

# 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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### SOME MODERN PHARISEES.

We suppose that communities are not the only ones afflicted by the whisperer and retailer of odds and ends fished from the cess-pool of gossip. It is useless to attempt to reform them. In their own opinion they are very superior persons and above censure. They are also, in their own estimation honest and above-board. Also we have encountered one of these cackling individuals who, whilst they have no scruple about injuring another's reputation, grieve if they happen to miss a first Friday Communion. We refer not only to the empty-headed woman who is always wearisome and more or less a dangerous nuisance, but the men also who behave in this respect in a way that would not be countenanced by a self-respecting pagan.

"When the Pharisees are stripped of their shams even the poor devils will laugh." We hope, however, they will get rid of them before that day.

### PARSIMONIOUS CATHOLICS.

In reply to a correspondent who believes that there is too much ado about money in our churches, we beg to say that he has not put his tentacles into one of the three ideas that are supposed to be born every century. We have heard it before, and more forcefully put than in the letter of our esteemed friend. But he is right. So are the good growing brethren who want and get their religion cheap. Likewise the individuals who buy good cigars and have an attack of vertigo every time they are invited to contribute a pittance towards the church; also they who have never made the acquaintance of a collection box. We might say more on the matter, but experience has taught us that the knowledge such people have of church affairs need not be supplemented by anybody. Still it is just as well to find some other excuse for being parsimonious or a deadhead. And we venture to say that if the growing kind of Catholic paid his share like the Catholic who gives and says nothing there would be less need of money-talk in the church.

### THE WIFE OF A TRUE CATHOLIC.

Some of our pastors tell us that young men are not inclined to get married now-a-days. A few years ago we opened up that question in these columns only to be smothered with missives from spinsters in various parts of the country. Still we may remark that if we attach credence to the aforesaid epistles setting forth that the indignant females who berated us for our temerity could have been married at sundry times and to sundry individuals had they so wished, the fault lies not with the young man. It is very easy to complain of the inferiority of the men as the cause of this. We hold no brief for them. A few of them are unprovoked, indolent, dissipated. But a great many are not, and are moreover willing to have a home of their own when they can find the right kind of a woman for its mistress. And it is our pleasant duty to record that in time they do find her—the woman who is gentle and tender, a helpmate and counsellor—more at peace in her home than gadding about and talking, to the increase of the world's foolishness.

May we venture, with all due respect of course, to say that some of our young girls take themselves too seriously. Because they have a few dollars or a convent education does not give them the privilege to be regarded as models of the sex. Not a few of their sisters we believe who have never seen the inside of a convent can compare favorably with them in all that constitutes womanhood. But be that as it may, were they as good as they would fain have themselves to be, they are none too good for the wife of a true Catholic.

### DEATH OF A NOTED CATHOLIC.

Death has removed from the ranks of the English Catholics an imposing figure in the person of Mr. Kegan Paul, the litterateur and publisher. He was born in 1828, at White Lackington, Somerset, of which place his father was Anglican curate in charge. He himself entered the Anglican ministry and remained in it, until convinced, like John Henry Newman and others, that the poor

Anglican Church for which he had labored so hard was the veriest of non-entities. Later on, in 1890, the spiritual peace which he found neither in Anglicanism nor in Agnosticism came to him when he made his submission to the Church. What the gift of faith meant to him may be inferred from the following quotations from his Reminiscences:

"Sorrow has come to me in abundance since God gave me grace to enter His Church, but I can bear them better than of old, and the blessing He has given me outweighs them all. May He forgive me that I so long resisted Him, and lead those I love into the fair land wherein He has brought me to dwell! It will be said, and said with truth, that I am very confident. My experience is like that of the blind man in the Gospel, who also was sure. He was still ignorant of much, nor could he fully explain how Jesus opened his eyes, but then he could say with unflinching certainty: 'One thing I know that whereas I was blind, now I see.'

### FRANCE'S NEED.

We are informed that the Duc d'Orleans has his own way of protesting against the action of the French premier regarding the schools. He has sent his wife to Lourdes to pray for the ill of "our poor country." Accompanied by a number of grantees, and with the lily flag in evidence, she will attract the attention of theatrical-loving Frenchmen.

The Duke is praying for his own land, but his "poor country," which is strong financially and militarily, will leave him and his followers to begin anew their tales of the glories of other days. What France needs is not the gowgows of royalty, not tinsel—not strutting to and fro on little stages to be applauded by dainty hands—but men who are quick to see that each invasion of egoism and scepticism is bringing their country, however great in material resources, nearer to ruin.

Still it is a good thing to have sent his princess to Lourdes to pray. France needs it—so do the Frenchmen who have been kicked into apathy by a few anti-Catholics. It is rather mysterious that France, which is no niggard giver of money and blood for the advancement of the Church in foreign lands, should be so silent and yielding when the Church in their own country is subjected to ignominy. And the drastic measures of the French Ministers show that they have small respect for the courage and religious earnestness of Catholics. "Show me a man," said Lacordaire years ago, while deploring the miseries of France, "among the effete population of our great cities, and I may yet believe in the regeneration of my country." There is one man to-day in France—Count de Mun—who dares to scorn the role of parasite. But even he, with all his eloquence, cannot make his compatriots forgo their policy of silence and inaction. He is alive—but his brethren are strangely somnolent—dozing away in privacy when they should be in the open in sorried lines to resist injustice.

However, man is not the sole maker of history.

### A COMMON FAULT.

It is strange that many Christians regard, in practice at least, the observance of the eighth commandment as a matter of little moment. Men and women who profess to be honorable and intent upon the one thing necessary have never a scruple about injuring their neighbor's reputation. They begin while young to learn the art, and later on develop into chronic liars or private detectives, with a genius for ferreting out shortcomings and publishing them for the edification of the world. Now, we do not mean to say that any sane-minded man will tell a lie to injure his neighbor. That is not done by the average non-Christian. But these people are not sane-minded; and seem incapable of looking at anything, or anybody, save through the glasses of jealousy and self-interest, or self-sufficiency.

They have a code of morality alien to Christianity and not in honor among self-respecting pagans. They are a source of scandal and a potent factor in the work of retarding the conversion of others. They have indeed heard that if a man says he loves God, and loveth not his neighbor, the truth is not in him, but the words convey little meaning to them, and so far as their conduct goes, are regarded as a saying of more or less wisdom. But to hear them! Pious platitudes ooze like honey from their innocent lips—and, besides, don't they belong to everything in sight and until convinced, like John Henry Newman and others, that the poor

Don't they visit the poor, and incidentally put all manner of impertinent questions to their victims? They do many things, but they have not mastered the A. B. C. of decent living.

What do they think of the following words: "Six things there are which the Lord hateth, and the seventh His soul detesteth: Haughty eyes, a lying tongue; hands that shed innocent blood, a heart that deviseth wicked plots . . . a deceitful witness that uttereth lies, and him that soweth discord among brethren." How do they stand in regard to them? Do they sow discord, peddle lies and stories and wound and break sensitive spirits? If life is hard enough—and many a one goes down in the struggle for existence with a sob in his throat—why should we embitter the souls of our brethren? Is it not becoming a Christian to give a free road and a God-speed to all? There is enough room in the planet. And at the dread hour is it not better to have the years come back to us fragrant with kindly thoughts and deeds, than to have them stained with meanness and hatred crowding around our bedside?

The good people who gossip and backbite and calumniate will not steal a purse, but they have not a moment's hesitation about stealing the reputation of their neighbors. Stealing an ounce of dress would, unless they were rich enough to be reckoned kleptomaniacs, condemn them to the publicity of the police court, but stealing a good name is quite another matter. True, there is the Eternal Tribunal, but that is too far off to enter into their calculations.

We have betimes seen these Epious individuals who carry big prayer books turn up their eyes in horror when they heard that a lad, for example, had been arraigned before a magistrate for stealing junk. What precocious depravity! What is the world coming to? Yes, it is too bad. But consider that many of such lads have been kicked up in tenements and surrounded from the time they began to toddle by bad example. They have haunted the pavement and learned its ways. Never has a word of sympathy entered the dark corners of their hearts from those who write doleful essays about them. They are more to be pitied than blamed, especially when an enlightened judge sentences them to some months' intercourse with hardened criminals. But with all his rags and stunted soul he is more deserving of an honest man's consideration than they who flinch the reputation of their neighbor. For the lad who goes to prison has had little chance to be aught else than a pariah. It is otherwise with the calumniator and detractor. He or she have had the advantages of a Christian training. And, despite all the incentives to noble learning, they act as if they had them not: they degenerate into despicable specimens of humanity who will not understand that in "ministering to one another, in bearing one another's burdens, in sharing one another's joys, that we become human and truly live." We suppose that once in a while the calumniator has misgivings as to his condition. We say "suppose" because generally he goes serenely through life prating of honor as if he were a veritable Bayard, and beguiling the unsophisticated into thinking that he attaches a meaning to it. But should he earnestly desire to square himself with the eighth commandment, he must repair the injury done his neighbor. This is hard, but it is the only way. The Council of Trent teaches: "For as the calumniator or detractor is not pardoned unless satisfaction be made to the injured person—a difficult duty to those who are deterred from its performance by false shame and an empty idea of dignity—he who continues in this sin is doubtless doomed to everlasting perdition. For let no one indulge the hope of being able to obtain the pardon of his calumnies or detractions, unless he first makes satisfaction to him whose dignity or reputation he has depreciated publicly in a court of justice, or even in private and familiar conversation."

The Popular Bank of Leo XIII. has been founded at Madrid in honor of the Papal jubilee to aid the working classes. This is a form of celebration which must appeal strongly to the Pontiff, whose life has shown such devotion to the interests of the laborer.

Pray for the clergy, and first of all for the Pope. Have great devotion to St. Peter, that Peter who never dies, and who, under different names, will live to the end of the world. Venerate him, for his majesty is so heavenly; love him, for his benefits are so great; but especially pray for him, for his burdens are so heavy. When Faber speaks of the devotion for the Pope, he has expressed himself perfectly.

### NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Special to THE CATHOLIC RECORD.—There is a most promising missionary field among the Mormons, and there is no better apostle for the work than Father Hendrickx. The Mormons are a special class of people who have been invited to come to this country under effusive promises of farms and immediate future prosperity. Their permanency under Mormon jurisdiction is conditioned very largely on their being kept apart from the Gentile hordes. As soon as these people get an opportunity of looking about, they readily see how hollow are the claims of the Mormon Church. These claims pre-suppose that the true Church of Christ disappeared from the earth for eighteen hundred years, and was revealed again to mankind by the brazen plates discovered by Joseph Smith at Batavia, New York.

Father Hendrickx has undertaken to go to these people as they are settled in their small valleys of Idaho, and teach the truths of the Catholic Church to them. Already he has made many converts among them. To enable him to do this work the more effectively, the Catholic Missionary Union grants him a subsidy of \$500 a year. Father Hendrickx is apostolic in his ways of living, content with meagre fare and hard bed, of all sorts of inconveniences, and even in the heats of summer he is active in his missionary journeying. Writing to Shoshone, Lincoln Co., Idaho, of a recent trip, he said: "The priest of that place, Rev. L. Gedchak, had leased the pavilion for the speaking. The large building was filled to the doors, the preachers also being present. Great interest was manifested and the mission was promised to return as soon as possible. A good many careless Catholics approached the Sacraments."

After the mission was over, we crossed the Sage-brush Desert to Hagerman, a camp near the Snake River, thirty miles distant from Shoshone. There was a large audience in the town-hall. One of the many questions asked, was as follows: "Can a priest pray a soul out of purgatory for 85¢?" In Hagerman are about one hundred and twenty Mormon families. Two converts were made. Others are reading tracts and Catholic books. The prospect for Hagerman is very bright.

Two days later on, we preached in the Opera House at Mountain Home, Elmore Co., and then went to the Gentile Valley, one hundred and eighty five miles from Mountain Home and twenty six miles from the nearest railway station. Great crowds came to listen to the remarks on the true Church. Thursday evening we addressed the Mormons in their own meeting house. This was the first time they had seen a Catholic priest. Mass was said next morning in the residence of a man who joined the Church last April. They were all happy and thankful for the gift of true faith. On Monday evening, services were held in the Presbyterian Church. They have no preacher at present, and are not anxious to engage one. Lots of tracts were left after the sermon. There were thirty-seven questions in the box. Eight adults were again admitted into the inquiry class.

We cannot expect too soon to make converts in these missions. The people have had no chance to know anything about the Catholic Church. Their curiosity and even their admiration are aroused, and with God's grace and mercy many will be brought from the Mormon monstrosity to the admirable light of God's only true Church. The name of Gentile Valley is very appropriate. It is inhabited by pagans, dressed in a Christian garb of Joseph Smith's manufacture.

### AN APPEAL FROM FATHER DOHERTY.

Manila, June 12, 1902.

Dear Father Doyle: I arrived Monday night in good condition after a most important. I have just received within the past four years, and the city is very beautiful and cleanly and, with the exception of the present scourge of cholera, is much more habitable and healthy than of yore. Affairs ecclesiastical are in statu quo with every one waiting for something to happen. In the meantime there is a crying need for prayer-books and Catholic literature. The little black-covered *Mass Book* is most needed but the climate needs a stronger cover. The Spanish-English books have a value, and are interesting to the students; but Spanish is not used as a vernacular, and the English books are most important. I have just received in order to join the regiment, which is stationed in Northern Luzon and somewhat widely scattered. I shall make it my earliest effort to acquire the local language and be understood by the people. In this work Spanish is helpful, for all the books are written in Spanish—Hlocano, Tagalo, Visayan. I feel glad to be here and am hopeful of meeting some good for the cause. Nothing systematic is possible until the ecclesiastical situation is settled, and then, under episcopal sanction, organization can be effected and work can be carried on with definite purpose.

Some day, when the Winchester idea of a missionary seminaries is accomplished, I hope to see among the students some of the better class of Filipinos, who will add to their knowledge of this country an appreciation of American spirit and do good work where it is necessary. But all that is to be met with later. Now literature is needed. *Mass Book* (vest pocket edition), *Plain Facts*, etc., etc.

Living is very expensive here just now, and I know of no one who can afford to subscribe in any measure. But if you do, just let them know that others than the Catholics are distributing lots of literature in Spanish-English, and in the native tongues, and that as yet we have not done even as much as non-Catholics wish to see done. Only to-day an officer, whom I visited in the hospital, said that he was glad that his regiment had a Catholic chaplain, and that the solution of many difficulties were possible to us in dealing with a people entirely Catholic. Do send me all literature, books, medals, etc., that you can get.

Yours fraternally,  
F. B. DOHERTY, C. S. P.  
Address Chaplain Doherty,  
11th Cavalry, Vigan,  
Island of Luzon, Philippine Islands.

We are now filling some large boxes with prayer-books and other things that would prove useful in the Philippines. It will cost \$100. Any one who would like to help us can send their contributions to Rev. A. P. Doyle, 120 West 60th street, New York.

### FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

#### THE CATHOLIC TEACHER.

The Catholic teacher is guided by the principles of his faith. He realizes that his pupil has a right to those things which God has intended for every human being. The child, above all, is to learn its destiny, to know that God loves man and to accept God's will as the rule of its moral life.

The Catholic teacher strives to be a model of the Christian virtues which he recommends to his pupils. He tells them not only of the good that is in them and of the manner in which it is brought into action, but also of the bad that is in human nature, of the danger of following it and the means of avoiding it.

The Catholic teacher will teach his pupils purity by word and example. He will avoid coarseness and petting them, teach his pupils to overcome bodily sloth, to quit play when duty calls, to curb loquacity and giddiness, to be decent and chaste in speech and manners, to be neat and clean, to watch the senses, especially the eyes, to check curiosity and all thoughtless, aimless frolic and roaming.

He will warn them to abstain from useless, harmful, dangerous pleasure-seeking, exhort them to be moderate and temperate in eating and playing, prompt in rising and retiring, attentive to all those requirements of modesty in dress, speech and manners which make for purity and good morals in general.

It is the task of the Catholic teacher, furthermore, to present noble things to the imagination of his pupils; to tell them of great and noble deeds, of gentle and kind actions, of saintly lives. He will tell them stories apt to kindle the noblest feelings of the human heart and present the most beautiful ideals to the imagination. Sentiment there will be: let it be noble, high, pure, safe and guarded against villainy and commonness. Contempt, scorn and horror for things vile, impure and intemperate which lead to bad health, to poverty, to shame and to prison are feelings to be aroused and strengthened.

The Catholic teacher will make his pupils understand how vile it is to lie, to deceive oneself and others, and he will therefore be truthful, open, candid and sincere himself. He will tell his pupils that pride, vanity, undue self-esteem, self-praise are all a lie, that we must be humble, simple, without pretense; how ill we can afford to look down upon or despise others, how proper it is that we take and keep our place in presence of parents, seniors and persons in authority as well as in the society of our equals.

He will teach them to hate error, not those who err or sin, to be tolerant of opinions, to keep uppermost in our minds the truths and teachings of religion and not to be misled by the worldly maxims and sayings, that we must turn to God, freely and deliberately accept His word and apply it to our conduct. He will not, however, make religious instructions or exercises of devotion long and tedious; he will not annoy his pupils with things religious of which they do not see and feel the need or necessity. They will understand the need of prayer and of God's grace but weary of tiresome and enforced routine exercises.

The Catholic teacher will cultivate in his pupils the love of duty, submission to law and order and obedience to reasonable rules of discipline. He will show them that it is not good for them to have their own will and to seek their own ways, to follow impulse, that it is necessary to stop and reflect and to act according to conscience.

He will allow them to do for themselves and not to rely on the teacher, not to compare themselves with others, not to excuse themselves unnecessarily, to be occupied and to stand by the principles of truth, fairness and honesty. He will not impose on his pupils his own hobbies. He will not aim to gain their esteem and love, but will let that take care of itself after doing his duty and leading his pupils to the love of God and of their duties.

The good teacher will avoid anger, temper and impatience, show no partiality or favor, but in all fairness take an interest in each one of his pupils, listen patiently and attentively to all, never punish rashly, but show how reluctantly he resorts to punishment for the sake of order and as a matter of duty. He will not show contempt for any one, not

ridicule the natural defects of his pupils, nor give them nick-names and not praise them or admire them where there is no merit on their part.

He will acknowledge his own mistakes and even ask pardon of a pupil whom he has misjudged or blamed when innocent, and will thereby not lose his authority, but gain all the more the confidence of his pupils.

He will not tolerate spying or tale telling, not yield to the fears and begging of those in the wrong, but gently insist on right. He will console, exhort, persuade according to the dispositions of his pupil, correct or reprimand privately, be with his pupils in recreation—be all to all. He will adopt the quickest way to the end in view, and not expect too much of his pupils and not torture them with things beyond their age and capacity.

These are a few points of Christian Pedagogy. It is plain that the Catholic teacher must possess ability, common sense and higher virtues; that his office is one of the highest importance, his responsibility tremendous and his power for good unlimited. It is plain also that there cannot be better teachers than persons who practice the religious vows and are to their pupils living examples of purity, simplicity and obedience to God's will. When such persons love their works and possess talent and ability, they are the ideal teachers.

### PEDAGOGUE.

#### FILIPINO HOSPITALITY.

A Fine Generosity Their National Trait.

In summing up the good and bad qualities of the Filipinos, too much can not be said of their hospitality. It may be called their great national virtue. The inspiration of this trait may have come from the Spanish, but it fell on fruitful soil, for while the Spanish resident of the Philippines as elsewhere measures out his hospitality in fine phrases only, the Filipinos say as much and mean it.

This trait is not confined to the upper classes, or those who can afford to make some display in their homes and some effort at entertainment. It is found among the lowest and the poorest as well. These people will share with the stranger who comes to their little hut of bamboo and nipa their last bowl of rice and their last little fish, and will make room for him over night on the floor of their house, where all the family sleep side by side. The family may be "insurrectos" and the visitor may be an American, but he is not likely to meet with any harm while under their roof, though a member of the same family might gladly stick a bolo into him afterward.

When traveling is safe in the Philippines one is therefore always sure that he can find shelter for the night and a share of the best that a community affords. In the houses of those who are well-to-do the best room will be placed at the disposal of the unexpected and unknown guest, and he will be entertained by the various members of the family to the best of their ability. If the daughters have been to one of the convent schools and have learned to play upon the piano, they will play their most difficult pieces, and sometimes the playing is really fine, for the Filipinos are among the most natural musical peoples of the world, and will often perform well in spite of mediocre instruction. A piano is one of the first things that a well-to-do native family buys. The singing is not likely to be as pleasant as the playing on the piano, for few natives have good voices.

While the family holds the guest in conversation the senora hurries off to the kitchen to stir the servants up and see that several extra dishes are added to the already numerous bill of fare, and that some of the best wine is brought out and uncorked. At night, the guest, will be escorted to the door of his room, where the bed has been prepared and all Filipino luxuries provided. He will be asked when he wishes "desayuno" (the first light breakfast) in the morning, and then a native servant will be sent to his room, to wait upon him by inches, help him to undress, pour out his water, and finally to spread out a bamboo mat on the floor at the foot of the bed and sleep there, so that he can be called if anything is desired in the night. In fact, when enjoying Filipino hospitality the great danger is that guest will suffer from too much attention and be killed by kindness, which is always slightly tempered with curiosity. Still, this sincere trait is one which every traveler and sojourner in the Philippines cannot help but admire.

#### Let us keep much in the presence

of the best and highest—in art, in music, in books, in friends, but above all, in the love of God, and in our hearts and in our lives shall the miracle be wrought, "beholding as in a glass the image of the Lord, we shall be changed into the same image even from glory to glory."—Rev. Oliver Huckel.

Common sense is the genius of this intensely practical century. The age of the theorist, the dreamer, the mere bookworm, is past. The hurrying world of realities, with its manifold problems waiting for solution, demands men of action, earnest workers who can transmute their knowledge into power, and who will help progress to take another step forward.—"Success."

God regards more with how much love and affection a person performs a work than how much he does; and he does much who loves much; that is, our actions are really pleasing to God, only in proportion as they are influenced by a desire of pleasing Him, and as it were, stamped with the seal of His love.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

ESPIRITU SANTO  
By Henrietta Dana Skinner.  
CHAPTER XXVII.

"The room will away a little, and a haze of glorylight—softly—over a space. And look, you, and the ache here in the throat."

"What! I'll deserve the place it arms make for me."

Whitcomb Riley.

Lady Ainsworth and her mother relieved each other in their watch by the sick girl's bedside, vying with each other in the solicitude and tender care of the beloved sufferer. Little Maximo and his mother had sent up to the villa to stay with Pepilla, that the cottage might be kept absolutely quiet, while Disdier and Gentle stepped softly about, longing to be of service. Espiritu lay white and helpless, but she seemed to be conscious the greater part of the time and not to suffer from the pain. There was a rested, peaceful look on her face, and from time to time the eyes opened and gazed out over the blue waters dancing in the sunlight at the foot of the dark cliffs, whose sloping sides were covered with groves of olive and myrtle and lemon.

"Paradise!" she whispered, and her voice was scarcely more than a breath. "Margarita, I shall see it soon!" "Are you glad to go, dearest?" "Oh, so glad!" "But Theodore, dear! Are you not sorry to leave him?" "We shall not be separated!" but the whisper was so soft that Margarita could hardly distinguish the words. A little later the eyes opened again with an eager light in them. "Adrien is there," she murmured. "Margarita send him to me."

Lady Ainsworth had heard no sound, but passing from the sick-room through the adjoining chamber she could now detect low voices conversing in the anteroom. She entered and saw Daretto's letter in his hand and a railroad map spread on the table, making explanations to Disdier and the marchioness.

"He will cross the frontier of Modena at Boscolungo," he was saying, "and goes from there to San Marcello, which he expects to reach to-night. San Marcello is a five-hours' drive uphill from the Baths of Lucca, and I have telegraphed Bindo to start immediately and meet him there. But in this letter Theodore says that if delayed later than this evening he will not go to San Marcello at all, but drive directly from Boscolungo to Præchia to catch the express. In that case, Bindo would miss him, but I believe that by taking the next train to Præchia, I may yet be in time to intercept him. There are but these two roads, and one or the other of us cannot fail to meet him. I have driven over here before starting to get the last news, and if possible to see her lovely face once more."

"She has asked to see you, Count Adrien," said Lady Ainsworth, coming forward. "She is waiting for you now."

He passed into the sick-room alone. At the first sight of the still, white face on the pillow all hope fled from his heart, yet her smile of welcome was bright and tender, almost like her old self. As he bent over to kiss her brow she whispered:

"Dear Adrien, I wanted the happiness of telling you myself that she loves you."

"Margarita!" he exclaimed, startled and incredulous. "Yes, dear brother, she whispered again. 'While I was well I could not betray her confidence, but in the light of eternity one sees things so differently.' She could say no more for weakness."

"Espiritu," he sobbed, "I would resign my happiness to bring you back to life and health again."

"But I am glad to go," she murmured. "Do not grieve for Theodore, all will be well with him."

"Oh, Adrien! I presumed to sit in judgment on you, you who are so much better, so much more fervent than I!"

"My own sweet Margarita, my wife, my love! There can be no comparison between us, for we are walking to heaven by different roads; you by the way of innocence, and I, who have sinned, by the path of penitence. But, my darling, the two ways lie side by side; we may walk them hand in hand, helping and comforting each other in our grief and sorrow, in our love and death."

"Oh, my God!" he murmured, "Thou hast blessed me, even me—so far beyond—it is too much!" and unclasping his arms from about her he slid down to her feet, kneeling with head deeply bowed, till his lips touched the very hem of her gown.

She did not prevent him, she seemed to understand that he would take comfort in the self-abasement, but as he slowly raised his head she sank into a chair beside him and drew him, still kneeling, closer to her till his head rested against her shoulder and her cheek felt the touch of his waving hair.

Now a troubled look stole into his tearful eyes. "But, Margarita, I cannot undo the past. Can you forget it, even as you have so blessedly forgiven it?"

"Oh, hush!" she said. "Why should we remember the past, except to rejoice that it is past? Listen, Adrien! The good God remembers no more for a child? And does He not love you all the better that He has forgiven you something?"

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with a long sigh of assent and a beautiful look in his eyes. Then he turned and clung to her, even as when a little child he had clung to his mother as she told him the sad, sweet story of his Saviour crucified.

The sound of a carriage driving into the court-yard startled them, and they rose to their feet.

"Margarita, I, with the joy of my life just dawning, I must go to meet that poor boy and tell him that the sunlight is going to be with him no more forever!"

"Why did I not think to see the guard?" was his first thought, and then he sprang forward with an exclamation of delight. "Oreste!"

"Yes, it is I, my dear, dear master! The Commendatore sent me your telegrams, and I came to accompany you and tell you the plans."

The engineer whistled and the guard came running shouting the departure of the train. Daretto pulled Oreste into the compartment with him. "Tell me, has the Commendatore started for San Marcello?"

"Yes, sir. He started in half an hour from the time he received your excellent telegram. He will reach San Marcello about this time, and if Count Theodore has not been heard from, he will push on to Boscolungo."

blush and look away. "Know, Oreste, I, too, have found an angel who says she will be content with me!"

"In a moment Oreste was down on his knees on the carriage floor by his master's side. "Then it is all right!" he cried joyfully.

"What is all right?" queried Adrien. "Excuse me, sir, I am indiscreet, I guessed. I feared."

"What? Tell me, Oreste, what you guessed."

"Oh, sir, you had not seemed quite like yourself, if I may say so, since the time we left London. I feared you were not happy here, and I thought I would tell myself before Consiglio had given me her promise. It will be a joy to her, sir, as it is to me, to know that you have your heart's desire. Now we can enjoy our own happiness with a lighter heart."

"Happiness!" said Adriano, brokenly. "Do you know, Oreste, I would resign my heart to the desire of a man to bring back one ray of happiness to that poor boy we are going to find?"

"God forgive me for speaking of happiness at such a moment, but I was only thinking of you," said Oreste, too modestly. "But the doctors are troubled, sir. Thinking the doctors are mistaken in thinking Signorina Disdier to be in danger, I have not been so long as I should. It is a sorrow that must come sooner or later to us all. She is more fitted for paradise than for earth, and if it is the will of God to take her, Count Theodore will know how to make the sacrifice."

Adriano turned his face to the wall. "I have only been looking at the human side of Theodore's sorrow," he said to himself, "and this dear fellow reminds me that death is not all despair and affliction to the Christian. Yes, Tedi will bow to the will of God, and she will be a saint in heaven and pray for us all." He closed his eyes and tried to repeat some prayers, but soon the shaded glimmer of the lamp, and the low murmur of Oreste's voice saying his rosary soothed the exhausted nerves, and Adriano sank into a dreamy slumber in which he and Margarita sat hand in hand with lovely children playing about them, while Espiritu and Teodoro floated before their eyes in celestial bliss, singing sweet songs and blessing them.

A touch on his shoulder aroused him. "We are nearing Præchia, sir," and he tried to shake himself free from the vision. The "new one" now appeared at the door and gathered up rugs and portmanteau, while Oreste selected from among the waiting carriages one that appeared most suitable for the long mountain drive which was before them, a plain but easy victoria drawn by a pair of strong young horses, their stout harness studded with polished brass and decorated with gay bunches of colored ribbons.

"There is not much ascent from here to Cutigliano," said the proprietor, pointing to the door with the travellers. "We are two thousand feet above the sea-level here and there are only a hundred feet higher, but from there on you will need an extra horse to make the Passo dell' Abetone. The elevation of Boscolungo is two thousand feet, and the road level above us at the frontier. The new driver, a weather-beaten, taciturn peasant, whose tall, peaked hat bore a cockade of the same colored ribbons that decorated his horses. Adriano seated himself comfortably in a corner of the carriage and drew Oreste down beside him, though the young man had intended out of respect to crowd himself into the tiny seat opposite. Lanterns were hung on the carriage, and with much crackling of the whip they started off at a round trot into the darkness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Real Belief.  
O Faith! what an idle word thou art upon the tongues of men! Why do we make God a liar, instead of studying His word? To say God is not to lift a burden, but to lift our hearts above our burdens. To believe in God is to love Him above all things; to love Him above all things is simply to relegate other things to their true place and their minor importance, and thus to make ourselves superior to them. If we believe wealth to be the supreme happiness, to be poor should be a misery unutterably wretched. If we do not so believe, poverty will only make us unhappy to the measure in which we hold wealth essential to happiness. To seek God's kingdom first, is simply to seek things in proper order. It is to view things in the light of God's eternity, and to make our souls, if not our bodies, impervious to the assaults of time.

AMERICA WANTS TRAINED ABILITY.

Bishop John L. Spalding at the Convention of Catholic Colleges, Chicago.

The Catholic Church, from its beginning, began to promulgate not merely the truths which Christ had brought into the world, but to defend and elucidate them, enforcing these truths by the aid of what Edmund Burke would call all of the science, all of the art, every virtue and all perfection that had existed in the human race, taking up the literature, the science, the art, the philosophy, the statesmanship, the wisdom of the ancient world, Hebrew and Greek and Roman, and so purifying and so moulding and adapting them that they might become allies with those who proclaim the truths of everlasting life.

After preaching the Gospel and doing the works especially enjoined upon us by our Divine Lord and Master, there is no such power to bring human thought and human conduct to bear upon the welfare of the world, inasmuch as that world is to work for the coming of a perfected kingdom which indeed can never be realized here—no such power as education.

THE ABLE MEN ARE THE CENTRES OF FORCE IN EVERY ORGANIZATION, in every sphere of human activity. Take our productive work—the work of manufacturing, of commerce, of trade—it has been calculated by competent experts that the production of great manufacturing and commercial enterprises is due, seven-twelfths of it, to ability, and only five-twelfths to labor. We hear it proclaimed everywhere that labor does all this, and that the great laborer is the one who is to be organized, the ability to foresee all the difficulties, to open markets, to compete to improve, to direct, to govern, to make men able to labor, to give them opportunity.

Now this, which is true in our ordinary business life, is doubly true in the interests of a religious nature. Without able leaders the intellectual life of a people begins at once to sink and gradually becomes extinct. If there be no moral heroes, no men alive with moral earnestness, absolutely breathing in the air in which they feel that to live like a man is to live righteously and purely and devotedly and unselfishly—if there be no such men, the whole people sink down to lower and lower planes of life, until they reach mere animalism.

TENDENCY TO SCHOLARSHIP.  
Now, in the last thirty years there has been a tendency, which is growing day by day, to educate ever-increasing numbers of men, not only in collapse but in universities, so that I am persuaded that in even the generation that is now young we will see America as full of scholars in every branch of human thought as Europe itself, if we do eagerly, if we do with all our might, that which we are undertaking, in these universities which are endowed with inexhaustible resources—men, dividing and people—ready to pour out their treasures as never before have they been given to a cause of this kind, scholars from every part of the world and the youth of the land.

Now, are we Catholics going to eternally talk about the Church and talk about our glories and about our numbers, and not enter into this very highest field of human activity? Are we not going to place men in many parts of our country who are thoroughly competent to discuss every possible problem, every possible subject—not in a popular, in a general way, but with the best knowledge of the day, and with thoroughness with the best that has been and is done, has been and is right? We must do it.

LARGER CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.  
That is why these men, year after year, coming from our various colleges and institutions of learning, to confer with one another, learn from one another their various views and methods and projects and plans, that gathering and gaining inspiration, gaining new courage, they may go back to their schools with which they are connected to higher and higher efficiency; and then, above all, if they are to accomplish anything of worth at all, they will do more and more—all the presidents of the Catholic colleges and institutions of the United States—will more and more form a solid body, determined to build up one real Catholic university in America.

If they do not, they will fail to do more than the elementary or secondary work at last. Unless our colleges become places where serious men, who have received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, feel that they have only begun and clamor for something more real, more living, for abler and greater minds to lead them to higher and broader truths, our colleges will turn out into the world graduates who will make a mockery of the name and become merely mechanic, ordinary, routine men.

COLLEGES GET PREPARATORY.  
Until we get bodies of Catholic youths who, having finished in the college, feel that they have merely gone through an apprenticeship, merely acquired that sort of education which of the greatest and noblest and most cultivated minds we shall not have. Our colleges are to bring to bear upon Catholicity society all the science and all the art and every virtue and all perfection; and we shall not be able to arouse in the multitude of our people that enthusiasm which is irresistible.

Just as the multitude of our laborers would drop back into idleness, as our factories would be closed if we ceased to have men of ability and men of practical knowledge to keep them in operation, so the multitude of our Catholics will lose that deep and abiding love of their religion, that pride in the power which has civilized the world, pride in that which fills minds with such exultation and arrogance that they fall headlong, while still maintaining their superiority. Teach all peoples the light of truth and faith. Teach them everything that will advance them materially, without mar-

will crowd around them, and more and more we shall become a power.

GREAT CATHOLIC OPPORTUNITY.  
God has never, since the barbarians came down upon the Roman empire, offered such a field to the Catholic religion as is presented here in America.

The Catholic University, therefore, is a part of that partnership. Every man and every woman, every mother and every sister, and every one who loves human perfection, and who believes that God's mightiest power and sweetest and holiest and divine influence is found in the Catholic Church, ought to centre around this great university of ours and make it a home. There is room for more than ability than in all America, than in all the world—more ability than has ever been in the world, to speak, to direct, to guide, to push forward to victory in the world, and toward all victory this mighty democracy which is America.

The Sunday School Not Enough.

It is a sad comment on Catholic progress in America to find men in high places asserting that the parents and the Sunday school can supply the want of a religious education. As far as the instruction given in the Sunday school is concerned, it is absurd to suppose that an hour's recitation of the catechism once a week will give sufficient spiritual food to the mind, and it is equally absurd to expect that parents will give the necessary instruction. There is not a priest on the mission who cannot bear testimony that the majority of Catholic parents cannot and do not instruct their children in the religion of their baptism. How can they after a few days' or a week's weary toil, sit down and catechise their little ones in the principles of revealed religion? But suppose they do, and afterward commit them to the guardianship of the public schools, will not influence of evil instruction, combined with the bad example which they are surrounded by, tend to obstruct the growth of the good seed that is sown in their hearts? The care with which a good thing should be guarded ought to be proportioned to its value and the danger which threatens it; but, as the soul is, of all things the most valuable in the sight of God, therefore Catholic parents should use all the energy of their minds and wills to prevent the ruin of their children's souls. This they do not do, and hence the sad picture of defection and apostasy.

THE PROPHECY OF ST. MALACHI.

Speaking recently at Maynooth College, Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, Australia, said:

"Yesterday a friend of mine put into my hands a memoir of Oliver Plunkett—with whose venerable and saintly name I have not been unfamiliar. The name of that venerable martyr to Ireland's faith should be ever revered and celebrated as a promoter of temperance in the fair land. There is one remark that I thought I would set forth. It is that this venerated martyr had consulted the greatest literary authority of his day, the distinguished Benedictine, Mabillon, as to the authenticity of a prophecy of old, and the reply of Mabillon was that that prophecy of St. Malachi was undoubtedly genuine, and he risked his authority on the genuineness of that prophecy. And that prophecy should be dear to every Irishman. At the dying moment of St. Malachi he was seen to shed tears, and those standing by asked why he thus wept, and the reply is given in that authentic document: 'Wee is me, St. Malachi! alas! for my ruined country, alas! for the Holy Church of God. How long, how long dost thou forget us? How long, my country, art thou consumed with sorrow?'"

"A little after, as if some one had spoken to him, he said: 'Be of good heart, my son; the Church of God in Ireland shall never fall. With terrible discipline, long shall we be purified, but afterwards far and wide shall her magnificence shine forth in cloudless glory and oh! Ireland, do thou lift up thy head. Thy day also shall come, a day of ages, a week of centuries, equaling the seven deadly sins of thy enemy, shall be numbered upon thee. Then shall thy exceeding great merits be obtained mercy for thy terrible foe, yet so as through scourges as great and enduring. Thy enemies who are in thee shall be driven out and humbled, and their name taken away. But inasmuch as thou art depressed, in so thy glory shall be exalted, and thy glory shall not pass away. There shall be peace and abundance within thy boundaries, and beauty and strength in thy defenses."

After this Malachi was spent for a while. Then, with a loud and joyous voice, he exclaimed: "Now, O Lord, dost Thou dismiss Thy servant in peace. It is enough. The Church of God in Ireland shall never fall, and though long shall it be desired, my country shall one day stand forth in its might, and be fresh in its beauty like the rose."

"I need scarcely remind you that seven centuries from the death of Malachi have just come to a close, and when we look back over the last fifty years that have rolled over our country we cannot but see that the fruitful field of the clergy of Ireland has already begun to bear its fruit, and those plants that have been sown, those plants that have been spread through the length and breadth of the country are spreading their branches far and wide even into the remotest extremities of the world."

False Education Worse Than Ignorance.

Ignorance is the stumbling block that sends so large a number of souls to the torments of the dark chasm. False education is more to be dreaded. It is this that fills minds with such exultation and arrogance that they fall headlong, while still maintaining their superiority. Teach all peoples the light of truth and faith. Teach them everything that will advance them materially, without mar-

A Bigoted History of Education.

There is keen and caustic criticism in the Catholic World Magazine for July of a bitter anti-Catholic book that is now used as a text book in many of the High schools. Dr. Fox, of the Catholic University, shows up this other attempt at poisoning the wells, and with a sharp pen lays bare all its bigotry. It is about time that this propaganda which has for its purpose the using of the Public school system as an agency to defame the Catholic Church and decatholize the Catholic children should stop. The American Book Company is anxious to get Catholic trade; it should therefore be very particular how it hurts Catholic sensibilities. It has no business publishing such a bitterly anti-Catholic book as Seely's History of Education, and much less has it any business putting such a book in the Public schools.

Rejecting the Light.

When the truth flashes conviction on the consciences of some persons that the Catholic Church is the one true Church that Christ established, they deliberately shut their eyes against it. They are like the Sandusky minister who said: "If I knew the Catholic Church to be the Church established by Christ, then would I become a pagan." They are also like the Protestant father in the same Ohio city who declared of his own son: "I would rather see him in hell than a member of the Catholic Church."

They at first think it impossible that the Catholic Church is the true one, and so, when the conviction illuminates their soul they resent it as an injury. They shrink from it. They hate it. They don't want to believe in what they see is the truth.

Now comes in the dread fact of their responsibility. They have seen the truth. To reject it, fully, wickedly and persistently is to imperil their salvation. To so reject it is to sin against the Holy Ghost. To so reject it is indeed to choose hell rather than membership in Christ Church—Catholic Columbian.

Not so Cruel After All.

An incident which seems likely to be preserved as history in the story told in the Outlook by Jacob A. Riis, the New York journalist, author and philanthropist. An emigrant, landing in New York, he relates that:

"After being repulsed from many a door in my search for food and work, I wandered on with my grip sack, straight ahead into the country, until toward noon I reached Fordham College, famished and footsore. I had eaten nothing since the previous day. The gates to the college grounds were open, and I strolled wearily in without aim or purpose. An old Father whose noble face I sometimes recall in my dreams, came over and asked kindly if I was hungry. I was, in all conscience, fearfully hungry, and I said so, although I did not mean before, and my Lutheran training did not exactly incline me in their favor. 'I ate the food set me, not without qualms of conscience and with a secret suspicion that I would next be asked to abjure my faith, or at least to do homage to the Virgin Mary, which I firmly resolved not to do. A charity was sent on my way with enough to do me for supper, without the least suggestion that I should perform such an act, I felt heartily ashamed of myself. I am just as good a Protestant as I ever was, but I have no quarrel with the excellent charities of the Roman Church, or with their noble spirit and management. I learned that lesson at Fordham, thirty years ago."

More Victims of the Clairvoyants.

It is said of Herbert E. Hill, the wretched young man who took his sister's life and attempted his mother's, in the Roxbury district, Boston, last week, that he had visited a clairvoyant and her predictions of his own speedy death. It was evidently a swift transition in his morbid fancy from the thought of his own to that of others' death.

His known unbalanced condition, and the testimony of life-time friends and neighbors to its long standing, will doubtless send him to an insane hospital instead of to the electric chair. But the miserable fraud who wrought upon his sick mind will get soon free. We have many and stringent laws in Massachusetts—the most statute-ridden state in the union—against trivial offenses; but none against the former-teller who too often combines open wicked avarice with her pretended reading of futurity.

A few months ago we noted the case of a young woman in Philadelphia driven into a maniac's cell, and another in Cleveland into a suicide's grave by members of this evil craft; and here in Boston four lives will probably pay the penalty of a pretended satisfaction in the craving for forbidden knowledge. Is there no way of protecting the young, the hard-brained and the ignorant against these dangerous impostors?—Boston Pilot.

The Temperance Question Growing.

The temperance question grows every day more important. Leaving aside the share taken by the religious element, great business concerns, notably the railroads, insist upon temperance in their employees. Situations can only be held by temperance men. The courts in the granting of licenses emphasize that only reputable men shall be engaged in the business. Public attention is now riveted upon the drinking man, and society debars him from its social functions. It is sufficient to know that a man is a wine-bibber, and he is discarded. All these various agencies are teaching the population to think upon the folly, misery and disgrace of drink. The practice of treating is falling into discredit. This miserable custom, more than anything else, has in the past contributed to the slavery of drink. Do away with it altogether. Abolish it, and the backbone of drunkenness is

In the year 1896, big, 28 and a batchments overlooking the south. Dr. W. He thought some him. Thought it room into the lib window opening at night after he light that the curious feeling passed off fellow, the Doctor the thing he began Every night was going through and mental balance, a wouldn't admit for. He examined thumped the door leading into was a key in the lock. He went was thirty feet in nearest house to at Fifty-seventh in a tree, for th down to make roo ings, and then sity's structure little more than a Window began. Then he pulled quit. One night library window f ness that hung e park. He sa He put it down of the best, seventh street, stantly connecte was being watch Window left his across the park. On the north side the pleasure, g brick residence, light. The hot Calcutta's Hole. Window pace hour. No light homeward, man stepped and loo periences had something new. From one of streaming thro down set in the just under the was that of t redly out into night. A heavy scend over seeming of a To the phys imagination it monster of the a leering wink both windows, nerves and we. In the morn the house on were there an unusual size posed of little sashes as they After that he All he could f tradesman was drauder lived no servants, but a short tin The time l covered that prior to the n he was being One-half hour 1895, Dr. Joh from a visit to on Everett a impulse mad "house with are shut," he directly in fr instant the girl rushed o Windom. Tim showed him a face, but pale might have the sight of back, frien face, she cri seizing his h She led him the hallway of stairs and feebly light conscious the pried a large ment. The in the phys an old man's a convulsive "I think pered that only a few n to the cou A look t case of par branky and old man's looked at "No stran was stimu have seen th Mary, lest "An enth ed the cou into the gi chair about bending fo small tube. Windom The huge o took his eye an object largest he "Show The girl great won she said. Half bea dream, W went over saw. He A soft hi saw send and then- ute as the water

### THE MYSTERIOUS WINDOWS.

Relating to the Strange Experience of Dr. Windom.

BY EDWARD CLARK.

In the year 1895 Dr. John Windom, big, 28 and a bachelor, lived in apartments overlooking Jackson Park from the south.

Dr. Windom was troubled. He thought some one was looking at him. "Thought it? He knew it."

The Doctor had turned his largest room into a library. It had one great window opening on to the park. It was at night after he lighted his library lamp that the curious sensation that he was being stared at came over the physician.

When he went into the next room the feeling passed off. He was a nervous fellow, the Doctor, but after a week of the thing he began to get "creepy."

Every night somebody's eyes were going through and through him. It was either that or else he was losing his mental balance, and that Dr. Windom wouldn't admit for a minute.

He examined the walls of the library, and thumped them with his fist. There was no transom over the door leading into the hall, and there was a key in the lock that fitted perfectly. He went to the window. It was thirty feet from the ground. The nearest house in the line of sight was at Fifty-seventh street, a mile and a half away.

No Peeping Tom could be in a tree, for the trees had been cut down to make room for the fair buildings, and the stunted since the exposition's structures had been razed were little more than saplings.

Windom began taking nerve tonics. Then he pulled himself together and quit. One night he looked from his library window far off into the blackness that hung over the north end of the park. He saw a faint light appear. He put it down mentally for a light in one of the houses in far-off Fifty-seventh street.

For some reason he is instantly connected the feeling that he was being watched with that light. Dr. Windom left his apartments and struck across the park to Fifty-seventh street. On the north side of the street facing the pleasure ground was a block of brick residences. It was nearly midnight. The houses were as black as Calcutta's Holes.

Windom paced up and down for an hour. No light appeared. He started homeward, made a hundred yards, stepped and looked back. Recent experiences had unstrung him. He saw something now that staggered him. From one of the houses light was streaming through two circular windows set in the same horizontal plane just under the roof.

The appearance was that of a great eye staring redly out into the blackness of the night. A heavy curtain began to descend over the window. It had the seeming of a big eyelid slowly closing. To the physician's highly wrought imagination it seemed as though some monster of the night was giving him a leering wink. The light died from both windows. Windom mastered his nerves and went on.

still men. Windom felt benumbed. He turned to the sufferer. "You have solved the problems of the universe," he said.

"Aye, so I have. I, Caleb Strong, crank, as the scientists call me. They made forty-inch lenses that cost a million, and can't see beyond the ends of their noses with them—the fools! I built that," and his eyes looked at the telescope. "I made the multiple lens that science has scoffed at for ages. Each science does its work separately, but the results come into one. There is no limit. I can pick up a pin on the nethermost star."

There was a triumph in the man's tone and face as he continued. "These small lenses had to be so joined that the light would not interfere. Impossible," said the visceros. "I did it. Two years ago Louis Gathmann just missed the secret. It is mine and there is the perfected work."

"I know you, Doctor. I owe you an explanation. I came here with my daughter Mary and built my telescope. The fools hereabouts thought the objective was a window. I dared not look at a star at first for fear of disappointment. For a mile and a half to the south the ground was open. I focused on the light in your library. Small though the flame was it answered my purpose, and by it I proved my theory of how to prevent inter-reflection. Did I see you? Why practically you were in this room with me. At times I made Mary look, though she shrank from it, for the steady gaze hurt my old eyes. As she counted the reflections I adjusted the lenses, but at times her attention wandered from the light. She has lived alone with me and shared my toil and privation, and she made a friend of you in your far-away library. When I knew I was right I changed the window lens to the roof. This night I have seen the men on Mars, and tomorrow, nay, to-day, the world—"

At that instant the earth trembled and the building swayed. There was a crashing of glass and a rending of iron. A section of the roof was crushed in and carried lenses and telescope to ruin. The shock gave the stricken man momentary strength. He raised himself from his pillow. "Gone!" he said. Windom caught him as he fell backward. Windom had gone with the wind.

The Chicago evening papers of that day, Nov. 5, 1895, gave a scant half-column account of the slight earthquake shock that early that morning had visited the southern section of the city.

"The only property damage," they said, "was the breaking of a hole in the roof of a Fifty-seventh street residence by the fall of a partition wall that rose above the building's eaves."

Three years later a man and a woman were bending over a cradle in which was sleeping a baby boy.

"Marry," said the man, "as a physician I am a firm believer in heredity. Who knows but that one day our boy may show to the world the men on Mars?"

Is not that about our idea of God's discovery as to the means of happiness, what we really believe concerning the method which He and the Church and good people throughout the ages have declared did bring peace of mind and soul, real and heart-billing happiness into all the vicissitudes of life? Which is it, that we believe, God, or that we do not? The trouble is that we neither believe, nor do we know just what He has said. Who has written into His declaration the things we say about it? Christ said: "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice and all these things will be added unto you."

But we seem to think that He meant, "and the same things will be taken from you." He said that if we wish to be happy, we are to love God above all things. We say that this means we are to make ourselves as miserable as we can.

Here is a story from one of the old divines: Christ left His clothes to the soldiers; He left His pardon to the penitent thief; He left His grace to His disciples; He left His promise of the Holy Spirit to all who would seek and wait for him, but he left His purse to Judas. It is the Judas character that affiliates with the purse. The things before each one—to choose. Pardon, peace, the same, the robe, the mother of Jesus, i. e., association with those related to Christ, that you may give help and sympathy, the indwelling of the Spirit of God, or the purse. Which do you choose? Only the purse. This is the least of all. That becomes Judas Iscariot. That is the antipodes of the indwelling of the Spirit of Power.

### THE BIBLE.

Significance of a Recent Suggestion That it be Studied in the Public Schools Simply as "A Literary Work."

From the New York Sun.

Because of the passing away of the old-time familiarity with the English Bible, the National Educational Association, in session at Minneapolis last week, passed a resolution expressive of its "hope" and wish that public sentiment would permit the Bible "to be read and studied" in the public schools generally, but simply "as a literary work of the highest and purest type, side by side with the poetry and prose which it had inspired and in large part formed."

This association would not have the Bible treated as a "theological book merely" of supreme religious authority, but only as "a masterpiece of literature." For that very reason, however, the study it advises would be without avail even for the secular purpose of giving purely literary instruction, and its introduction would be opposed not less earnestly than was the purely literary reading of passages from the Bible with which the daily sessions of State schools usually were once opened. Of course, children gave little heed to the readings, yet even slight attention to the Bible provoked both religious and infidel opposition. An attempt now to introduce the formal and careful study of the Bible, though as "a literature" only, would arouse still more violent resistance from both those camps.

The very suggestion that now the Bible should be read and taught simply as "a masterpiece of literature," wholly apart from any religious character, put Protestant source, is significant of a change of spirit which cannot be called less than revolutionary in its significance. A suggestion from a Christian source that the Bible be degraded from its place of supreme elevation as "the book, and the word of God," to the category of the literary work of Milton and Shakespeare as merely a masterpiece of the literary art, would arouse the whole English-speaking world, believing and infidel, as a momentous surrender of pivotal religious position. Now it is taken as a matter of course.

In a baccalaureate sermon preached not long ago to college students in this city a preacher of a church whose sole foundation is supernatural Biblical authority spoke of the Bible as a book "through which runs a thread of myth and legend." And no one in his very orthodox audience seemed surprised. The Bible is practically a fairy book in this modern pulpit conception, and under one guise or another of evasive language and illogical conclusion the teaching of a large part of our theological schools leads to that conception; but the popular taste prefers to get its myths and legends from other and more amusing sources. If people do not go to the Bible for their religion they will not go to it at all.

That the old familiarity with the Bible has been lost by this generation is very apparent in both current speech and writing. Quotations which formerly came to the tongue of every speaker, whether religious believer or unbeliever, because embalmed in their memory by early study of the Scriptures, are heard no longer, except from people of the older generation, and their source and application are not understood by contemporary audiences. Statisticians include in a great and hazy list of statistics the teaching of the Bible in our schools, according to official statistics of the Protestant and Catholic churches in New York at least, they are not the flourishing institutions they once were, unless it be as philanthropic enterprises among the poor as "mission" schools. How large is the part of the children of Fifth avenue and of the districts of New York generally where fashion resides who attend Sunday schools and are drilled in the Bible?

People read passages of the Scripture read as lessons of the churches on Sunday, but they listen to them only perfunctorily. The aestheticism of the services appeals to them more powerfully. Even Protestant churches which have always rejected forms of appeal to the sense of a pagan superstition are now importing vested choirs and musical litanies into their services, as a cover behind which to hide poverty of belief in the Bible as the sole authority for their faith.

The mere adoption of the Bible as a text book in schools, on the ground that it is "a masterpiece of literature," will be powerless to check this revolutionary tendency the most remarkable in the whole history of Christianity.

When the Fools are Dead

Over in Kansas City an unfeeling court has four "divine healers" in its grasp because they caused the death of a patient, and couldn't restore her to life after three days' prayer. After all the fools are dead, sensible people will know that those mountebanks are neither healers nor divine.—Union and Times.

The Cardinal's Reasons.

The four following truths, said his Eminence Cardinal Manning, are the four corners of my faith:

1. A necessity of my reason constrains me to believe the existence of God.
2. My moral sense, or moral reason, conscience, constrains me to believe that God has revealed Himself to me.
3. My reason and moral sense constrain me to believe this revelation is Christianity.
4. My reason is convinced that historical Christianity is the Catholic Faith.

A Cath Lic Journalist.

Miss Elizabeth Jordan, editor of Harper's Bazaar, is a Catholic young woman who has made earnest strides in successful journalism. She went to New York from the West several years ago and soon made a reputation as one of the ablest newspaper women in America. She has found time with all her duties to write three books, the latest being, "Fates and Destiny," which has received some favorable notices.

### MORMON MISSIONS IN IDAHO AND WYOMING.

Rev. W. J. Hendrickx of The Catholic Missionary Union.

On the second Sunday in Lent a mission for non-Catholics was opened in Kemmerer, Wyo. For three days sermons were preached on the True Church, Sin, Confession, Eternal Punishment, and the Bible. A great number of questions were also answered, some of them very interesting and to the point. The result was that eleven were enrolled in the instruction class.

Then for two days a similar mission was begun in Diamondville. A great many non-Catholics attended, but no converts were made. However, the mission had one good result, because the Catholics were so aroused that they commenced to build a church in that place.

The Camera, a local newspaper, said on the occasion of the mission: "Some very interesting questions were asked at the meeting held by Father Hendrickx last Wednesday evening. Any one was allowed to put a question in the box that related to religion or science, and the Father answered them all. Some of his answers were very ingenious if not convincing. The question box will be a feature of the Sunday evening meeting."

Rev. Father Hendrickx, of Montpelier, delivered three highly interesting sermons and three lectures in St. Patrick's Church in Kemmerer this week. The Father is a finely educated man and one of the most noted clergymen in the mountain country.

On May 25 another mission will be reported in the Dempsey Valley. Some of the Mormon authorities are alarmed at my visits into that valley. You can imagine the incredible stupidity of some of them, when they proposed in one of their meetings, to hand in a petition to the Idaho legislature to enact a law forbidding me to come into that valley!

The Puritan laws of New England, and the abominable laws of old England, for Ireland, would be in order again in Idaho! The following appeared in the Inter-mountain Catholic, and is given as an impartial statement of the good effects of my mission at American Falls: "American Falls, Ida., April 30.

The visit of the Rev. Father Hendrickx to this place was in every sense a grand success. Not only did the Catholic community of the Falls receive spiritual comfort and inspiration, but Protestants, atheists, and infidels, who heretofore have heard nothing but slander and calumny about our holy Church, are today in a state of doubt and perplexity. It will not, I hope, be considered presumptuous on the part of your correspondent to say that as the result of Father Hendrickx's visit a few more souls will be received into the Church of Jesus Christ.

It is hardly possible for any one to convey anything like an adequate idea of the impression made by Father Hendrickx on the Protestant community of American Falls. The Reverend Father arrived on Saturday evening, April 26. On Sunday morning Mass was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Twomey. In the evening he delivered a most eloquent lecture at the school-house (which place was filled almost to its fullest capacity) on "The Origin and End of the Universe."

To say that the theories of Darwin and Huxley, and also the fallacious doctrine of that idol of American infidelity, Bob Ingersoll, were torn into shreds, would be putting it very lightly; not only those whom I have mentioned, but every infidel or atheist that ever gained any notoriety in the world were attacked and their teachings repudiated by Father Hendrickx in his lecture on Sunday night.

On Monday morning Mass was again celebrated at Mr. Twomey's house, and in the evening the school-house was again filled to standing-room only, to hear the Reverend Father deliver a lecture on "True Church of Jesus Christ."

### When is one Late for Mass?

According to many divines one fulfills the obligation of hearing Mass if one is present from the time of the Offertory to the end. Speaking generally, Mass is a mortal sin, though it is obviously not easy to define precisely what we should regard as a third part. What precedes the Gospel, if taken conjointly with the portion following Communion, is certainly a notable part, and no one who absents himself from so much, discharges the obligation of assisting at Mass.—Irish Rosary.

### The Only Church for the Working-man.

Some years ago Rev. George L. McNutt abandoned the Presbyterian pulpit in New York and became a musician, in order that he might learn the reason why the American workingman was so indifferent to Protestantism. Well, he has returned to his pulpit, and tells his co-religionists that the Catholic Church is the only Church for the workingman; that she is the greatest democratic force on earth. The reverend gentleman seems to have put his time to good use.—Western Watchman.

### A Public Sign.

It is pleasing to notice the growing custom among Catholics in acknowledging their faith in the Blessed Sacrament by raising their hats when passing a church or chapel where they know it is reserved. This is a sincere mark of respect to our Lord ever present with us. It shows that we are Catholics and not ashamed of our religion. Another pious and practical custom is to say a brief prayer for the holy souls when passing a funeral procession.—Pittsburg Catholic.

### French Premier not an ex-Priest.

Rev. A. P. Doyle, the Paulist, has sent the following self-explanatory note to the editor of the New York Sun: "Sir: The Sun quotes to-day from the London Truth, a statement that the French Premier, M. Combes, is an ex-priest. I beg to say that this statement is not true. The authority in the matter is an eminent French ecclesiastic. In France the word 'Abbe' is applied to ecclesiastical students who wear the soutane and is not necessarily the appellation of a priest."

### Devotion to the Angels.

"Devotion to the angels," says Father Faber, "emancipates the soul from littleness and gives it blissful habits of unearthly thought." It is a devotion of faith, of the faith which pierces the veils that hide from our eyes the wonders of God's spiritual world, of the faith that helps us to hear the eternal truths to which the tumult of earthly sounds deafens our ears. These unseen spirits of whose presence near us faith tells us and of whose help we are more than assured, enjoy his blessed vision of God but minister unto us who are so far beneath them in the scale of creatures.

### The Things that Satisfy.

After all, he says the greatest thing who speaks the word that satisfies. The men who disturb—the Huxleys, the Darwins, the Benans, the Ingersolls, the Paines—what peace have they given the souls of men? Against the words of the mightiest thinkers that ever lived put the gentle assurance that breathes in the Sermon on the Mount. Against the awful stress and agony that provide the works of Strauss and Bauer and Hilgenfeldt, put the sweet consolation that dwells in the words of Thomas A. Kempis. How pained the soul that rises up from the former! How satisfied the soul that has spent an hour in communion with the latter!

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will be cured. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

### HOT WEATHER AILMENTS.

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Letter of Recommendation. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1902. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1902.

A HAPPY ANNIVERSARY.

His Lordship Bishop McEvay today celebrated the third anniversary of his appointment to the Bishopric of London Diocese.

The above kindly reference to His Lordship the Bishop of London, taken from the Evening News of this city, is richly deserved.

HOME RULE AND IRISH EMIGRATION.

The statement recently issued by the Immigration Bureau of the United States gives much interesting information in regard to the nature of the alien population which is now pouring into that country.

During the last fiscal year, which includes the last half of 1901 and the first half of 1902, 648,743 immigrants and 80,055 other foreign passengers arrived in the country, making a total of 728,798, which is an increase of 109,825 over the fiscal year ending with June 1901.

In years gone by the largest immigration came from Ireland, but during the fiscal year 1902 the immigration from Ireland amounted to only 29,138.

These figures show that the preponderance of Irish immigration has ceased. This is to be attributed to many causes. We have in the first place the greatly diminished population of Ireland, which has decreased by 50 per cent. in half a century.

But there is undoubtedly another cause for the diminution, which is the greater prosperity of Ireland arising out of legislation favorable to the people which has tended of recent years toward their greater prosperity, even though it has not been done which is necessary

to make the country truly prosperous; nor is it to be expected that it will be so until Home Rule be attained.

It will be noticed that the emigration from Ireland is still more than double that which comes from England, a fact which is an indication of the vastly greater temporal prosperity of the predominant partner in the union of the three British kingdoms.

It has been persistently said of late, indeed that as a practical political issue Home Rule for Ireland has been set in the background, and Lord Roseberry's utterances taken alone would lead towards confirming this view of the case.

Lord Roseberry in giving up this part of Mr. Gladstone's policy has alienated himself from the Liberal party, who now regard him as no more truly a Liberal than Mr. Chamberlain.

There can be no stronger proof required of the absolute necessity of Home Rule than the fact that Ireland's continued contribution toward increasing the population of the United States is still so great in comparison with that of England.

THE PROTECTORATE OF CHRISTIANS IN THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

It has been already mentioned in our columns that the so-called Orthodox monks of Jerusalem, thirty-one in number, that is to say, the Greek schismatic monks who assaulted the Catholic Franciscans toward the end of the year 1901 in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, have been condemned by the Turkish courts to various terms of imprisonment.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is apportioned by the Turkish Government into sections, one of which belongs to the Catholics and the other to the Schismatics, and the assault was made determinedly by the latter for the purpose of driving the Catholics from a part of the building which belongs to them according to this arrangement.

The aggrieved Franciscans did not let the matter drop at this, but, being Italians and Germans, appealed to the Governments of their own countries respectively, with the result that their governments took the matter up, Germany being foremost in pushing the cause of the German Franciscans, and the turbulent Greeks have been duly punished.

It will be noticed that it is to the interest of both Italy and Russia that the armaments of Europe should be greatly reduced. The people of Italy are crushed with the burden of the maintenance of a huge army, and it is for this reason that such numbers leave their country to seek a happier home under skies less favored by nature, but less burdened by excessive taxation.

tion of Religious Orders will before very long come to an end in France; but even should this be the case, there is no likelihood that she will regain what she has lost in the transference of the protectorate of Italian and German monks to their respective Governments.

FUTURE MISSIONARY EFFORTS.

Catholics are not alone in denouncing the efforts of sectarian missionaries who endeavor to destroy the faith of those who are already Christians in the hope that they may embrace the novel creed which it is the purpose of these missionaries to propagate.

Now Scandinavian Lutheran papers are engaged in denouncing a proposal of the American Board of Foreign Missions to start a propaganda of American sects in the Lutheran countries, Germany, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.

One Lutheran paper informs the Missionary Board that it is mistaken in the supposition that these are heathen lands which need to be evangelized by American sectaries who have no particular faith, unless a mongrel creed made up of the contradictory beliefs of the Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians and the rest of the race can be called a creed.

The American missionaries are told that the Lutherans have a settled faith which is based upon the pure teaching of the Gospel, and that this faith, handed down from the days of Luther, "is not to be exchanged for the jarring creeds of American sects.

All these arguments are likely to be lost upon the busybodies who manage the American Board of Foreign Missions. The fact is that these gentlemen must make a show to the subscribers to their work, and unless they can report numbers of converts from somewhere, contributions will fall off; and it is much easier work to labor in civilized countries like Germany and Sweden than in Borooboa Gha or the Fiji Islands, and thus it is highly probable that the plan of sending missionaries to convert the Lutherans will be carried out. It is in the nature of sectarianism to hold that its own beliefs are the only true Gospel, and all the loud proclamations which we have heard to the effect that Protestantism is essentially one, its differences of creed being in non-fundamental doctrines, are but shams to prevent the public from finding out that Christ established but one Church teaching one faith which all should accept, so that we may not become "like little children, carried about by every wind of doctrine."

PROPOSALS FOR A REDUCTION OF ARMAMENTS.

The King of Italy recently visited the Czar, the purpose of the visit being, it is said, to inaugurate among the Great Powers a plan for the reduction of the large armaments which are at present deemed necessary by each nation for security from attack.

It will be noticed that it is to the interest of both Italy and Russia that the armaments of Europe should be greatly reduced. The people of Italy are crushed with the burden of the maintenance of a huge army, and it is for this reason that such numbers leave their country to seek a happier home under skies less favored by nature, but less burdened by excessive taxation.

Russia, too, would gladly see the armaments of the continent reduced. The armies of Russia, even if brought down to the lowest possible figure needed for the preservation of internal peace, would be formidable enough to make the country secure against foreign

aggression, and its rulers very naturally desire to see the forces of other nations brought to a minimum.

Russia is credited with an insatiable appetite for the acquisition of territory, and its history, even from a very early date, bears out the suspicion, but especially its history from the time of Peter the Great at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Expansion is the aim of Russia now as it has been for more than two centuries, and a general disarmament or even a reduction in the forces of the other powers would still leave her a free hand to secure her present grip upon Manchuria; and to extend her boundaries toward India or into Persia, while it would be impossible for any power to check her onward career.

St. Petersburg despatches state that the official Russian press deny that the Government has made any agreement to co-operate with Italy in this movement for the reduction of armaments; but it is still asserted in diplomatic circles that real encouragement was given; and it is also confidently asserted that the King of Italy's journey to Berlin, which he proposes to make soon, has the same object in view as the recent one to St. Petersburg.

There are, in fact, so many problems in which Germany is deeply interested, that it must be always ready to meet any new situation which may arise, whether it be in China, or Africa, or that the ever restless European populations nominally subject to Turkey attempt to establish their independence, or that the Polish troubles take on a serious aspect.

The festival of the dedication of the temple in the month Casleu, instituted by Judas Maccabeus, was kept by the Jews in the time of Christ, and Christ approved of it by visiting the temple on that day. So also the golden rule of charity taught by our Lord: "As you would that men should do to you, do you to them in like manner," is declared by Him to be the teaching of "the Law and the Prophets."

THE CANON OF SCRIPTURE AND THE CORONATION.

A curious situation has arisen out of the desire of the British and Foreign Bible Society to have a part in the solemn ceremonies of the coronation of King Edward VII.

It was all agreeably arranged that the Bible to be used at the Coronation should be an elaborately ornamental copy of the Bible as issued by the Bible Society and used by all the Protestant denominations speaking the English language. So far, the sky was serene; but, on examination into precedents, the Archbishop of Canterbury discovered that the Bible in question is an incomplete, which is to say, a mutilated version!

The situation was an embarrassing one, and was seriously taken into consideration by the Bible Society, with the result that Lord Northampton, who represented the Society in the negotiations on the subject, at last informed the Archbishop of his "deep regret that the Bible which is alone circulated by our Society, and which does not contain the Apocrypha, cannot be used at His Majesty's coronation service," and also that "the Society was unaware of the precedent in question when the offer was made; but the spirit of the rules of the society is too definite to enable them to act in accordance with that precedent, and, therefore, they are compelled to relinquish

very unwillingly the provision of the Coronation Bible."

As a consequence of this decision an old copy of the Bible containing the Apocrypha will be used for the ceremony, and the Bible Society is cut out from the desired participation in the solemnity. To console them for this irritating plaster, however, the King has agreed to accept a memorial copy of their version of the Bible, as a souvenir of the grand ceremony. The salve is deficient in emollient qualities.

The case gives occasion to some serious considerations. Has it really been discovered at last that the English-speaking Protestants of the world have been all along using a mutilated version of the Bible, which does not deserve to be publicly recognized by the King as head of the Church and the other high authorities of the Church of England?

The term "Apocrypha" is applied by Protestants to the following seven books which are to be found in the Catholic or Douay version: Judith, Tobias, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, and first and second of the Maccabees.

The authority of those books is attested by the Catholic Church equally with the rest of the Old and New Testaments, and it is evidently because there are strong testimonies in them to the identity of certain Catholic doctrines with the belief of the Jews under the Old Law, that Protestantism rejects them. Thus the whole book of Tobias attests strongly the guardianship exercised by angels over mankind, and the interest taken by them in human affairs.

The books of the Maccabees attest that the saints of God who are departed from this life also interest themselves for those who are still on earth. These same books, as is well known, approve most clearly and positively of prayers and sacrifices offered for the dead, and give as a reason for this that there is truly a resurrection of the dead, for if the dead rise not again, it would be vain to pray for the dead, whereas "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins." (2 Macc. xii.)

It is no valid argument against the canonicity and inspiration of these books that they were not found in the canon of the Jews of Jerusalem. The Jewish usage was varied, even in the time of our Lord, and these books were admitted as sacred by the Jews of Alexandria, and they are in the Septuagint. It is supposed that the Jewish canon was last fixed by Esdras (or Ezra), and assuming this to be the case, there is no valid reason why the Christian Church should not have equal authority with Esdras to decide upon the Scriptural Canon of the Christian Church, which received from our Lord Jesus Christ full authority to decide all questions of faith and morals when Christ told His Apostles: "As the Father hath sent me, so do I send you," and "Teach all nations all things which I have commanded you; and lo! I am with you all days to the consummation of the world."

The festival of the dedication of the temple in the month Casleu, instituted by Judas Maccabeus, was kept by the Jews in the time of Christ, and Christ approved of it by visiting the temple on that day. So also the golden rule of charity taught by our Lord: "As you would that men should do to you, do you to them in like manner," is declared by Him to be the teaching of "the Law and the Prophets."

Other passages of the Books called by Protestants "the Apocrypha" are also quoted in the New Testament as inspired. It was, therefore, as fully within the competence of the Church of God to pronounce them part of the Canon of Scripture as to so pronounce the books of the New Testament.

It is further to be remarked that the full canon of the Bible was formally decreed by the Council of Carthage in A. D. 381 to be the same for both the Old and the New Testament, as is received by the Catholic Church to-day. But our purpose is not to demonstrate here at length the Catholic canon of Scripture, but rather to point out the ludicrous position in which the Bible Society and the Church of England find themselves through the refusal of the Archbishop of Canterbury officially to recognize the Bible which is issued by the Bible Society.

It is not now for the first time that this inconsistency of Protestantism was made apparent; for on this very rock the Bible Societies of the English speaking countries split apart from the German Protestant Bible Society. Inasmuch as the Germans insisted upon the circulation of the so-called Apocrypha which the British Society refused to publish; and for this reason there is no common action between them.

We have been accustomed in the past to see quoted the words of Apoc. xvii, 18, 19, (Rev.) as if they were condemnatory of the Catholic Scripture Canon:

"If any man shall add unto the words of the prophecy of this book, God shall add unto him the plagues which are written in this book; and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part from the tree of life, and out of the holy city."

It must now be admitted either that the Church of England and the Continental Protestants have added to the Sacred canon, or that the Bible Society has taken from it, and in either case one half of Protestantism has incurred the above anathema. The Catholic is secure therefrom because he accepts the canon of Scripture defined by the Church of God which Holy Scripture declares to be "the pillar and ground of truth."

THE REPRESENTATION OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

The Toronto Mail and Empire of Aug. 2 has an editorial on Ontario's representation which laments the fact which has been brought into prominence by the last census, that the province of Quebec during the last decade has increased to such an extent that Ontario is to lose six members at the next redistribution of seats for the House of Commons. The conclusion which the Mail draws is that "Ontario has been the victim of a deliberate swindle. Two influences have been exerted with a view to robbing us of our just representation. One was the undue expansion of the population of Quebec. . . . At the same time the census of Ontario was taken on a principle that did us gross injustice. There is not a municipality in which the municipal figures do not show a larger population than the census attributes to it. The Ontario Government statistics prove that our increase was immensely larger than the census indicates."

We are not apologists of the census bureau, nor of the Government, as the CATHOLIC RECORD has carefully kept itself aloof from political partisanship, yet we cannot but remark that the case of the Mail and Empire has not been proved by any satisfactory statistics.

It is true that, after the successive censuses of Ontario in former years, our Province has constantly gained over Quebec, but it does not follow that such gain must be constant, and there are circumstances which lead to the belief that this gain no longer exists. The immigration into Ontario has diminished, the exodus toward the North-West and to the United States has continued to about the same extent as in previous years, and the natural increase of population has diminished for some causes which we shall not attempt to explain here, but, we must, however, refer to the fact in order to state our case clearly. On the other hand, the exodus which was once so great from Quebec to the United States is much less now, while the natural increase of the population in that province has grown greater than heretofore. We must not be contented, therefore, to accept vague and unproved general assertions as evidence that the injustice said to have been perpetrated against Ontario has been really committed.

After every census we hear complaints that the population of this or that locality has not been fairly taken. We take it for granted, and we shall continue to do so until we shall see positive proof to the contrary, that the enumerators everywhere have taken down the figures as accurately as they could, without doing intentional injustice; but if in some instances mistakes were made, whether through negligence or incompetency on the part of the enumerators, such mistakes have undoubtedly been distributed over all the provinces as well as over Ontario, and they would not very seriously affect the general result.

It must be noted by our readers that the diminution of the number of Ontario members of the House of Commons by six does not imply any decrease of population in the province, but only that the province has not increased in the same ratio with Quebec; the principle upon which the representation of the provinces is based being purposely such that the entire representation shall not grow so rapidly as population. This is effected by giving Quebec the fixed representation of sixty-five, the other provinces being represented so that as nearly as possible the same number of persons who send one member to Parliament from Quebec shall do the same from every other province.

We must remember that when the increase of Ontario was much more rapid than that of Quebec, the situation was calmly accepted by the sister province, and there was no complaint in Quebec against the increased representation given Ontario. If the tables have been somewhat turned, we should be equally

ready to accept the proposition.

But there is one circumstance which throws some light upon the bulletin has just been issued by the Census Department which informs us that notwithstanding the population of Ontario is third greater than that of Quebec, there are 13,021 more children of years of age in the province than in Ontario. In Quebec there has been a remarkable increase in the proportion of Ontario and Prince Edward Island. The ratio of natural increase, therefore, is necessarily in Quebec than in Ontario, the death rate of children is larger in Quebec. Undoubtedly, if at any time the increase of population ceases to be an important factor in the immigration ceases to be a factor, Quebec must increase with a much greater rate than Ontario, and not only will the ratio be greater, but even the increase in Quebec will keep the preponderance which it now possesses over larger families. Hence, it is of the opinion that the Empire is too dogmatic in that the census has been taken, and that Ontario is unjustly because it is Sir Wilfrid Laurier's inflexible such an Ontario. If there is work it should be done should not assume the case without positive assertion.

From the establishment in Scotland that system of religion upon misrepresentation, it seemed that by means of such a union could popular hatred induce a people which olic to throw off their precepts and teaching Church, in order to averted creed.

THE REV. DR. B. PHEMOUS IRRIGATION.

From the establishment in Scotland that system of religion upon misrepresentation, it seemed that by means of such a union could popular hatred induce a people which olic to throw off their precepts and teaching Church, in order to averted creed.

Hence there were the Catholic Church ways the special aim of terianism to misrepresent the honor due to God these was the recognized visible head of the Church, and the other to the Saints of God, friends and servants of these two teachings of is represented in the fession of faith and taught to Presbyterian idolatrous. The Pope the "antiChrist" or "Sin," who, according to Paul, "set both himself called God."

The Presbyterian of the United States admitted the falsity of eliminating this art. Creed by a surprise vote, which is an admission and their forefathers for three centuries. It is not only a reasonable suspect that equally in error in a of idolatry for honor even though they have admitted their error.

The Canadian Presbyterians are presently much slower States brethren in truth, for they still of their ancestors Pope, which was declared by the late Rev. their most eminent to be founded upon a tion of Scripture.

We are, therefore, surprised that when the Presbyterian Church back to the truth, so men should be still so tique and nauseous "Praise-God-Barebo should still be so igne and the constant Catholic Church as honoring the Blessed Mother of God who are guilty of idolatry.

This absurdity will lecture or address Andrew's Church in yesterday evening last. Dr. Bayne of Pombro his address being "Surely, in order to of so-called 'Christ' was not necessary to teaching of the Catholic has nothing in common and its errors; y Bayne is so full of Christian Church will to us from the days Apostles, that he m





SANKEY'S DOUBLE HEADER.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

The oldest man in the train service didn't pretend to say how long Sankey had worked for the company.

Pat Francis was a very old conductor; but old man Sankey was a veteran when Pat Francis began his career.

One day a war-party of Sioux clattered into town. They turned around like a storm, and threatened to scalp every thing, even to the local tickets.

Sankey, to start with, had a peculiar name. An unpronounceable, unspellable, unmanageable name.

"Hang it, don't bother me any more about that name. If you can't read it, make it Sankey, and be done with it."

They took Tom at his word. They actually did make it Sankey; and that's how our oldest conductor came to bear the name of the famous singer.

Probably every old traveller on the system knew Sankey. He was not only always ready to answer questions, but what is much more, always ready to answer the same question twice.

If you have ever gone over our line to the mountains or to the coast you may remember at McCloud, where they change engines and set the diner in or out, the pretty little green car that is the depot with a row of catapalpas along the platform line.

Sankey loved to breast the winds and the floods and the snows, and if he could get home pretty near on schedule, with everybody else late, he was happy; and in respect of that, as Sankey used to say, George Sinclair could come nearer gratifying Sankey's ambition than any runner we had.

Even the freemen used to observe that the young engineers always most looked liked nearer the days that he took out Sankey's train.

Then Neeta would know that No. 2 and her father, and naturally Mr. Sinclair, were in again, and all safe and sound.

When the railway trainmen held their division fair at McCloud, there was a lantern to be voted to the most popular conductor—a gold-plated lantern with a green curtain in the globe.

Sankey said all the time he didn't want the lantern, but just the same, he always carried that particular lantern with his full name, Sylvester Sankey, around into the glass just below the green mantle.

But the great and desperate effort of the company was to hold open the main line, the artery which connected the two coasts. It was a hard winter on the coast.

None of our conductors stood the hopeless fight like Sankey. Sankey was patient, taciturn, untiring, and, in a conflict with the elements, ferocious.

It was six o'clock when we got the work, and daylight before we got the rotary against it. They bucked away till noon with discouraging results, and came in with their gear smashed and a driving-rod fractured.

There; by the holy poker it's snowing again! The air was dark in a minute with whirling clouds. Men turned to the windows and quit talking; every fellow felt the same—at least, all but one—Sankey, sitting back of the stove, was making tracings on his overalls with a piece of chalk.

"You might as well unload your passengers, Sankey," said Neighbor. "You'll never get 'em through the winter."

And it was then that Sankey proposed his Double Header. He devised a snow-plough which combined in one monster ram about all the good material we had left, and submitted the scheme to Neighbor.

They had taken the 506, George Sinclair's engine, for one head, and Burns' 497 for the other. Behind these were Kennedy with the 314 and Cameron with the 296.

Little Neeta, up on the hill, must have seen them as they pulled out; surely she heard the choppy, ice-bitten screech of the 506; that was never forgotten whether the service was special or regular.

Such a moment there is nothing to be done. If you go wrong eternally it is too close to consider. There comes a muffled drumming on the steam-chests—a stagger and a terrific impact—and then the recoil like the stroke of a trip-hammer.

Again they went in, lifting a very avalanche over the stacks, packing the banks of the cut with walls hard as ice. Again as the drivers stuck they reared in a frenzy, and into the shriek of the wind came the unearthly scrape of the over-loaded safeties.

Slowly and sullenly the machines were backed again. "She's doing the work, Georgie," cried Sankey. "For that kind of a cut she's as good as a rotary. Look everything over now while I go back and see how the boys are standing it. Then we'll give her one more, and give it the hardest kind."

cab took up the cry—it was the wildest shout that ever crowned victory. Through they went and half-way across the bridge before they could check their monster catapult. Then at a half-full they shot it back at the cut—it worked as well one way as the other.

"The thing is done," declared Sankey. Then they got into position up the line for a final shoot to clean the eastern cut and to get the head for a dash across the bridge into the west end of the canon, where lay another mountain of snow to split.

Through the afternoon Neighbor kept on chasing all night; but it's done snowing," he added, looking into the leaden sky. He had everything figured out for the master-mechanic—the shrewd, kindly old man. There's no man on earth like a good Indian; and for that matter none like a bad one.

Through the twilight snow which hid the bridge and swept between the rushing ploughs Sinclair saw them coming—a fraction of a second later, and while Sinclair struggled with the throttle and the air, Sankey gave the alarm through the whistle to the poor fellows in the blind pockets behind. But the track lay snow there were whisks; so it itself couldn't have been worse to stop on.

The great rams of steel and fire had done their work, and with their common enemy overcome they dashed at each other frenzied across the Blackwood gorge.

Every one who jumped got clear. Sinclair lit in twenty feet of snow, and they pulled him out with a rope; he wasn't scratched; even the bridge wasn't badly strained. No, I pulled over next day. Sankey was right: there was no more snow; not enough to hide the dead engines on the rocks; the line was open.

There never was a funeral in McCloud like Sankey's. George Sinclair and Neeta followed together; and of mourners there were many as there were people. Every engine on the division carried black for thirty days. His contrivance for fighting snow has never yet been beaten on the high line. It is perilous to go against a drift behind it—something has to give.

Not until April did it begin to look as if we should win out. A dozen times the line was all but choked on us. And then, when snow-ploughs were disabled and train crews desperate, there came a storm of the winter, the worst blizzard of the morning. As the reports rolled in on the morning of the 5th, growing worse as they grew thicker, Neighbor, dragged out, played out, mentally and physically, threw up his hands. The 6th it snowed all day, and on Saturday morning the section men reported thirty feet in the Blackwood canon.

SURPRISE is SOAP Pure Hard Soap. Includes images of soap boxes and a central graphic.

Your desires resemble restless children, who are always asking for something, as they surround their mother; The more you give them, the more importunate they will be.—St. John of the Cross.

ALMOST IN DESPAIR. The Condition of Mrs. John Shott, of Orangeville. SUFFERED FROM A BURNING SENSATION IN THE STOMACH—POOD BECAME DISTASTEFUL AND SHE GREW WEAK AND DESPONDENT.

From the Sun, Orangeville Ont. The Sun is enabled this week through the courtesy of Mrs. John Shott, a lady well known and much esteemed by many of the residents of Orangeville, to give the particulars of another of those cures that have made Dr. Williams' Pink a household remedy throughout the civilized world.

Lazy Livers and Sluggish Kidneys. When these organs refuse to perform their proper functions the blood becomes poor and suffering and disease commences. This can be avoided by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

IMITATION OF CHRIST. That all Things are to be Referred to God as to our Last End. I have given all; I will have all returned to me again and I give strictly require thanks for all that I give.

The Vital Difference between Laxatives and Purgatives. The former are GENTLE, the latter VIOLENT. A LAXATIVE assists the organs; a PURGATIVE takes the work out of nature's hands. Includes image of an Iron-Ox Tablet.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. FREE A Valuable Book on Nerve Tonic from Dr. Koenig Med. Co. Includes image of a medicine bottle.

MICA AXLE GREASE. Makes short roads. And light loads. Good for everything that runs on wheels. Sold Everywhere. Made by IMPERIAL OIL CO.

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA. Formerly The Ontario Mutual Life. This Company issues every safe and desirable form of policy. We have policies at reasonable rates that guarantee an income to you and your family.

HELMUTH & IVEY, IVEY & DRUMGOLE. Barristers. Over Bank of Commerce, London, Ont. DR. CLAUDE BROWN, DENTIST, HONORARY Graduate Toronto University, Graduate of the Ontario Dental College, 189, Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont.

W. J. SMITH & SON. UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS. 113 Dundas Street. Open Day and Night. Telephone 686.

The LONDON MUTUAL Fire Insurance Co. of Canada. Head Office, LONDON, ONT. Authorized Capital, \$ 500,000. Subscribed Capital, 100,000. Business in Force over 50,000,000.

IRON-OX TABLETS. are an ideal Laxative, strengthening instead of debilitating. 50 Tablets, 25 Cents. Includes image of a medicine bottle.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSION IN BELMONT, N. H.

Father Sutton, the Passionist missionary, opened a non-Catholic mission on Sunday evening, July 6, lecturing every evening until the 13th. This was the third non-Catholic mission given in this town, the Rev. R. Barrett having conducted one here about two years ago.

At the first service the church was crowded with non-Catholics, many ministers being present. So great was the success of his initial efforts that Father Barrett returned again after a couple of months, but the second was not so well attended. Since these missions, as a result of Father Barrett's work, eleven converts have been received into the Church.

It cannot be said that this third mission was a great success. The non-Catholics did not seem to take much interest in it. Very few questions were asked. Father Sutton announced one night that he had a dozen or more questions from one person, but they were too low and vulgar to be read in the church, hence he would not answer them.

The Catholics turned out fairly well, but there was room in the church for more of our people had they come. Father Sutton was asked if he could assign a reason why the non-Catholics did not attend better, and he answered: "Well, as a front of this kind may come when we last expect it, and like a late frost in spring, we cannot give any reason for it. I presume, however, that the non-Catholics do not wish to hear any more about the Catholic religion lest they get too much disturbed in their minds."

Some of the questions asked were as follows: "Is a saloon-keeper a good Catholic and sure of Heaven if his friends can raise money enough to say Masses for the repose of his soul?" "And will a good Protestant go to the place prepared for the devil and his angels because he has no priest to pray for the repose of his soul, and no money staked in the Church in his behalf?"

And this gem—"Why has the Roman Catholic Church always thrived for the blood of the thinker?" "Why do you forbid your people from reading the Bible when we are told to search the Scriptures, for in them we have eternal life—the Scriptures make us unto salvation through faith in Jesus Christ?"

"Will you kindly tell the faithful of your congregation where in all the world is there a country always and now governed by Roman Catholics into which the faithful are now emigrating? Why is the Catholic tide always to the Protestant countries? Why is the dense ignorance of the masses always in proportion to the influence of the Church?"

It was indeed news to Father Sutton that what the Catholic and good citizens, honest, truthful and intelligent—the influence of Protestant churches! But he is always willing to learn.

"Catholicism is so superior to Protestantism, why is it that the average intelligence in any city in New England or anywhere else is so much lower where the Catholic element is dominant?" This may be proven by any standard, such as the Public School status, the sale of newspapers, etc., the universal testimony is, "More Pope, less Progress?"

"If the Protestants have no ground in the Bible and in reason for their positions, why do you not challenge them to meet you on your own platforms that you may thoroughly whip them for their heresies, become your large and intelligent congregations? It would pay you. They know nothing."

"Because," said Father Sutton, "you would not meet them if they did—you are not men enough—you are cowards."

It is a blessing that Father Sutton does not meet many places uninvited as this, or he might grow discouraged. It takes a strong heart to buffet against such opposition—an opposition inspired by malice pure, and simple, in some cases more than a godly though mistaken zeal to "put down the errors of Rome" which characterizes some of the really sincere.

One of the most unfortunate beings is a man gifted with the sense of humor who lacks tact, for nearly every joke he perpetrates costs him a friend. He cannot resist the temptation to enjoy a good joke, even at the expense of friendship. The humorist who jokes that his friends must refrain from jokes that may be interpreted as impertinence, may be successful.

DIocese of Peterborough.

THE OPENING AND BLESSING OF A CHURCH, NEAR MORINUS, MURKOKA.

Tuesday, July 27, 1932, was indeed a great day for many who gathered from far and near to assist at the opening and solemn blessing of a little church, situated on a beautiful point, and surrounded by a thickly wooded forest near Morinus, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, and belonging to the parish of Gravenhurst and Bracebridge.

The ceremony, which began at 10 a. m., was solemn and inspiring. In the presence of the Rev. Father McGee, Bishop O'Connor, of Peterborough, assisted by the Ven. Archdeacon of Lindsay, the Rev. Father McQuinn, Hastings; Father Kelly, Tully Creek; Rev. Fr. Crowley, Peterborough; and the Rev. Fr. McQuinn, Peterborough.

The Rev. Fr. McGee, in his address, explained the nature and antiquity of the blessing of churches. The solemn High Mass, solemnly presided over by the Rev. Fr. Kelly, assisted by the Ven. Archdeacon of Lindsay, the Rev. Fr. McQuinn, Hastings; Father Kelly, Tully Creek; Rev. Fr. Crowley, Peterborough; and the Rev. Fr. McQuinn, Peterborough.

The large gathering listened with the closest attention, while the reverend gentlemen who were so qualified to instruct in all that is in an inspiring and instructive way. He spoke of the nature and antiquity of the blessing of churches. The solemn High Mass, solemnly presided over by the Rev. Fr. Kelly, assisted by the Ven. Archdeacon of Lindsay, the Rev. Fr. McQuinn, Hastings; Father Kelly, Tully Creek; Rev. Fr. Crowley, Peterborough; and the Rev. Fr. McQuinn, Peterborough.

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CATHOLIC CHURCH BURNED.

Press Despatch.

Mount Forest, Ont., Aug. 11.—About 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon a fire broke out in the Catholic church in this town, was discovered to be on fire. In a short time the fire had spread and the interior fittings were destroyed. A few vestments only were saved. The walls only are standing, and it is thought will be rebuilt. The origin of the fire is a mystery, but it is generally supposed to be incendiary. The pastor, Very Rev. Dean O'Connor, is at present in the Old Country. The loss is partly covered by insurance.

OBITUARY.

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DEDICATION OF VALLEY CHURCH.

TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE PARTICIPATED IN THE CEREMONIES IN HONOR OF THE EVENT.

Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery assisted by a number of distinguished clergymen of this diocese, dedicated the new Pajaro Valley church at the orphanage under the title of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, on the 10th inst. The ceremony was held at 10 o'clock a. m. and was attended by two thousand people, including a large number of children, who were present in their parents' arms. The religious services began at 10 a. m., when the superior of the asylum, Father Theobald, presided at the altar. The choir, composed of the children of the orphanage, sang the hymn, "The Sacred Heart of Jesus." The Bishop then read the opening prayer, and the Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Fr. Devo, assisted by the Rev. Fr. McQuinn. The Bishop then addressed the congregation, and spoke of the importance of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in our lives. He then blessed the church, and the ceremony closed with the singing of the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo."

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