of English grammar and composition and arithmetic.

Most of these students are from the rural schools of Ontario, and as their average age is set at twenty years, the report certainly shows a sad lack of efficiency in the schools in which these young men have been educated. It does not appear, either, that the ignorant ones are those who have not attended school, for the complaint includes those who have completed their common school education to the full extent to which the great majority of Ontario children attend the Public schools, that is, till they have succeeded in passing the High School entrance examination.

The Principal says: "The greatest trouble which we have with our students arises from their lack of preparation in the fundamental branches of a Public school education. Even those who bring certificates of having passed the entrance examination for admission to the High Schools, are often found grossly ignorant of arithmetic, English grammar and composition. They have been taught grammar to no purpose. They do not understand the first principles of the subject, and they cannot spell the ordinary words which they have been using since they began to speak."

We have no desire to depreciate the efforts which have been made to spread education in the Province, and which have placed school-houses within easy reach of every child; but so positive a statement made by the Principal of the Agricultural College cannot be without foundation in fact, and it reveals to us a state of affairs which could scarcely be supposed to exist in a Province the boast of which has all long been that we stand in the front rank of nations in the matter of education. It is evident that there has been more self-congratulation than the circumstances of the case justify.

We do not assert that the cause of the state of affairs complained of is altogether due to any inherent defectiveness in the school system of Ontario, which is in many respects an excellent one, though there is some reason to say that too many fads have been introduced into the Public schools curriculum, such as Agriculture, Anatomy, Temperance, etc., until there is little time left for the rural school teacher to ground his pupils thoroughly in the most important branches, and the pupils are prepared for the entrance examinations to some extent by a



cramming system. But the principal cause of the sad state of affairs of which the principal complains is the carelessness of parents who neglect to send their children to school.

The school population of the Province was reported at 615,781 in 1891, but as this number includes all between the ages of five and twenty-one, it cannot fairly be taken as a basis on which to estimate what the attendance at school should be;

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ally approved of. It is aimed especially against the notorious Louisiana Lottery, which, though driven out of the United States, and prohibited from using the mails, continued to do an extensive business by using the conveyance of the express companies. The recent legislation will completely shut it out of the country.

The American Blade, an A. P. A. paper of Rockford, Ill., is about to suspend publication. The editor states that he has lost over \$5,000 since he commenced its publication, and that other A. P. A. papers of the country are in similar straits with himself in their endeavors to infuse patriotic sentiments into the people. The following is a sample of his dying wail:

"The Catholics are on top at present, and they are going to stay there for all we can see. We have held up the flag until our arms have palsied, our fingers have become limp, and we are powerless to do more, and unless there be at least one patriot in the land who will render the paper assistance, it will suspend, and not only damage the cause here, but many of our auxiliary publications. An A. P. A. who does not take and pay for a patriotic paper is not a patriot. A member who thinks more of \$1.50 than he does of his country ought to migrate."

We are sorry for the editor of the American Blade. He may, perhaps, take comfort in the thought that patriotism, like silver, is subject to depreciation. As he has found the market glutted with the commodity called patriotism it would be well were he to become engaged in some more profitable business. Seriously speaking, we do not wonder that nothing save disappointment awaits the knave who embarks in business on the supposition that his constituency are all fools.

An amusing incident occurred recently in Cleveland, Ohio, arising out of the irrepressible desire of an A. P. A. journal to furnish to its readers a story of the horrors of convent life in the real Margaret L. Shepherd and Maria Monk style. A reporter of the Cleveland Leader was detailed to elicit some such horrible tale out of the fact that an old convent is being torn down in the city, and the reporter on searching the spot found, indeed, something out of which the requisite tale was constructed — nothing less than an underground dungeon which was highly suggestive of the cruelties practiced in nunneries, as described in Rider Haggard's "Montezuma's Daughter," and Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion."

The Leader published the harrowing tale, "So full of fearful dreads, of ugly sights," with the assurance that it had brought to light a tale of horror fully equal to any which had ever delighted a no-Popery audience while listening to the denunciations pronounced against Catholic religious ladies by any orator of the ex-monk or ex-nun stamp. But on publication of the story, many Cleveland people remembered that the former owner of the Leader, who, like the present proprietor, was a dealer in no-Popery literature, had owned the property, and had dug the cellar which was represented as a dungeon constructed for the purpose of torturing refractory nuns. All Cleveland enjoys the joke immensely at the Leader's expense; but that journal will probably continue its course of inventing such stories, as it does find some people foolish enough to pay well for being furnished with just such reading matter for the spiritual edification of themselves and their families. We have people of this class in our own city of London.

The Truth.

It is refreshing to find The Arrow, a wide-awake journal published by the Anglicans in New York, rebuking the organs of sectarian bodies for their misrepresentation of Catholic countries. Referring to statements made by Mr. James Britten, secretary of the Catholic Truth Society of London, The Arrow asks: "Why does not the Brazilian Echo, the organ of the American Church Missionary Society, print a few such facts as these? Is it afraid of them?"

Mr. Britten writes as follows: "I beg to state (1) that I have now before me extracts from the letters of eighteen South American and eight Mexican Bishops and Archbishops approving of Father Vaughan's work in distributing the Sacred Scriptures; (2) that I have similar extracts from twenty South American, fourteen Mexican, and three Cuban papers to the same effect; (3) that the first edition consisted of one hundred thousand copies, nearly all of which were circulated gratis; (4) that a second edition is now being printed, to meet the demands of South American Archbishops and Bishops; (5) that an order for four thousand copies of this edition has just been received from Spain."—Ave Maria.

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THE POPES IN HISTORY.

Sermon by Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, N. S.

St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax. Was crowded to the doors lately by a congregation assembled to hear Archbishop O'Brien preach upon "The Popes in History." His Grace took for his text:

"Their bodies are buried in peace; and their name liveth in generation and generation. Let the people show forth their wisdom, and the Church declare their praise." (Ecclesiasticus, xiv., 14-15.)

The inspired writer does not wish us to be unmindful of the great men who have gone before us, and who, in their day, wrought noble deeds. He begins the chapter from which we have taken our text saying: "Let us now praise men of renown, and our fathers in their generation," and goes on to show how great things have been done by them, the memory of which shall abide forever. Not merely should gratitude prompt us to narrate the virtues of the mighty dead, but, also, the desire of instruction should lead us to meditate on their life and labors. There is no better system of acquiring a broad and generous disposition, or of obtaining a liberal education, than by the study of history if undertaken in a proper spirit. We should guard against the fallacy of judging men of the past by the conventional standards of to-day, or of applying the rules of a thoroughly organized state of society to a formation period. Owing to the spirit of self-sufficiency which is such a marked characteristic of our age, history is either not taught in the average college, or it is expounded by the light of modern events, and criticized by canons applicable only to the records of our day. We, of this century, too often forget that we have been born to an inheritance of knowledge and liberty and civilization, which we have not earned, but which is the product of the toils and the hardships and the bitter sufferings of great men in the past; and instead of remembering them with thankfulness and generous appreciation, we deny their merits or belittle

THEIR SERVICES IN THE CAUSE OF HUMANITY.

So true is this that the mighty deeds of the grandest group of men in the annals of our race, viz., the Popes of Rome, are either ignored or misrepresented by persons who claim to be scholars, and who would resent bitterly the imputation of bigotry or intolerance. Let us take a hurried glance to-night at the historic panoramas of the last eighteen centuries, and with unprejudiced minds endeavor to see what manner of men were those who took a leading part in its most stirring scenes. It would be as easy to deny the existence of the sun as that of the Pope during the Christian era; and it would be as unprofitable to study the history of that era without taking them into account, as to leave out the influence of the sun when treating of our planetary system. Just as the planets of that system revolve round the sun, so, whether men like it or not, the history of all modern nations has the Popes for a center, and it is but an episode in their history. A fact may be denied, but it cannot be confuted. A scholar may refuse to concede any special prerogative of spiritual headship, or jurisdiction to the Popes; but he is forced to recognize the unique position they have occupied, and still occupy, in the affairs of the world. A student may hate the name and office of the Popes; he may rail against them, and consign them, one and all, to the powers of evil, but all the same he finds them on every page of history, wielding an influence out of all proportion to the size and importance of their temporal kingdom. Such a fact, then, claims the calm consideration of reasonable men.

Many discourses would be required to do justice to the beneficent action of the Popes; we shall merely give an outline of their work. Two hundred and fifty-eight Popes have sat in Peter's chair. No one pretends that they were all great men, or that they were exempt from the frailties of human nature, or that as temporal sovereigns they made no mistakes. But let only those who were without blame in these things cast at them the first stone. What is beyond dispute is that no group of officials of any sort, or line of kings or rulers, can compare with them in the amount of service rendered to civilization, liberty, science, art and religion.

DURING THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA

The Popes had no power or opportunity of public action. They were hunted and persecuted with a fury little less than diabolical. Yet they were not idle; they were important factors in propagating and maintaining the religion, established by Christ. In the year '96 troubles and dissensions arose in the Church at Corinth. Altogether the Apostle St. John was still alive, it was not to him, but to Clement, the Roman Pope, that the people turned for aid and direction. He wrote at once a letter which is still extant and the authenticity of which is indisputable, in which he speaks as one having authority. According to Iraneus, who wrote a few years later, he united them in peace, re-established their faith and the tradition which they had recently received from the Apostles. All the early writers attest that this letter was universally accepted, and was "read in the churches for a very long period."

Whenever a question of doctrine, or discipline in those early days had to be decided, the matter was referred to the Pope. He was probably hiding in the catacombs, yet to him delegates from afar made their way. Thus in 157

Hegesippus tells us he went from Jerusalem to Rome to visit Pope Anicetus; and in 158 Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, and who had been a disciple of St. John, went to confer with that same Pope regarding the proper time for the celebration of Easter.

Again, in 177 Lucius, a British King, called in his own language Llewler Maive, or the Great Light, sent a request to Pope Eleutherius begging that by his "command he, Lucius, might be made a Christian." In compliance with this request the Pope sent missionaries, who baptized the king and many of his subjects. Nearly three centuries later another Pope, Celestine, sent Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, as his legate, to England to counteract the preaching of Pelagius, a noted heretic. The action of Gregory the Great, more than two hundred years later, in sending St. Augustine to England was but a continuation of the work of his predecessors in favor of that country, and in the cause of religion. Amidst the horrors of the persecutions at home the Popes wrought, and planned, and provided for the existing churches, as well as for the propagation of the gospel. Needless to point out how in succeeding ages missionaries were sent to Germany, Prussia, Norway, Sweden, India, China and Japan, and throughout the various countries of Africa. The man might die, but the Pope lived on, and, whether seeking safety in the mazes of the catacombs, or reigning peacefully in his palace, or fleeing before the ravages of a despot, or in exile at Avignon, the care of all the churches was his: he provided for all, and was the recognized head of all.

For more than ten centuries after Christ the social condition of the then known world was not unlike the physical state of the earth in the early days of its formation.

VIOLENT AND OPPOSING FORCES WERE AT WORK

with the natural result of fierce outbreaks causing wide ruin and devastation, followed by intervals of exhaustion, rather than of peace, during which new combinations were effected, and order gradually emerged from chaos. The old pagan civilization was being rapidly dissolved by vice, and swallowed up in its own corruption. Its brutal instincts, however, survived, and offered a stubborn resistance to the hordes of outside barbarians that overran Europe from time to time during ten centuries. Wars, famine and pestilence swept over the face of Europe, leaving in their track confusion, turmoil and fear. But in the midst of it all there was always one calm figure erect amid the universal ruin, and who fearlessly set to work after each upheaval to continue the interrupted task of forming into civilized and Christian nations the pagan tribes of Goths, and Huns and Celts. One commanding personality there was who was able to stay the devastating march of some wild conqueror, by the subtle moral power that hedged him round, and to bring to some sense of humanity and justice the fiercest barbarian. That person was the Pope, the representative of the one unchanging and undying institution that survived the wreck of the Roman Empire, and successfully weathered the subsequent storms. What grander scene can history offer than that of Leo the Great going forth in the quiet strength of his moral greatness to confront Attila who boasted he was the scourge of God? Flushed with past victories and thirsting for the riches and splendors of Rome, the haughty King who had never yielded to an army was subdued and conquered and turned back by the words of the Pope. Nor was this the only occasion on which the Popes rendered similar services; but time will not permit us to refer to them in detail.

According to historians the darkest hour in Italian civil affairs was towards the close of the sixth century. It seemed, indeed, as if no hope remained. But here again

THE GRAND FIGURE OF A POPE, one to whom even Gibbon awards a meed of praise, emerges from the surrounding darkness bearing light and hope and security. Gregory the Great — for it is he who comes to the rescue of society — is equal to the crisis. Fortunately he has his many epistles, and from them we can learn something of his prodigious activity. Not only was he sending Apostles to England and safeguarding the interests of religion in remote parts, but he also undertook the duty of providing for the public safety. The Emperor of Constantinople was unable to aid his Western subjects. Pope Gregory, as we learn from his epistles, sent a governor into Etruria, telling the people to obey him as they would obey the Pope himself; he appoints, also, a Governor of Naples, and wrote to the Bishops to take measures for provisioning and defending their cities. In a word, he organized the people, infused hope and courage into their souls, directed with consummate wisdom all their operations and saved society from demoralization and, perhaps, extinction. Well might Anicillon, a non-Catholic historian, say: "When there was no social order the Papacy alone perhaps saved Europe from total barbarism. It created bonds of connection between the most distant nations; it was a common center, a rallying point for isolated States."

And another eminent non-Catholic historian, Guizot, bears willing testimony to the civilizing influence of the Church, working through the Popes, when he says: "By all sorts of methods the Church likewise strove to repress the tendency of society to violence and continual wars." Then, after giving some examples, he adds: "These facts

are so well known that I am spared the trouble of entering into any details." This surely should suffice to this phase of our subject. If there is one thing more than another on which we pride ourselves in these days it is a

LOVE OF LIBERTY.

Alas! many abuse the term by making it synonymous with license. Yet, there is a true genuine love of civil liberty, and a healthy dislike of oppression. Now, the men who first fought for and won the fundamental principles of civil liberty, of which ours is but a development, were the Popes. Slavery was a firmly established institution when the Papacy began. To abolish it at once was clearly an impossibility; but the work of undermining it was begun without delay. The preaching of the doctrine that all Christians, no matter what their condition, were common children of a common Father, and heirs to all the promises of Christ, was the first blow struck in the cause of the abolition of slavery. This doctrine was preached and enforced by every Pope. Gradually converts to Christianity began to free their slaves or at least to enfranchise them by their last will. As early as the days of Constantine the freeing of slaves took place in the churches, and in the presence of the Bishops. Gregory the Great purchased the liberty of slaves in Gaul with the revenues of the Holy See. As time will not permit us to enter into details we shall simply quote the words of Guizot: "The Church resolutely struggled against the great vice of the social state, for example against slavery."

As is well known Popes were the ones who

WON FOR THE ITALIAN CITIES their civic privileges, and ever strenuously upheld them. The evolution of the modern States of Europe from the social chaos, consequent on the dissolution of the old order was slow and often interrupted. From the seventh to the tenth century, and ever later, the only power between the people and the caprices of rulers of high and low degree, was that of the Roman Pontiffs. By expostulation, and threats, and even by harsher means when all else had failed, the Popes succeeded in curbing, if they did not completely check, the tyranny of emperors and kings and barons. Speaking of the Papacy of that period the non-Catholic Anicillon says: "It prevented and arrested the despotism of emperors, compensated for the want of equilibrium, and diminished the inconveniences of the feudal system." Guizot and Leibnitz bear similar testimony to the beneficent action of the Popes during those trying days. Who has not heard of Gregory VII., or Hildebrand, the noblest, perhaps, of the children of men? If you wish to test the scholarship of a man, or a book, find out what he or it has to say about this great Pope. There is no surer touchstone of historic knowledge, and impartiality of judgment, than the career of Gregory VII. The fuming controversialist, and the superficial professor, as well as the fossilized enemy of rational human liberty, invariably denounces him, and with superlative childlessness seem to think they have proved him a rascal by calling him Hildebrand. As a fearless champion of justice and morality he stands without a superior, and perhaps even an equal, in the pages of history. This is the verdict of accurate and unbiassed research. He was born in the early years of the eleventh century, and passed the days of his young manhood in those iron times when the tide of social and moral evils, the sad accumulation of long years of war and disorder, was at its flood. Abuses of various kinds were rife, both in civil and ecclesiastical circles. Certain concessions made by the Popes in former years of civil perignances regarding ecclesiastical benefices had been grossly misused to the detriment of religion. The lay power had thrust unworthy men into positions of eminence in the Church, and society was now reaping the deplorable effects. When Hildebrand became Pope in 1073, he resolved to do what only a Pope could do, viz., to purge and purify society, ecclesiastical as well as civil, by striking first at those culprits who were highest in rank. Stringent laws for the reformation of the clergy were enacted, and carried out with inexorable persistence. Then

HE ATTACKED THE ABUSES OF THE CIVIL POWER

by which, especially in Germany, the laws of the Church regulating the bestowment of ecclesiastical benefices were trampled under foot, and the interest of religion sacrificed to unholy usurpation. This, necessarily, involved a conflict with the Emperor, Henry IV., who had turned a deaf ear to the Pope's remonstrances and admonitions. But a principle was at stake—the good of religion and society—the best interests of civil liberty had to be vindicated, and the brave Pontiff would not shrink the battle. We cannot follow the story in detail; suffice it to say that Gregory persevered; neither difficulties at home, nor the invading armies of Henry could turn him from his purpose. In whatever part of Europe he found abuses he denounced them and took active measures for their extirpation. He reprovved kings and princes, recalling them to a sense of justice and pointing out the safe road to moral and national greatness. He died, indeed, in exile, but he died victorious. He had freed the Church from the usurpation of the State; he had purified the sanctuary, broken the despotism of the iron days, cleansed and re-organized society, and set firm and deep in the popular heart, the principle of and the love for civil liberty.

We are reaping to-day the fruits of his grand, inspiring, unconquerable courage.

It were surely needless at this stage of historic development to spend time in proving the immense benefits conferred on letters, arts and sciences by the Popes. Even the most prejudiced and bitter opponents of the Catholic Church have to admit with Guizot, that the world owes its learning as well as its civilization to them. From the earliest days there were Papal schools, and the office of Papal librarian is almost as old as that of the Pope. All the great universities of Europe, those of Oxford and Cambridge included, owe their foundations, either to the direct act of some Pope, or to his influence with Bishops and princes. The academic degrees of B. A., M. A., D. D., and others were instituted by Pope Eugenius with the avowed object of stimulating studies. It is easy for us in the peaceful days of this century to cultivate a literary taste, and to sing the praises of education. Such action entails no sacrifice and exacts no self-denial. But to preserve, to develop and to hand down to posterity, through great educational foundations, during a ruder and more warlike age, literary culture required self-renunciation and a real love of learning. Name if you can even one modern educationist who deserves to be ranked with the Popes. When the calendar had to be reformed it was a Pope who did it, and it is a curious commentary on the astronomic lore of Englishmen that it took one hundred and fifty years to enable them to catch up with Rome, or, in other words, to adopt the reformed Gregorian calendar.

The acknowledged home and center of the arts has been, and is, Rome. Under the protecting care of the Popes they lived and flourished, when banished from other lands. The many treasures of art of every century, from the fourth onward, still found in the churches of Rome are an eloquent testimony to the enlightenment and nobility of the Popes of every age.

From this hurried sketch we can see WHAT AN IMPORTANT PART the Popes have played in history, and how great and enduring have been the benefits conferred by them on humanity. All that we most prize and cherish — letters, art, civilization, liberty — are but the ripened harvest from fields tilled by their incessant toils, and wetted by their sweat and tears and blood.

Nor has the glory of the Popes departed. Who, to-day, occupies so large a space on the world's stage, and rivets so closely the attention of mankind as Leo XIII? Like his predecessors he is the foremost in seeking to solve the social problems of the times, and to him the mightiest sovereigns of the earth offer the homage of their admiration, and listen with respect to his prudent counsels. The cynicism of learned unbelief, and the materialism of the unbeliever, are gradually melting away before the representative of the old historic moral power, and men are beginning to realize that if anyone can find a solution for the vexed social problems of our day it is the aged Pope, a prisoner though he be in his own palace. He will take his place in history with the great ones of his illustrious line.

What reasonable explanation can be given of the facts considered to-night? The Popes claimed, and claim still, to be the vicegerents of Christ, the supreme spiritual head on earth of a Church founded by Christ, and against which the gates of hell should never prevail. If their claim be well-founded it would explain satisfactorily the commanding position they have ever occupied in history. If it be not well founded there is no possible explanation.

The Established Church.

Lord Rosebery has struck a blow at the idea that the present Established Church in England is a continuation of the Church there before the time of Henry VIII. and Cranmer. Dealing with the question of dis-establishment and the right of the State to allocate the ancient endowments now enjoyed by the Anglican clergy, he says: "I suppose we all remember what the State once did with these endowments — how it took them at the time of the Reformation from the old Church and handed them to the Reformed Church. The State took this property and assigned it; and this, in my phraseology, was an act of national option which may be repealed at any moment. If, therefore, I am correct in my reading of these endowments and if my statement as to the Reformation is correct, it is not wise for the defenders of the Establishment to rest too much upon the right of property, because, if the indefeasible right of ancient property rested in any way in these endowments, it rested not with the Reformed, but with the Roman Catholic Church." This is true, and the so-called Reformed is not, therefore, a continuation of the ancient Church in England but is an entirely distinct and different establishment. — Catholic Review.

There is nothing so necessary to gain perfect order as kindness. It must predominate. The home which is governed by harshness could never become an ideal home. It is not difficult for an ordinary observant person to see at once what kind of spirit prevails in a family. In homes where true courtesy prevails it seems to meet one on the threshold. The kindly welcome is felt on entering. It is beautifully expressed: "Kind words are the music of the world." Hard words, on the hand, "are like hailstones in summer beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops of rain."



Janette's Hair. O, I mean the snood that you wear, Janette. Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet. For the world to me had no daylight sight. Than your brown hair falling your shoulders white.

JAPAN AND THE HOLY SEE. The Pope interested in the Result of the War.

"Innominate," the well-informed Rome correspondent of the New York Sun, writes as follows under date of March 10:

The Vatican follows with close attention the vicissitudes of the war between China and Japan from the international as well as the religious point of view. It is probable that when the great struggle is over a congress will meet to settle the respective boundaries in the far East.

But what interests the Papacy in the highest degree is the religious future of Japan. It is well known that Catholicism was introduced into Japan in 1549 by St. Francis Xavier, whose preaching was quick and brilliantly successful.

In the seventeenth century Christians perished in Japan by the hundred thousand amid horrible tortures, of which history has preserved a ghastly record, and which did not finally end till 1870.

Less than twenty-five years ago even subjects of the Mikado suspected of faithlessness to Paganism were torn from their homes and transported to various cities of the empire, particularly to Kamazawa, where they were left to die in poverty.

As the Protestants, the Catholics, the orthodox Russians have all founded missions in the Mikado's empire, I will examine the condition of their forces at present and strike a balance of what they have accomplished.

Its organization, the number of its missionaries, its pecuniary resources, Protestantism has acquired an important influence in the country.

The reader now understands the state of mind of the people of Japan in

vice in extending the commercial relations of the country with England and the United States. The Germans are in fashion for the study of sciences, especially medicine, and are employed as teachers in preference to all others in the Japanese army, whose first organization had been trusted to French officers.

The ascendancy of the Protestants would, perhaps, in the long run attain extraordinary proportions in Japan if they were not divided into so many rival sects, which, while uniting together to combat Catholicism, wage an intestine war against one another, and are in constant competition.

Let me examine now the action of Catholicism in the States of the Mikado. The Pope established in 1891 an episcopal hierarchy by the creation of an archbishopric at Tokio, and three bishoprics, whose seats are at Nagasaki, Osaka and Hakodate.

The English or German pastors are more bitter in their attacks on the French priests than on the Protestant missionaries, for a certain resemblance between Catholicism and Buddhism, especially in the ceremonial of worship, makes the rivalry between the two religions the more marked.

In spite of the small sums at their disposal the French missionaries have, nevertheless, succeeded in founding several seminaries as well as a certain number of schools and hospices. In the schools where the children of pagans and those of converts are received without distinction they are taught French.

The Sisters of St. Maur and St. Pierre of Chartres are in charge of the education of the girls; the Marianne monks teach the boys; at Gotemba is a lazaret house under the protection of Our Lady of Mercy, founded by Father Vigroux. Many pagans devoured by the terrible leprosy, which we no longer know in Europe, have found there a shelter and alleviation for their misfortune.

A certain number of old Catholics has been found in Japan who had preserved their faith from generation to generation from the seventeenth century.

Some twenty years ago the Abbe Pettjean, who has since become a Bishop, was praying in his church at Nagasaki, when some Japanese women entered the sanctuary stealthily and told him that they belonged to the same religion that he did. He questioned them, and they told him then that for more than three hundred years thousands of their countrymen had held to the Catholic faith in spite of persecutions, baptising one another, awaiting the day when priests should come to take the place of those who had been martyred.

The information given him enabled Abbe Pettjean to find out in the district of Nagasaki these grandchildren of Christians, nearly all of whom have returned to the Roman Church.

It is believed that in other districts of Japan, too, many descendants of Catholics have remained faithful to the old traditions, without daring to make themselves known, so terrified are they by the recollection of the persecutions of which their fathers were victims.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding the additions resulting from the return to the bosom of the Roman Church of a certain number of former Christians, it is clear that the results obtained by Catholicism in this part of the far East leave much to be desired.

The orthodox Russians also try to obtain converts in the land of the Mikado, but their success is made less likely by the political rivalry existing between the Muscovite empire and Japan, both having ambitious views on China and Corea.

religious matters. He knows that it is breaking away more and more from Paganism, without, however, accepting Christianity with warmth, and it is as noticeable for its indifference as for the looseness of its morals. Therefore the Japanese belonging to the educated classes, alarmed by the harm done to the soul of the people by the absence of a worship in which it can have faith and which should inspire in it the love of the right, seemed inclined, in spite of their positivist tendencies, to favor a movement in favor of Christianity in their country.

Who can point to a helper? We will stand hushed in silence while you speak. This is the sober voice of humanity to day, in Christian and in heathen lands, in the heart of Asia and in the heart of America.

Each one of which has adapted it to its temperament. Do we not see the English practise Episcopalianism, the German Lutheranism, the Russians the Greek schism, the French, the Italians, the Spaniards Catholicism?

As far as can be judged from the state of mind that controls the higher social circles of Japan, the men of political importance and private persons of influence who should undertake to bring about a religious reformation would undoubtedly favor the adoption by a national council of a worship rather derived from Christianity than precisely Christian.

Mr. Ashmore here sets forth and analyzes the substitute that Colonel Ingersoll offers the world and asks it to accept in place of Christianity; and he reduces this proffered substitute to the sensual doctrine of "Eat, drink and be merry." In closing he says: "Alas for his audience—some went from curiosity, but the majority of them because they love to have it so. The scoffers, the infidels, the saloon men, the courtzans, the gamblers, the agnostics, the 'haters of God,' are always in full force when he speaks.

SET A GOOD EXAMPLE. It is a Catholic's Duty to Live a Model Life.

COL. INGERSOLL. Literary Digest.

To hear Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's public addresses on the subject of religion characterized as "blasphemous" is nothing new. In fact it would be rather difficult to say anything quite new by way of denunciation of Colonel Ingersoll, for he has from time to time received the critical attentions of every style of writer, from the scholarly and polite controversialist down to the coarse lampoonist.

Such an audience, gathered to hear such a man, in such a place, on such a subject, was a pitiable sight even for New York City. That it was blasphemous gone to seed was about all expected, but it was something else besides that—it was coarseness and vulgarity and low buffoonery gone mad.

Mr. Ashmore adjures us to think of this matter, reminding us that "these problems of human destiny are serious questions," that they have appealed to the sober thought of truly wise men in all ages, and that "none but a fool seeks to make sport of them."

They never turned mountebank, they never giggled on the edge of the grave, they never answered their inquiring pupils with a joke and a grimace in order to draw from them a guffaw of senseless laughter.

It is to the men of intellect and weight of character in our own lands they have not agreed on explanations to be given, but they have agreed in the reality of these stupendous issues, and

in the conviction that they are too intensely momentous to be treated in any other than a candid and cautious spirit. Such men as Shakespeare, Bacon, and Burke, and Washington, and Scott, and Hale, and Washington, and Webster, and thousands like them have all stood together here. Men like Jefferson and Franklin may have been inclined to skepticism in some things, but they always spoke soberly and never indulged in idiotic mirth. To the minds of them all it was apparent that we are in a world of unsolved problems; that there has been an awful catastrophe of some kind in the history of the past is what is universally admitted; that we are suffering the painful consequences now in our own selves is what none deny; that there is, or ought to be, some door of deliverance is what all fondly hope for.

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be strictly conscientious and act always from high Christian principle. It involves fidelity to the practice of our religious duties and especially to the cultivation of the virtues which it inculcates, and avoiding the vices which it forbids. We owe this to our own brethren in the Church, who will certainly be influenced by our example, no matter what our condition or circumstances in life may be. If we feel at liberty to overstep the bounds of strict Christian propriety or duty, though it be only the eating of meat on Friday we may be sure some of our weaker brethren will be scandalized, and it is impossible to tell how far such an example—apparently trivial in itself—may go in unsettling the faith and demoralizing perhaps some friend or friends whom we would be the last in the world to injure.

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THE MEANS OF GRACE. A Complete Exposition of the Seven Sacraments; of the Sacramentals of the Church; and of Prayer, with a Comprehensive Explanation of the "Lord's Prayer" and the "Hail Mary." Illustrated by numerous Parables, Examples, and Interesting Anecdotes.

Exploration of the Gospels and of Catholic Worship. It should have a very extensive sale; in fact explanation, clear style, solid matter, beautiful illustrations, and interesting anecdotes. This little book—"ARCHBISHOP JANSEN'S."

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Rev. J. S. MORRIS, late Rector St. Church, Toronto, Ont., writes: "I am a sufferer and Medicine has proven genuine in every respect."

Rev. J. A. McNAIR, Schaw, Ont., writes: "The Inhaler has been used and has radically cured me of catarrh. It is worth many times your charge."

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Dianna Chide the Mither.

Ab! dianna chide the mither;
Ye may na hae her lang.
Her voice aboon your baby rest,

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Low Sunday.

STEADFASTNESS.

Jesus saith to him: because thou hast seen me, Thomas, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen and have believed.

When our Lord appeared to the disciples and gave them the commission to forgive sins, and thus instituted the holy sacrament of penance, St. Thomas was not present; and when the other disciples told him what had happened, and that He had shown them the wounds in His hands and in His feet, he refused to believe them; he declared he would not believe unless he himself should see them also. He said: "Unless I shall see the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe."

This disposition of St. Thomas was very wrong. He ought to have believed without hesitation. He had seen our Lord work miracles without number: he had seen Him give sight to the blind, even those blind from birth; make the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak; he had seen Him raise the dead to life, raise Lazarus after being dead and buried already four days. He knew that our Lord had predicted His Resurrection. He ought to have believed, and he sinned in unbelieving. He was obstinate in unbelief, refusing to credit the testimony of his companions, whom he knew to be honest and trustworthy.

Our Lord in the kindness of His heart forgave him, and made him put his finger into the print of the nails and into the wound in His side to convince him, and also to convince us by His testimony of the reality of His Resurrection. But at the same time He rebuked him, and taught us all a grand lesson. He said: "Because thou hast seen Me, Thomas, thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed."

We have the faith on the testimony of the apostles and disciples who recorded it in the gospels, and who sealed their testimony in their own blood.

We have the testimony of all the disciples who repeatedly saw our Lord after His Resurrection, sometimes a great number of them, over five hundred at once.

We have the testimony of the Catholic Church; of all those millions on millions who have lived from that day to this; of the wonderful providence of God and His care of His Church until now. This ought to be enough. This ought to be enough to make us believe whatever Thy Holy Church proposes to my belief, because Thou hast revealed it to her. Thou who canst neither deceive nor be deceived.

This is the age of unbelief. Very great numbers of men are occupied in trying to undermine the faith. The newspapers are full of infidel objections. The press is teeming with works written expressly to destroy the faith. The flimsiest reasons are brought forward with a bold face as if they were unanswerable. The very fact that the things of God and religion are so high and incomprehensible is brought forward as the principle reason why they are not to be believed.

We have believed once for all, on the truest and most solid evidence. Our business now is to "live by faith." To put in practice the precepts of our faith, and to follow the example of the Author and Finisher of our faith, our Lord Jesus Christ.

We are not of those who are to be "beat about by every wind of doctrine." We are not to be moved by the vain babblings of men, who are wise in their own conceit and think they know everything, though they know very little after all. We will not imitate St. Thomas in his unbelief, and refuse to believe the wonderful things of God because they are so high and wonderful, but imitate him when in wonder and admiration he cried, "My Lord and my God." Believing in the testimony of God and His Church, and putting away all sceptical and imaginative doubts, we shall receive the blessing pronounced by our Lord: "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."

Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit and success. Remember Hood's cures. There is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nulity this danger with Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—a pulmonary acknowledged efficacy. It cures lameness and soreness when applied externally, as well as swelling and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

The Legend on the Locket.

BY FRANCIS J. FINN, S. J.

I was in my first sleep when the sound of the door-bell awakened me, whereupon I sprang from my bed, and, after a few hurried preparations, hastened to throw open the door.

It was a bitter cold night in January, and without the moon threw its pale light over the wan and spectral snow-covered landscape. The sharp gust that swept into the hall as I opened the door made me pity the delicate looking child who stood at the threshold.

Her hair gleamed with a strange and rare effect in the moonlight, long golden hair that fell in graceful ripples about her shoulders. She was lightly dressed, this little child, as she stood gazing straight and frankly into my eyes with an expression at once so beautiful and calm and earnest that I shall never forget it.

Her face was very pale, her complexion of the fairest. The radiance about her hair seemed to glow in some weird yet indescribable fashion upon her every feature.

These details I had not fairly taken in when she addressed me: "Father, can you come with me at once? My mother is dying, and she is in trouble."

"Come inside, my little girl," I said, "and warm yourself. You must be half frozen."

"Indeed, Father, I am not in the least cold." I had thrown on my coat and hat as she made answer. "Your mother's name, my child?"

"Catharine Morgan, Father; she's a widow, and has lived like a saint. And now that she's dying, she is in awful trouble. She was taken sick about a few hours ago."

"Two miles from here, Father, on the border of the Great Swamp; she is a stranger in these parts, and alone. I know the way perfectly; you need not be afraid of getting lost."

A few minutes later we were tramping through the snow, or rather I was tramping; for the child beside me moved with so slight and tender a step, that had there been flowers instead of snow-flakes beneath our feet I do not think a single petal would have been crushed under the airy fall of her fairy feet.

Her hand was in mine with the confiding clasp of childhood. Her face, for all the trouble that was at home, wore a gravely serene air, such as is seldom seen in years of sprightly, youthful innocence.

How beautiful she looked! more like a creature fresh from the perfect handiwork of God than one who walked in the valley of sin, and sorrow, and trouble, and death.

Upon her bosom I observed a golden locket fashioned in the shape of a heart.

She noticed my glance, and, with a quick movement of her fingers, released the locket and handed it to me.

"It's a heart," I said.

"Read what's on it, Father."

"I can't, my little friend; my eyes are very good, but are not equal to making out reading on gold lockets by moonlight."

"Just let me hold it for you, Father—now look."

How this mite contrived, I cannot say; but certain it is, that at once, as she held the locket at a certain angle, there stood out clearly, embossed upon its surface, the legend—

"Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me."

"Mamma placed that upon my bosom one year ago, when I was very sick, Father." And kissing the locket, the child restored it to its place.

We went on for a time in silence. I carried the Blessed Sacrament with me; and, young as she was, the girl seemed to appreciate the fact. Whenever I glanced at her, I observed her lips moving as in prayer, and her eyes seemed, in very truth, fixed upon the place where rested in His sacramental veil the Master of Life and of Death.

Suddenly the girl's hand touched my sleeve—oh, so gently!

"This is the place, Father," she said in soft tones that thrilled me as they broke upon the stillness; and she pointed to a little hut standing back in the dim shadows of three pine trees.

I pushed open the door, and turned to wait her entrance. She was gone. Somewhat startled, I was peering out into the pallid night, when a groan called me to the bedside of the dying woman.

A glance told me there was no time to lose. The woman lying in that room had hardly reached middle life, but the hand of Death had touched her brow, upon which stood the drops of sweat, and in her face I read a great trouble.

I was at her side in an instant; and, God be thanked for it, soon calmed and quieted the poor creature. She made her confession, and in sentiments of faith and love such as I have rarely seen received the last Sacraments of the Church.

Standing beside her, I suggested those little prayers and devices so sweet and consoling at the dread hour. I noticed as the time passed on that her eyes frequently turned toward a little box at the farther end of the room.

"Shall I bring you that box?" I asked.

She nodded assent.

On placing it beside her, she opened it with trembling hands and took out the dress of a child.

"Your little daughter's dress?" I said.

She whispered, and there was love in her tones: "My darling Edith's."

"I know her," I continued. "She brought me here, you know."

I stopped short and caught my breath. The woman half rose in her bed; she looked at me in wonder that cannot be expressed. I, no less amazed, was staring at a golden, heart-shaped locket fastened to the bosom of the child's dress which the woman was holding in her hands.

"Madam," I cried, "in the name of God, tell me, where is your daughter? Whose is that locket?"

"The locket is Edith's. I placed it here on the bosom of her dress when my little girl lay dying a year ago. The last thing my darling did was to hold this locket to her lips and say: 'Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me.' She died a year ago."

Then the mother's face grew very sweet and very radiant.

Still holding the locket in her hands, she fixed her eyes straight before her. "Edith, my dear Edith, we are at last to be united in the Sacred Heart. I see you, my darling; 'Cease the Heart of Jesus is with me.'"

Her voice faded with the last syllable into silence.

Edith and she were again united.

STORIES OF THE CRUCIFIX.

The Dream History of a Reliquary. Sweet Sign of Salvation.

The first of the beautiful sketches given here is from the pen of the Rev. C. W. B., in the Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs for February.

I was once peering, now many years ago, through the window of an old curiosity shop somewhere in the purlieus of the Haymarket, London, when my eye rested on a little battered and discolored crucifix. I stepped into the shop to examine it. On first inspection it appeared to be a nearly flat sheet of metal rather jagged at the edges, with the figure of Christ in slight relief but, on looking more closely, I perceived that it had once served as a reliquary, for there was a small screw at the base, evidently used to fasten down the lid, and on the back of the cross an unmistakable hinge, though neither narrow nor hinge was any longer movable, the whole machinery having been quite flattened by some sharp blow.

Having satisfied myself on this point I bought the crucifix, and took it off at once to a first rate silversmith, who in a few days returned it to me, handsomely polished and restored to its original shape. It then appeared to be very beautifully engraved, the INRI upon the scroll being letters of the early 13th century; and, small as they were, a delicate thread of tracery, as is usual in alphabets of that period, ran along the outline of each letter, save that in the last I—it suddenly stopped short midway.

I now felt really proud of my treasure and happy in its possession; and that night before going to sleep I kissed it and put it under my pillow.

Dreams are for the most part foolish things; but I claim an exception for the one I am about to narrate.

I had thought a good deal that day of my crucifix; it was the last thing I looked on before I fell asleep, and my dreams that night seemed somehow or other to weave out for me the history of my crucifix.

I saw an aged monk bending over his work. What is he doing? Engraving the scroll of a small crucifix. Tools and fragments of metal lie here and there around him. His look is fixed and earnest; his lips are moving in prayer; it is clear that he knows well how to do an insignificant action with great love. Now and again he pauses to kiss the image in his hands. See! it is all but finished. The very last line of tracery is begun, when the monastery bell tolls for prayer. The old man crosses himself, lays down his work, draws the cowl over his thin face and goes his way.

This, then, thought I explains the unfinished letter. The monk never returned to his work, or, if so, thought he had completed it; and that stroke, interrupted at the call of obedience, was never finished.

Through the west windows of a cathedral church, in many colored glory, streams the setting sun. I saw another monk, but not in his quiet cell. He is preaching to a vast and silent multitude. Aloft in his left hand he holds a cross, and with his right points eastward. "The Sepulchre of the Lord," he cries, "is in the hands of infidels. The sacred earth whereon He trod and shed His saving blood is trampled beneath the feet of His enemies. Save, oh, save the Holy Sepulchre!" And, like a huge wave, the words roll back upon him from the great human sea at his feet. "Save the Holy Sepulchre!" Then he goes down and stands before the altar, and young and old press forward to receive the cross at his hands.

Now they pour through the massy portals out into the market-place. The battalions are already forming for the march; and one young warrior I mark, with sword on side and the red cross on his shoulder, comforting a weeping maid; but she weeps on. Then, pressing his lips upon her cold brow, he takes a silver reliquary from his bosom, throws its chain about her neck and springs forward to join his company.

A white-haired father and his three sons are standing with hands bound beneath the gallows-tree. The ropes are adjusted, and they kneel together for the last time in prayer, for there is no priest to shrive them. Yet they have not the look of criminals. Who can they be? What are they to die for?

"We die!" it is that aged sire who speaks—"We die, thank God! for the olden Church. Rebels we are, if you

will; for we joined the Pilgrimage of Grace, and fought to win back the Faith of our fathers, whereof our kings have robbed us. Pity us not. We are not afraid to die."

Then a bystander, at his request, takes from the old man's neck a silver cross with a promise to convey it to his youngest boy, and bid him to be true to the ancient Faith, though for its sake he should die the death of a felon.

A charge of horsemen and the clash of arms! Gay cavaliers, with lace and velvet scarce hidden under the well-burnished breastplate, and at their head a prince of men.

On, on they go, full on that dark wall of steel before them. A murderous volley crashes forth from a thousand matchlocks. Saddles are emptied and horses by riderless from the field. Still onward they charge, that gallant troop of men, but the dark wall neither stirs nor trembles, for it is made not of stone, but of something harder still, the sturdy and invincible Ironsides of Cromwell.

Now hand to hand they close, hacking and stabbing and pistoling each other, asking no quarter and giving none. And there is the gallant leader, three chargers' lengths ahead of his bravest followers, hemmed in on every side by those fierce bigots.

In the heat of the scuffle a little silver crucifix, which he wears about his neck, escapes from its concealment and falls over his armor. He is a Catholic, as so many were who fought in those days for King Charles. Indeed it stands recorded, not in my dream only, but in the sober pages of history, that out of five hundred noblemen and gentlemen who lost their lives in the king's quarrel, no fewer than a hundred and ninety-four belonged to the ancient faith, and that—think well on it—after a hundred years and more of bitter persecution.

The hated emblem does not escape notice and emboldened fury the Puritans set upon its wearer. "A Papist!" they shout; "down with the son of Belial! Spare him not, the accursed limb of Satan!" A dozen pistols are levelled, not much at him as at the image of the Saviour, and the brave knight falls, true in death, as in life to his king and his God.

Heaven rest his soul! But the precious crucifix, hammered by bullet blows upon the steel corselet that covered in vain that gallant heart, is mine.

Such was my dream, and I need hardly say that it made my crucifix more dear to me than ever.

THE HOME TREASURE.

Baron von G. was dangerously ill, in the prime and vigor of manhood a severe sickness brought him to the verge of the grave. Great was the grief of the Baroness; the sad prospect of a lonely life, with two orphan children, nearly broke her heart; but, the loving mother and wife was also an exemplary Catholic, from prayer she obtained strength and courage.

High above the waves of sorrow rose her anxiety for the spiritual welfare of her husband; she recognized the necessity of his receiving the last Sacraments, and the painful duty devolving on her to announce to him his danger. On the nuptial morning the Baron had led her into their private chapel, and pointing to a crucifix in the hands of dear parents held in their hands when dying, it must be in ours also. When it is the will of God to call either of us home, and that the survivor finds it hard to announce the danger, so shall we, when you will place this crucifix in my hands, or that I shall place it in yours, remember the time has come to receive the last Sacraments."

The Baroness now recalled the compact: she took the crucifix with sorrowing heart, but calm and collected mind, and laid it in the hands of her husband. At once he understood his position, and, smiling, said, "Marie, I thank you for your love, may the will of God be done." With peace and devotion the Baron received the last sad rites of holy Church. Contrary to the doctor's opinion, the disease took a favorable turn, and in a short time he was restored to his family.

The Blessed Virgin, an incomparably more tender mother, does the same good office for her children during the Lenten season, and will continue to do so, especially and in a more impressive manner during Holy Week, she presents the Cross, the sign of salvation, which the Church joyfully salutes, O Crux! ave, spes unica!

The Irish Race.

It has been not the least of the misfortunes of the Irish race to be constantly represented as an impetuous, lawless, quarrelsome one. The fact is just the contrary. Bravery they undoubtedly possess, but it is a bravery to endure and suffer, and has no touch of cruelty, malice or vindictiveness in it. Instead of being a more profound reverence for law than the Irish. An Irish anarchist or socialist is a thing almost unknown. The Irish soldier is the most amenable to military discipline. It has been an evil here in obediently the dictates of one party. All these things show how mistaken the popular idea of Irish character is; that the very foundation of it is the instinct of obedience to law, to authority.—Northwestern Chronicle.

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A Socialist on the Church.

Mr. James Hyndman, a prominent London socialist, speaks as follows concerning the received Protestant notions of the Church in the middle ages in England:

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"The relations of the Church, the monasteries and the clergy to the people were most noteworthy from every point of view. There is nothing more noteworthy in the history of the human mind than the manner in which this essential portion of English society in the middle ages has been handled by the ordinary economists, chroniclers and religionists. Even sober writers seem to lose their heads, or become afraid to tell the truth in this matter.

"Just as the modern capitalist can see nothing but anarchy and opposition in the connection between the people and the feudal nobles, as the authors who represent the middle class economy of our times, the Protestant divine, whose creed is, the devil take the hindmost here and hereafter, fail to discover anything but luxury, debauchery and hypocrisy in the Catholic Church of the fifteenth century.

"It is not true that the Church of our ancestors was the organized fraud which it suits fanatics to represent it; it is not true that the monasteries, priories and nunneries were receptacles for all uncleanness and lewdness; it is not true that the great revenues of the celibate clergy and the celibate recluses were squandered in riotous living. The Church, as all know, was the one body in which equality of conditions was the aim from the start."

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