

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE CITY OF CONFUSION.

The writer of the article in the current issue of the Nineteenth Century, "The Anglican Church in America," seems to hold that respectability is the one mark of the true Church. "Hor 'steek' went up," he says, "perceptibly three years ago, when the visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury gave prominence to the exceptional status of the Episcopal Communion in England. She catches a sort of reflected glory from the traditions and prestige of the English Establishment." As a Church the reflected glory is of a very tenuous character if we attach any importance to the following words of Dr. Kyle, Anglican Bishop of Liverpool: "The English Church is in such a state of chaotic anarchy and lawlessness that it does not appear to matter a jot what a clergyman holds and believes." And the late Archbishop of York, Dr. Magee, put this in another way when he said: "We Bishops have been sitting in the back-attics of the Church, grandly discussing the papering of it, with the house on fire in the kitchen and burglars breaking in at the parlor windows." With many of its adherents maintaining theories that are antagonistic to a belief in Christ's divinity, and with the validity of baptism an open question, we cannot see any glory in being the echo of a Church that is as feeble in action as it is uncertain in doctrine.

A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.

Socially, the writer says, the Episcopal Church has always enjoyed great consideration in many parts of America in spite of the absence of any State connection. . . . It may, perhaps, be worth noting, also, that most of the fashionable weddings in New York are performed by Episcopal ministers.

We grant that the Episcopal Church is well-bred, well groomed—a Beau Brummel among the sects. But clergy men who know something of many of these fashionable marriage take no comfort from the fact of their having been performed by Episcopal clergy. And others are chary of eulogy of a Church which stirs not the masses, and is not the Church of the poor, and has not a vestige of doctrinal certainty. So far as extravagant theories and divergencies of doctrine are concerned, it does reflect the movements of the Established Church. Its adherents are not "the same mind and same judgment," and any Church which fronts the future with no competent teachers to clear up doubts, has not a great career before it. It has, indeed, no State connection to hamper it. But due attention must be given to the views of the lay delegate who may endorse Episcopal enactments, or render them void. As to its being ever a reconciling element in the religious divisions of the time we have no doubts. At present, it itself is in a state of turmoil—a city filled with confusion. Some of its divines assail the inspiration of Holy Scripture; others teach seven sacraments and a Real Presence. Apostolic succession is championed by some and denied by other Episcopal divines, etc., and so on through a maze of hopelessly irreconcilable opinions. They have no authority to set them right. The Bishops are not united; they cannot curb the vagaries of their subjects. They will not see that reason demands that a Church claiming to teach truth of the supernatural order, must have an infallible teaching authority. An uncertain authority in this regard is no authority at all. They cling to the absurd notion that a Supreme Being, Who for ages had spoken to men by direct communication, Who at last sent His Son with a message, should, when He recalled that Son, have simply put the record of all these transactions in a book and given to none any authoritative power of interpretation.

DEMOCRATIC IDEAS.

We were told, some time ago, that the rulers of France—the gentlemen of the "extreme but reasonable measures," had in view the good of their country. They were upholders of democratic ideas, and hence, antipathy towards them was prompted by the reactionary policy of a privileged priesthood. Injustice was condoned by some journalists and atrocious blasphemies were dismissed as mere "pleasantries, or as one editor put it, "not very sensible remarks." The scribes who shed tears over the plight

of Armonia sealed up their lachrymal glands and championed the cause of nun and monk batters who reviled everything dear to the Christian world. And yet, they form plans for the conversion of Quebec. They wax eloquent on missions to the heathen, forgetful of the fact, which they themselves have pointed out, that the heathens at home have some claims on their charity. And we may be pardoned for thinking that their Christianity, which brooks taunts and insults, may not wear well in a foreign climate.

But the "democratic" ideas are bearing fruit bitter enough to tax the palate of the most pronounced radical. The Frenchmen who were beguiled by Voltaire and his allies, had a taste of it; the Frenchmen of to-day who are duped by the pocket editions of Voltaire have it forced upon them. It is borne by the tree that grows in the mire of irreligion. Fertilized by lust and the literature of corruption, it spreads disease and death so surely that even they who watched over its planting regard it as a menace to national stability. A policeman's baton is not much of an obstacle to anarchy, and when heaven's lights are extinguished and Christ hunted out of the schools, of the courts, of public life, the human breast may break clear of law and shock the Christian admirers of Clemenceau. How these ideas are bearing fruit is told by Dr. Garnier, chief Doctor of the Prefecture of Police, of Paris, who has just published a report in which he shows that crime has increased six-fold among the youth of Paris. M. Gaillot, examining magistrate, writes: "The number of crimes has increased from 8,000 to 20,000, and no honest man can doubt that this appalling increase of criminality among the young coincides exactly with the changes introduced into the public instruction. M. Besson, Deputy of Indre et Loire, has confessed openly: "One of the reasons of the increased delinquency is the disappearance of the religious ideal which has not been substituted by any other ideal."

THE REACTIONARY POLICY.

A few months ago, an editor of a religious weekly for the use of the household, referred to an outbreak of rowdiness in Rome as positive proof of the reactionary policy of the Holy Father. So far he has not blamed the Vatican for the late financial panic. His logic is in disrepair, but his hatred of Rome is in fine fettle and can be trusted to give a good account of itself in the most bigoted company. But the Italian authorities are not reactionary. As an indication of this, our esteemed contemporary, Rome, tells us that some time ago the "responsible manager" of the Astino was hauled to court for having published a cartoon of an utterly filthy nature. He was acquitted. This means that the Holy Father will, for the future, be outraged in the most revolting way, the priests accused of every vice and the foulest indecencies flaunted in the streets. And yet there are some who contend that the "Law of Guarantees" ensures the inviolability of the person of the Holy Father and that his seclusion in the Vatican is a pose.

CATHOLIC PARENTS AND THE Y. M. C. A.

We are at a loss to understand why some parents allow their boys to become members of the Y. M. C. A. We hazard the conjecture that to their minds this organization can help their children to worldly success. They may, of course, entertain the notion that our societies are refuges for the unwashed who are unknown in the domain of society. But whatsoever the reason, they should remember that parental duty is according to the standard of eternity. They are stewards, and any negligence on their part will be given due punishment.

It is said, we know, that the Y. M. C. A. is devoid of bias and is devoted to the well-being of Canadians, irrespective of creed. This assertion, however, will not bear investigation. The bias is there, if veiled for reasons of expediency; its atmosphere is Protestant, if not anti-Catholic. What conception can the parents, who expose their children to this influence, have of their responsibility? Again, they give scandal by flouting the expressed wishes of authority—that is, they prefer notions beotten of those who have been commissioned to rule the Church of God. They oppose the men who speak because they

must, and they justify themselves after the fashion of those who, so far as their heart is concerned, put the world first. Their children's faith will not be enfeebled, they say, because—well because—their conscience must be stilled. Without wasting any words on the individuals who can withstand all temptations and be trusted to be an apostle to his Protestant associates, we have no hesitancy in saying that living in a non-Catholic atmosphere has a tendency to lower faith vitality, and is for many a source of indifference to all religion. They may not become members of the sects, but as a rule, they are poor, contemptible Catholics, whose every energy is directed to the pursuit of the phantom of getting on.

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF RELIGION.

By Rev. J. T. Roche, LL. D., in Philadelphia. A Catholic Standard and Times.

PROTESTANT GENEROSITY AND METHODS.

My neighbor, who is not a Catholic, has a little girl who is a faithful attendant at the Methodist Sunday school. During a recent visit she was telling me with considerable pride that she always gave to the collections. "We have two collections," she said, "and I always take six cents. Five cents is for the church collection and one cent is for the Sunday school. Sometimes, too," she added, "we have three. Whenever we have a birthday we have to give as many pennies as we are years old, and this is for the missions." "And do all the children give?" I asked. "Oh, yes," she replied. "I wouldn't go to church unless I had the money. I guess most of them would stay at home, too, if they didn't have it; but they nearly always have it." The attitude of this little Methodist girl has its lesson for many of our crown-up Catholics.

Of course, I know there are those amongst us who resent the idea that we can learn anything from Protestant methods. This, however, is the gravest kind of a mistake. If Catholic interests suffer because of traditional slipshod methods, common sense demands that new and better methods be adopted. The Church possesses the sacred deposit of faith, but it has no monopoly upon business sagacity.

BETTER TRAINED.

I have heard it asserted time and again that Catholics as a class, are better trained than Protestants. I do not believe such to be the case. I believe, too, that Protestants are more regular and systematic in their giving, and that their methods do not leave so many loopholes for the escape of the poor payee. The children, too, are better trained than ours in the science of giving, and the missionary activity of American non-Catholics throws ours far into the shade.

These are unpleasant truths, but we have done considerable boasting, and a little of the plain, unvarnished truth will not hurt. Spread eagle descriptions of our growth, our progress and our wealth have led many people to believe that the Church in this country is getting along very nicely without their assistance.

NO ONE EXEMPT.

Protestants approach the business side of religion in a more business like way. Amongst them the duty of giving is always kept in the forefront, and no one is held exempt. We hint and beat about the bush when we should come out openly. We have no fixed rate of action, and as a result certain classes successfully evade all our efforts. I will illustrate just what I mean. There are hundreds of Catholic young men earning good wages, who come to Church and sit in the family pew, and yet permit their parents to do all the paying. The real truth of the matter is that they are better able to contribute than a large class of married men, who are supporting families on smaller wages than they receive. The same is true to a less extent of many of our young women. This cannot happen in the average Protestant congregation, where each adult member is expected to individually subscribe a certain definite amount. In their dealings with the children the same holds true. Every child is trained to do his or her little best, first, towards the support of local interests, and, secondly, towards the maintenance of missions at home and abroad. The amount of money contributed by Protestant children for missionary purposes is one of the wonders of the country.

True, the sects have a certain advantage over us in the method of church affiliation. A Catholic becomes a member of the Church when he is baptized; a Protestant becomes a member when he is formally affiliated. When he is thus formally received into fellowship, the obligation of bearing his share of the church's burdens is clearly set forth. There is nothing indefinite about it. He is henceforth a member, and one of the duties of membership is that of contributing regularly according to his means. There is consequently from the beginning the benefit of this clear understanding. He binds himself in black and white to give a certain sum, and the congregation knows what to expect from his membership, taken as a whole.

Amongst us there is a general understanding that young people ought to begin paying as soon as they begin to be self supporting, but as a rule of conduct this is very generally disregarded. We have shown a reluctance at the same time about instructing

children as to the duty of giving, and this lack of instruction is largely accountable for their shortcomings in these matters in later years.

A WORLD'S WONDER. I think it can be truly said, too, that wealthy Protestants, as a rule, are more generous than wealthy Catholics. This is undeniable when it is a question of contributions for missionary purposes. The sums contributed for such purposes by American non-Catholic millionaires, have astonished the world. Our Catholic millionaires, with two or three honorable exceptions, have given very little. This fact alone is so remarkable that it has been commented on time and again, but apparently without result. The same holds true of the endowment of educational institutions. Aside from Creighton University, Omaha, and higher institutions of learning are badly crippled for funds vitally necessary to carry on their work.

I would much rather underdraw than overdraw the picture, but we have had a little too much of this patting of ourselves on the backs, and a little too much of the flamboyant style of jangle oratory.

When the Methodists started a few years ago to raise a 20,000,000 New Century Mission Endowment Fund everybody smiled. They raised it, however, within an incredibly short space of time. One Methodist layman from his desk at Kenosha, Wis., raised \$7,500,000 of that fund through the medium of a typewritten appeal to Protestant men of wealth all over the country. There must be considerable love of God in the hearts of men who are so deeply interested in the means for the propagation of Christian teaching. It is greatly to be regretted that their example is not followed more generally by those who have the happiness of belonging to the household of the true faith.

SERMON ON THE MARRIAGE LAWS.

From the New York Herald. St. Patrick's Cathedral held a large congregation yesterday afternoon, nine tenths being women, all of whom seemed deeply interested in a discourse delivered by the Rev. William O'Brien Parlow, S. J., recently appointed head of Loyola School and one of the most noted speakers of his order.

But it was not alone the known eloquence of the priest that filled the cathedral. The subject he had chosen was full of interest to persons of all denominations, more particularly to Catholics, as it had to do with the recent encyclical of Pope Pius X. on Christian marriage.

Father Parlow arraigned those who maintained that laws governing the married relation should not be changed. The Church had changed many of its laws but it never had changed its doctrine as to marriage and never would. The man and the woman were at the time priest and priestess of God; each gave the other the sacrament of holy matrimony and only God by death could thereafter put them asunder.

Father Parlow said he knew that many Catholic women had thought it great fun to lead men to believe they loved them and then to marry some one else. This, he said, was a mortal sin, but many of these women had no knowledge of its enormity. Catholic men, too, thought they in turn had a right to this trifling with the tenderest thoughts of women.

Every engaged man or woman, he said, who subsequently married another, failed to recognize the awful impediment in the way. Their promise to number 1 rendered their marriage to number 2 in a degree invalid and now it is declared to be an improper relation. This was a very serious step for the Pope to take, but conditions made it necessary.

"Women," declared the priest, "must be made to realize that they cannot jump into matrimony as they would go to a picnic. Love is too noble a quality of the human heart to be trifled with by either men or women. The Church says there shall be no marriage without love, but that the contract is one of holy matrimony, and that if the love is not all that is desired it makes no difference—the bond remains unaffected and unchangeable.

"Thank God for such a clear definition of matrimony on this most important point!" exclaimed the priest, with a fervor that had marked effect on his hearers.

"Now, what has the Pope changed as to copulations?" he asked. He has made clear that hereafter the espousal to have effect must be a written promise to marry, signed by both the man and the woman before a priest, whose signature is also necessary, together with those of two witnesses. All priests have hitherto been worried by the absence of proof in cases of alleged betrothal promises, but this requirement of the Pope will take all that worry away."

The second change made by the encyclical in the law pertaining to matrimony is that greater publicity must be given to marriages. The Church and State both require the presence of witnesses and now the Church has gone a step further. Hereafter when Catholics have been married by Protestant ministers or by civil process the Church has recognized such marriages, although the Catholics concerned committed a mortal sin in having the ceremony thus performed. Such a rite as next Easter will not be regarded as valid. This, Father Parlow concluded, was fundamental legislation and should be remembered by all Catholics.

The power of a clean record as a success factor cannot be over-estimated.

LEST WE FORGET.

The beautiful festival of Christmas is almost upon us, and throughout the length and breadth of the land, in stately palace and humble hut, there is a stir of expectation. Our great cities are busy in their preparations for the holiday season; shops are thronged from morning until night, and even with an extra force it is difficult to handle the immense amount of express and mail.

We love this holiday stir with its soothing crowd of humanity, its pathos and humor, and we conclude that, after all, there is something noble in the most commonplace and sordid. And what a wealth of love and good will we had, especially among the poor and middle classes. It is to them we must go to catch the real Christmas spirit—the spirit of the self-denial of the Babe of Bethlehem.

The world outside the Church is drifting farther away from the ideal of the Holy Child, and it remains for the Catholic home to know the real Christmas joys. An article appeared this year in the holiday number of a very high-class and popular woman's magazine which told pathetically of how little religious significance Christmas has for many; it was a short religious service arranged for the home, and in a footnote the author exhorted parents to use it as so many churches have no special service appropriate to the feast.

We can scarcely imagine Christmas without the early Mass, the Crib and the Adesse Fideles, yet even in the Catholic home there is danger of becoming entangled in such a multiplicity of affairs that we are too rushed and too worn out to think much about the religious part. We are slaves to custom, and we must go through a certain routine of gifts and dinners and receptions, when we would really prefer a quiet day with the family. Christmas is a time of reunions and feasting and good cheer; but above all it is a great religious festival, and when the material preparations interfere with the spiritual the line should be drawn. It is in an especial manner the feast of little children, and to make them enjoy the day to the fullest extent, without selfishness or extravagance, should be the duty and happiness of every Catholic mother.—Western Watchman.

A WARNING FOR AMERICAN CATHOLICS.

In a brief address following the Abbe Klein's portrayal of the French situation before a Boston audience, Archbishop O'Connell drew many lessons for America from the causes of the hostility of the politicians of France to the Church.

"All this had a beginning," he said. "The fathers of those men were Catholics; many of themselves were Catholics in their earlier years. What then was the beginning of the change? It came with their indifference towards the sacraments.

"Is there a lesson in all this for us here in America?" asked the Archbishop. "There is most certainly. On all sides there are signs that men are inclined to be indifferent to their Church, to its laws and to its sacraments. Men are getting where they are content simply to attend Mass on Sunday. They walk into church and walk out again. This is one of the penalties of our prosperity.

"It was so different with their fathers; those men, most of them poor immigrants, worked hard and faithfully at their daily toil, and while they did so kept close to their God, from Whom nothing could separate them.

"Is that spirit abroad among the men of to-day? I would say frankly indifference is at its beginning among them.

"In God's name, let us be careful that it remains where it is—the beginning."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

Can there be any doubt of the fact that in the majority of towns there is not only a willingness to listen to the message of the Catholic Missionary, but even a positive desire to have him come. Experience shows that at the mere announcement of Catholic lectures the people will fill the largest hall in the place.

ing of the chalice, and altar stone and altar cloths. And just before beginning Mass, I added an explanation of why Latin is used, and finally pointed out the significance of the principal and holiest parts of the divine sacrifice. Mass over, and my ancient Frenchman communicated, I preached for an hour to my strange congregation, showing them the full meaning as best I could, of all they had witnessed, as the perfection of God's gifts to mankind in His one true Catholic Church.

I had only stopped over at the village to offer Mass that morning, and I must hurry on to my distant destination. This my new-found congregation of Protestants much regretted. As we parted company, they urged me to return again and preach more of such doctrines to them. Now let me assure you that there are many such villages in our country, and many hundreds of thousands of such non-Catholics to be found, had we but the Missionaries to devote themselves to the holy vocation of seeking them and saving them.

GOLDWIN SMITH WITHOUT A HEAD.

We beg our readers to contemplate for a moment the spectacle of Goldwin Smith without a head. Goldwin Smith with a head is not enough object for our consideration, but Goldwin Smith without a head would certainly impress us only with pity and horror. But why do we conjure up such a shocking spectacle? Well, almost daily now Goldwin Smith professes his high regard for the Catholic Church; but he always insists that the Church be presented to the world without its head. Professor Smith will accept the Church, but he rejects the Papacy. We have the experience every day before us of a body without a head in the sad confusion and mechanical twitchings, disgraced by the name of life, among the sects around us. Without a head to bind together and vivify, the dejected members lie around, an object, sad indeed, to contemplate. There is neither unity of doctrine nor of action. A fatal individualism has drained the flow of Christian faith in their veins. Whatever else they are, they are certainly not Christians, except in that general sense of a yearning for Christ, for, as Tertullian long since declared, "the human soul is naturally Christian." But concrete Christianity is for them a myth and a dream.—The Monitor, N. S. Wark.

Very Rev. James Canon Casey of Elphin, Ireland, the post priest, has just celebrated his golden jubilee of ordination.

The Rev. Henry Moeller, S. J., former provincial of the Jesuit Order, has recently been appointed pastor of St. Francis Xavier church, Cincinnati.

Francis Thompson, the most Catholic of living English poets, died last week in London. He was a brother of Mrs. Moynell, the well known English essayist.

For the past fifteen years the lepers in Columbia, South America, have been cared for by the Salesian Missionaries. Word now comes from Bogota that one of the Fathers has contracted the dread disease.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The beautiful new chapel of the Jesuit Novitiate at St. Andrew on the Hudson, was consecrated on Tuesday of last week by the Most Rev. Archbishop Farley, assisted by several prominent members of the Order. The chapel is the gift of Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, of New York, and cost \$11,000.

Rome—The Pope has created Monsignor Kennedy, the rector of the American College, titular Bishop of Adria-napolis. This is a special compliment to the United States, as no rector before has been so honored. The appointment will be announced officially at the consistory to be held on Dec. 16.

St. Peter's Church, Reading, was the scene of an impressive ceremony on Friday morning, Nov. 20, when William Emory Hinkley, until a few days before rector of St. Barbara's Episcopal Church, Reading, was formally received into the Catholic fold. Equally impressive was the scene in the Cathedral, this city, on the following morning, when the distinguished convert received the sacrament of confirmation at the hands of His Grace Archbishop Ryan.

Father Joseph Back was burned to death at Covington, La., last Saturday in a fire which destroyed St. Joseph's Academy, St. Joseph's Convent, St. Joseph's Monastery and St. Joseph's Church. His charred body was found in the ruins of the academy after the fire had been extinguished. The loss is more than \$100,000. The buildings were all practically new. Father Back's library, containing more than 8,000 valuable works, was lost, with that of the students, which contained more than 1,000 volumes.

William J. D. Crooks, LL.D., for many years Rome correspondent of several American journals, died in Boston, Nov. 3, aged thirty-eight years. He had been in ill-health for several years, and went to Boston about a month ago to be with his widowed mother, Mrs. Mary A. Angell and his sisters. Dr. Crooks was a native of Halifax, of Irish descent on his father's side, and of English on his mother's. His father, William J. Crooks, a brilliant young lawyer, who died while still a very young man, was a relative of the famous Archbishop Crooks, of Cashel.

We are to be rewarded even in spiritual things according to our works. As we sow so shall we reap.

"Then, while putting on my vestments, I explained each of them, from amice to chasuble, including the drap-

ought them... for them... it is only... for so... in these... almost... things... them such... that will... home... Mountains... with a... and this... the place... of the sisters... at chartered... w only most... occasion—the... illuminated... the signatures... ter the elec...

sitting-room... of the little... worked at... to make the... to keep her... A similar... bed-room... bright red... ways of living... they invest... any... only their... attend to their... referred to do... explained... most modern... brother... or has he not... world to thank... Italy Venice... truly... as to see the... world in his pri... Vatican many... apparent.

of steel rimmed... of glasses, but... spectacles, the... hood. He has... several times... he refuses... gold affairs... the gold and... describe... lead one... a dead friend... years.

a wide, plain... stands a little... this primitive... His pens are... of brass and... in the reach... of the Pope stands... d'Ares, that... priest whom... a reveres above... saints and doc... never fails to... on for the good... eyes of his visio... ment. He rates... in his esmily... of clerics.

in the Pope's... and in makes... which he makes... tests. Luvarably... he souvenirs be... his desk and... on himself, he... to the Vatican... ways on hand... offices. His gifts... pictures of... medals, in... which he has... a gift, he in... r for him. He is... these prayers.

in Rome, purchased... photographs of the... he took with him... his face well and... quite interested... intended... students... every part of the... to whom you... he admonished... their prayer books... my face to say a... to say a prayer... before always, and...

THE CHAPEL... the office—eminence... piled high with... old papers—is the... the Pope says his... are no decorations... the chapel is so... feel themselves... and the cham... than half... of attending... Mass. The room is... down, curtained... of silk brocade hang... in the suite... the chaplain at... on Sunday there... The secretaries... to the person of... At the... Plus seats him... and hears a... said by his chap... his his fragil...

in Rome that his... with him, but his... frequently the Sorrelle... Italian breakfast... small dining room... They have never... their august brother... to the Papal throne... which is not an... It is current gossip... her on his elevation... the sceptibilities... art, and he observed... requiring the Paus... meals alone. But... he was forced to ask...

concessions. He simply could not enjoy a mouthful. Now his two secretaries—Mons. Bressani and Pasolini—sit with him, and all three chat and laugh like schoolboys. The sisters, in Palazzo Rastrelli, sit down to their dinner at exactly the hour when the Pontiff is dining. This at least they can do, and they invariably tell him through their phone what they have for dinner, and frequently they inquire if he has enjoyed his meal and if the chef is up to their mark in cooking the dishes which he used to like in Venice.

The second sister Anna is a famous cook, and many a dish is smuggled into the Vatican kitchen which has been prepared across the way in the small rooms in Palazzo Rastrelli. But the brother is seldom in that secret, and his god sister fields her reward when she asks about his meal if he mentions the dish and remarks, as he sometimes does, that it was almost as good as if it were prepared in Venice or Rome.

TELEPHONE A COMFORT TO HIM. The Pontiff is fond of talking over the phone, and a day seldom passes without a little chat with his family in Rome and with some of the clergy in Venice. It is his one solace for not seeing his beloved Venice to hear the voice of his people.

Last year a Venetian prelate, knowing the Pope's preference for the gondolier songs, ordered a specially constructed music box, by which all the street ballads were neatly executed. But like all those who love good music this arrangement did not appeal to the Pope's artistic sense. Gondolier songs, in this form, he remarked, was like canned fruit—good, if the fresh is not procurable.

He preferred not to hear them at all if not in the form he relished. The music box, however, is a comfort to the Sorrelle Sarto and it takes a prominent part in the entertainment of their friends. But the chief feature of the sister's rooms is their collection of paintings, photographs and sketches of their brother—their great brother. For there was a younger brother who spent much time with the Pontiff and who made the somewhat neglected grounds of the Vatican bloom like the hanging gardens of Babylon.

A beautiful tinted photograph representing the Pontiff stepping into the gondola when he set out on that last momentous journey to Rome hangs in a gorgeous frame over the sofa in the sitting room. A transparency of the Pope giving his first blessing to the public, hangs in the bedroom of the eldest sister.

Each sister has her own little collection, each being the gift of her brother and each having his autograph. They will descend to certain nieces and nephews and cousins, according to the wish of the Pope. All his gifts to his sisters are destined for his nephews, for it is a foregone conclusion that a Pope who gives to the poor all and more than he can spare from the ready money of the Vatican cannot make large bequests to his family.

HER ONLY VANITY. Anna is proud of an old watch which her brother used as Bishop of Matsua and which was replaced by another when he went to Venice. This watch, with a gold chain, is the only vanity of which this sister of the Pontiff is guilty. It will go to the eldest nephew.

The sisters usually speak only their own tongue—the Tevisian dialect—though they have learned the Roman dialect and, of course, were familiar with that of Venice. Their intercourse with the world is much circumscribed even in Rome, where the ways of Rome are as the ways of foreigners.

One of the lay sisters who attends them speaks French and a few words of English. Her conversation with the Pope's sisters, unless one comes from their country, is limited. They possess that elegance and staidness of manner which seems the inheritance of the most humble Italian.

Those who have talked with them familiarly say that they barely comprehend the greatness of their brother—though they know that it is to restore all things in Christ and to reform the Church along the most practical lines attempted for many a century. They take his position as the natural consequence of his grand virtues and exalted learning.

It should be an encouragement to all youths wrestling over the Pope's sisters to know that the Pope's sisters attribute his transcendent piety, his broad humanism, his goodness of heart, his learning and his wisdom all to the fact that "he was from the very beginning so good a Latin scholar."— Baltimore Sun.

"THE NAME THEY GO BY." Speaking recently from a public platform in Napier, New Zealand, Rev. W. D. Goggan, S. M., remarked that though not long last longer than religious prejudice, yet there is, even now, breaking in on the world an intellectual dawn of truth, and statements formerly made against Catholic doctrine and the loyalty of Catholics will all be branded as vile calumnies.

"There is," continued the priest "no authority in heaven or on earth to authorize, directly or indirectly, any one to commit a crime, or to excuse the culprit if crime has been committed, for 'Ho (the Lord) hath commanded no man to do wickedly, and hath given no man leave to sin.' "So often has the unscrupulous scribbler written, 'The end justifies the means,' and stated it to be Catholic teaching, and even honest minded people have accepted it as true. But Catholic teaching is: If the end is bad, any means, no matter how good, taken to achieve that end, is in God's eyes, a morally bad act. If the end be good, and the means taken be morally bad, then, before God and all right conscience, the whole act is bad.

before a railway station on a frosty night. A shivering traveler, hearing the cry, hustled and bought one. Finding that the pie was cold, the traveler again undid after the boy and said, 'This pie is cold as ice. Why, then, did you cry out, 'Hot mince pies?' The boy's answer was, 'Pleaso, str, that's the name they go by.' So, too, a good number go by the name of Catholics, but their principles and acts are the direct antithesis of Catholicity."

ABOUT CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Among the great men of modern times whose names are worshipped at the shrine of literature, there is none greater than that of John Cardinal Newman who was born in London, February 21, 1801. His father was an influential banker who had moved to London from Cambridgeshire prior to the birth of his illustrious son. The prelate's mother came of a distinguished French Huguenot family which had emigrated from England early in the seventeenth century.

While but a mere child the future Cardinal showed a remarkable love for study, and his parents sent him to a private school at Ealing. Here he showed signs of that greatness which characterized his subsequent career. At the age of fifteen we find him at Trinity College, Oxford, from which he graduated in 1821. Four weeks later he was ordained into the Anglican ministry, and two years later was appointed to the vicarage of Oxford. Here he remained until 1845, when he was received into the Catholic Church, and after two years' preparation he was ordained in Rome in 1847. In his seventy-first year he was created Cardinal, and shortly afterwards made a return to the Eternal City. On his return to Birmingham he gradually declined, and was forced to give up active duties; and on August 11, 1890, he died. His death was mourned alike by all classes and creeds, for his was a life spent in earnest search after truth and in firm and unflinching adherence to religious conviction.

During his early school life at Oxford he was not concerned in regard to doctrine, his principal aim being to live according to a strict moral law. After his ordination, in 1821, he became vicar-principal of St. Alban's Hall, and thus came under the influence of Whately, afterwards Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, and soon found himself drifting from the Calvinism of his boyhood to the wide religious liberalism from which he was "rudely awakened," as he says himself, "by two great blows—illness and bereavement."—and broke away from Whately in 1829.

Meanwhile he had become an intimate associate of Pusey, Keble and Fronde, and other future leaders of the "Tractarian Movement," and by his wonderful preaching and he has already become a power in the land. When, in 1833, his friends took counsel how to keep the Anglican Church from becoming liberalized he was on the continent, but he returned to England, composing on his voyage "Lead, Kindly Light."

Having arrived in London, he at once threw himself into the work, and with Pusey and Keble he was numbered as its acknowledged leader. The whole movement, according to Bishop Bloomfield, was Newmania. The "Tracts for the Times" were started, and in the first the apostolicity of the English Church was strenuously emphasized. The elucidation of the Bampton lectures of Dr. Hyde Hampden brought the conflict between the tractarian and the Broad Church party to a crisis, and in 1841, the future Cardinal, who was the author of that elucidation, gained a temporary victory, but gradually declined in popular favor, fear being entertained that the Church would become "Romanized."

In February, 1841, tract C. X. was published, in which Newman held a subscription to the articles was not incompatible with holding many doctrines of the Catholic Church. This tract was severely condemned by the University, and was the cause of a great storm of criticism bursting upon Newman. Still believing in a via media between Rome and Canterbury, he resigned the living at St. Mary's and took up his abode in Littlemore Monastery in 1843, and the next thing we hear of him is his conversion to the Catholic faith, that same faith from which he had so long and zealously guarded the Anglican Church and yet towards which he was all the time certainly drifting.

October 9, 1845 was the day that brought Newman to the Haven of truth for which he had sought so dearly, and on the troubled waters of religious error, for that was the day on which he was received into the Communion of Saints. After a thorough course of instruction in the knowledge relative to the holy priesthood, he was sent to Rome where he was ordained in the chapel of the Propaganda.

Having now found that peace of soul which he had so long desired, we might be led to suppose that he would spend the remainder of his life in the seclusion of the monastery, with no other aim but the saving of his soul, and even if this had been so, his life would not have been without its fruit to the Catholic Church. But he was not content to enjoy peace in inactivity while so many of his friends remained in darkness, so his life as a priest was spent in the most strenuous efforts to lead others to the light of faith, or at least to refute the calumnies which the enemies of the Church are ever bringing forward as an insurmountable barrier for their abject followers.

This indeed was no easy task, because in England at that time the feeling against Catholics was most bitter. This is shown by the decision of the court acting on the case between Dr. Newman and a renegade priest who brought suit against him for denouncing the shameless accusations which the latter had urged against the Church. A fine of \$500 was imposed on Dr. Newman, which he immediately paid. But, upon appeal, the decision of the court was unfavorable, yet the public was so much against the decision of the unjust court of the proceeding, and Newman's sympathizing friends quickly raised, by subscription, the enormous sum of \$60,000 which it took to carry out the trial. This proceeding did much to change the bitterness of feeling which the English people had hitherto manifested toward Newman since his renunciation of Anglicanism, and to create a reaction in his favor. The Anglican clergy, however, could scarcely be reconciled to what they considered a very great reflection both on themselves and on the establishment, by such a great light as Newman leaving their ranks, hence, as a body, they did all in their power to throw a dark veil over his entire Catholic career. One of the most important achievements which he, as a Catholic priest, accomplished was the establishment in England of the Order of St. Philip Neri, which since has done so much for the Church. The early members of this Order were all converts.

Although the efforts which he made to establish a Catholic University in Ireland were not successful, it was not owing to any lack of zeal on his part. It was as a priest that he did his literary work, and in 1861 he published the production which changed the whole course of English thought in his behalf. Up to this time renegade and traitor were the common epithets applied to him on the lecture platform and in the newspapers. Henceforth he was to be the model of unstinted honor and pure and lofty character in the eyes of his countrymen.

In an article in "Memorial Magazine," occurred this passage, written by Rev. Charles Kingsley: "Truth for its own sake has never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not be so. The essay he caused showed forth the keen and poignant irony and the matchless and polished sarcasm of Newman. It was on this occasion that he produced his 'Apologia pro Vita Sua,' a work that shattered forever the prejudices which had hitherto prevented the British people from doing justice. The motto that he had professed to it, 'Car ad Cor loquitur' was singularly realized. The 'Apologia' came out in seven parts, and to such a degree did the interest increase with each succeeding number that clerics might be seen reading it on their way to their offices, and ministers made it the subject of their sermons.

Modest and simple amid the honors of a nation and of the entire Catholic world, Father Newman hesitated long before accepting the dignity of the cardinal. But in order to remove every pretext Pope Leo XIII. dispensed him from the obligation of residing in Rome, as an obligation incumbent upon those Cardinals not Bishops. The formal announcement of his creation as Cardinal was brought to him on May 21, 1879, at the Palazzo del Rigna, where he was the center of a brilliant circle of English and American Catholics, lay and ecclesiastical. The address which he delivered on that occasion excited universal admiration. "It was," wrote Dr. Pusey, "old John Henry Newman speaking out the truth, yet not wounding a single heart." He returned to England by slow stages and reached Egbaston on July 1. After his return he continued to govern his oratory and to direct the school he founded. Thus passed a Cardinal, a saint, a writer and uneventfully until August 11, 1890, when he passed away.—Central Catholic.

A MOTHER'S VERSION.

Gene Sheehan, a young New York policeman, was shot recently while in performance of his duty. The New York Sun sent one of its reporters, P. O'Malley (a graduate of Notre Dame), to the home for the victim for a "story." The following is the story, as told by the grief-stricken mother to the representative of the Sun. Mrs. Charles Sheehan stood in the darkened parlor of her home at 361 West Fifteenth street, and told her version of the murder of her son Gene, the young policeman whom a thug named Billy Morley shot in the forehead under the Chatham Square elevated station. Gene's mother was thankful that her boy hadn't killed Billy Morley before he died. "Be cause," she said, "I can say honestly even now that I'd rather have Gene's dead body brought home to me, as it were, than to have him come to me and say, 'Mother, I had to kill a man this morning.' "

"God comfort that poor wretch that killed the boy," the mother went on, "because he is more unhappy to-night than we are here. Maybe he was weak-minded through drink. He couldn't have known Gene or he wouldn't have killed him. Did they tell you at the Oak street station that the other policeman called Gene, 'Happy Sheehan'? Anything they told you about 'im is true, because no one would lie about him. He was always happy, and he was a fine looking young man, and he always had to duck his head when he walked under the gas meters in the hall as he went out the door."

"He was doing dance-steps on the floor of the basement at his dinner yesterday noon for the girls—his sisters, I mean—and he stopped of a sudden when he saw the clock and picked up his helmet. Out on the street he made pretense to arrest a little boy he knows, who was standing there—to see Gene come out. I suppose—and when the little lad ran away laughing I called out, 'You could at catch Willie, Gene; you're getting fat.' "

"Yes, and old, mammy," he said, him who is—was only twenty six. 'So fat,' he said, 'that I'm getting a new dress coat that'll make you wonder when you see me in it, mammy.' And he went over Fifteenth street whistling a tune and slapping his leg with a folded newspaper. And he hasn't come back again."

THE DISHONEST CATHOLIC IN POLITICS.

We should always be glad to see Catholics filling offices with ability and honor. It is well known that certain prejudices have hitherto existed against appointing or electing Catholics to public office. As regards as a Catholic will not vote for him, simply because he is a Catholic. We know this, and we regret. We believe, therefore, that all fair minded citizens should rise above this vulgar unfairness, and condemn no man before giving him a fair trial. If, however, a Catholic proves himself in office to be incompetent or dishonest—why, then, there should be no objection on the part of his fellow Catholics to having him deprived of his place of trust. In fact no one should be more swift to rebuke the dishonest Catholic in politics than his fellow-citizen of the Catholic faith; for while the low politician with the Catholic name is a detriment to the country at large, he is particularly so to his fellow-Catholics who suffer in prestige from his crooked conduct. If Catholic voters could but see that they are only betraying their own cause, they would not be misled by the race, and religion cry which such men (and sometimes even women) know so well how to raise.

In our great cities, at the present time, there is very little chance for anti-Catholic bigotry to show its head—at least in politics. Catholic voters are too numerous and the experiment is all together too dangerous. There is very little fear but that politically we will get all the rights that belong to us. Heaven knows there are Catholics can divide enough, and to spare. The only question is "Are they the proper men to represent their fellow-citizens in the offices to which they aspire?" Very often they are not. Very often when they get elected they prove themselves anything but competent, conscientious (much less) honest, and yet, proved incompetent, to drag in, when they are opposed, the race question and the creed question so as to pose as martyrs and try to win Catholic sympathy and Catholic votes. This is an old trick, but it is as mean and contemptible a trick now as ever it was. Many, more so, because whereas in the past sufficient anti-Catholic prejudice existed in politics to make it seem excusable, to-day in our great cities, where Catholics are so numerous and influential, that is absolutely no excuse for it whatsoever. The Catholic who without cause cries that he is discrimi-

nated against because he is a Catholic, and the other candidate is a Jew or a Protestant, or what not, is a dangerous individual; he is no credit to the Catholic Church, and should have that fact made plain to him by not receiving the votes of decent, law-abiding Catholics.

We ought to be thankful that such men are comparatively few among us. The rank and file of our people are thoroughly honest and, as the history of the Irish race has shown, utterly unregardful of the creed of those who aspire to represent them. But they are not always able to distinguish whether the cry of "wolf, wolf," is true or false. In days gone by it was all too often true. Then it was necessary to stand together to beat off the beast of bigotry. To-day the cry has a hollow sound. It rings false, and in most cases it is false. Let us remember this when we hear it the next time. Let us remember that it does not, in all probability, mean that the anti-Catholic vote is swaying the Catholic electors, but rather that some Catholic politician is squealing at being shut out of a job for which he is all unfitness either by nature or training.—Sacred Heart Review.

EDUCATIONAL.

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A RELIABLE FARM POWER MAKES AND SAVES MONEY. THESE are days of large operations on the farm. Some sort of power has become a necessity. There is almost an endless array of uses to which the power can be put. Every season, in fact almost every day in the year, the farmer will have use for it. And when the power is once on the farm, he soon learns, if he did not know it before, that he can do things easier, more quickly and more economically than he ever did before. But the farm power must be simple and dependable and as nearly self-operating as possible because the farmer is not expected to be an expert machinist. I. H. C. Gasoline Engines are made to meet these requirements in the fullest manner. Every engine carries with it the highest assurance a farmer can have of satisfactory service and right working. Whether you purchase the engine here shown or one of our various other styles and sizes of engines, you know you are getting an engine that is perfectly adapted to the use intended. You know that the engine is scientifically built on correct mechanical principles. EASTERN CANADIAN BRANCHES: London, Montreal, Ottawa, St. John, Toronto. INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

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derer, without letting him get out on bail, and I suppose that in a case like this they have to do a lot of things before they can let me have the body here. If Gene only hadn't died before Father Rafferty got to him I'd be happier. He didn't need to make his confession, you know, but it would have been better, wouldn't it? He wasn't bad, and he went to Mass every Sunday regular, and week days in Lent, when we always say the rosary out loud in the dining room every night. Gene himself said to me the day after Ash Wednesday, 'If you want to say the rosary at noon, mammy, before I go out, instead of at night when I can't be here we'll do it.' "

"God will see that Gene's happy tonight, won't he, after Gene said that?" the mother asked, as she walked out into the hallway with her black-robed daughters grouped behind her. "I know he will," she said, "and I'll—" She stopped with an arm resting on the banister to support her. "I—I know I promised you girls," said Gene's mother, "that I'd try not to cry any more, but I can't help it." And she turned toward the wall and covered her face with her apron.

A TRAITOR.

THE CATHOLIC WHO GETS RICH BY THE QUESTIONABLE METHODS COMMON IN THE WORLD TO-DAY. Rev. William Hughes, of Pasadena, Cal., in a recent address on "The Conversion of Citizenship," said: "Have you ever thought of good citizenship as a religion as well as a civic duty? Needless to say you have. You know that by being a good citizen, you gain not only the fickle respect of your fellow men but also the abiding favor of God. The Catholic religion teaches the sacredness of all duty—at home, in the shop or office, at the ballot-box and in church. All duty is holy and blessed. The Catholic religion is a religion of every day, not of one day in the week. It does not allow us one conscience at home and another abroad, one for social and another for business life, one dealing with individ-

als and another with states. It says a thief is no less a thief who purloins a purse from another's pocket or graft from a government contract. It declares that the man who poses as a Catholic but is bent on getting rich quick and at any cost is twice over a worse traitor than Benedict Arnold regarding as an American patriot and trying to sell his country for a price, but causing this field of high finance betrays both his country and his God. So, too, the dishonest office-holder is foe alike to the constitution and the faith, because upon the morality of the individual citizens depends the security of the State. And morality without religion is none. Above all, true liberty is impossible where men are not honest and women are not pure."

Is He Crazy? A man in Reno, Nev., being unable to find religion preached or practiced in that town in accordance with his ideas, has built a church for himself. The good Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians of Reno are questioning his sanity without any idea, apparently, that his logic and his reasons are precisely the same as those that actuated the church-building of Luther and Wesley and Calvin and their fellow-reformers "a few hundred years earlier—Catholic Universe.

Is your baby thin, weak, fretful? Make him a Scott's Emulsion baby. Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites prepared so that it is easily digested by little folks. Consequently the baby that is fed on Scott's Emulsion is a sturdy, rosy-cheeked little fellow full of health and vigor. ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$2.00 per annum. THOS. COFFEY, L.L.D., Editor and Publisher

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your admirable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC 21, 1907.

CHRISTMAS.

This issue of the RECORD will reach most of our readers on Christmas eve. The festival of Christmas now so universally observed, brings with it to all so much of genuine love for God and man that it may be justly considered an annual renewal of the covenant of mercy established by the mystery of the redemption.

MODERNISM.

We at length approach the subject for which we made a long introduction, viz., the view of Modernism as given by The Church Times. It says in opening:

The Eccelesial is a far greater disaster to the Church than the policy of the Pope in regard to the Separation Law, not only because it affects every country, but also because, by placing the Roman Catholic Church definitely and explicitly in opposition to contemporary scientific and historical methods, and to contemporary modes of thought, it practically throws up in despair the Church's mission of evangelization.

Investive is louder than argument, and a misstatement more alluring than truth. Nor is either of these ever wanting in the event of any Papal action. Modern thought is so carried away by its own self-sufficiency and so encouraged and lauded just now by anti-Catholic prejudice that to challenge its statements or question its theories, or to defend the Holy Father in his well-timed condemnation of Modernism, is rash, ignorant and slavish.

What "disaster" can come to the Church from protecting the Bible, Christ, the Church, the supernatural, we are not prophets enough to forecast; but a greater disaster would be the poisoning of the wells, the perversion of Christian truth, the absolute ruin of the Church.

No Sovereign Pontiff issues an encyclical or syllabus without necessity, which in turn implies that some will be disastrously affected by it and others sheltered from scandal. Far more serious than the individual loss is the guardianship of that sacred deposit which makes and keeps the Church the pillar and ground of truth.

Let us take up another—really the third point—the stand taken by Socialism with regard to the Church and the Church with regard to Socialism. Socialism is in essence and actual practice opposed to religion, which it regards as one of its most replaceable foes.

Both might well join hands against modern Caesarism. But if the theories which we hear advocated by Socialists be the test, we see no similarity between the economy proposed by our Blessed Lord and the dissolving tendencies of Socialists. They are as far apart as the two poles.

It is rather in its revolutionary parentage and its irresponsible talk that Socialism has taken to irreligion. The questions of property and family are the introduction of trouble. Both wish the amelioration of social conditions. A complication has aggravated the misunderstanding; for many who love Socialism have a greater hatred of the Church. To none does the Church yield in her love of the working poor.

It is a noteworthy fact, says Count Soderini, "that there is scarcely a speech or demonstration made by Socialists in which they have abstained from making hostile utter-

ous. The brightest, strongest figure in the gloom now threatening divided Christianity is the venerable Pontiff bidding the winds and the waves be still. If modern thought seeks salvation it must come to the faith of the immortal Church, the Church cannot find life in its fallacies or go to it.

SOCIALISM.

Socialism not only weakens the right of property, if it does not expressly deny it, it undermines the family tie. Goods in common are to be followed by wives in common and husbands in common. Education in Public schools is working to this end, designed as they are for the maintenance, instruction and education of children from their earliest age.

What a double purpose was in view, to remove from matrimony the principal reasons for making it indissoluble, and secondly, to bring up children free from all belief in God and immortality, to make them believe that this earth is their only home, and the State their only benefactor.

Religion is to be replaced by science, private property by community of goods, and marriage by its abominable and unmentionable substitute of so-called free love. If children can be taken care of by the State, from the age of two years up to the majority in public nurseries, kindergartens, primary and higher institutions, homes will be emptied, and will be exposed to complete ruin and dissolution.

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ances against God and against Christianity." We wait again, to examine the forms of Socialism found in England.

PROTESTANT PREACHING.

A correspondent of the Daily Witness, of Montreal, makes a doleful complaint that his "theological leaders are falling away from the teaching of the Bible." So far have matters gone and so common is the decadence that he is worried lest perhaps "the Protestant Church itself is on the downfall."

These preachers "deny the Word of God, saying that Christ never rose from the grave, and there is no sin and there is no hell, and no one is converted. How can these men say they are ordained by God to preach the gospel?" He deprecates the unrest and confusion into which his Church is thrown. What this writer describes is only too true, and would be witnessed in our own Church were it not for the voice of authority.

What he says, with trembling voice and in questioning tone, our Supreme Pontiff with that clearness, which is begotten of power, proclaims to the world, that the Catholic Church will not have confusion. The difference between the faithful of our own Church and the members of sectarian bodies is brought out into bolder relief by letters such as that to which we refer. Authority is sorely needed nowadays in matters religious, social and civil.

Unrest and confusion disturb thought, industry, conduct. They have invaded every shore and have actually threatened the sanctuaries of the Church and the halls of the State. Where a vigilant pastor with due authority commands attention and obedience, unrest and confusion steal away worse confounded. Where there is no such pastor, where due authority is dethroned and replaced by private judgment what can any man expect but that leaders—who are not, with their good will, blind guides—will tend downwards and stray far from the fulness of truth committed to living teachers?

The complaint which this gentleman makes has a tone of sadness about it with which we sympathize, but this condition is the natural result of the principles laid down by the heresiarchs of the sixteenth century. Who kept the resurrection, and hell and sin and all other dogmas from injury and corruption through the centuries? Not the Bible—or here in an age of so-called enlightenment after the Bible has been in possession for three hundred years and after men's private judgment on Biblical questions has divided and subdivided we find the truths of Christianity treated as fables and the Bible itself thrown away as the most fabulous myth of all.

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THE MONUMENTS OF THE EUCHARIST.

Rev. M. M. Hasselt, D. D.

Paper read by Rev. M. M. Hasselt, D. D., at the Eucharistic Congress, Pittsburgh, Wednesday, October 16. The earliest uninspired writer who clearly sets forth the doctrine of the Real Presence is Justin Martyr. In his First Apology, addressed to the Emperor Antoninus (138-161) and the Roman Senate, Justin describes the chief act of Christian Worship without the least equivocation.

He then describes the celebration of the Eucharist (1) in connection with the solemn administration of baptism, and (2) as taking place in their regular weekly assemblies. (Apol. I., c. 65-67.) In the former service the candidates, after baptism, were introduced into the assembly of Christians, and all joined in certain prayer for the neophytes. After this, bread and wine mixed with water, were brought to the President of the brethren, who, receiving them, gave thanks at considerable length "to the Father of the Universe, through the name of the Son and the Holy Ghost."

A few decades before this work was written a Christian artist had depicted in a chapel of the subterranean cemetery of St. Priscilla, in Rome, a scene in which we of the twentieth century can easily trace the expression in pictorial form of the liturgical function described by Justin. On the apex of the capella greca, above the place where once stood an altar, may be seen the dim outlines of a painting, which the frescoes of the Roman catacombs. We owe its discovery to Mgr. Wilpert, an archaeologist who is beyond question the greatest living authority on all that concerns the first period of Christian art.

The scene depicted represents seven persons at table, disposed of, in a manner then customary, on a semi-circular divan. The place of honor, in cornu dextro, is occupied by a venerable bearded figure, who is in the act of breaking a small loaf which he holds with both hands. This is the "President of the brethren;" in other words, the Bishop or priest, who is depicted performing the function described in the acts as "breaking bread"; hence the name "Fractio Panis," so appropriately given to the picture by its discoverer.

Our correspondent who wrote us some time ago comes again with the same question: "Why are the Odd fellows condemned by the Church?" He complains that our argument was "very poor," and that we mistated the association when we put it down as an oath-bound secret society. "Then," he adds, we stated that a secret promise was of "as much importance as an oath"—and "it answered his (our) purpose as well." We may as well be candid at once. We never had an argument, or pretended to have one. The only show of an argument was that the Church condemned the Oddfellows.

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from his brethren in the faith, which consisted of "the fish from the spring, the great, the pure, the spotless Virgin bore." The epiphany of Pectorarius of Antun also, nearly contemporary with that of Abercius, alludes to Christians as the "Divine race of the heavenly Fish," and Tertullian, in a well known passage (De Baptismo, c. 1) says that the faithful are "little fishes" born in the water (through baptism), "after the example of our Ichthus, Jesus Christ." Our Lord was the great Fish, the Ichthus of the famous acrostic, which term was a symbolic profession of faith meaning Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour.

The leaves and fishes of the Fractio Panis, therefore, form a symbol of the Eucharist of the most appropriate kind, suggested by the Gospels, and particularly by the Gospel according to St. John. In his famous sixth chapter this evangelist informs us that the promise of the Eucharist was made by Christ the day following the multiplication of the five loaves and the two fishes. On this occasion our Lord made a striking contrast between the "meat which perishes," in allusion to the food which the people had eaten in the desert, and the "living bread," His very Flesh and Blood, which He in the near future would give them, and thereby suggested the idea of regarding the loaves and fishes miraculously multiplied as a symbol of the heavenly food which would be the pledge of immortality.

Thus, in the Fractio Panis we see the real celebration of the Eucharist side by side with the apostle who, in the Eucharistic funeral agape as partaking of the "delicious wine" mixed with water, together with bread "of Abercius, which have been miraculously transformed into the Flesh and Blood of the Ichthus, Jesus Christ.

Four other frescoes of the capella greca must here be mentioned, owing to their close relationship with the Fractio Panis. Two of them refer to the Sacrament of Regeneration. It will be recalled that Justin Martyr places special emphasis on the necessity of baptism as a prerequisite to receiving Holy Communion. The eucharistic frescoes of the catacombs are equally emphatic in this regard; in every instance they are closely associated with symbolic or real representations of baptism. Thus in the capella greca two symbols of baptism are represented, Moses striking the rock from which water gushes forth, and the paralytic cured of his lameness at the Probatric Fountain, and Wilpert regards it as probable that a real representation of the administration of baptism, such as those in other catacomb paintings, once occupied a now empty space on the vault of the nave.

The two other pictures alluded to represent the Magi adoring Christ in the arms of His mother, and Abraham about to offer the sacrifice of his son Isaac. The former picture is the artist's profession of faith, in the reality of Christ's incarnation, which was denied by the heretical sect of the Docetæ. The latter, on the right of the Fractio Panis, was a symbol of the Passion of Christ. The Passion of our Lord was a subject carefully avoided in early Christian art. Even as late as the fourth century, when some scenes from the sufferings of our Saviour appeared on sarcophagi, Christ is almost represented in a triumphant, never in a humble, attitude. This reluctance of the artists to represent scenes from the last day of the Lord's earthly life is attributable to the horror which death by crucifixion then inspired universally. But if they avoided the Passion there was no reason why the artists should not depict a symbol of the Passion, and, at hand, in the sacrifice of Abraham, was a symbol entirely appropriate. For Isaac was a type of the Messiah.

This group of paintings, therefore, to the eye of a Christian of the second century, conveyed a meaning somewhat as follows: As a member of the Church of Christ, to which he was admitted through baptism, he was entitled to partake of the heavenly Ichthus, Jesus Christ, under the forms of bread and wine. Moreover, this same Lord had really assumed human nature, and in human form had been worshipped by the wise men from the East. He had really sacrificed His life for the salvation of men, and His flesh and blood in the Eucharist were the pledge to all partakers of immortality: "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up on the last day." (St. John, vi., 55)

After the Fractio Panis the most remarkable fresco in which the miraculous multiplication is employed as a symbol is found in the Crypt of Lucina, the most ancient part of the cemetery of St. Callistus. It consists of two fishes and two baskets of bread, on a green field. At first view it would seem as though the fishes were represented, each carrying a basket of bread, in the act, swimming. But such a feat was a physical impossibility. A closer examination of the fresco made by Wilpert has shown that the baskets are placed very closely beside the fishes, but not on them, and that the surface on which both are resting is green in color, instead of blue, as was once supposed. The subject, therefore, is the miracle of the loaves and fishes, the green surface representing a field. As a symbol this picture is particularly striking from the introduction of two glasses, containing a red substance, into the center of the baskets. Evidently the artist intended to represent the eucharistic wine as well as the bread, and consequently the whole representation formed a remarkable Eucharist, which, by consecration, became the Ichthus, Jesus Christ.

In one of the Sacrament chapels there is a third representation of an eucharistic banquet which also is of special interest. The first scene of this fresco shows seven persons at table, clad in the tunic and pallium reserved to sacred personages, partaking of a banquet which consist of loaves and fishes. This portion of the

picture is essentially the same as the second scene, beside which it is widely new, and unlike. It consists of two persons in tunic and pallium, seated at a banquet table on which are placed loaves and fishes. The personage in tunic holds his hands extended and the fish, in a reminds one of the priest hands over the chalice, consecration. Wilpert's opinion of this scene is a sacred personage is causing the miracle of the Eucharist, in the which act, in the the artist, is symbol consecration. The other hand, is a ceased who, through Holy Communion, has happiness: "He that bread shall live forever vi., 59)

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The multiplication of fishes was the favorite Eucharist in early Church other miracles of our were represented in namely, the banquet of ciples on the shore of las (St. John, xxi., 9). miracle of Cana, the miracles appears only ing of the second century Sacrament chapels. This fresco seems to be all from representation, plication, which is closer reaching Christ than the lying, and a fish la bread." In the class Christian times fishes represented nude, John tells us that St. ally in this condition nized his Master. sufficient to show the fresco under tended to portray the severe disciples as Eucharist. St. Au this symbol in his c John: the "roaste represented Christ passus Christus est in Jo.)

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The two frescoes found in the catacomb of Marcellinus. The which belongs to represents the inv seven guests characistic banquet scene are men, three w divan on which they on the left is a sh veiled hands a dish pying the post of h tremity. In the right, Christ is tou one of the six potat near Him. Thus, case substituted a secretion of the symbol of the consec

A fresco of the t entered in a cemetery dia in 1864, repr symbol in a still c sisted of three ce the apse, above t altar occupied. T Christ, identified seated on a throne blessing loaves an Him by St. Peter. His feet, twelve b but symbolical

To the right and picture were two former is almost a Greek inscription subject. This re ing of the eulogia is a term used by 18) in reference to chalice of, which we bless, munion of the b therefore, we may this picture repr, feast scene in wh of the symbolic lo scene on the righ inscriptions: "J vanta," represent Cana. The auth was well acquaint tian symbolism, e reproduce the fa Eucharist, the plication, as well the eucharistic

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picture is essentially the same as others of the same category, but a second scene, beside that described, is wholly new, and unique of its kind. It consists of two persons, one dressed in tunic and pallium, the second a veiled Orans, standing beside a small table on which is placed a loaf and a fish. The personage in tunic and pallium holds his hands extended over the loaf and the fish, in a manner which reminds one of the priest holding his hands over the chalice, just before the consecration. Wilpert's interpretation of this scene is as follows: The sacred personage is our Lord performing the miracle of the multiplication, which act, in the intention of the artist, is symbolic of the consecration. The Orans figure, on the other hand, is a symbol of the deceased who, through the reception of Holy Communion, has obtained eternal happiness: "He that eateth this bread shall live forever." (St. John vi., 51.)

The multiplication of the loaves and fishes was the favorite symbol of the Eucharist in early Christian art. Two other miracles of our Lord, however, were represented in the same sense, namely, the banquet of the seven disciples on the shore of the sea of Tiber (St. John xiii., 9 sq.) and the miracle of Cana, the former of these miracles appears only once, in a painting of the second century, in one of the Sacrament chapels. At first view this fresco seems to differ scarcely at all from representations of the multiplication, but closer observation reveals certain significant variances. The first of these is the absence of the baskets, seven or more, which always appear in representations of the miracle. In the classic art of early Christian times fishermen were always represented nude, and indeed, St. John tells us that St. Peter was actually in this condition when he recognized his Master. These facts are sufficient to show that the artist, in the fresco under examination, intended to portray the banquet of the seven disciples as a symbol of the Eucharist. St. Augustine refers to this symbol in his commentary on St. John: "the roasted fish," he says, represented Christ crucified (*Piscis passus Christus est passus*, Tract. 123, in Joan.).

B. The third century symbolic meaning of the miraculous multiplication had become so familiar to the Christians of Rome that the artists were able to introduce changes which greatly modified and simplified their representations of this subject. Instead of the banquet scene they depicted Christ performing the miracle merely by touching with a wand one of the several baskets of bread, while the fishes were left wholly out of consideration. About the same time a new eucharistic symbol of the wine was introduced, which, however, appears only in two catacombs' frescoes. It consisted of the miracle at Cana. Its appropriateness can hardly be questioned, for, since Christ changed water into wine, why not wine into His blood?

The two frescoes of this subject are found in the catacomb of St. Peter and Marcellinus. The more ancient of them, which belongs to the third century, represents the variable number of eucharistic banquet scenes. Four of them are men, three women. Before the divan on which they recline is a table; on the left is a servant carrying with veiled hands a dish to the person occupying the post of honor at the right extremity. In the foreground, on the right, Christ is touching with a wand one of the six baskets of bread standing near Him. Thus the artist in this case substituted a symbol of the consecration of the wine for the usual symbol of the consecration of the bread.

A fresco of the fifth century, discovered in a ceme'terial basilica of Alexandria in 1864, represented the same symbol in a still clearer form. It consisted of three scenes on the frieze of the apse, above the place which the altar occupied. The central subject is the miracle of the multiplication. Christ, seated on a throne, and in the act of blessing loaves and fishes presented to Him by St. Peter and St. Andrew. At His feet twelve baskets are distributed symmetrically.

To the right and left of this central picture were two banquet scenes. The former is almost wholly destroyed, but a Greek inscription gives a clue to the subject. This reads: "These partake of the eulogia of Christ." *Eulogia* is a term used by St. Paul (I Cor., x.) in reference to the Eucharist, ("the chalice of eulogia, (benediction) which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ?") and therefore, we may safely conclude that this picture represented a eucharistic feast scene in which the guests partook of the symbolic loaves and fishes. The scene on the right, we learn from the inscription: "These are the servants." The author of this fresco who was well acquainted with early Christian symbolism, evidently intended to reproduce the favorite symbol of the Eucharist, the miracle of the multiplication, as well as the later symbol of the eucharistic wine, the miracle of Cana.

I trust that in the foregoing I have succeeded to some extent in conveying an idea of the significance of a few of the most important eucharistic monuments of early Christianity. The most instructive of these monuments, it is worthy of note, are also the most ancient, and consequently they bear witness to the belief of the subapostolic age with regard to Eucharist. This belief, taking into account the symbolic character of the early Christian art, is revealed with no small degree of

clearness. The close association of the mystic Ichthus was the matter of the Eucharist in the "Breaking of Bread" scene, for example, indicates the belief of the author in the change of the bread and wine before the "President" into the body and blood of Christ. And the doctrine of transubstantiation is even still more clearly divulged in the fresco of the crypt of Lucina, where the eucharistic wine is deliberately, and arbitrarily, introduced into the symbol of the multiplication. The artist could hardly have conceived a more striking mode of reminding his Christian contemporaries that the contents of these baskets, bread and wine, were through the power of God, transformed into the Divine Ichthus that rested beside them.

LETTER FROM ROME.
THE NEW MAYOR OF ROME.

To the Catholic world, in the person of the lonely prisoner of the Vatican, the last insult has been given by the irreligious element by which Rome is cursed. The choice of Nathan, an English Jew of roving life, and ex Grand Master of Italian Freemasonry, to fill the position of chief magistrate of Rome in the capacity of Mayor is one that has caused disgust in Italy.

The session of the new municipal assembly during his almost unanimous election twelve months ago, while the remaining sixty voted solidly for Nathan—gave the city an idea of what its term of office will be like. A determined stand against religion, a leaning to anarchy and republicanism (in the sense Italians of the lower class understand the term) disrespect for anything but their own vulgar claims—these marked the election of Nathan.

But who is Nathan? one may ask. The present mayor of the centre of Christendom is the son of an English and an Italian Jew. In his early days he was a devoted follower of the infamous Mazzini, the propagator of assassination. However, tempering down his zeal with a change in times, he became something of a monarchist, with the longings still of a Mazzinian.

With the longings still of a Mazzinian, he is not without some show of decency, when speaking some time ago before the present King of Italy, declared: "Were Mazzini alive to-day, he could easily have accepted the rule of the present monarch of the peninsula."

It is remarkable how closely Nathan resembles Mazzini in features. Many Romans declare a close relationship by blood exists between the master and the disciple. Nathan, as a boy lived the republican life in Mazzini's house, where he imbibed, doubtless, the doctrines which have placed him at the head of as turbulent and rough a crowd as even the notorious outlaw could wish for.

With regard to the Municipality itself, our readers probably have a fair notion already. It has been described by one of the chief daily papers in Rome as "anything but Roman, very anti-clerical, exceedingly arbitrary, and likely to perform none of those things that it so readily promises."

INTERVIEW WITH ABBOT GASQUET.

The arrival from England of the Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, of the Benedictine congregation there, has made something like a stir in the gigantic work of the revision of the Vulgate, a work that is destined to constitute another landmark in the pontificate of Pius X. As the great Benedictine has brought the vast field of learning, over which he has gone for nearly fifty years, into the present task assigned to him, our correspondent interviewed him in the international college of the congregation, on the Aventine Hill, on the subject. The following is the gist of the conversation on this all-important work.

As the abbot has been ordered to superintend the commission, he has nominated a number of others to enter at once upon the work. One of these is the Abbot of Monte Cassino, and another is Father Janssens, of Rome. The members nominated are gradually gathering into Rome, but before they can commence work, another smaller body, nominated also by Abbot Gasquet, has to lay down a line of action. So far the colossal undertaking is in an incipient state, and little can be said definitely about it. "But," declared Abbot Gasquet, "this much can be stated plainly: 'The Holy Scriptures have chosen no more opportune moment than the present for this work. Many have got it into their minds that Pius X. is inclined presently to condemn everything swarming of modern research and new methods. This arises from the recent Papal documents. Now, we have orders to pursue our labors according to the very newest methods of research. Our work shall be based upon purely scientific methods, and these of the most modern type.'

THE CASE OF NASI.

The hearing of the case of ex-Minister Nasi by the High Court of Justice, on the charge of embezzlement of some millions of francs during his term of office, continues to excite intense interest in Italy. For some reason or other a postponement for a fortnight has been ordered. Nasi began to make little revelations, and the Government of Italy has men in high places who cannot boast of great honesty themselves. The country is in a state of ferment for and against the ex-minister. Students of South Italy schools have actually gone on strike by way of protesting against Nasi's arrest, and, to crown all, the lawyers for the defense resigned, protesting against the treatment meted out to them in court. Presently the powers of Masonry are at work to release Nasi, who is one of the fraternity, so that, guilty or not, it is probable Nasi will escape punishment.

NOTES.
In the presence of the Holy Father, the Sacred Congregation of Rites voted on Tuesday regarding a doubt raised against the solemn beatification of the venerable Mary Madeline, foundress of the Christian School of Mercy. On the same occasion two miracles alleged to have been wrought by intercession of the Venerable Maria Barat, foundress of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of

Jesus, were discussed relative to her beatification.—Roman Correspondence of Philadelphia Catholic Union and Times.

THE FALSEHOODS OF REV. MR. LANSING

REV. DR. STARBUCK A PROTESTANT, EXPOSURES HIS CROWNING SLANDER DIRECTED AGAINST A SAINTLY POPE.

Rev. Charles C. Starbuck in the Sacred Heart Review.

On pp. 263 264 the Rev. Mr. Lansing says: "Pope Innocent XI. sanctions perjury in the following words: 'If either alone or before others, whether asked or of his own accord, or for the purpose of sport, or for any other object, swears that he has not done something which in reality he has done, by understanding something else which he has not done, or a different way from that in which he has done it, or any other truth that is added, he does not really lie, nor is he perjured.'"

What are the facts here? These: On March 2, 1679, Pope Innocent XI., in his capacity of Prefect of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition, caused to be drawn up the decree "Sanctissimus Dominus noscer," containing a catalogue of sixty-five propositions of false morality, which are not abstained from voting, while the remaining sixty voted solidly for Nathan—gave the city an idea of what its term of office will be like. A determined stand against religion, a leaning to anarchy and republicanism (in the sense Italians of the lower class understand the term) disrespect for anything but their own vulgar claims—these marked the election of Nathan.

DANGERS OF LATITUDINARIANISM.

How we Catholics are to live among men, and not be swept away by the prevailing current of opinion which carries it in its drift that world in which we live—this, says Father Strappini, S. J., is a problem which has claimed the attention of Catholics in all ages. In the earlier ages of the Church, men gave up the seemingly impossible task of conciliating the irreconcilable. In our own days, however, flight is neither practicable nor desirable; the problem must be faced, not evaded.

First, we should know something of the malady. How is it that the spirit of latitudinarianism has affected all classes? The source of the trouble may plausibly be traced to an impatience of control and direction in religious matters, and a confusion of thought in theology, which is the necessary outcome of want of control and direction.

We are usually very law-abiding citizens, generally yielding a ready obedience to the abstract authority of the powers that be. It is the halo of law and authority surrounding the policeman, and not his personal prowess, that makes of that functionary so terrible a personage to the small boy. As citizens, however, we are conscious when we obey the law, of giving obedience solely to that law which our virtues enable us to create. In other words, we obey our own mandates.

In matters of religion, we all subconsciously cling to that spirit of independence which the freedom of our political institutions engender.

Settlement is stronger in most of us than reason, and we cling most of all to the idea of a liberty which we ourselves have been instrumental in creating. Herein the majority of us forget that although we have a right to independent opinions on matters of fact, facts of history and science, Revealed Truth, coming as it does, from God, admits of no independent opinions. When our Creator speaks, our independence is at an end.

Revealed Truth stands apart from all other truths, in that it must come to us through authority. So is it, then, that men will not readily make even one exception.

Men's minds easily fall victims to the latitudinarian spirit, owing to their spirit of independence, cultivated in other matters by a liberty of view and thought. It is an easy step to the denial of authority. Men of such a spirit must be convinced that religion, being meant for mankind, busy with all the daily needs of mankind, was meant to be taught to men.

And so the only safeguard and remedy lies in the assertion of an Authority distinguished non-Catholic Bishop of that country, "is a supreme court to whose authority all would bow."

That court only the Catholic Church possesses and non-acceptance of its decrees is the denial of its authority and, at the same time, of the recusant's Catholicity.

On every side the Catholic finds himself assailed by the attacks of schisms, thrown over and under by new born doubts, and confused by the novelties of plausible teachings of the scientific schools. There is no authority to which they can turn, save that of Christianity which has always preserved its fount of knowledge and authoritative pure and undefiled.

Its Founder differed in His teaching from all other teachers, in that He taught, as the Jews declared, with authority. "He that hears you, hears Me," He said, and words of doctrine were inaugurated at the birth of Christianity, has contrived down through all generations to be the same.

It is of this unchangeableness in the teaching of the Church, despite the ceaseless change in all teachings of human origin, that we should be in contact with worldly minds or skeptics. We forget the unassailable logic of our position as members of an immutable creed which is even now as it has always been.

We must, says Father Strappini, realize this ourselves and point out our logical position to others. We must eliminate authority in religion, is at once unscientific and impossible.

It is unscientific because authority is essential wherever men are assembled for whatever purpose; men cannot dwell in communities without authority and authority is especially needed where there exists the relations of a teacher and the taught.

It is impossible because if we analyse the spirit of latitudinarianism a little further, we shall find that it is not so

much the ejection of all authority, as the ritual and independent selection of authorities according to the fancy or good pleasure of the individual.

From failing to realize our first principles, failing to realize the rights of the Church, these causes a falling of in royalty to the decisions and requirements of the Church.

It is of course more convenient to float with the stream than to swim against it.

Men individually are weak and their innate weakness betrays itself when they act oblivious of authority, whether their children to non-Catholic schools, or in weakly patting on the back theories which should be manfully combated.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE CLAIM OF SPIRITUALISM.

In an article on Spiritualism, published in The (Nashville) Watchman, an Adventist paper, we find the following statement:

"Among the Churches it is granted that spiritualism affords the only scientific demonstration of the immortality of the soul."

We know of no Church that grants what the writer states. Spiritualism does not and cannot demonstrate the immortality of the soul. The arguments of the Spiritualists, to be a demonstration, must in the last analysis assume the form of syllogistic form, or its equivalent.

"All human souls, or intelligences that continue to exist for any time after death, must necessarily continue to exist forever."

"The souls of A, B, and C, continue to exist after death."

"Therefore the souls of A, B, and C, must necessarily continue to exist forever."

When the Spiritualist proves the major and minor, that is, the first and second propositions in the above syllogism, he will have justified his conclusion, and demonstrated the immortality of the souls of A, B, and C.

Until he proves these two propositions his claim that Spiritualism demonstrates the immortality of the soul, is groundless. He must establish them beyond reasonable doubt.

Can he do it from the data given him by Spiritualism?

Take the first proposition: "All human souls, or intelligences that continue to exist for any time after death, must necessarily continue to exist forever."

Can this universal proposition be proved from data afforded by Spiritualism? We hold it cannot. To prove it is necessary to show that there is such an absolute and essential connection between the fact of existence at any time and existence forever, that the latter follows necessarily from the former; that all things, from the fact that they exist at any time, must exist forever.

It is evident that no datum of Spiritualism can give this proof. Continued existence, like passing existence, depends on the Will of God, without Whose creative power nothing could be, and without Whose providence, or upholding power, nothing could continue to be. This divine Will can be known to man only by God revealing it. Christianity teaches that God has made known His Will, and that it assures man's endless future career. Philosophical speculation, aside from a knowledge of God and His Will ends, as it must, in unsatisfying conjecture.

But this Christian revelation is of no avail to the Spiritualists, since they claim to demonstrate from Spiritualistic data what, they tell us, Christianity fails to prove. They must, therefore, confine themselves to the data of Spiritualism.

What are these data? They are limited to what they call Spirit manifestations through, or in connection with, so-called mediums. Souls of persons who have departed from this world are said to make known their present existence and presence and hold converse with the living. From this fact, as they claim it to be, the Spiritualists very illogically infer that these souls very illogically infer that these souls will continue to exist up to the time they have departed from this world. But this conclusion is not valid until they have demonstrated that the existence of these souls at any time implies necessarily their endless future existence. They they cannot prove from their data, even if admitted. Consequently the major of the syllogism, not being established, their conclusion that the soul is immortal, is not demonstrated.

Let us next consider the minor of the syllogism, namely, that "the souls of A, B, C, continue to exist after death."

To establish this the Spiritualists must prove that the spirit that manifests its presence is in reality the spirit of A, B, or C. We may allow that the manifestation proves the existence of some kind, but it does not prove that it is the spirit of A, B, or C, or that A, B, and C, are any longer in existence. The spirit must be identified as that of A, B, or C. What proof have the Spiritualists to establish this identity? Nothing but the word of the yet unknown spirit, whose veracity or unverity is equally unknown. Before its word can be received as evidence its veracity must be established. How can this be done? By the testimony of another spirit? That only removes the difficulty one step back, and involves the veracity of the spirit witness, who is as unknown as the first spirit. The crucial question still comes back; how is the veracity of the spirit claiming to be A, B, or C, established?

It is established, say the Spiritualists, by questioning the spirit concerning the life of A, B, or C. If it knows of his private affairs, his opinions and manner of life, they hold that to be sufficient proof of identity. But they are too easily satisfied, too unscientific. If false pretenders in this world can, from an intimate knowledge of them, successfully impersonate other men, why cannot a false pretender spirit do the same?

But, say the Spiritualists, the spirit

shows a knowledge that it could not have known unless it was once A, B, or C. How do they know that? If they knew A, B, or C, why could not the questioned spirit know him also, and know him well enough to answer questions concerning him? Before any weight can be given to the Spiritualist's line of argument he must prove that the spirit's knowledge is impossible except on the hypothesis that the spirit is that of A, B, or C. This he cannot prove, because he is ignorant of the powers of non-human spirits. They may know vastly more than he does about A, B, and C.

The nearest Spiritualist can get to certainty as to the identity of the spirit, is conjecture, and conjecture is not demonstration.

The claim of Spiritualism to be able to give a scientific demonstration of the immortality of the soul is therefore groundless. Working from its own data it cannot prove or disprove the immortality of anything. At best it can prove only the present existence of non-corporeal intelligences or spirits. Whether they ever animated human bodies it knows not.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

BEER AND DELIRIUM.

The idea that beer drinkers escape delirium tremens has an explanation that is far from favorable to the use of beer. This is, that they die of other maladies caused by beer before reaching the delirium stage of alcoholism.

Dr. Gudden, in a German medical journal, explains that the typical beer drinker is either carried away by heart disease, tuberculosis, kidney disease or other diseases in which beer is a factor; or else he is obliged by the setting in of these diseases to abandon or greatly reduce his beer allowance.

Dr. Gudden reports two cases of frenzied hallucination in alcoholic subjects, one thirty nine, one forty-two years of age, both of whom had drunk beer, rarely whisky, for a number of years. Both of these patients were a long time in recovering, which the editor thinks is characteristic of this class of patients, because it takes beer longer than it does whiskey to bring about the same mental disturbance, and the whole organism becomes more damaged by the enormous amounts of fluid pumped through it year after year.

Didn't Know it Could be Done.

"I didn't see you in church Sunday morning," said Mrs. Oldcastle.

"No," replied her hostess, "I was so nervous I knew I couldn't sit still if I went, so I gave up and laid in bed nearly the whole morning."

"That was too bad. You ought to have been there. Dr. Miggsworth excoriated several of our leading financiers, and considerable anger was excited by some of them."

"Is that so? I didn't know they could do such things in our church. I suppose only the Pope had that power."

—Chicago Record Herald.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in 1-lb. and 1/2-lb. Tins.

Saved Her Friend.

Ottawa, Ont.—Acquaintances of Mrs. M. E. Dewar, of this city, are honoring her with congratulations for being rescued from what promised to be hopeless invalidism. Mrs. Dewar had not been herself for years. Physicians treated her for various ailments, but none of them did any permanent good. Finally, a friend determined that something must be done and that quickly. So she insisted on Mrs. Dewar trying "Fruit-a-tives"—those wonderful Fruit Livers Tablets that are curing so many people. Here is what Mrs. Dewar says about "Fruit-a-tives": "I have much pleasure in stating that I have found 'Fruit-a-tives' the best medicine I ever used for Constipation and Biliousness. I suffered from headache of a severe kind for a long time, but, after taking 'Fruit-a-tives' I have become entirely well. I can, with every confidence, recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' to anyone suffering from Constipation, Biliousness or Headache."

Calomel, salts, oil and other violent cathartics act simply on the bowels. "Fruit-a-tives" are a liver tonic and stimulant. They act directly on the liver—reducing inflammation and increasing the flow of bile. Besides insuring complete digestion, bile makes the bowels move. That is why "Fruit-a-tives" also cure Constipation. They are made of fruit and tonics. 50c a box; \$ for \$2.50. At all druggists, or send on receipt of price. Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

shows a knowledge that it could not have known unless it was once A, B, or C. How do they know that? If they knew A, B, or C, why could not the questioned spirit know him also, and know him well enough to answer questions concerning him? Before any weight can be given to the Spiritualist's line of argument he must prove that the spirit's knowledge is impossible except on the hypothesis that the spirit is that of A, B, or C. This he cannot prove, because he is ignorant of the powers of non-human spirits. They may know vastly more than he does about A, B, and C.

The nearest Spiritualist can get to certainty as to the identity of the spirit, is conjecture, and conjecture is not demonstration.

The claim of Spiritualism to be able to give a scientific demonstration of the immortality of the soul is therefore groundless. Working from its own data it cannot prove or disprove the immortality of anything. At best it can prove only the present existence of non-corporeal intelligences or spirits. Whether they ever animated human bodies it knows not.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

BEER AND DELIRIUM.

The idea that beer drinkers escape delirium tremens has an explanation that is far from favorable to the use of beer. This is, that they die of other maladies caused by beer before reaching the delirium stage of alcoholism.

Dr. Gudden, in a German medical journal, explains that the typical beer drinker is either carried away by heart disease, tuberculosis, kidney disease or other diseases in which beer is a factor; or else he is obliged by the setting in of these diseases to abandon or greatly reduce his beer allowance.

Dr. Gudden reports two cases of frenzied hallucination in alcoholic subjects, one thirty nine, one forty-two years of age, both of whom had drunk beer, rarely whisky, for a number of years. Both of these patients were a long time in recovering, which the editor thinks is characteristic of this class of patients, because it takes beer longer than it does whiskey to bring about the same mental disturbance, and the whole organism becomes more damaged by the enormous amounts of fluid pumped through it year after year.

Didn't Know it Could be Done.

"I didn't see you in church Sunday morning," said Mrs. Oldcastle.

"No," replied her hostess, "I was so nervous I knew I couldn't sit still if I went, so I gave up and laid in bed nearly the whole morning."

"That was too bad. You ought to have been there. Dr. Miggsworth excoriated several of our leading financiers, and considerable anger was excited by some of them."

"Is that so? I didn't know they could do such things in our church. I suppose only the Pope had that power."

—Chicago Record Herald.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourth Sunday of Advent.

THE EXPECTATION OF THE MESSIAS. A mighty God at various times, my brethren, has revealed and confirmed the promise of a Redeemer who should come to save us from sin and its consequences. Many of these revelations are recorded in Holy Scripture, and as the time of our Lord's coming drew near they became more frequent and more clear. His chosen people, the Jews, were, when He came on the earth, in possession of those prophecies, which had been made by holy men who had received them from God; and they not only knew well that the Redeemer was coming, but they knew very nearly the time at which He would come; for this too had been quite clearly predicted, especially by the prophet Daniel. There was then, no difficulty in their making an act of faith in their promise of redemption; though many of them, whose hearts were more set on prosperity in this world than salvation in the next, considered the promised Redeemer more as one who was to free them from the foreign yoke under which their nation was groaning, than from the far more grievous power which the devil had put over their souls.

The Jews, then, this chosen and favored people of God, plainly had the means of the forgiveness of their sins and of eternal salvation before our Saviour came to the earth. After He had made Himself manifest of course the faith which before justified them would not answer for it would no longer be faith in God, but just the contrary, to keep on expecting Him to fulfil a promise which He had evidently accomplished. But before our Lord's appearance the expectation was enough; many of them saved their souls by means of it, and many more might have done so if they had chosen. The Jews, however, were only a very small part of the people of the world. Outside of their little country there were untold millions who had never heard of the special promises made to them, and who could not by any possibility have known of them. And there are many such still, who have not only never heard of the prophecies made to the Jews, but have no knowledge and no suspicion, so far as we can see, that these prophecies have been fulfilled; who know not the name of Christ, nor anything which He has done for us; and among whom even the tradition or expectation of Him has, so far as we can see, been almost or quite forgotten.

In Central Africa, for instance, alone, there is a immense population whose very existence was unknown to the rest of the world until it was discovered about four years ago by Mr. Stanley. These savages, sunk in ignorance and sin, have lived there, as did their fathers before for ages, shut out by their own ferocity from all intercourse with the rest of the world. No one ventured inside their limits; it is not probable that even any of the Apostles of Christ penetrated into their fastnesses to preach the Gospel; to tell them the way open for the forgiveness of sin. But they are all under the ban of original sin, like the rest of us; and dense as their darkness is, they still have enough of the light of conscience to keep them above the level of the beasts; to show them at least in many things what is right and what is wrong, enough knowledge of God to make them know that some things please, while others offend Him.

Now, is there any way in which even among such a people can be saved, before the promise of God and its fulfilment have been distinctly announced to him? Can any one of these or of others like them have been or now be brought to heaven, without hearing the faith declared to him, without hearing of Christ? We must postpone the answer to this question.

DAUGHTER OF THE PURITANS.

MOTHER ALPHONSE, THE DAUGHTER OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, DEVOTES HER LIFE TO THE CARE OF THE SICK AND AGING.

The daily press of New York is just now bestowing great praise upon the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne—a woman of exquisite cultivation of mind and noble character. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop in the garb of a Dominican Tertiary, bent over the sick in a convent hospital would have caused the New Englanders of an older day to gasp and stare.

This elfin child who frolics through so many pages of Hawthorne's diary and letters a flower of the old Puritan civilization—by a seemingly miraculous transformation a member of the association vitally conscious of the most austere Catholic piety.

The life of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, now Mother Alphonsa, reads like a romance wrought by the master psychologist, Nathaniel Hawthorne. A child who passed in the tranquil summer of her father's powers when privation had passed, carrying with them their sting and leaving their benediction; the wife of the most brilliant and versatile of our literary men, George Parsons Lathrop; widowed and the massive mile stones that mark the career of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

of hope in the sad heart, to stir the waters of the better life in the soul severely stricken. The fame of the undertaking went over the land; and the newspapers sought eagerly the details of a life dedicated work in which the figure of Calvary seemed so vividly present. At last a home was secured on Cherry street, New York City, but so rapidly did the field of the work widen that a new home was secured a few miles from the city, and the community which lived in the manner of a religious life, became a sisterhood among the Tertiaries of St. Dominic. It was incorporated under the title of The Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer.

Have lives Rose Hawthorne Lathrop as superior of the institution, and known to the world as Mother Mary Alphonsa Lathrop. Truly has the New England conscience flowered into a splendor of beauty, under the benign influence of Catholicism!

The case of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop is the most striking of the many which indicate how deeply pervasively become the life of the continent from New England Puritanism. The moral intensity and strength of the New England conscience made a splendid opening for Catholic thought. Those were the days when Hawthorne's delicate genius was bursting into leaf and flower. Those, too, were the days of the old school of New England, who, if their powers of creation were not always proportioned to their ambition of excellence, were as superior to their contemporaries in other parts of the country as Angelo to George Conan.

THE NON-CATHOLIC MISSION MOVEMENT.

AN IRISH PRIEST DRAWS ITS MORAL. The movement for missions to non-Catholics, initiated on a large scale by the Fanatics in the United States, and now taken up by the Church in America generally, is being watched with great interest in lands beyond the sea. The Rev. Michael O'Flanagan writes most appreciatively of it in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record. After a concise sketch of its methods and results, he sets forth a further advantage, and then applies the lesson to his own country.

The fairness and delicacy with which he speaks of Protestantism—where it is something more than a mere negation of Catholicity—is worth notice.

Writes Father O'Flanagan: "The number of converts made is not the sole index of the amount of good done by the mission movement. There are millions of people in America who have never so much as seen a Catholic priest. There are many more who have never heard a word of God's true Church except from her enemies. There are consequently many millions who regard Catholics as little better than idolaters—an ignorant rabble led by spiritual tyrants and tricksters. Protestant denominations spend large sums of money to increase and strengthen anti-Catholic prejudices. With multitudes of their fellow-countrymen who have retrograde and unprogressive. To gain for the Church that respect and consideration amongst all classes of the American people, which she already enjoys with non-Catholics in all the enlightened and advanced cities of the country is no small boon in itself. It softens the prejudice of its bitter enemies. It wins the respect and friendship of many who remain the thorny path of those who must often break social and family ties in order to come within the true fold. Above all it deepens the religious spirit of Catholics themselves. The army that is moving towards victory attracts everybody towards its flag. No man loves his religion better than when he sees it attracting outsiders within its fold.

And if this can be done in America why not also in Ireland? We have heard the cry ascend to heaven for the conversion of England and America, why not a cry for the complete conversion of Ireland? If God's Church can reap rich harvest in the money-sodden cities of Saxondom can it be impossible to labor and pray for the flower of a growing Church in the holy atmosphere of Ireland? Twenty-six per cent. of the people of Ireland—a number of souls well beyond the million mark—are groping in the dark for a light that their eyes would be glad to see. St. Patrick at a hundred years of age would not lay down his weary bones to rest while one-fourth of the dwellers in the wood Focluth clamored to him to walk still amongst them. He would rather work for a score of other years and death alone could stay his heart and tongue. The spirit of the mercurian mission movement is the spirit of which St. Patrick was the greatest exponent in the history of Christianity. He came to Ireland not to destroy but to save. No pagan gathering round a holy well did he disperse. He blessed its waters with the sign of Redemption, and insinuated a new and supernatural meaning into the beautiful and poetical pagan rites by which it was venerated. And Protestantism is nobler than the noblest paganism. A ruin it is, no doubt, but a ruin of Christianity. With empty stars through its broken roof does it gaze aloft to the saddened sky. Its arches are broken and the delicate tracery of its windows crumble in the rubbish heaps by its wall. Rank weeds ontwine themselves around its dismantled altars. But the noble lines of the architect are discernible in it still. And the spirit that once made it his home look forward to the day of its restoration. Let skilled hands be trained in the work, let the spirit of the antiquarian be mingled with the cunning of the mason. Since the whirlwind of human passion first broke upon it, it has felt the decay of centuries. All that is unsonant must be rigorously removed. But where time has laid its hand but lightly the restorer can afford to be equally gentle in his treatment. Thus will he build a temple renewing the beauty and strength of the old, while he incorporates within it all that is sound and venerable retained through the ages of its decay.—Boston Pilot.

GOLDEN COUNSELS AND A WORD OF WARNING.

Irish Messenger.

Some time ago we came across a card of suggestions for the ennobling of our lives. They were admirable and striking, but the card bore no name to reveal the authorship. They ran as follows:

1. Say nothing you would not like God to hear.
2. Do nothing you would not like God to see.
3. Want nothing you would not like God to read.
4. Go no place where you would not like God to find you.
5. Read no book, of which you would not like God to say: "Show it to Me."
6. Never spend your time in a way that you would not like God to ask: "What are you doing now?"

If to these golden counsels we add a word of warning—Nearer associate with dangerous company; never share their casual or profane language—we feel we should have offered counsel, which, if followed, would realize true happiness.

LOUISE MICHEL.

IDOL OF SOCIALISTS AND ANARCHISTS HER LIFE WAS ONE OF STORM.

All the world, very probably, has heard of Louise Michel, communist, socialist, anarchist, and who, during a large portion of her life was called "the Jean of Arc" because she was a leader of the forces of Radicalism in Paris. No romance by Victor Hugo was more terrible than her career. A writer in the Catholic Advance states much of it in the following words: Tall, strong, masculine, stern—she donned men's attire, at the time of the Paris Commune in 1871, and in the uniform of a captain, headed her company at the guillotining of condemned prisoners. It was she, this woman, who led the shooting of the saintly Archbishop of Paris, Monsignor Darboy, and when she discovered that he still breathed, after the third volley had been fired, went forward and kicked him brutally, and then, her bloodthirsty nature still unsatisfied, trampled furiously on the body of the dead prelate.

Two days later, on May 26, 1871, she again headed her men at the death of Pere Ollivrat, the martyred Jesuit, exhorting the "right" to fire the first shot. Her victim gazed into her ferocious countenance, and with the intuition of the saint, penetrating her disguise, said: "Madame, this costume is not becoming."

In a career, crime stained at every turn, she confessed to the murder of thirteen priests. But in all her infamy, charged to ignorance, neglect and criminal associates, her life had many beautiful stars—devotion to the Blessed Virgin and a tender pity for the poor. One must believe, in the light of her after life, that in all her ferocity, she thought that she was avenging the wrongs of the downtrodden.

When a young girl, vagabond and stained, she visited the holy Cure d'Arc, who in strangely prophetic words said to her, "My child, an apply you will do great evil, but in due time our merciful God in His goodness will grant you the grace to repent in reward for your devotion to His Divine Mother."

Finally she was arrested on the barricades of Paris, tried by court martial and condemned to death. While awaiting execution in St. Lazare, the Superior of the prison, bent upon the conversion of the blood-stained criminal, asked her to recite the Our Father. She confessed to the nun in charge: "Strange that a priest whose name I could not formerly utter with out a tury is now instrumental in bringing me to God."

At Montpelier the Sisters of St. Joseph, also in charge of the prison, conducted a reformatory, and after the fall of the Commune, Louise Michel was sent there. Her conversion was so complete she begged to be allowed to remain, and the next eighteen years of her life were spent in penance and prayer and works of charity—the penitential cloth in the habit of "The Children of Mary." From the red sash of the Commune to the blue ribbon of the Blessed Virgin—was ever a change

more rare, more miraculous? And a further crowning mark of a saint's holiness was vouchsafed to her, for kneeling at the tomb of Pere Ollivrat, murdered by her hand, she was miraculously cured of a wound in the knee. But she did not yet turn to eat of the fruit of the tree of her own evil planning, and when the French Government made it a crime for holy women to dwell together in the service of the abandoned and afflicted, the Sisters of St. Joseph at Montpelier were dispersed and Louise Michel, ousted, Communist and murderer, penitent and devoted sister of Mary, returned to her native Marseilles, where she died in 1904 a peaceful, holy death.

THE CHURCH AND INTELLECTUALITY.

We occasionally see in Protestant papers accounts of men and women of Catholic parentage who have "read themselves out of the Church." The inference is that having, by reading, emerged from the darkness in which they had been enveloped in their youth, they are once more free men. This is the usual style in which such stories are written. But what about the highly-intellectual people such as Newman and Hecker and Brownson and Benson, and many others, who read themselves into the Catholic Church? There died in England the other day a notable convert to Catholicity—Sir Henry Hawkins, Lord Brampton, a man who had been for many years an ornament to the English bench. Is it not so supposed that a man of such attainments, such character, such legal and logical acumen, knew what he was doing, when at a mature age he entered the Catholic Church? He declared when asked some years ago what was the motive that induced him to take such a step:

"It was the result of my deliberate conviction that the truth—which was all I sought—lay within the Catholic Church. I thought the matter out myself, and seriously, uninfluenced by any human being; and I have unwavering satisfaction in the conclusion at which I arrived, and my conscience tells me it is right."

The people who "read themselves out of the Catholic Church" are usually those who do not read enough. They are dazzled with that little learning which according to the poet is "a dangerous thing." If they would only keep on reading they would find themselves compelled, if they were really earnest, to return again to the Church which is the pillar and ground of truth.—Sacred Heart Review.

The Pastor's Burden.

"Every pastor needs the sympathy of his congregation," remarks the Catholic Columbian. "He is human. His heart longs for confidence, encouragement, support, affection and good will. When he has the love and loyalty of his people, he can give them the very best that is in him of pastoral care."



The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

CHRISTMAS is not a real Christmas unless there are children. No Christmas present is so good as one the whole family can enjoy. No single thing furnishes so much entertainment to a family, especially where there are children and young folks, as an Edison Phonograph. It supplies all kinds of amusement at little expense; it gives you a means of entertaining your friends.

We desire Good, Live Dealers to sell Edison Phonographs in every town where we are not now well represented. Dealers should write at once to a complete descriptive catalogue.

National Phonograph Company, 100 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J., U.S.A.

Points worth considering... The North American Life has a well earned reputation of more than a quarter of a century for conservative, yet progressive business methods. It is primarily a Policy-holders' Company, paying consistently from year to year dividends which compare most favorably with those paid by the very best companies in America or elsewhere.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

HOME OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT. L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A. Managing Director. JOHN L. BLAIRD, President. W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., Secretary.

Advertisement for Gillett's Goods, Standard Articles. Lists various household items like baking powder, yeast cakes, and washing crystals. Includes the text 'We want our pay' and 'You Don't Pay A Cent Unless It Benefits'.

Advertisement for Vitae-Ore, a mineral water. Describes its benefits for various ailments like rheumatism, kidney issues, and general weakness. Includes a testimonial from a woman.

Advertisement for 'Rolled Gold Spectacles Given Away'. Promotes a contest where 100,000 pairs of spectacles will be given away. Includes contact information for Dr. Haux Spectacle Co.

Advertisement for 'Thousands of People' by Theo. Noel Co., Limited. Promotes a product for rheumatism and other ailments, mentioning a testimonial from a woman.

Advertisement for Archbishop O'Brien (Man and Statesman). Promotes a book or publication, mentioning a testimonial from a woman.

CHATS WITH YOU

The Value of Good His Majesty's ship S in harbor at— It was ing, and the sailors, Protestant alike were separate companies, an officer, and rowed ashore morning service. Leave own party to find their own church, let us be tates of the little bar There were eleven in a officers, a midshipman ant in command, two m credit: to their religion fession which they fol at the church, they fl of benches and a wait ment of the services. Low Mass accompani such as may be heard any of our smaller churches. Nothing worthy of spe curred until after the priest from the altar sermon. Perhaps he beforehand upon the which his congregation that day; however thred himself seat an he had to say. The s mortal sin and its o the preacher, at all t man, by his extra effo ture attention of the The bluejackets, alwa were literally bargain and when he conclude solemnly declaring "I valued his immortal s sure to leave the chu state of glorious sin, easy shuffling on tre enupled by the tars, wh that his words had st end of Mass came, a backward pause, the sa began to make their chure do r, swaying to and fro, each one s innocence, as though said at the conclusi had no more referen the little troop of o we're toddling ont in a staring round in su great white collars a The two officers wer amused, and yet wit for the evident weak They were just pr them, when sudden nudged his brother pered. "Let's stay a F" They stationed th the confessional and by this time had reac one, looking back, s preparing for confess Bill," said he, pok ribs. Bill looked up the attention of the changing significant tering that, "there all, one by one c confessions, took o followed their offic abolition of which the need, but which wise have had the beg of Him who sa "I came to call no ners to repentance."

Everybody adm the one who carries of assurance and con to believe in such a who crawls into a Utah Hoop, apolo himself upon you a and asking a favor, turned down. The the apologizing on t impression immedi man wants to get soon as possible. You cannot make upon another unles courageous yourself. When you go to a favor or an o eye and tell him a preach him fear confession, took o followed their offic abolition of which the need, but which wise have had the beg of Him who sa "I came to call no ners to repentance."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Value of Good Example. His Majesty's ship S— was lying in harbor at— It was Sunday morning, and the sailors, Catholic and Protestant alike were all told off into separate companies, each under an officer, and rowed ashore to attend the morning service. Leaving the Protestant party to find their way to their own church, let us follow the fortunes of the little band of Catholics. There were eleven in all including two officers, a midshipman and the lieutenant in command, two men who were a credit to their religion and to the profession which they followed. Arrived at the church, they fled into a couple of benches and awaited the commencement of the service. It was a simple Low Mass accompanied by singing such as may be heard any Sunday in any of our smaller churches in England. Nothing worthy of special notice occurred until after the Gospel, when the priest from the altar steps began his sermon. Perhaps he had reckoned beforehand upon the reinforcement which his congregation was to receive that day; however that may be, he threw himself heart and soul into what he had to say. The subject was upon mortal sin and its consequences, and the preacher, at all times an eloquent man, by his extra effort gained the entire attention of the congregation. The blue-jackets always true listeners, were literally hanging upon his words, and when he concluded the sermon by solemnly declaring that no man, as he valued his immortal soul, ought to venture to leave the church that day in a state of grievous sin, there was an uneasy shuffling upon the two benches occupied by the tars, which plainly showed that his words had struck home. The end of Mass came, and after a somewhat awkward pause, the sailors, one by one, began to make their way towards the church door, swaying their shoulders to and fro, each one assuming an air of innocence, as though what had been said at the conclusion of the sermon had no more reference to him than to the little troop of four-year-olds, who were toddling out in front of them, and staring round in amazement at their great white collars and blue jackets. The two officers looked on half amused, and yet with a feeling of pity for the evident weakness of their men. They were just preparing to follow them, when suddenly the lieutenant nudged his brother officer and whispered, "Let's stay and see what happens!" They stationed themselves outside the confessional and waited. The tars by this time had reached the door, when one, looking back, saw the two officers preparing for confession. "Look there Bill," said he, poking his mate in the ribs. Bill looked up, and in turn called the attention of the rest, who after exchanging significant glances, and muttering that "there was no hurry after all," one by one rolled back to their confessional, took their places, and followed their officers to receive that absolution of which they had all felt the need, but which none would otherwise have had the courage to humbly beg of Him Who has said: "I came to call not the just, but sinners to repentance."

is in a noble, manly bearing! It is a letter of credit in itself. What confidence it carries!—O. S. M. in Success: Christmas Don'ts. Don't have the coat mark on presents. Don't let money dominate your Christmas giving. Don't let Christmas giving deteriorate into a trade. Don't embarrass yourself by giving more than you can afford. Don't try to pay debts or return obligations in your Christmas giving. Don't give trashy things. Many an attic could tell strange stories about Christmas presents. Don't make presents which your friends will not know what to do with, and which would merely encumber the home. Don't give because others expect you to. Give because you love to. If you cannot send your heart with the gift, keep the gift. Don't give too bulky articles to people who live in small quarters, unless you know that they need the particular things you send them. Don't wait until the last minute to buy your presents, and then, for lack of time to make proper selections, give what your better judgment condemns. Don't decide to abstain from giving just because you cannot afford to open size presents. The thoughtfulness of your gift, the interest you take in those to whom you give, are the principal things. The intrinsic value of your gift counts very little. Don't give things because they are cheap and make a big show for the money. As a rule it is a dangerous thing to pick up a lot of all sorts of things at bargain sales for Christmas presents. If you do, there is always the temptation to make inappropriate gifts. Besides there is usually some defect in bargain articles, or they are out of style, out of date, or there is some other reason why they are sold under price.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BECAUSE OF A CHILD.

When circumstances forced me to leave the old colonial home of my father and grandfather, the only one I had ever known, and to go into the world, my heart ached from the restraint and conventionalities of a large city, so I compromised by selecting a place on the outskirts of a beautiful town twelve miles distant from my old home and with a view of the hills and river I loved so well. Then it was less of a tragedy in the lives of myself and sisters to leave the farm when the favorite dog and cat and old Dillie and the cows and Uncle Josh and Mandy went with us. Old Dillie, who, in fact, was a fine young sorrel mare, was particularly dear to us, as she was the last colt that my father had raised. Uncle Josh, with the predilection of his race for the antique, had termed her old Dillie and the name clung to her. Uncle Josh was a faithful old fashioned negro who swore by the traditions of the family, but was a trifle fond of his bottle and of enlarging upon the truth. The fact that we were living rather humbly hurt his pride and he told such glowing tales of the former wealth and grandeur of the family that we were visited several times by burglars, who went away sadly disappointed. "No wonder that child's homestead," he said in speaking of my fifteen year old sister. "You folks don't have no idea what she has been used to. Never put her shoes and stockings on 'fore dis in her life." Old Dillie was a particularly weak point with him and he never wearied expatiating on her lineage and good qualities. We did not bring her from the farm until we were established in our new home and the morning after her arrival we overheard Uncle Josh discussing her with Ben, a negro who worked next door. "Well, we've got our horse and I can tell you we're mighty glad ter get her. Hit's do fut time in our lives we've been without er horse," he said in his grandest manner. "I can't see dat she's so fine. What's you take fer her?" tantalized Ben. "Take fer her?" and Uncle Josh's eyes fairly shot fire. "Take fer her, you fool nigger. Don't you know day ain't money 'nough in dis whole county ter buy her? Why de chillun's pa raised her." "You say you raise her did you?" "Yes, we raised her. We don't 'pend on pickin' up horses from po' white trash. We raised her and she's ours and we don't haf ter sell her and we ain't goin' ter do it." "Who is we?" meekly inquired Ben. "Why—why—the girls," and Uncle Josh walked off thoroughly disgusted. Three years passed and Dillie, as well as the rest of us, had become accustomed to her surroundings; still I fancy that our occasional visits to the farm were gala days to her and she always quickened her step and arched her neck higher when she neared the gate. She had settled into a subdued, reliable horse and seemed to realize her dignity as sole equine representative of the family. Once she saved my life by forcing a dangerous stream and again by stopping at the command of a child when an accident occurred. It was three days before Christmas when I was unexpectedly summoned to look after some business at the farm, so I set forth with Uncle Josh and Dillie, disappointed at having to leave when the Christmas preparations were at their height, but consoled by the thought of the beautiful berries and Christmas greens we would gather on our return trip. I left with the assurance that I would return on Christmas eve; but alas, my plans were to be entirely disarranged. It was impossible for me to leave until noon on the day appointed, but that was not so bad as Christmas eve, but I was to reach my destination before dark. The first part of the journey was accomplished in safety when suddenly Uncle Josh informed me in a troubled voice that

something was wrong with old Dillie. "They done fed her frost-bit sorrel 'fore we start-d and she's gittin' coker every minute." What were we to do? Already the shade of evening were gathering and we could not travel much longer with the horse. I thought of an old German about a mile and a half away that I had known as a child. If we could only reach him. Uncle Josh agreed with me that it was the wisest thing to do, so we left the pike and turned up a rough creek between two mountains. The distance was not great, but it seemed an eternity until we saw the friendly farm house. We were given a cordial welcome and the old man called in several of the neighbors to help "doctor" the horse. It was a desperate case of colic and had gone too far; the old man came in at supper time with tears in his eyes to tell me that she could not live. Still, kind, faithful friends that they were, they continued to work with her. Night set in between the lonely mountains; the air was full of strange woodland sounds and we gathered an odd group around the big log fire, waiting each hour to hear that Dillie was dead. Occasionally the old man or his son or Uncle Josh—his eyes almost bulging out of his head as his amazed face when with grief—would come to tell us she was no better. I had purposely refrained from going to the stable, but unable to stand the strain any longer, I followed Uncle Josh. It was a scene that I shall never forget; the rude log stable, the dim light of the lantern and my poor dumb friend in mortal agony. I crept around to her head and she gave me a knowing, appealing look that went to my heart. The men turned away, but I faced them and asked with trembling lips: "Is there nothing, nothing that can be done?" There was a moment's silence and the old man addressed me: "We have done everything, Miss, that we know to do and there is but one man in this part of the country that might save her and that is my son in law, Scott, who lives in the little cabin in sight. But we have had trouble; he is a desperate kind of man and he has sworn never to set his foot on my land again and to shoot me if ever I speak to him." I looked helplessly around; if the horse were not so far gone, Uncle Josh might take her to him, but that was out of the question. "Perhaps," I faltered; "if I were to go to him and tell him about Dillie, that she is to us, if I were to offer to pay him well?" But the old man laughed hoarsely. "You don't know him; he would throw the money in your face. There is but one person that might do anything with him and that is my little grand daughter, Margaret; she goes 'back and forth all the time and Scott seems to love her. Let her go by herself and ask him. He might do it for her." Uncle Josh and I accompanied the child to the barn and waited in sight of the barn. She was seven years old, but frail and slender. We saw the cabin door open and the figure of a tall, powerfully built man appear. The child talked to him for some time, pointing to us, then to the barn and finally she turned from the door alone. The man stood watching her for a few minutes, then he slowly followed. I tried to speak to him, but he passed us so hurriedly by, and we followed half afraid. When he reached the stable, he took no notice of his father-in-law and no words were exchanged between them, but he commenced at once to work with the horse, and we returned to the house, leaving Uncle Josh with him. Little Margaret nodded by the fire but refused to go to bed until she had learned the outcome of her venture. Two hours we waited when Uncle Josh came with trans, formed face to tell us that Dillie would live. "Dat man's a sho' 'nough witch," he said, but no one paid any attention to him. In the excitement every one in the room rushed out to the stable. Scott was standing with his hat in his hand and when I tried to thank him, he answered shortly: "I have done what I could, lady, for her sake," motioning to the child. "The horse will be all right in the morning, so I will go." But little Margaret sprang to his side and caught him by the hand. "Don't go, Uncle Scott; now that you are here, come in and see us. Just then the chickens crowed, announcing in their homely way the dawn of the Christmas morning. The two men stood facing one another. "Don't go," again pleaded the child. The old man held out his hand, "It may lose me my life," he said, "but it is right. Let us be friends for our dear Lord's sake; it is Christmas mornin'." But the other man made a motion toward his pocket, saying savagely, "I warned you; you can't blame me." The child young as she was, saw the danger, and rushing to the man caught him in both hands. Slowly she placed his great rough hand in that of her grandfather. "I guess we had better let bygones be bygones; she is going to make us do it." And the two men walked to the house together.—E. R. P. in Our Young People.

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prayer book? Or has he ever had a Catholic acquaintance in all his life? Or is he competent to tell a Christian when he sees him?—Sacred Heart Review.

A WITTY IRISHMAN.

When Thomas Riley died recently in Boston perhaps the quickest wit and the richest brogue that were ever heard before the Suffolk bar were still. Scores of old friends rise up to speak well of him as brilliant lawyer, earnest student, sturdy comrade and straightforward politician; but there isn't one who does not conclude: "And he had the wittiest tongue I ever knew." It was when he stood in the court room with a good witness—the more stubborn the better—under the darting fire of his cross-examination, that "Tom" Riley knew how to stifle. He would keep well away from the stand, erect to get the best advantage of his stature, his fine head with its great, almost uncouth shock of curling hair thrown far back, rounded chin well up and his eyes closed. Here are some of the stories that were told by his friends yesterday to illustrate the man: "Fast is, you were drunk on that night, weren't you?" he said insinuatingly to a witness. "That's my business." "I know it's your business, but were you attending to it?" Another witness whom he was cross-examining gave testimony which Riley wished to invalidate, and he said: "You've been in the house of correction, haven't you?" Oliver Stevens, the district attorney, was the opposing counsel, and seeing that Riley had no document in support of the question, leaped to his feet, crying, "No," returned Riley, "six months."

"A DEEPLY RED LAWYER." His wit was not always turned, however, to the purpose of winning his case. It bubbled forth because he could not restrain it, it flowed because the very source was full and running over. In one case a lawyer, a very good friend of his, was well-known for the livid red of his face, of which Riley said: "I think I make no mistake when I say that the distinguished counsel on the other side is a deeply red lawyer." The battle with Judge Sheldon is almost too familiar to need recounting. Riley asked a question which seemed to the judge improper, and he was promptly fined \$50 for contempt. Hereupon the lawyer proceeded to ask the question a second time, and was again fined a like amount. A third repetition had the same result. The next day when Riley entered court, with his still-legged, flat footed gait, he marched straight up to the table, laid on it his check book, smiled most sweetly up at the bench, and rolled forth in his rich, resounding brogue, "Will your honor permit me to keep my check book in court?" Judge Bell was another who was the buffer for that terrible wit. The judge, newly on the bench in the first session of the superior court, had just com-

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pleted his maiden charge to the jury. A brother lawyer turned to Riley, who was a spectator, and asked: "What do you think of that?" "Sound," said Tom. On another occasion the man who always needed a haircut met a man after his own heart in a stout old Irishman, who was on the stand before him. The solemnity of his oath had been borne in upon the old fellow, and he was bound to the letter of what he had sworn. His persistent replies of "I don't know" in the face of a fire of questions, nettled Riley, who for once descended to the stereotyped, and shouted: "Is there anything that you do know?" "Faith," drawled the witness, a real Riley-que grin spreading over his stupid features, "I know enough to get my hair cut once in a while."

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