

The Catholic Record.

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

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BIGOTRY STILL LIVES.

In reading from time to time an account of those who are credited with the moulding of public opinion one is surprised that the names of Catholics are rarely found among them.

This may be due to forgetfulness or ignorance. But we think that they who compile the lists delude themselves into believing that bigotry still lives and conquers.

TOLERANCE.

Bigotry is a hateful word. Individuals hereabouts have agreed to expunge it from their vocabulary and to put tolerance into its place. Hence we are admonished to take some public utterances at their face value and to rejoice at the burial of senseless animosity. It is comforting albeit before the elections to hear that animity prevails among all classes, and the sounds of discord have been superseded by the music of fraternal concord. But it may be wise to not allow our enthusiasm and gratitude to prevent us from inspecting that tolerance. It may be but a decoy, or as we have discovered on previous occasions, but the same old bigotry with a veneer of kindness to deceive the unsuspecting. The plain fact is that some of these gentlemen who make the saccharine address a specialty do so because they wish to capture the voter. It is good business, a wise policy, and one, moreover, that has not been uncrowned with success. But we surely can at this stage appraise the value of all such utterances and may be pardoned for viewing them with suspicion.

"HICKORY" CATHOLICS.

The very prudent ones among us discountenance anything that may tend to breed what they term as unpleasantness. To them the sky is serene; the storms are over because they are safe in the haven of a governmental berth or because their devotion to the cause of "concord" is vivified by the promise of a well-lined position. They forget that the many are not in the same conditions as themselves, and with their eyes glued on their own interests, can see nothing else. Incidentally they perform feats which are not indicative of self-respecting manhood. And these people talk as if we were living in this country in surfeiture and as if our very existence depended on the "good-will" of our Protestant brethren.

We must be duly thankful for the scraps and leavings flung to us from the temple of national prosperity. Above all we must be resigned and quiet any suspicion that we are not dealt with fairly by the hope that things will come right by and bye, and so the politicians prepare us this humbug: the Catholic who has "an axe to grind" dispenses it to the voter who is supposed to relish and thrive on it. There is, of course, a growl of discontent now and then, but the prudent and "safe" ally it with the soothing syrup of promises. Meanwhile we may be employed as menials. We may after much interviewing of politicians and paying court to the "prominent Catholic" be granted a civil service position and be exploited forthwith as proof of the tolerance of our friends.

CATHOLIC PATRONAGE.

Time was when incompetence was assigned as the cause of our non-preference. But we have no dearth of intelligence to-day and we are able to bear with honor the burden of our just share of patronage. Instead, therefore, of being caajoled by the self-interested we should profit by our experience and begin to understand that union and organization are more potent factors in our advancement than platform humbug and honied compliments. Harmony is a good thing, but we are not inclined to grow enthusiastic when it is put forward as a substitute for backbone and self-respecting citizenship. The Rev. Dr. Wm. Barry's advice is to the point:

"Let us cast off the shreds and tatters or disabilities still hanging about us, and, instead of looking on ourselves as mere resident aliens, contribute a direct and deliberate share to the establishment of a social ethics with our beliefs. Non-Catholic organizations are heavily saturated with Catholics who have drifted thither because they found no such organization among their own. If all the men in these organizations were members of a Catholic organization we should become a much greater power in the land."

OUR NEIGHBOR.

That some Catholics are members of Protestant organizations is well-known. We do not refer to the secret society, but to that which has benevolent or educational aims. Nor are we going to essay the task of pointing out the possible causes which may account for this, save to say that the principal reason is an un-Catholic spirit. The members of the household who has either because of his attainments or family a standing in the community should consider it a duty to help his less fortunate fellows—in a word, he should make them his neighbors. In helping them he contributes towards widening the influence of the Church. In placing true ideals before young men—in stimulating them to read and to think—he is doing his share in the fashioning of a serious and contented generation. It is hard work, demanding self-sacrifice, tact and patience; but its reward is certain, and its success permanent.

THE LOYAL CATHOLIC.

Even from a worldly standpoint it is to be commended. For the Catholic who is loyal to his own, giving them the work of hand and hand will never seek a following in vain. But the snob is a thing apart to be used on occasion, but despised and deservedly so. There are political wrecks hereabouts, which may serve as an illustration.

THE TERRIBLE FRIAR SARPI.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE.
It abated its top-loftiness and inscriptions in the Libro were sold at the rate of 100,000 ducats. An inner circle of this Grand Council, called the Council of Ten, were the real rulers. Originally a sort of Vigilance Committee, it declared its own perpetuity and absorbed all administration of justice and all governing powers in itself. Sismondi (x 350) says "it established despotism and preserved nothing of liberty but the name." Cantu (xvii, 613) adds "That the genius of the Ten was summed up in an abject espionage bent on crushing anything like strong virtue." Hallam is of the opinion (Middle Ages ciii, p. 2) that "their uncontrolled authority made them known chiefly as an arbitrary and inquisitorial tribunal, the standing tyranny of Venice." They inquired, they judged, they punished according to what they called reasons of State. The public eye never penetrated the mystery of their proceedings; the hearing was often in the dark or behind a veil; the accused was sometimes not allowed to plead; he had no counsel; never confronted the witnesses; the punishment was as secret as the inquiry.

The story of the prisons of the *piombi* and the *pozzi* may or may not be true. Probably they were no worse than, if as bad as Anglo-Saxon and Scotch prisons at the same time. Nor is there any need of discussing the famous statutes on which Daru built the accusations which have furnished so much material for romances, and which many histories have repeated. Romanin (vi, p. 69) stigmatizes them as fabrications, even if they were, as Daru assures us, discovered in the Royal Library of Paris. They are, however, accepted as true by the London Quarterly, Vol. 137. But the story is black enough without them. The sanguinary character of the tribunal will be sufficiently seen from a letter of Sir Henry Wotton, the English Ambassador, mentioned by Mr. White as Sarpi's friend, writing home in 1618 with regard to a conspiracy that had been discovered: "No less than thirty have already suffered between the walls of the prison, drowned in the silence of the night and hanged in public." According to Muratori, quoted in the Quarterly, (v. 137, p. 444.) "The only thing clear is that several hundred were tortured and put to death." Even distinguished ambassadors were not spared, and we need only refer to the defeated Carmagnola, who was entertained in the great hall Signoria, entertained in the great hall until darkness came on, then gagged by the *shirri*, chained, tortured and finally beheaded between the columns of St. Mark's in full presence of the people, and all because he lost a battle. (Sismondi, History of Italian Republics, V., p. 433.)

Even if all these hideous records were blotted out, Mr. White himself furnishes an example of the savage character of the government he admires. Because they were unwilling to celebrate Mass, he tells us, (p. 52) "sundry bishops and high ecclesiastics were placed in confinement. One of them seeming reluctant to conduct the usual Church service, the Senate sent an executioner to erect a gibbet before his door. Another having asked that he be allowed to await some intimation from the Holy Spirit, received answer that the Senate had already received directions from the Holy Spirit to hang any person resisting their decree." We are thankful that our friend is not invested with political power.

As Hallam is adduced as praising Sarpi, it may be worth while hearing what Hallam thought of the government that Sarpi stood for: "It had all the pomp of a monarchy, and its commerce with the Mohammedans had deadened its sense of religious antipathy." We may interject here that,

according to Mr. McClellan (p. 144.) "to the scandal of Christendom it was the first power to enter into a treaty of amity and commerce with the Turk, and Europe charged her with compromising the interests of civilization and jeopardizing the cause of the Church in her selfish interests." Elsewhere he tells us she was the only nation that made any money out of the Crusades.

Returning to Hallam, "it was a very common thing," he adds, "with political writers of the last century to deprecate upon the wisdom of this government. If government is a means by which the laws of God and of man may be put in force, and if a man has learned the true attributes of wisdom in civil polity, he will not easily prostitute that word to a constitution framed without reference to property or to population; that invested sovereign power, partly in a body of impoverished nobles, partly in an overwhelming despotism; or to a political system of government that made vice the ally of tyranny, and sought impunity for its own assassinations by encouraging dissoluteness in private life. In the ultimate crisis of Venetian liberty, that solemn mockery of statesmanship was exhibited to contempt; too blind to avert danger, too cowardly to withstand it, the most ancient government of Europe made not an instant's resistance. The peasants of Underwald died upon their mountains; the nobles of Venice clung only to their lives." (Middle Ages, vol. 1, p. 463.)

Subsequent reading made Hallam "modify the severity of this remark about the nobles." His verdict on the government remains.

Sismondi says of it: (Ch. V.) "Only in the thirteenth century the people discovered that they were no more than a cipher in the republic whose government united some of the most odious practices of despotism with the name of liberty; which was suspicious and peridious in politics and sanguinary in revenge: which when the advantage of the republic was in question suppressed every human sentiment, and silenced every human duty." (Ch. x.) which not only did not ally its colonists political rights, but denied them those of humanity (Ch. xi.) a suspicious cruel government which maintained itself by the vigilance of spies, did not tolerate even a question in public affairs; deprived the accused of every protection before the tribunals, and allowed no other limit to the rights of punishing than the dagger, by poison, or the axe of the executioner than that of the terror of its rulers; a government execrated by its subjects and staining with the most odious tyranny the name of republic." (Ch. xvi.)

It will not be difficult to agree with the sentiments of the bard who said: "Mourn not for Venice, though her fall Be awful as if ocean's wave Swept ever hence her towers; All that Justice triumphs o'er her grave. Thus perish every kind and state; Strengthened in fear and all great, By outrage against God and Man."

The mourning should be for those who uphold her in her struggle against the Church, and claim her as fighting for humanity.

Who was Sarpi? A Servite friar who lived in Venice after the first wave of the Protestant reformation had subsided in Northern Europe, and who strove ineffectually to protestantize the republic, though he did not openly apostatize. His name was originally Peter, but when he became a friar he changed it to Paul. Robbing Peter to pay Paul describes his whole life. He made two or three unsuccessful attempts to obtain a bishopric, and is credited also with ambition to become General of his Order. Thwarted ambition is the explanation of his fury against the Pope, though Ranke and Cantu ascribe it to his intellectual, political bent; which is the same thing. Venice was just then at war with the Holy See. The Pope had put the city under interdict, and Sarpi sided with the city and detested the Pope. He maintained the very unrepentant doctrine that civil power came directly from God; that no one had the right to question the acts of a ruler, and that the State should regulate all ecclesiastical discipline; for which service he was made State Theologian, at a salary. He immediately adopted the abusive phraseology of the reformers, and Rome was henceforth the harlot, the beast, etc. Although Romanin rejects his Maxims for Governing Venice as spurious, Cantu who is also an Italian, and who ought to know, quotes the friar as advising torture both for his own monks and for political purposes; counselling the abolition of the court of Querantia, because judges of that tribunal consulted before pronouncing sentence; suggesting the cruellest oppression of the colonists of the Levant, fling their teeth and cutting their claws as he expressed it; corrupting political opponents or getting rid of them, recommending poison as more economical, etc. If he counselled such measures he was assuredly a monster; but, on the other hand, Romanin asserts that "whatever may be said of his orthodoxy nothing can be detracted from his merit as a man; he was one of the greatest geniuses of Italy, of austere and irreproachable life, an excellent citizen, zealous for the government of his country, not seduced by promises nor depressed by calamity."

Not a word is said of his excellence as a priest or his zeal for the government of the Church; and the extravagance of the eulogy throws a strong side-light on Romanin's reliability in other matters. Romanin was a Catholic and even if his hero was not guilty of the crimes imputed to him by Daru and others, the historian should know

perfectly well that Sarpi's character was sufficiently blackened by the other charges of which it is impossible to acquit him.

When an ambitious and disappointed priest for political purposes not only deliberately falsifies the documents of one of the most august councils of the Church but declares that "it wrought more harm than any other thing since the Christian name was first heard; (See the preface to his history of the Council) when his associates are such men as the Ag. state Bishop de Dominicis, and Duplessis-Mornay the chief of the French Calvinists who hailed him as another Luther, and who narrates in his memoirs (X., p. 142) that Sarpi had told him that the government had arrested priests who exacted obedience to the Pope and put them where they would not be heard from and had put to death more priests and ecclesiastics than it had done for one hundred and twenty years past;" when he speaks of the Church as a harlot and a beast; when he was regarded by those who knew him as a man without faith and was in league with Dutch, French and English Protestants to create a secession at the expense of war; when he accepts the pay and is the hired agent of a State which systematically encouraged private vice to conceal its own misdeeds, and when that pay is solely for the purpose of vilifying the Vicar of Jesus Christ Whom he regarded with unextinguishable hatred while at the same time he was sympathetic in his relations with the Venetian nobles and with Philip II., whom Protestants regard with horror; when he lived openly and boastfully in sacrilege by celebrating Mass daily during the interdict; when he probably did impudent, then even if the *Maxims* attributed to him are not his, it is simply mockery to describe him as a man of irreproachable life and an excellent citizen unless rebellion against the Church is a plenary indulgence for all sorts of crimes.

Tom Moore might well say in apostrophizing Venice in his *Rhymes on the Road*:

"Thy perdition still worse than ought: Thine own unblushing Sarpi taught."

To this "unblushing Sarpi," Mr. White tells us the new Italian monarchy erected an imposing statue in 1892. "There it stands, noble and serene, a monument of patriotism and right reason, a worthy tribute to one who among intellectual prostitutes, and solemnly constituted impostors, stood forth as a true man, the greatest of his time, one of the greatest of all times, an honor to Venice, to Italy and to humanity."

This is not sweet language, nor noble nor serene for an ambassador, nor usual in the Atlantic; nor has it the excuse of truth; nor does it say exactly what it proposes to say. He must have had some other in his eye, for the Sarpi of history deserves all the abusive epithets which his eulogist heaps on those who were and are opposed to him.

It is especially refreshing after the dithyramb to hear Sismondi, who was no friend of the Papacy, say of the Popes whom White reviles: "After the Council of Trent Popes and Cardinals were sincerely and constantly animated by the spirit of their religion. A great improvement of morals, a redoubling of fervor in its zeal signalized the period which begins with the Council of Trent." He admits their piety though he does not indorse their politics, but he says of the churchmen who preceded the Council: "The Popes started, directed and appealed to public opinion; protected letters and philosophy; proclaimed the spirit of liberty, and safeguarded the republics." (History of the Italian Republics, X. 367.) There is no choice between Sismondi and Mr. White as historians.

We might let the matter drop here did not the eulogist of Sarpi credit Paul IV. with the attempt at Sarpi's assassination.

In the first place Paul IV vigorously denounced it, and in the second place, Romanin, Sarpi's greatest apologist, indignantly denies that the Pope or the Roman court had anything to do with it (VII, p. 75.) By a most extraordinary illogism Mr. White attributes the deed to Paul IV. because Pius V. his successor though not immediately so, sent some one to murder Queen Elizabeth. Like Mr. Puff, to the man who "saw the white sails flapping in the wind," we may say: "The Spanish fleet thou canst not see because it is not in sight." It is curious reasoning to conclude that a king is guilty of murder because his successor was. Nor is Pius V. to be the best man I had ever beheld. He appeared to sum up in himself all the goodness I could conceive of in man, from peasant up to prince. His being Pope did not affect us at all. We looked simply at the man as a man.

"There was his sanctity as a man, and color tone, the public will accept him as infallible—that is, if he told me I was wrong about something I would be sure I was."

"Then a man that raises enthusiasm?"

"Oh, immensely; so much more than the oratorical magnetic, than the dramatic magnetic or any other of the sort. You don't hesitate. Looking at him you know that he's a man you can hang your flag on."

Mr. Tarkington said he hoped that this phrase was not disseminated, and came to confess that the sight of the Pope had brought tears to his eyes. He explained these:

"HE IS UTTER GOODNESS."

"I thought of him as a person. I had been waiting for the Pope, and here came a man who was great in goodness. He is utter goodness, and utter goodness always means a lot of good sense. A sweet, fine fellow."

was addressed to a frenzied multitude and directly incited the negroes to rebellion, yet he is not held up to posterity as an assassin. The strenuous Elizabeth was horse-deep in the work of fomenting insurrection, but no deduction was necessary in her case.

Whether or not the Pope had a right to foment insurrection is a question of what rights international law accorded him in those days; but, in any case, it is an outrage to describe as a crime in the principal ruler of Christendom, who was the acknowledged guardian of the liberties of the people and the saviour of modern civilization, what is held to be a glory for the unrepentable individuals who make revolution a profession and to whom the politicians of to-day are eagerly erecting monuments, at the public expense.

In conclusion, we may say that the fight of the terrible friar "was not a fight for God or humanity. The State which he bestrode and was riding to perdition made its peace with the Pope in spite of him. Bedell, the secretary of the English Ambassador, and afterwards an English Bishop, who was in league with him to separate Venice from the Church, said 'his heart broke.' That is to say, he no longer declaimed against the Pope. No more, 'deep, loud and long the thunder belled.' There was danger now, and Sarpi was not cast in a heroic mould. Romanin describes his death as peaceful and pious, which is doubtful, for consecrated ground never received his remains. His bones are reported as having frequently been exhumed and treated with indignity, which may or may not be true, but it is a greater indignity to dig up his memory at this late day to perpetuate the hatred for the Church which he, poor deluded friar, should have died to defend. We are not bound to believe all that is said of him or Venice, even on the authority of Sismondi, Hallam, Daru, and others, who, although always ready for a chance to extol the enemies of the Church; were compelled to reveal those enormities of the Pope's enemies; nor need we accept the statues as true, even though Daru stakes much of his glory on them, any more than we are compelled to admit what the amiable Wordsworth said of the English clergy of his day: "I knew not when he had been to church in his own country. 'All our ministers are so vile.'" (Cabbie Robinson Diary, I, 389, ed. 1869, Athlone, January 23, 1904.) As Ranke says, in some histories, "There lurks a poet." But, making all possible deductions, if Venice is an example of the governments that come into collision with the Holy See, it will not be hard for even the man on the street to make his choice and to understand that the statues erected are not popular monuments, but political proclamations.

T. J. CAMPBELL, S. J.

THE MAGNETISM OF POPE PIUS X.

EXERCISES A FASCINATION LIKE UNTO THAT WIELDED BY LEO XIII. AND PIOUS IX.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Rome, March 28.

While the public is still being informed merrily about the career of His Holiness prior to August 4, 1903, there is very gradually accumulating a set of descriptions, impressions, sketches about him which for the present writer have this singular interest: they show that the fascination exercised by Pius X. may bear comparison with that wielded by Leo XIII., and again with that conquest of hearts for which Pius IX. was famous. I am pleased to be able to add another to this growing series of tributes; one which is especially remarkable for its insistence upon the ethos revealed in the person of Pope Pius; one also which is as enthusiastic as any of its forerunners. It is given to me by Mr. Booth Tarkington. If my pencil has missed much of the recitiveness, originality, and color tone, the public will find compensation in an article which "The Gentleman from Indiana" has sent to Harper's.

This is a sketch of the Pope's sermon, which Mr. Tarkington attended in November last, as was then reported in The Catholic Standard and Times. I have read the article with a delight which will—I know—be renewed when it appears, as it will either in the monthly or weekly publication. There is splendidly and velvety analytic study of the Pope, much description of him and intense enthusiasm. "My opinion of him," says Mr. Tarkington, "was one of superlative goodness. As I said in the article, I can think only high praises of him. Pius X. seemed to me the best man I had ever beheld. He appeared to sum up in himself all the goodness I could conceive of in man, from peasant up to prince. His being Pope did not affect us at all. We looked simply at the man as a man."

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"A Catholic would not like my speaking of him in that way, but I can't see King, Pope or Emperor, but only man. I can reverence a man as great, independently of his position or lack of it. His being Pope would have been interesting, but just as a man's being President or Vice President. I know how they get there, and, to my mind, while this is a religious election, it is still an election. I hope I don't say anything wrong." We talked about the human and spiritual elements telling in a conclave, and then the author of "Cherry" explained his reference to the Pope as a "Billy Jackson," something which stands unexplained in his article.

"Billy Jackson," he said, "was a real and sweet-tempered philanthropist who lived to ninety. His purpose all these years was to do good. Once he received a handsome pair of kid gloves from Paris, and he gave them to me, saying, 'You are a young fellow, and you'd like them.' He gave up all the pleasant things of life and he didn't care even for gratitude. He gave away everything he ever had, lived a celibate and pure man. He cut down his own income on a railway company board. He'd spend a night taking a drunken man home. He was a strong religiousist, and always talked about meeting St. Peter at the gates of heaven."

"Every town in America has a Billy Jackson and decent fellow, and people get more than advice from them. Billy Jackson said he never met gratitude, and he didn't want it. He didn't want gratitude, but he did want a fellow to get better. And all the time the Pope produced that impression. And in spite of that, of his humor, of his sense of unfitness, I got the impression that he was equal to his office, and that he would keep it up. He had a beautiful dignity, and a humble sort of dignity, too. That's my impression. All my impression was a great enthusiasm for him. It took me back to my Princeton days. Seeing a man like that I felt I could be an orthodox Presbyterian and believe a lot such as a man like that does. A creed that could make a man as good as that must be better than mere belief; it must have a spur in it. Good men believe good things."

"Yes, the Pope is a man you believe in so intensely, when you see him, that you'd go out and fight for him, and take your chances and feel you were surely in the right. He did indeed produce that feeling in me. Doesn't matter about my creed; if he told me to fight for a given thing, in spite of my supposed creed (the Presbyterian), and in spite of the fact that I could never be a Catholic, I'd do what he said was right, because I'd be sure he'd know better than I did. He looks not simply good, but capable of telling you in a friendly way the best thing to do, and help you make a sacrifice of your own life."

"And capable of seeing through humbugs, you believe?"

"Indeed I do."

"He has a sense of humor. No man could be holy and at the same time large and great without possessing a romping humor, not like a hobbledehoy, but mentally romping. You remember how Dumouriez said 'All is lost' when Roland appeared as Minister before Louis XVI. wrong as to the buckles of his shoes; that's what the Pope would say. Every great man is a tease. I think it's Bernard Shaw says that, and I suspect the Pope is that."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Right Rev. Mgr. Allen, rector of the English College, Valladolid, Spain, died April 5.

It is reported that the Countess de Castellane, formerly Anna Gould, has become a Catholic.

Right Rev. Bishop Hartley has written to the national secretary, heartily endorsing the work of the Federation of Catholic Societies.

A marble bust of the late Archbishop Crooke has just been completed and erected in the mortuary chapel of the Cathedral, Thurles.

Montreal, May 4. — Rev. Pierre Cyrille Beaudry, superior of the St. Viator College at Joliet, died at that place last night of pneumonia.

The Right Rev. Thomas F. Cusack, D. D., auxiliary Bishop of New York, was consecrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral that city, on Monday last, by Archbishop Farley.

The Rev. John P. Chidwick, well known as navy chaplain of the unfortunate United States ship "Maine," has been appointed pastor of St. Ambrose's church, New York city.

His Grace Archbishop Langwin, and Father Lacombe left Montreal for St. John on Wednesday, 27th inst. After a few days sojourn in that city they will take the boat for Marselles, where they will join a body of pilgrims on their way to the Holy Land. Their first stopping place will be Alexandria. Here they will remain for some days visiting the historic spots hallowed by religious memories. From Alexandria they will go by boat to Jaffa, thence by rail to Jerusalem.

It was only the other day that all literary France arose to acclaim and honor the morning star of French-Canadian letters. — Mr. William Chapman. His success, which culminated in honors from the French Academy and decorations from the French Government as his magnificent volume "Les Aspirations" appeared in Paris, is the most astounding in this century. With his English name, his Catholic principles, and his Canadian genius, he landed amongst the infidel literateurs of France and forced them to bow down in acknowledgment of his superiority. Nor did he lose sight on account of his glorious success in honor of Christ.

heard to-day which opened within me a window that has been shut since I was a child. I hate that, Roderick; I don't misunderstand me. It was the logic, the good sense, that your priest uttered and the manhood to which he appealed that affected me. Somehow he made feel that for three years I have been dead; and that even I might rise again to a new and better manhood."

"Will you try, Phil?" asked Roderick eagerly, placing his hands upon the shoulders of his friend. "Will you?"

"I will try, old man."

"Will you let me help you? It will be a greater favor to me than to you. Will you paint the picture?"

The artist hesitated and turned his head away, fixing his eyes upon the stained glass window over the chancel. Presently his friend continued:

"How much, Phil, did you receive for a life-size portrait when you first returned from Paris and took up your work here? Approximately, \$3,000 was it not?"

"Yes, at least that much."

"Very well. For the execution of this order, provided it is completed and delivered to me one year from to-day, I will pay you \$1,200 in advance. I will pay you \$1,000 each in monthly payments of \$100 each in advance. Will you accept the order?"

Again the artist hesitated, but at last he raised his head and said slowly:

"If you will accept a condition that I will make, yes. It is that during the year you make no effort to see me or my work nor communicate with me other than to forward the monthly remittance."

"Agreed, Phil," said his friend gladly. "If you will accept the first payment now, and without waiting for a reply he took the money from his pocket and thrust it into the artist's hand."

They left the church together and went out upon the street silently, but there the artist paused, and turning faced his friend.

"We part here, Roderick," he said tentatively. "and we part for a year. Tell me, shall I paint an ideal of the perfect man, or shall I follow the accepted models?"

"As you will, but I prefer your own ideal—your idea of what a perfect man should be in body, soul, mind and strength. Do you not recall your own youthful ambition? How many times have I heard you say, 'Some day I will paint a Christ.' This is your opportunity. Do it, my friend. Make it the work of your life. Put your best energy and your whole soul in the work."

"I will paint it, Roderick," replied the artist slowly. "I will not disappoint you. Within the month I will send you my address. It will be somewhere in the country. Good-bye, God bless you! You have done more for me to-day than words can tell. Good-bye!"

Philip Sutherland did not totter when he walked away from the church that he had so reluctantly entered scarcely more than an hour before. There was no more cringing in his attitude, no slouching despondency in his gait.

On the outskirts of a quiet Connecticut village, in the north wing of an old colonial mansion, the artist had his studio, and there, day after day, week after week and month after month he studied and sketched and dreamed and sketched again, the ideal perfect man, and while he sketched, he painted his eyes grew brighter, deeper and more glad, his cheeks were round and glowed with health, and his touch became firm and steady.

Once begun, the task absorbed him as nothing else ever had done. During those months of study he had made sketches of the boy who had interviewed the wise men "both hearing and asking them questions" of the young man who had worked for years at the carpenter's trade, developing sinews, muscle and sterling manhood of the Man who as a fisherman, when his friends gave themselves up for lost, in the violence of a storm took them safely to shore; of the Man who, when the mob threatened him faced it unflinchingly, demanding that he was without sin, should cast the first stone; of the Man who, alone and without human aid, drove the money changers from the temple to the street; of the Man who, facing a starving multitude, compelled it to silence and to patience until the hungry could be fed; of the Man who, in the humility that is engendered by strength of mind and power of physique, could forgive Peter for his treachery, and of the Man who possessed the fortitude, the courage and the muscle to bear the rude cross from the place of condemnation to the place of execution.

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did it give now? Not one penny; while only a few yards away from this bright lively institution were the Model School and Queen's College—deathlike in the atmosphere around them, the flickering spark of life kept burning by the thousands of pounds given them annually by the State.

The Irish representatives had been asked for suggestions; he would venture to offer one as a remedy for this state of things. Hand over the model school to those who could make use of it; transfer the control so that the door might open to Catholic children; sell the school and let some return to it, make it useful and let some spend upon it. There were those in Galway who could turn it into a useful institution. That was not all. A short time ago, want was felt for a boarding school for girls in Galway City and appeal made for support, which was so eagerly responded to that in a short time an elegant building was erected. The Dominicans stepped in and took possession and prepared it for the reception of the pupils, but the State, instead of assisting, taxed so highly that the Dominicans could hardly meet it. To him, coming from the Province of Quebec, Canada, where such a tax would not be tolerated for an instant, where the State was so generous in the matter of exemptions and subventions relating to education, this tax appeared an odious outrage. But it was thus that things were done in Ireland—always against the spirit, the wish, and interest of the people. It was thus that the art of government of a people was understood and practised. He was perhaps the most moderate among his fellow Nationalists, brought up as he had been under a better form of government and fairer institutions. He could not help saying, however, that Ireland had no Government; for the three gentlemen sitting in this House practically represented nobody in Ireland; they were the gaciers of Ireland, the turnkeys of the vast prison into which Ireland had been converted.

Let it not be said that the Irish people take no interest in the cause of education. They had erected colleges everywhere. They had founded such as few lands possessed, and ordinary schools. He was not prepared to admit that by the people generally no interest was taken in the ordinary national schools. They had confidence in the manager who was their trusted friend and in the teacher. But it was hardly to be expected that poor parents, constrained to work in England in order to obtain money to pay their way, could take so much interest as others. Whose the responsibility? What did this Parliament give? Who built the schools? Again he asked where did the responsibility rest? On this Parliament, the majority of whom did not give one farthing for Ireland; upon the abominable system of laws devised to make the country poor and to keep it poor; upon the system which never wanted and never was intended to have the children of Irishmen educated. While Parliament could not give too much money to already richly endowed Universities which happened to be the pets of this Parliament, Ireland could do no University, and Ireland could to the majority of the people. While the State most liberally helped education in every way in this country, it starved Ireland in this important matter, and he held that the cause of primary education in Ireland should receive more encouragement and more generous support than was now extended by the State. The taxes which England imposed upon works bringing no benefit to her. They had no quarrel with any country in the world—except with England—and they could well do without an army and a navy. They would have no quarrel with this country if they were left to manage their own affairs. Their money—Irish money—was not spent for Irish purposes. Here was the chance of a reform and of a mighty reform. Let the State seriously undertake to help their schools, help in the matter of building and equipment, and do such work as the State was supposed to do. The manager, the teacher, and the people understood their obligations, and as at all times would carry them out. For his part he had little hope for genuine reform in this matter until the right of the Irish people to the government of their own country should have been admitted, and until the only Parliament competent to deal with such matters should have been established—the Parliament of Ireland.

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It was not until the new year had come and gone that he began to portray upon the canvas the features of this more than Man, the most difficult task of all. Time after time he painted it out and began anew. He wanted the humility of strength, not of weakness; the charity which is a part of conscious power, the forbearance of latent strength of mind and body, the intensity of purpose and tenacity of effort which are born of the determination to accomplish and the knowledge that success is certain, and at last he accomplished it. That was about the beginning of Lent.

When he realized that the picture was completed, he covered it with a sheet and spent his days in long walks upon the country roads, so that during four weeks or more he did not again look upon his work, and those who had known Philip Sutherland in the past could scarcely have recognized him now.

One week before the fulfilment of his contract was due, on the morning of the Sunday before Easter, he uncovered the painting for the first time since its completion. He studied it critically, and then with a sigh of regret that his work was done he telegraphed to his friend:

"Come on Easter morning. The painting is completed." And on Easter morning Roderick Douglas arrived.

The early morning bells were ringing out merrily from the steeple of

the little country church nearby when they entered the studio together.

"Stand here," said the artist, placing his friend on the spot where he himself had passed so many hours studying the work. Then he removed the screen.

"What do you think of it, Roderick?" the artist asked after a long silence.

"I see more than you meant that man should see," replied Douglas dreamily. "I see your own salvation in the work that you have done. It is the Christ that has risen within you, Phil, that has painted this picture, strange talents alone. They never could have accomplished such a work as this. The figure and the pose are those of a Man who is greater than his kind and who is conscious of his power. You have succeeded, for you have painted a perfect Man. Tell me how you did it?"

The artist was silent for a moment and then made answer slowly:

"I do not know, Rod. It was born in me, I think, last Easter morning, when I heard the words: 'Christ, being risen from the dead, dieth no more. Sin hath no more dominion over Him.' I was dead, then, Roderick, that is, every good impulse in me was dead—when I walked into the old church where we used to go together when we were boys. I thought then when I heard those words, if Christ rose from the dead, why cannot I? I had been three years dead, and during my year of work upon that painting I have risen and am again alive. Sin hath no more dominion over me. In painting the determination of purpose in that face I myself have become imbued with it. In depicting that lofty character I have striven to attain so much of it as a human being may."

He dropped the screen over the painting again, and together they left the house, and as they walked up the aisle of the little country church, by a strange coincidence, the priest was saying: "Christ, being risen from the dead, dieth no more. Sin hath no more dominion over Him."

THE INSULT OF IT.

Did any of our high-minded, high-spirited citizens ever reflect upon the veiled insult that an offer to treat contains? You meet a man on the street, he offers to buy for a glass of liquor for you. Why? What does he expect to derive from that act? Is it your good he seeks? Does he suppose that if you need a glass of liquor you cannot buy one for yourself? Just reflect upon it. Imagine a man coming to you and saying, "Come along poor fellow, I have more money than you, I will pay for one if you care to come and have it." You may reply no man would ever use such words. No, but when he asks you to have a drink, he says that which is equivalent of the other remark. Then, again, did you ever meet a man who would stop you on the street and say: "You look hungry, come and have a lunch. I will pay for it?" Or one who would say: "You look shabby, come in and I will pay for a coat, or a hat, or a pair of boots for you?" Not at all likely. No one would do so; and if anyone did so; you would take it to be an insult to offer you a meal, or a hat, that you may need and that may benefit you, how much more so it is not an insult to offer you a drink that will hurt you and that you do not need—Montreal True Witness.

Be always beginning. Never think that you can finish, that you have finished to the end. If we think ourselves more than beginners it is a sign that we have hardly yet begun.

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heard to-day which opened within me a window that has been shut since I was a child. I hate that, Roderick; I don't misunderstand me. It was the logic, the good sense, that your priest uttered and the manhood to which he appealed that affected me. Somehow he made feel that for three years I have been dead; and that even I might rise again to a new and better manhood."

"Will you try, Phil?" asked Roderick eagerly, placing his hands upon the shoulders of his friend. "Will you?"

"I will try, old man."

"Will you let me help you? It will be a greater favor to me than to you. Will you paint the picture?"

The artist hesitated and turned his head away, fixing his eyes upon the stained glass window over the chancel. Presently his friend continued:

"How much, Phil, did you receive for a life-size portrait when you first returned from Paris and took up your work here? Approximately, \$3,000 was it not?"

"Yes, at least that much."

"Very well. For the execution of this order, provided it is completed and delivered to me one year from to-day, I will pay you \$1,200 in advance. I will pay you \$1,000 each in monthly payments of \$100 each in advance. Will you accept the order?"

Again the artist hesitated, but at last he raised his head and said slowly:

"If you will accept a condition that I will make, yes. It is that during the year you make no effort to see me or my work nor communicate with me other than to forward the monthly remittance."

"Agreed, Phil," said his friend gladly. "If you will accept the first payment now, and without waiting for a reply he took the money from his pocket and thrust it into the artist's hand."

They left the church together and went out upon the street silently, but there the artist paused, and turning faced his friend.

"We part here, Roderick," he said tentatively. "and we part for a year. Tell me, shall I paint an ideal of the perfect man, or shall I follow the accepted models?"

"As you will, but I prefer your own ideal—your idea of what a perfect man should be in body, soul, mind and strength. Do you not recall your own youthful ambition? How many times have I heard you say, 'Some day I will paint a Christ.' This is your opportunity. Do it, my friend. Make it the work of your life. Put your best energy and your whole soul in the work."

"I will paint it, Roderick," replied the artist slowly. "I will not disappoint you. Within the month I will send you my address. It will be somewhere in the country. Good-bye, God bless you! You have done more for me to-day than words can tell. Good-bye!"

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THE TERRIBLE FRIAR SARPI.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart
The Society for Psychological Research might profitably enquire why the modern anti-clerical or anti-Christian (and the terms are at least remotely synonymous), always makes to himself graven things to adore.

Probably, however, this eulogy of Sarpi, "the terrible friar," as he was called, is a political apology for something for which he stands pilloried in marble. It has all the appearance of one of those ethico-political contributions to popular knowledge which keep continually flowing in upon us through a variety of channels, such as the daily press, the current reviews, the novel, the utterances of political speakers, the action of legislatures, the decision of judges and what not else besides, for the purpose of developing in the public mind the exaggerated notion it already possesses of the greatness of what is called the State; and to present it to the public as the origin of all power, the arbiter and source of all morality and the rightful ruler of all institutions, human and divine.

In the present instance it is easy to inculcate such a lesson. It is almost peremptory. For in Venice, where Sarpi belonged, the idea of State supremacy was not far removed from the way the old pagans viewed "Immortal Rome." It was so fixed in their minds that rulers were regarded as only shadowy images of that great and ever enduring reality known and revered or dreaded as the State. It went so far, in fact, that sometimes an ambassador in addressing the Doge would write: "From time immemorial your policy has been, etc." as if the ruler were only a recurrent phase of the imperishable State looming up behind him. Perhaps never since the formation of Christendom had such control been exacted and exercised over the lives, properties, actions, words and even thoughts of the people as had been the practice in Venice for many centuries.

The government claimed spiritual as well as temporal authority. It insisted on naming all the Bishops, and at one time the Doge actually exercised the privilege of investiture for thirty-four episcopal sees. The patriarch was to be nominated by the State; and one may be permitted to surmise that the refusal of the present government to accept His Holiness's appointment of a patriarch is a persistence of that old tradition, although Venice has long ago lost its autonomy.

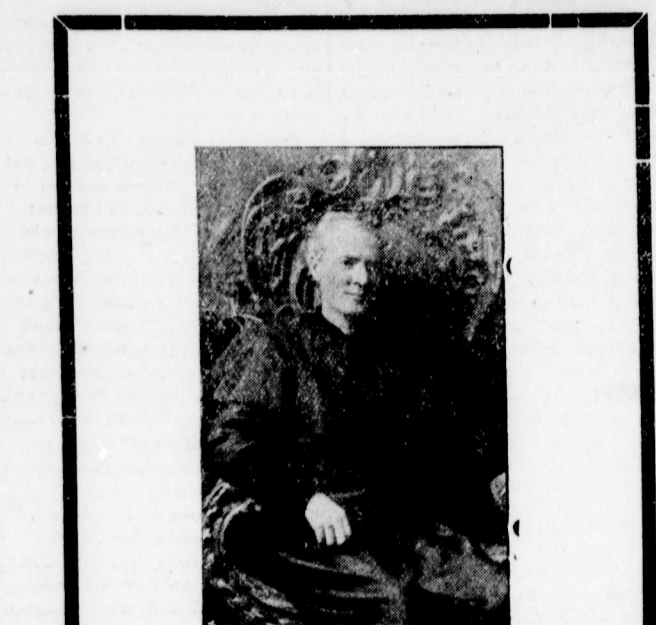
The State legislated on the number of priests to be ordained, and of the monks and nuns to be received; how large ecclesiastical revenues were to be; what legacies should be accepted; how monies should be applied; who should say Mass and who should not; what doctrine was sound; what church bells should be rung and how often; what church doors should be open and when; what convents should be shut; how ecclesiastics and even their relatives should be excluded from all public office, and the cry of mortmain was then just as effective for political purposes as it was in France to-day, where Combes is the Friar Sarpi. Venice, in a word, was further advanced than any other European country in the modern interpretation of the union of Church and State, namely, the absorption of the Church by the State; that of the lady and the tiger.

It is notable that these ecclesiastical theories of ancient Venice are the pet ideas of present day politicians; the only ones a sane man is supposed to have or is permitted to advance, and which glorifications of men like Sarpi are intended to enforce. He was a friar; a man accredited with all those brilliant virtues which churchmen never possess till they are outside the Church. The approval of such an authority on the property and right of predominance of the State over Church, illustrated as this one is from the remote past, can have no other effect, it is thought, than to help the wavering to come to a decision.

The Promoter of Sarpi's canonization on this side of the Atlantic is Mr. Andrew D. White, who, with his characteristic vigor, informs us in the Atlantic Monthly for January and February, 1904, that "Paolo Sarpi fought the most bitter fight for humanity against the Papacy ever known in any Latin country by which the whole world has profited ever since. As a man he was greater than Machiavelli and Galileo; he threw a bright light into the most important general council of the Church and revealed to Christendom the methods that there prevailed."

Possibly it would be love's labor lost to wrestle with so much constitutional bias, but as the recent monograph of the distinguished Mayor of New York on the Oligarchy of Venice will doubtless attract attention to anything that is akin to that topic, it may be well to consider some of the statements of the Atlantic reviewer, for the benefit of those who might fancy they have any foundation.

"The important general council into which Sarpi threw a bright light" is the Council of Trent. The dark lantern he employed is his History of that Council. Its flash had a sinister purpose. For its brilliancy is admitted; but not its honesty. Whether his friend and admirer ever read that notable work, we are inclined to doubt. If he were able to spare from his grave diplomatic duties the time necessary for such a herculean task it is very much to his credit, as it necessarily involved the collating of a vast amount of original documents which Sarpi appropriated and arranged to suit himself, as well as the study of the rival



THE LATE REV. M. J. TIERNAN, P.P. Mount Carmel, Diocese of London.

history by Pallavicini written to correct the errors of his predecessor. Even the old Titan Ranke moans over the labor it entails. "A sort of dread comes over us," he says, "as we approach these voluminous works. The task of mastering their contents would be enough, even if they contained nothing but what was authentic, but how immensely is the difficulty increased when at every step we are obliged to have a wary eye lest we should be misled by one or the other, and beguiled into a maze of willful deceptions. In these folios from which industry shrinks back appalled there lurks a poet." Here moreover is his special verdict on Sarpi's History of the Council of Trent. We take it from the Appendix to the History of the Popes pp. 388 et seq.

"To this day," he says, "Sarpi is regarded by one party as veracious; by the other his name is almost a byword for a liar." Ranke will not use this harsh word, but he puts before his readers an array of conclusions which, without any breach of charity, amply justify that view.

"His work," declares this fearless old Protestant, "is not to be regarded with suspicion purely on the ground of his opinions, which were avowed to Rome" (page 369); an admission, needless to say, that it was suspicious on other grounds. "History in those days," he adds, "consisted largely in copying from others without critical examination; and on examining his writings we find he does not always adhere to the facts as he finds them, and this is verified in an immense number of passages." (p. 370.) "What is of still more moment is that while he copies statements he interweaves the narratives with his own remarks, which are steeped in gall and vinegar. On the whole, he differs widely from the compilers who preceded him." "His narrative is biased by his own opinions; his systematic opposition, dislike or hatred to the court of Rome." "He was fortunate in having documents which have never come to light again; which Pallavicini failed to procure, notwithstanding his vast patronage." (p. 371.) "which, consequently, have to be taken on his sole authority, which is admittedly unreliable." "The more we compare him with his originals, the more we are convinced of his skill in filling up and rounding a story and enhancing the force of expressions by a slight turn; at the same time, his endeavor is manifest to strengthen the impression unfavorable to the Council."

"In the use of three German authors he falls again into the faults already mentioned. In one instance he destroys the whole force of the passage, totally misrepresenting the constitution of the empire," which Ranke says elsewhere "he did not understand."

"In his use of secret authorities to which he had scientific access, as for example, Contarini's Instructions, he takes the contents of the Instructions and weaves them here and there into discourses held by the legate with the emperor. It cannot be denied that truth is jeopardized by this method of proceeding." (p. 372.) "To the first departure from his original in applying the words of the Instructions to a case for which they are not intended, he adds others still more serious. He adds most important words which are not found in the Instructions."

"I find in Sarpi another departure from his authorities still stronger than those already mentioned." "The difference is glaring." "The indefiniteness of the Pope's words constitutes the sole possibility of a desirable result. On this depends the outcome of the whole conference. Sarpi completely cuts this off. In no respect will he allow that the papal seal displayed any kind of a conciliatory spirit. All the accounts and the documents that passed through his hands were interpreted by him in this spirit of enmity to the Holy See."

"In his other work of the Particular History of Paul V. and the Serene Republic we have a masterpiece of description but still a partisan work. We find there no trace of the discord among Venetians which broke out on this occasion, and which constituted so important a feature in their domestic history. According to him it would appear as though but one sentiment pervaded all parties. He glides slightly over matters not to the credit of his country. He gives wrong ideas of the attitude of Spain. The same is nearly

the case with his history of the Council of Trent. He struck into a different course from that commonly pursued by the historians of his day. His work is disparaging, condemnatory, hostile. He set the first example of a history which accompanies the whole progress of its subject with increasing censure; far more decided in this than Thuanus who first made a cursory use of this system. Sarpi has found numberless imitators on this score." (p. 373.) We fear that his latest biographer must be placed in this category.

From all this it is sufficiently clear that, although Ranke does not directly stigmatize Sarpi as mendacious, he makes it impossible for anyone else to be equally tender, except the writer in the Atlantic who, in spite of all that Ranke has said, makes the amazing statement that "Sarpi's evidence everywhere bears evidence of truthfulness." It is thus a question of Who's Who? Ranke or White? As to Sarpi's superiority over Pallavicini we have nothing to say. That is a side issue. Ranke says, "they both swerved from the truth." (p. 379.) We are thus enabled to take the measure of Mr. White's reliability on other matters.

While we are on the subject of Mr. White's reliability, one or two other examples may be chosen out of the vast number that crowd upon each other in his two articles. It is impossible to consider them all. We select one that is thrown off in passing. It regards Vesalius; the other to which more space is given is about Bellarmine.

"When the Church frowned upon anatomical dissections," says Mr. White, "the Venetians allowed Andreas Vesalius to make such dissections at their university of Padua." In that contradiction of this assertion, Puseman gives us an account of a medico legal dissection which was performed at Bologna, the papal university, as far back as 1301, that is to say, more than three hundred years before Sarpi's time; and as Puseman remarks, this was not the first case of the kind in that city. The story was clearly traced during the first half of the fourteenth century. (See Medici's Compendio Storico della Senoia Anatomica di Bologna; the Chirurgia Guidonis de Cauliaco Venice, 1498; and also Puseman's Handbuch der Geschichte der Medizin, p. 798.) Guy de Chauliac, the father of modern French surgery, attended the dissections at Bologna, and was the surgeon of three Popes. He wrote a treatise in 1363 insisting upon the necessity of dissection. Baas, in his History of Medicine, also tells of the universality of the practice in other universities, especially at Montpellier in France, which depended on the Popes when they were at Avignon. Moreover, most of the discoveries about the interior organs were made in Bologna, and it is to that papal city and university that the beginning of the great modern movement in anatomy must be credited. To that university Vesalius was invited, although we are told by Mr. White that "the Church authorities frowned upon him." Thither came Harvey from England. All this was almost a hundred years before the period when the terrible friar was in evidence. We have illustrations of dissections by no less a man than Leonardo da Vinci, and even Michael Angelo and Titian used their pencil for the same purposes, and all this under papal authority. It might be well to add to all this a curious passage by Sir Michael Foster, Professor of Physiology in the University of Cambridge, in his address to the Cooper Medical College of San Francisco in the autumn of 1900. "It is probable," he says, "that while Vesalius pursued his studies in the hospital at Venice, that he often conversed with another young man who was there at the same time and who was known as Ignazio Loyola," the first of those terrible Jesuits who seem to haunt Mr. White's imagination.

For a complete refutation of the calumny about papal opposition to the study of anatomy, we refer to the able article by Dr. James J. Walsh in the Messenger, October, 1903.

With regard to Bellarmine Mr. White commits a most ludicrous blunder, and we are surprised that the publishers of the Atlantic did not perceive it. Sarpi is said to have been warned of the attempt on his life by "his noblest opponent," Cardinal Bellarmine, "whose Scotch ideas of duty to humanity pre-

valled over his Roman ideas of fealty to the Vatican; his nobler qualities asserted them against the casuistry of his brother prelates which sanctioned assassination."

Without heeding the venerable calumny contained in the closing words of the paragraph, except to remark that Bellarmine must stand or fall with his brother prelates in the ethics of assassination, we ask in bewilderment what is meant by Bellarmine's "Scotch ideas of duty to humanity?" Is there any peculiar philanthropy of that description?

"What was I for my generation That I should get me exaltation, I who deserve sic just damnation?"

Possibly it is fancied that not only Bellarmine's philanthropy but Bellarmine himself was Scotch. If so, then the Cardinal's red made him a most disloyal subject, and the author of this fiction never could have heard how Bellarmine assaulted the Scotch King of England James I, while all Europe stood aghast at his audacity; how the diminutive Italian Jester denied "the divine right of kings," which James was arrogantly and tottily defending; and how at a great and evident peril to himself and the society of which he was such a conspicuous member, he taught the very Jesuitical, and very democratic, and very American, and very un-Scotch doctrine, viz., that authority does not come to a ruler directly from God but through the people. Mr. White's democracy is as much at sea as his historical information. Nor has he heard how the king's fears were so wrought upon that he founded a chair in Oxford to refute anything and everything that this redoubtable antagonist might say on any subject, lest such democratic and Catholic ideas might be even aired in England and the land of cakes and ale and brifer Scots."

Or is this delusion about Bellarmine's Scotch warp suggested by the fact that his name was Robert? Perhaps that is the explanation of it. There was indeed a Robert Bruce and a Robert Burns, but there was a Robert of Sicily, and a Roberto Diavolo. Roberto as an Italian name was common in those days. It was sometimes written Roberto, Bellarmine's godfather was Cardinal Robert Pucei, and he had a nephew a famous Jesuit saint called Roberto de Nobili, who lived among the Indian bonzes. As a matter of fact Bellarmine was an out-and-out Tuscan, born in Montepulciano, and his noble ancestry dates far back to Italian history. His mother was the sister of Pope Marcellus II, and as if to enforce his Latin extraction besides Robertus he was also called Romulus. He had no "Scotch ideas" about him at all, and it is pretty certain that "Caledonia stern and wild was no meet nurse for such a child." It is only a white to be sure, but it shows how Mr. White is a victim of impressions. If we are looking for race traits, Sarpi, whose name has more of a Scotch tinge to it than Bellarmine's, might wear the tartan, for his political career is not unlike that wild revel in the Highlands "wi' warlocks and wi' witches," when

"Deep, loud and lang the thunder bellowed, And on a child could understand, The dell some business had on hand."

Many other examples might be adduced, but these two will suffice to show the untrustworthiness of Mr. White's conclusions as well as the extreme tenacity of his scholarship. The latter defect will probably explain his peculiar phraseology and the unrestrained violence of his denunciation.

As the chief purpose of his essay is to show the preeminence of the State over the Church, it may be worth while to glance at the character of the Serene Republic, as it was called, which has so captured the heart of an American ambassador. Doubtless his name is supposed to commend it to our affections also. There is no question here of the people of Venice who possibly were as good as the rest of us. In fact, we are assured that they were profoundly religious, "as religion was understood in those days." There is question only of the cruel oligarchy, libellously called a republic, which furnishes about the worst example of tyranny perpetrated through long centuries that can be found in modern times. Someone has rightly said of it that it was not a republic at all, but a monarchy tempered by assassination. All historians of note, excepting perhaps Romannin, who wrote for interested reasons, are unqualified in their denunciation. "Take, for example, an extract at random from Daru, whom Mr. McClellan will not quote because of Daru's anti-papal bias, a quality which would recommend him to others." "We have arrived at the year A. D. 1172," he says. "By that time five Doges had abdicated, nine were exiled, five banished with their eyes put out, and five massacred." This is merely an example of the methods of the Serene Republic. All historians concur in saying that in spite of the splendor with which he was surrounded the Doge was little else than a slave. He was forbidden to open any letter, except in presence of a certain number of councillors, or to write any public or private letter without showing it to them. He paid the city for a single hour; if his health required change of residence, his councillors were to designate the place where he might go, and fix the time he might remain. No one was allowed to refuse to be elected to the dignity or resign it. When Andrea Contarini, in 1368, fled to Padua to escape the burden, he was notified to return or his goods would be confiscated, his name stigmatized and himself declared a traitor to his country. At the Doge's death an inquest was held over his body to enquire how he had managed his fortune, etc. The soldiers of the republic were all hirelings, and no warrior was trusted, because he was a man of blood. The people had no voice in the election of its rulers. Only those who constituted the Grand Council were electors and the privilege was personal and hereditary. Their names were inscribed in the famous Libro d'Oro, though when the republic was hard pressed for money

CONTINUED ON PAGE ONE.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

CCC.

The Presbyterian Witness, of Halifax, N. S., under date of March 19, page 4, column 3, commands an article of mine, appearing in this Review, but which it inadvertently credits to the Ave Maria, in which I give my reasons for thinking that as Protestant persecution of Catholics seems pretty much at an end, so Catholic persecution of Protestants does not appear likely to revive.

The Witness says: "Mr. Starbuck's argument is good and it will do good." So I hope, though not for just the reason which it assigns. I am not arguing with Catholics as to the wrongfulness of persecuting Protestants but with Protestants as to the apparent futility of such fears for the future.

However, the Witness thinks that I have ignored a vital consideration, namely, that the Pope insists on his Church being always and everywhere the same.

Now if the editors had read more of my numerous papers, amounting to three hundred of this series, they would have discovered that I have ignored very few points indeed which are in the minds of Protestants touching the Church of Rome.

However, as repetition is not only the mother of learning, but still more of conviction, and as I have been reminded that as well as of old, I will, I hope once for all, repeat somewhat in detail my grounds for believing that we may reasonably look forward to a future of kinder feeling among Christians generally than in the past.

Before doing so, let me remark that I am much gratified at being praised by Presbyterians, for although now an Episcopalian in membership, I doubt whether I do not love Presbyterianism better than any other form of Christianity, above all when, as in Nova Scotia, it is still substantially good Scottish.

The plea that Protestants must always be looking for explosions of persecutions by Catholics, wherever these recover the power to persecute, because otherwise they would disobey the Pope's exhortation to be always one and the same, is of perpetual repetition, and is utterly futile, because it is utterly untrue. The Pope does, indeed, require the Catholic Church to be one and the same in doctrine. But he does not require uniformity in rite, in discipline, or in administrative policy.

He allows that in different regions, in different ages among different races, under varying conditions, the Church may vary indefinitely in all these particulars. The old saying (dissidium jentium non audit consuetudinem fieri) "A difference of outward observance does no wrong to unity in the faith," is still in full force throughout the Church, and receives the widest possible application. Are the South Americans, who are exempt from the fasts of the Church, any less perfectly Catholic on that account?

First: Look at the profound difference in everything but doctrine, between Latinism and Orientalism. About nine-tenths of the Church is of the Latin rite, and does not differ very much internally in observance or discipline, although even within this the Ambrosian rite, the Old Sarum use, the Mozarabic liturgy, vary widely from the Roman, and from each other, besides particular pontificals and breviaries of certain orders.

But when we come to the difference between East and West, there is hardly anything left in common, except doctrine and the substance of the sacraments. The liturgies, their languages, secondary ceremonies, vestments, the number and furniture of the altars, all these things are completely unlike. And how deep the cleavage of discipline, between the West, with its married, and the East, with its unmarried priesthood, and the separated and the Uniate churches being in all these particulars almost exactly alike.

In administrative policy, as the Catholic Dictionary remarks, the Pope governs the Latin Church, which is his own immediate Patriarchate, more directly than he does the various Eastern rites, which are mostly left under the control of their own patriarchs. Of course the United Easterns also must acknowledge his "immediate and ordinary jurisdiction," but, as various Popes have taken pains to assure the Orientals, he does not thereby hold himself morally excused from handling their ancient usages and historical traditions, and their peculiar genius, with a very special reserve and reverence. In the West there has been from the beginning a much greater measure of uniformity, so that local usage, although nowhere viewed as unimportant, is not so specifically momentous as in the East.

Now the treatment of heretics is not a matter of doctrine, but of discipline. It is, I suppose, a doctrine, that the Church, abstractly speaking, has authority to exercise a coercive jurisdiction, through her own officers, over all the baptized, and to inflict upon the refractory any punishment not capital. So also this is a part of the creed of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, except that she puts coercion, capital and non-capital alike, over heretics and schismatics, in the hands of the magistrate, who, however, is held bound to carry it out. The last Scottish execution of a heretic, about 1800 or 1805, though inflicted by the State, was distinctly carried out under the bidding of the Church. See Lord Macaulay.

schism, even so has the Church of Rome, and with inward consent, as Froide himself reminds us. So far as the growing freedom of erroneous teaching is the fruit of growing indifference to religious truth, so far, of course, Rome laments it, but then so do all true Christians. So far, on the other hand, as Christians are more and more inclined to meet spiritual errors by spiritual remedies, there is absolutely no doctrine of Rome which forbids her to welcome this growing refinement of religious zeal. The harsh methods of the Middle Ages were allowed even then as a lamentable necessity, although so profound a Protestant as Paul Sabatier maintains that they were sometimes, as against the Albigenses, an overwhelming necessity. Yet even then, when such Catholic nations as England, Scotland, Ireland, Scandinavia, refused to receive the severe continental legislation against heresy, they found themselves thereby neither "in spiritual nor in temporal difficulties" with their Head, so that the misgivings of the Witness as to our time seem curiously chimerical.

As I have shown already, some elder Bishops and Popes, as Innocent III., St. Pius V., Bonner, perhaps even Bossuet, persecuted some, as Talavera, Tunstall, Fenelon, refused to persecute, and Innocent XI. energetically renounced against the Dragonades. Neither class found themselves on this account in "spiritual or temporal difficulties" with the Church, except that when Talavera fell into the hands of the Inquisition, Rome rescued him from them.

Come now to the nineteenth century. In 1830 overwhelmingly Catholic Belgium enacted that Catholics, and the few Protestants and Jews, should be civilly and religiously equal. The Bishops asked the Pope whether they could support this constitution. He told them they could, which they have most loyally done to this day. Lately the Catholics there have had a strong temptation to give a non-Catholic the choice between having their children taught Catholic doctrine or taught nothing, but they have distained to avail themselves of this trick. They have been advised by the Bishops, and these by the Pope.

In, or near, 1838, Charles Albert of Sardinia was petitioned by 600 leading citizens of Turin, 80 of them priests, to enfranchise the Waldenses. He consented. I have read a detailed Protestant account of this, but it makes no mention of any adverse suggestion of Rome.

From 1855 to 1870 the Catholic hierarchy in Austria seems to have had greater authority than ever before since the Reformation. Yet, says Dr. Schulte, it found no fault when the Government raised Protestants to full civic equality. As Patrick Henry says, we can only judge of the future by the past.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK, Andover, Mass.

"Persecution is defined:—'Harsh or malignant oppression; the infliction of pain, punishment, or death upon others unjustly, particularly for adhering to a religious creed or mode of worship.'" St. Pius V. never persecuted in this sense. His friend, the Rev. Mr. Starbuck, has in mind, no doubt, the exploded charge that the holy Pope "bired assassins to murder Queen Elizabeth of England." The courtiers and other modern historians show that "there is not the smallest proof that the Pope in any way favored, far less instigated, such a plan."—E. J.

"MODERATE DRINKERS" WHO THINK TOTAL ABSTINENCE BEST.

In reading the remarks made by "moderate drinkers," as given in the Report of the Committee of Fifty, one is struck by the testimony they furnish in favor of complete total abstinence. One writes: "In army and professional life, I have seen more evil result than good from the occasional or rational use of liquor."

Another says: "For a person with a touch of alcoholism either inherited or acquired, nothing less than total abstinence is safe."

Another: "A moderate amount is not harmful—but what is a moderate amount is difficult to define. The great danger in the use of liquor is the tendency to increase gradually the amount as the system becomes accustomed to the stimulant."

Another: "From my personal experience, I should say that, aside from the matter of cohabitability, it would have been better for me, enjoying good health, not to have drunk at all, and my advice to the young would be not to begin to use alcoholic drinks in any form."

Another: "I believe a man when under forty-five years is not benefited by the use of liquors."

Another: "I believe that the daily use of spirits, wine, or beer, is neither necessary nor beneficial to any man in a good normal condition of health."

There are many other such words in favor of total abstinence by men who are themselves "moderate drinkers," but who have not experienced enough benefit from the use of liquors to convince them that the practice of occasional or rational drinking is worth while.—Sacred Heart Review.

Our Greatest Need.

Lacordaire said half a century ago: "Never was the world in such dread of a bare-headed man with a wretched woolen cascock on his back." We may say to-day: Never was a country in greater need of bare-headed men with woolen cascocks on their backs than is ours. Never did the spirit of worldliness, forgetfulness of God, contempt of religion, love of sensual pleasure prevail in a greater degree than in our day and country. Never, therefore, was there greater need of living examples of the evangelical counsels, such as the monastery is destined to exhibit to men.—Very Rev. L. F. Kearney, O. P.

Learn to say pleasant things of others. Always look for the good in others, but never for their faults. Try to see the man or woman that God made, not the distorted one which sin and misfortune have made.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Sunday Within the Octave of the Ascension.

THE CONSTANT STRUGGLE.

"Be prudent, therefore, and watch in prayer." (St. Peter iv. 7.) What a happiness many Christians have at the Easter time through confession and Communion, and how desirable it is that this happiness should continue! I will tell you how to be always thus happy. Wage a constant warfare against your evil passions; for sin is the only thing that can deprive you of the joy which you now have. But you will say, "It is hard to be always striving." I answer, that the victorious in any contest do not notice the labor which their triumph costs. Do you want what makes warfare painful. For your consolation, remember that you have only to be resolute and arm yourself with God's grace, which is given most abundantly, and defeat is impossible. God has provided help for you in all possible difficulties. He will not abandon you unless you throw down your arms. You have already gained much in obtaining God's friendship. Your hardest fight was when you were doing penance to get this friendship. What a pity it would be to throw away what has cost you so much labor!

"Be prudent, therefore," and do not let yourselves be ensnared again by evil. Consider the great happiness which you now have, and compare it with your great misery when you were in danger of being lost for ever. Experience is a great teacher, and it is folly not to profit by it. See how it has been with you. When you consented to sin you were cheated by a pleasure that you found to be unreal, you had to suffer an hour of pain for every moment of gratification, and your soul was agitated, depressed, and sorrowful. Besides, in this unhappy state you deserved only everlasting pains.

Now that you have the happiness of being in God's favor, how you ought to strive not to lose it! Show your prudence by watching in prayer. Since the Paschal Communion you have watched yourself? or have the old habits of neglect once more begun to appear? Have those morning and evening prayers been omitted? Watch. These are the beginnings which prepare the way for a fall into sin. Your prayers are your chief defence. God's assistance is continually necessary for all, and it is granted through prayer.

The assistance of God continues while the habit of prayer lasts, but no longer. Pray, and all will be well with you. If you do not pray, nothing can save you. Watch for your failings in the duty of prayer, and continually repair and correct them. No temptation can move one who is faithful to prayer. Such a one's salvation is infallibly certain. If you do not pray, you are without excuse, because all, even the greatest sinners, can pray. It is a maxim of the spiritual life that one who is faithful in prayer is faithful in all things. Prayer cures all the disorders of the soul, diminishes one's daily faults, takes away the temporal punishment due to sin, increases one's merits, and finally conducts to Paradise.

MAY AND MARY. As the weary watcher greets the breath of morning; as the tempest-mariner hails the sight of land; so comes to the thoughtful heart, after the drear days of the long and pitiless winter, the ever fair and fragrant May. Sweetest of all the months, she comes crowned with the flowers of the year. Prayers cures all the disorders of the soul, diminishes one's daily faults, takes away the temporal punishment due to sin, increases one's merits, and finally conducts to Paradise.

May has always been an enthroned queen in every heart. The poets of every age and clime have welcomed her presence and invoked the divinities of stream and grove to celebrate her return. And so her path is flower-worked, and the air is fragrant with the song of greeting birds, and the skies look down with radiant joy.

But to the Catholic heart the beautiful May hath a deeper and holier significance than any mere earthly charms can impart. From oldest days Catholic devotion has dedicated this fairest season of the year to the special honor of the fairest of creatures—the Virgin Mother of the world's Redeemer. She, the "Blessed among women," was the chosen tabernacle of the unborn Saviour. When other shelter there was none, she pillowed Him on her immaculate breast in the lone stable; and for thirty years afterwards He was her obedient Son in the little Nazarene home. From Bethlehem to Calvary she was bone of His bone and flesh of His flesh; and when, at last, all was accomplished, it was from her heart He drew the blood with which He washed away the sin of the world.

Is it, therefore, any marvel that the Christian heart should have always gone out in reverence and love to Christ's Virgin Mother; that the greatest of the world's poets have woven garlands of sweetest song for her royal brow; that architecture has received its noblest inspiration from her character, her person and her history; that music has thrilled the soul with her Ave Marias; that sculpture has glorified the rude marble with her face so fair; and that the canvas has glowed with the matchless grace and beauty of the Madonna?

In the same spirit the Catholic heart offers to the Virgin Mother of Christ all that is fair and sweet in the beautiful May; dedicates all its fragrant hours to her special honor; and implores her intercession with her Divine Son in behalf of all sinful world.—Catholic Union and Times.

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ALL THAT WE DESIRE.

The following beautiful exhortation is from the pen of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Cotton of Buffalo:

"Son, daughter give Me thy heart." I hear a voice, a dear, familiar voice, resounding in my ears and echoing to my soul, and ever and anon it is saying "Give me thy heart." Nor will it be still. It is my Lord's voice in ridding me to peace and rest, tells me I will seek happiness in vain if I seek it outside of Him. There is another voice calling me; it is the voice of Satan, who tells me I will find joy in forbidden pleasures and happiness in sin. One is the voice of the Eternal Truth, the other the voice of the father of Sins. Which shall I obey? Shall I obey God my Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier? Or shall I obey him who has been the discoverer of the human race from Adam's time and dragged down millions to hell?

Our Lord wishes to lift us up and enable us; for that did He adopt our humanity; He gave us the pattern of perfection in Himself and bade us imitate Him. He bids us not to be deceived by the false and sinful pleasures of the world. Our Lord knows the tendency of the heart to go out with its affections to something outside itself for He had a heart Himself and its affections went out first to His Father in heaven and then to us children of the Father, and with a heart all on fire and consuming itself from His love He says "Behold the Heart which hath loved me so much," and feeling that He can satisfy the longings of the heart of mankind, He cries out in pity as well as love "Son, daughter, give Me thy heart!" Oh, who can resist an appeal so touching and so tender? The Son of God asking for my heart, vain, senseless would I be to deny it to Him? To whom should I give it rather than to God Who made it, and Who made it for Himself that it might be the dwelling place of His delights, and made it for me as the place I might meet Him and find my delights, and enjoy safety and peace in His loving care.

Let us away, then, with all false friends and false joys, and give our hearts to God through our love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Its flames of love are reaching out to us and are striving to draw us to it. Let us not turn away from them, or put ourselves beyond their reach. In that Heart we shall find all we desire—and the joy of time will be crowned with seeing Our Lord one day face to face in Heaven.

"CONVICTION IS NOT CONVERSION."

Some fifteen years or so ago there was in Denver a Baptist minister by the name of Kerr Tupper. I believe he is now in Philadelphia. He was not fond of Catholics, but was a great hand at getting his name in the papers. He one time preached a sermon on the so-called "Mariolatry." As may readily be imagined, he didn't know what he was talking about and misrepresented the teachings of the Catholic Church. A friend of mine called on Mr. Tupper and stated that he was a Catholic layman and that he had seen a report of Mr. Tupper's lecture, which much misrepresented the Catholic Church. He then asked Mr. Tupper to read a small book which gave a correct statement of the doctrines of the Catholic Church. The book given to Mr. Tupper was Fra Bruno's "Catholic Belief." Some weeks later Mr. Tupper returned the book, thanking the lender and expressing himself as much impressed. Later on Mr. Tupper felt himself called upon to vigorously denounce Papal Infallibility. Of course he got his lecture in print. My friend called on Mr. Tupper again, this time with Father Lyon's book, "Christianity and Infallibility: Both or Neither." I believe I have given the correct title. I can't get at my copy just now to verify it. Some time afterwards Mr. Tupper met my friend and began the conversation by saying: "That is the most convincing book I ever read, but you know conviction is not conversion."—Credo in the Denver Catholic.

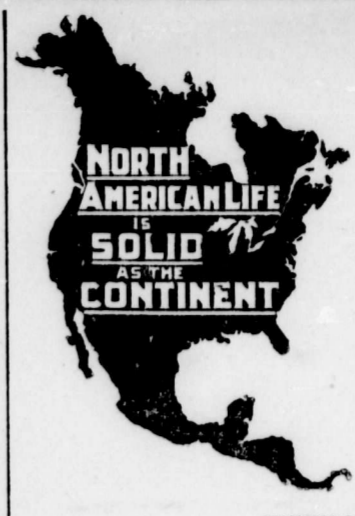
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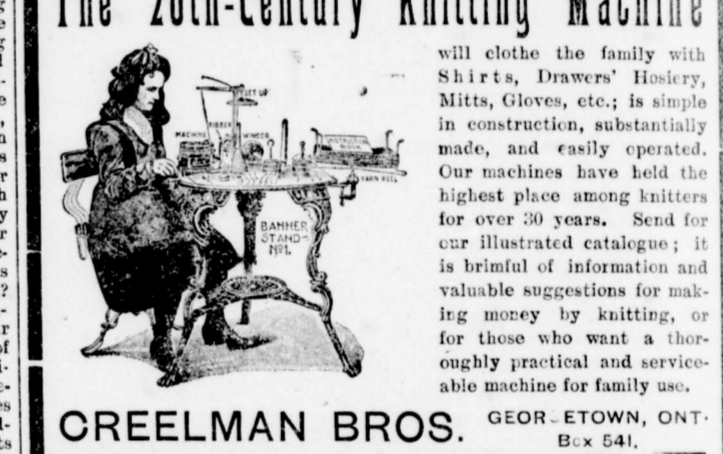
is too late to insure the burned building. Even those most anxious for business will not insure your house if it smells of smoke; and no company insures the lives of sick men. All intelligent people realize the advantages of life insurance, and those who are insured fully appreciate its benefits. You, no doubt, intend to take out a policy some day; but now may be your only opportunity; the future may find you uninsured. Would it not be wise, therefore, to communicate with the

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Estate of John Battle

THOROLD, ONT.

CHATS WITH YOU

"No" is one of the best words in our vocabulary. Yet charged with greater force than any other word it is a stepping stone to a life. It may be the magnet. Who learns to use it master of evil ways and a master of eternal happiness in a Church Progress.

Lack of Preparation. "Sidetracked by ignorance a little more would be a fitting epilogue of many a failure."

Value of Technical Education. The captains of industry rose from the engineering education had in the shops; but years, technical education, government patronage, strikes, and a young man the time he attains his master in his father could master in years of practice.

What Catholics Ought to Do. They ought to play in every department of life. Good Catholics husbands and fathers, business and professional men, and a young man be enough on an inquiring actor of a man to say, "a good, honest reliable Catholic."—Catholic.

To Those Who Make a Habit of Always Entering into the very heart and character of a man who does everything with a feeling of serenity; thrown off his balance to fear, and he can look face because he feels he has not put nothing into it and that he has always best. The sense of emergency; the possessing the ability of any soul-satisfaction hearted, slipshod work.—Success.

Just Getting Making a Living. "Oh, just getting making a living,"—such are the replies frequently make when a person of stagnation, one's own, "just getting making a bare living, life."

It may not always be to increase your income self materially, but it is to keep adding to it.

Each to-morrow is than to-day it must yesterday. We must astic spirit, an out mind and heart to Our work will reflect tude. Such a spirit possible for us not to our own.

The great deeds triumphs of the race to hold their own along. They were purpose, filled with enthusiasm which before it, as a mount aside or overleaps e would bar its progress.

If you are You will be kind. You will not use s. You will try to m. You will not be shy. You will never ind gossip.

You will never for to ago. You will not sw your achievements. You will think of yourself. You will be scrup for the rights of oth. You will not meas people's bank account. You will not fo promises, or obligat. In conversation y mentative or contra. You will never peculiarities or oth. You will not bo stantly talking of affairs.

You will never stance cause ano help it. You will not th tentions "compens manners. You will be as social inferiors as superiors.—Success Learn

Why is it that so can boys are preju a handicapa the Humphreys in th is said with a dea Americans as dual ical trades find th vantage when com foreigners. Ameri but the stonemas There are native ornamental work trusted to a G American and En

MAY 14, 1904.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

"No" is one of the smallest words in our vocabulary. Yet few others are charged with greater consequences.

Lack of Preparation. "Sidetracked by ignorance, for the lack of a little more preparation," would be a fitting epitaph over the grave of many a failure.

Value of Technical Education. The captain of an industry of the last century rose from the ranks, because an engineering education could only be had in the shops; but, within a few years, technical education, under wise government patronage, has made great strides, and a young man can learn, by the time he attains his majority, more than his father could have hoped to master in years of practice.

What Catholics Ought to Be. Catholics ought to be good Catholics. They ought to be very exemplary in every department and in everything in life. Good Catholics are just husbands and fathers, exemplary business and professional men. It ought to be so with all Catholics. It should be enough on inquiring into the character of a man to say, of course he is a good, honest reliable man—he is a Catholic.—Catholic Register.

To Those Who Make Excuses. "Let Catholic young men," says the Catholic Columbian, "get rid of the feeling that the world is against them because of their faith. Some anti-Catholic feeling certainly exists in this country, but it is never too strong to keep down ability and character. Native talent combined with hard work and tactfulness wins in the end. Young Catholics should remember this, and not get into the lazy, 'what's the use' attitude. If we all felt this way, Catholicism in this country would never amount to anything. It is pretty much the same with all other lines of business."

On Doing One's Best. The habit of always doing one's best enters into the very marrow of one's heart and character; it affects one's bearing, one's self-possession. The man who does everything to a finish has a feeling of serenity; he is not easily thrown off his balance; he has nothing to fear, and he can look the world in the face because he feels conscious that he has not put shoddily into anything, that he has had nothing to do with shams, and that he has always done his level best. The sense of efficiency, of being any emergency; the consciousness of possessing the ability to do with superiority whatever one undertakes, will give soul-satisfaction which a half-hearted, slipshod worker never knows.—Success.

Just Getting Along. "Oh, just getting along," "just making a living," "holding my own"—such are the replies young men frequently make when asked how they are progressing.—Practically, this is a confession of stagnation. Merely holding one's own, "just getting along," or making a bare living, is not making a life.

It may not always be possible for you to increase your income or better yourself materially, but it is always possible to keep adding to the real riches of life.

If each to-morrow is to find us farther than to-day it must be an advance on yesterday. We must bring an enthusiastic spirit, an unremitting effort of mind and heart to everything we do. Our work will reflect this mental attitude. Such a spirit will render it impossible for us not to do more than hold our own.

The great deeds of the world, the triumphs of the race have not been accomplished by men who were content to hold their own merely or "just get along." They were dominated by their purpose, filled with an overmastering enthusiasm which swept everything before it, as a mountain torrent sweeps aside or overleaps every obstacle that would bar its progress.

If you are Well-Bred You will be kind. You will not use slang. You will try to make others happy. You will not be shy or self-conscious. You will never indulge in ill-natured gossip. You will never forget the respect due to age.

You will not swagger or boast of your achievements. You will think of others before you think of yourself. You will be scrupulous in your regard for the rights of others. You will not measure your civility by people's bank accounts.

You will not forget engagements, promises, or obligations of any kind. In conversation you will not be argumentative or contradictory. You will never make fun of the peculiarities or idiosyncrasies of others. You will not bore people by constantly talking of yourself and your affairs.

You will never under any circumstances cause another pain, if you can help it. You will not think that "good intentions" compensate for rude or gruff manners. You will be as agreeable to your social inferiors as to your equals and superiors.—Success.

Learn a Trade. Why is it that so many of our American boys are prejudiced against learning a handicraft or trade? asks P. W. Humphreys in the American Boy. It is said with a deal of truth that such Americans as must work at the mechanical trades find themselves at a disadvantage when competing with trained foreigners. Americans lay the bricks, but the stonemasons are from Europe. There are native plasterers, but the ornamental work is nearly always intrusted to a German. There are American and English carpenters, but

the fine joiner work in hardwoods and the carving and other decorations are necessarily intrusted to the French technically trained workman. Americans paint houses, but for the frescoing and decorative work the Italian, Frenchman, or German has the call. Our apprentice laws have fallen into disuse, and the trades unions have discriminated against some lads who wished to become mechanics.

Then there are so many opportunities for making money in trade and speculation that ambitious young Americans are eager to enter the fields of commerce, to become politicians, to do anything, in fact, rather than confine themselves to the farm, the shop, or the factory. And so it comes about that when any work requiring technical skill is required foreigners have to be employed.

It is true that machinery has supplanted manual labor in the manufacture of clothing material, but no invention can take the place of the skilled workman. We have too many traders and speculators. An advertisement for a bookkeeper or a salesman is answered by a hundred boys and young men, while skilled and artistic workmen are so scarce that we are forced to import them from Europe.

Ignorance Has No Excuse. One of the most pitiable tragedies in human life is that of strong men letting their powers go to waste for lack of education. Many of them lament their ignorance, but excuse it on the ground of "no chance," or opportunity. Such excuses, in a land which teems with chances, deceive no one but those who make them.

In this era of education, of books and libraries, of newspapers and periodicals, of schools and universities, of evening schools, lectures, and the other endless opportunities for self-culture which our country affords all classes, there is no excuse for ignorance. "It is only what is wanting."

Examples are not lacking to prove this. A gentleman told me, the other evening, of a poor Russian Jew who came to the United States to better his fortunes. He was only seventeen years old when he arrived here, and could not speak a word of English. After securing employment he began to attend evening school. For two years every spare moment was given to study, and at the end of that time he was lecturing before Americans on the great men of America.

At ten years of age, Jacob Gould Schurmann was a country lad on a backwoods farm on Prince Edward Island. "It is impossible," says Mr. Schurmann, "for the boy of the day, no matter in what part of the country he is brought up, to appreciate the life of Prince Edward Island as it was forty years ago. At that time it had neither railroads nor daily newspapers, nor any of the dozen other things that are the merest commonplaces nowadays, even to the boys of the country districts."

At thirteen, your Schurmann was a clerk in a country store, at a salary of \$30 a year. At eighteen he was working his way through college. At twenty-five he was professor of philosophy in Acadia College, Nova Scotia, and at thirty-eight he was made president of Cornell University.

Few boys in town or country have less opportunity to become educated farmer boys; but he will be of the "elect," and that carried him over all difficulties and hardships.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

BY LOUISA EMILY DOBBERE.

THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES.

No. 1.—The Resurrection.

AN ACT OF FAITH.

Mr. Vanderman did not, as a rule, appear until Ida had finished breakfast, unless she had been out late the night before, when she had it in her room, and when he did so that morning he announced that he would be away all day on business. No allusion had again been made to the conversation about her mother, and Ida had no desire to bring the subject forward.

After a brief interview with the housekeeper, Ida went up to her boudoir, which was one of the most charming rooms in the beautiful house. Ida loved as well. She had all her life been accustomed to being surrounded by beauty and luxury, and took it all as a matter of course. She had always had her own carriage, her hack, servants to do her bidding, a secretary to attend to her correspondence and every possible thing that she could desire. The house everywhere gave evidence of good taste and stately had been brought from far and were in themselves very valuable. Ida's boudoir had chairs and inlaid tables that connoisseurs raved about, and the costly fittings of her writing table were in the latest fashion. She had had the things for the tableaux all brought there, and as she busied herself with her maid, choosing what would be of use, her thoughts were far distant, and soon formed themselves into a very practical conclusion. She knew that there were many Catholic churches in London, and one near that house, and she walked there that day and read on the board near the door the hours of Mass and at other services that Ida the next Sunday morning, found herself at High Mass, which was followed by a sermon. The former was quite unintelligible to her, but the latter was listened to with great attention. The subject was the Great Feast, which St. Gregory calls the Solemnity of all Solemnities, Faith being the great lesson taught by the Festival. Faith could achieve what reason and logic failed to do, and being in itself divine, it was higher than any natural virtue possibly could be. Ida listened to the story of the Resurrection as if for the first time, and the account of the crowning act of Him who thereby proved beyond all doubt the fact of being perfect God as well as perfect man, rising from the grave by His own power, thus triumphing over

the penalty of sin. The preacher spoke forcibly of the power of the Resurrection which all the baptized share; for as they are buried with their divine Lord in baptism, so they could rise with Him by newness of life. This resurrection was essentially the same in those who rose from sin after losing their baptismal grace, and who must preserve the new life by flying from all occasions of sin, and by definitely temporizing and seeking intermediate helps, Ida went direct to one of those appointed to teach the religion in which she desired to be instructed, no difficulty being experienced, as she found out from the sacristan when and where the preacher could be seen.

It was favorable to her that her father should be away on one of his frequent absences, and as the church was not half an hour's walk Ida had no difficulty in going there unknown to any one in her household.

She had much to learn as well as to unlearn, a great deal to accept at which her reason rebelled, and very much to cause her astonishment and wonder. Trying to work the whole thing out as if it were a mathematical problem utterly failed, and she found that she must use the gift of faith which alone could help her.

Father Allan was determined that she should be thoroughly grounded and instructed, and before her mental vision rose the Church of God, and while the temptation to disbelief in its reality assailed her soul, faith enabled her to apprehend a little of the matchless beauty of the immaculate Bride of Christ. Baptismal grace, so long dormant in Ida's soul, asserted itself and in its power she made her choice.

Father Allan, to whom she fully explained the circumstances of her life, foresaw difficulties and he trembled for her. Many an hour did he spend before the altar through the time when the great feasts came and went—Ascension, Whitsunday, the Feast of Corpus Christi and the Holy Trinity, until the end of June approached, and on St. Peter's Day Ida became a Catholic.

Her father returned a day or two later and then Ida told him, herself fully prepared for his anger, but he would never enter her head that he would turn her out of the house.

However, Mr. Vanderman did not hesitate for a moment. Once he had fully grasped the fact that Ida was not to be moved, and that she was absolutely determined to practice her religion at all costs, he made up his mind and told her she and Arthur must leave the house within a week, and that the only money she would have to live upon would be what she had inherited from her mother, which, owing to a decrease of value in the shares, was worth but little over fifty pounds a year, a sum that Ida had over and over again paid for a dress. It seemed that her husband had had a large annuity, and, besides that, had lived on his capital, and from him she had inherited nothing at all, but her father's wealth was so great that it had never made a difference to her.

Father Allan was full of sympathy for Ida, but could, of course, do nothing in the way of material help. He introduced her to Mrs. Ayre who was a great worker in his parish, and that lady did her best for Ida, who was soon forsaken by the butterfly friends of her society days, and as it happened she had not any others.

It all happened so quickly, and Ida had to live through so much in so short a time, that when it was over, and she was settled in two little rooms at Hammersmith, it seemed like the calm succeeding a storm. Her faith had, indeed, been tried, and she had a fierce struggle with herself, for it went hardly with her to give up all her wealth and luxury and to sacrifice Arthur, whose education and prospects in life. It was indeed a dark outlook, but the strength of her risen Lord was hers, and in it she endured the present and faced the future.

After a while she earned a little money by needlework, for she embroidered beautifully, and then Arthur was able to be educated as a dowry child at a monastery, which, owing to the kindness of Mrs. Ayre, gradually Ida made some friends, but the loneliness was very great and to learn an entirely new way of living was an education of a somewhat drastic order.

Poverty is a means of making people better or worse, and the sudden transportation from affluence to barely sufficient to exist was a severe test to Ida's faith. The worst times when the temptation to return home on the only condition of her reception there was very strong; but grace conquered, and by faith she was able to estimate at its true value the earthly treasures which she would have to purchase at the expense of her holy religion.

To add to her anxieties, Ida heard, a year later, that her father had had a paralytic seizure, and was now helpless invalid. She had long ago forgiven him the act which had been prompted by mistaken conviction, but, as her letters were never answered, she left off writing, though her heart yearned for news of him.

Later on she learnt that he was dead, all his fortune going to a Protestant association he had been much interested in his life-time. So that chapter of her life was closed for ever.

And so the years went on, and Ida lived very poorly, pinching and striving to make ends meet, accepting charity with wonderful humility and dignity, and possessing that great peace of heart which those know whose life is hid with Christ in God. Poverty, with her, was a means of grace; and, through the great suffering it involved in so many ways, her character strengthened, and her spiritual perceptions deepened. She lived "as seeing Him who is invisible," and He enriched her soul with many gifts of grace.

Many years later we find Ida in very different circumstances from either of those in which we have seen her. She is sitting in the small study in the Presbytery of a new mission near London. The room is not a bright one, the outlook being on a small back yard in which is a solitary tree. The furniture is plain, but the walls have many framed prints and photographs of sacred pictures, while a great crucifix hangs, between statues of Our Lady and St. Joseph, over a faldstool.

"Tired, mother?" asks a tall young priest who comes in at this moment and lays a loving hand on Mrs. Devereux's shoulder. "No, dear. You see I am quite well now," and Mrs. Devereux looks up at her tall son. She has changed much in these years, but her face is still charming, and her white hair suits her very much. "It is delightful to have you, mother, and all to myself, too!" says Arthur, throwing himself into an Oxford chair.

It's rather lucky Father Hodson being asked out to dinner, so you and I can be *à-ta-ta-ta*. And you can stay till Wednesday?"

"Yes, it is very good of Mrs. Daw, for the house is very full of convalescents just now, but she would make me go, and really the holiday is the one of all others I should have chosen, and the journey is only five shillings third-class," says Mrs. Devereux, who in the old days had always travelled in a *coupe*, with every possible luxury to lessen any fatigue or trouble. However, she seems very happy and her face shines with joy as she looks at her son, who has lost all the delicacy of his early days and now has the desire of his heart, namely, a curacy in a parish where work abounds.

"You like your post, mother?" "Yes, dear, very much. You see when you were a child I earned a little by work, and it was very hard to do that, and I was quite unlit to be a governess, for I had no certificates and not the slightest aptitude for teaching. Then in those days there were none of the numerous fields for women to work in that exist now, and seven years ago when this post was offered me I was thankful indeed. It is a healthy place as you know, the work is rather hard, but the pay is good enough for me to be able to put by something for the days when I shall be too old to work. I have many blessings to be thankful for, and having my dear boy a priest of God is one of the greatest. This is the happiest Easter of my life, Arthur!"

"You must have gone through a great deal, mother," says Arthur as he looks at his mother. "It was wonderful how the faith became yours and you had the strength to persevere in the face of such trials."

"Yes, faith is a wonderful thing," says Mrs. Devereux quietly. "As I was reading lately 'Logic and Reason' would not make us accept the divine gift of faith to enable us to do so. Well, that act of faith has indeed been in my case richly rewarded." And Arthur, as he silently bends his head in assent, knows that it is to her prayers that he owes the vocation in which he so rejoices. He is in which his mother has told him of in which her decision was for her it was a real Pasch, or "passing" from death to Resurrection life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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