

GIENANAAR

A STORY OF IRISH LIFE BY VERY REV. CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D., AUTHOR OF "MY NEW GUARANTY," "LUKE DELMEGE," "UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STAIRS," "LOST ANGLE OF A RUINED PARADISE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

ASTRAEA REDUX.

"This will never do!" So said a famous critic when quilloting a certain poet. So said Solicitor General Doherty, when this mixed jury disagreed, and three of his victims ran the chance of escaping. It was quite clear that mixed juries, like everything else that is mixed and mongrel, are bad. This time we shall take care to have the jury pure. There shall be no mistake. Hence, on Thursday morning, young Burke (brother of our midnight rider), Shine (whose brother is already sentenced to death), Connor, and Murphy are in the dock. The panel is called. Gentlemen of the highest respectability, land-owners and agents, are ruthlessly set aside on account of their religion, and an exclusively Protestant jury is carefully empanelled. There shall be no loopholes of escape this time. There will be the additional gratification of defeating this Boanerges from Kerry, who, most assuredly, cannot be described as of "very gentlemanly appearance and decidedly aristocratic address."

Patrick Daly improves as he goes along. He wishes to earn his portion of that £720 honestly, and to give good value to his employers. In his own choice language he wants to "swear up to the mark," a pretty little taken, I believe, from a certain measure of porter. It has transpired already that Patrick Daly was so drunk at that Fair of Rathlone that he couldn't stand. Nevertheless, he testifies glibly as to what took place there; how the famous assassination paper was produced for signature; how Burke, the prisoner, was present as a member of the committee, and how he, Patrick Daly, told it all to Col. Hill, immediately after the Fair.

This was very satisfactory. But here a dramatic incident occurred. Judge Pennefather beckons to O'Connell to approach the Bench. O'Connell approaches; the Judge shows a paper, and both heads—Judge's and advocate's—are bent in consultation for a few minutes. There was a hush in court. Patrick Daly is melodiously silent and somewhat perturbed. Doherty cannot make it out. At last, O'Connell returns to his place, the paper in his hand; and, after Daly's direct examination had concluded, O'Connell arose.

"The day after the Fair you described to the magistrates, in detail, all that had occurred in the tent?"

"Yes!"

"You mentioned the assassination order?"

"Yes!"

"And the names of the committee?"

"Yes!"

"This is your signature, I presume?"

"This is like it!"

"Then you have told the jury all that happened in the tent?"

"Well, thin, since you want the whole information, Murphy here said that there was as bad min in the country as the three gintles that wor to be killed; that Major Maxwell and Mister East will ought to be killed too; Mr. Daniel Clancy of Charleville, he said, will give £100 to the man that kills Maxwell, and £200 to the man that 'll kill the two."

O'Connell read over Daly's deposition (the paper handed him by Baron Pennefather). There was not one word about the assassination order, nor of the other details just sworn to by the accomplished witness.

"My cousin Owen" appears on the witness table. Patrick has sworn that Owen swears that he was. It would never do that Patrick should pocket the whole bribe. He must "swear up to the mark." Of course he was there, and can tell everything just as glibly, and even more picturesquely than "cousin Pat." His zeal and eloquence lead him astray. He contradicts "cousin Pat" in a dozen particulars, and is ordered peremptorily from the witness box.

This time Baron Pennefather addressed the jury in a solemn, lengthened speech, daintily balancing the scales of Astraea, instead of flinging in the sword of justice, with a "Vae victis!" against the prisoners. Jury this time, exclusively Protestant as they are, do not leave the box, but promptly acquit the prisoners with their verdict: "not guilty." There is a sense of relief visible in the entire court; and Judge Pennefather leans over the Bench, and whispers to Mr. Bennett, one of the junior counsel for the prosecution:

"George, let me not see you here again!"

The following day, the defeated Solicitor General announces that "his learned friends and himself have decided not to proceed with any further trials at present, and that the remaining untried prisoners might be let out on bail."

Soon after, the sentence of death on the first batch of prisoners was commuted to penal servitude for life, although they were convicted on exactly the same testimony that was so promptly rejected by the third jury. However, that sentence, too, was relaxed after they had been transported; and their children and children's children are in Doneraile to-day.

The duel, however, between the Solicitor General and O'Connell did not end here. In the next session of Parliament O'Connell moved for the depositions of Patrick Daly, and also for the notes taken by the Judges during the trials. It was unusual to demand the production of the Judges' notes; but O'Connell explained the importance of the case, and in doing so he paid a tribute to the justice, courtesy, and honor of Baron Pennefather, and, by implication, he passed a decided

conscience on his brother judge. But the main object of the motion clearly was to indict the Solicitor General, for that he with such remarkable discrepancies in his hands as existed between the depositions of Daly and his after-testimony, did press home against the prisoners for conviction, and suppressed these facts in his charges to the wide question—whether counsel, with direct testimony or circumstantial evidence before him as to the innocence of a prisoner on trial, could in honor or conscience either suppress such evidence or influence the jury for conviction? The debate was singularly interesting on account of the principle involved. O'Connell's speech was remarkable for its wonderful moderation, a fact on which he had to bear a good deal of hostile chaff from the ministerial side of the house. The Solicitor General's reply was singularly feeble, wandering away to politics, and quoting O'Connell's speeches at dinner-tables and on platforms against his studied moderation in the House. The Member for Mallow, C. O. Donham Norreys, backed up O'Connell in a lucid and argumentative speech, in which he insisted that the point of debate was—Had the Solicitor General in his "cessation" at each of the three trials the very depositions, etc., on which Judge Pennefather directed the acquittal of the prisoners? A Mr. North, defending the Solicitor General, attacked O'Connell in a furious piece of declamation; and so the debate raged during a sitting of Parliament, until at last the heavy weight of votes on the ministerial side bore down all opposition, and O'Connell's motion was negatived by a majority of fifty-eight. (It was this victory that emboldened Doherty to bring on again at the Spring Assizes the prisoners let out on bail.) And so the Doneraile Conspiracy passed into history, and is now but a name signifying but little to the minds of the peasantry.

The name of the Solicitor General (he lived a short time in history as "Long Jack Doherty," a nickname given him by O'Connell; he had realized £80,000 by his profession and speculations, but died penniless), has passed into oblivion so completely that should never have heard it, but that it cropped out of the recesses of history which I have opened. If, however, there be any immortality on earth, surely it will be that of the great advocate, who, from the first years of his striking career, took up the people's cause and defended it, often at the risk of personal losses in the profession he had chosen to follow, and sometimes at the risk of his life. Yet, amidst all the triumphs of his career, political and forensic, I understand that the domestic and laboring of the Doneraile peasants and laborers not the least; and, as he said in the House of Commons, it was a case into which—throw his whole heart and soul. And amongst the many incidents that he loved to recall from a life full of every kind of dramatic episode, I understand that he dwelt with particular pleasure on that memorable night-ride through the mountains and by the lakes of his native county; and with particular emphasis on the tremendous contrasts between the desolate and sublimities of nature, as he saw it that night, by hill and valley and through the "rascalities of an Irish Court of Justice."

The peasants returned to the homes they thought they should never behold again. They sat once more by firesides which they thought were extinguished for them forever. And slowly a better feeling crept in between the people and the local gentry. The very gallant way in which many of the latter, at the risk of social ostracism, protested against what they rightly deemed a miscarriage of justice, touched the hearts of the people, and dispipated the unhappy hostility that had arisen from political causes. Providence has balanced very lightly this airy Irish nature. It swings to a touch. Where heavier natures creep slowly up and down according to the weight or pressure of circumstances, the Celtic temperament leaps to the weight of a feather; and you have sudden depression, or irritable gaiety, murderous disloyalty, or more than feudal fealty, in swift and sudden alternations.

During these momentous trials, for instance, O'Connell thought it his duty to challenge a Protestant juror. It was reported that this man had said, after the convictions on the first trial, that there should be a gibbet at every cross-roads in the county. A wave of indignation swept over the minds of the people at this truculent, unscrupulous expression. But to a witness testifies that the words were used in quite a different sense, and were commendatory of Crown methods of prosecution, and sympathetic with the prisoners. "If this kind of thing is to go on," he said, "they might as well erect a gibbet at every cross-roads in the county." Quite a different thing! And so Irish anger swept around and evaporated in a cloud of incense about the popular magistrate. And so these sad winter days a great deal of public indignation ebbed away in a more gentle and kindly feeling, or was diverted against that class which has always been an object of particular horror in Ireland—the approver or informer. There, there is no relenting, no pardon! The awful stain goes down from generation to generation; and their children and children's children are the pariahs whom no man will willingly converse with, and with whom any alliance, particularly of marriage, is regarded as treasonable and dishonorable to the last degree. Hence every one of these hated wretches has to quit the country, and even in foreign lands to change his name. And even to this day the old people will not speak about them, except in a whisper; and then only when they have looked carefully around them to see that no one is listening, but friends. But the magistrates, against whom the conspiracy was supposed to have been formed, remained in their country seats and lived honored and revered by the people, and died peacefully in their beds. And then every remnant of the memory of this drama was set aside

when the terrible spectre of the famine appeared. And as we read now, in sudden torrential deluges in American sand-prairies, beasts, the most hostile to each other, will gather and congregate on some vantage point of safety to escape destruction, and forget their natural antagonism in the common instinct for safety; so, in the view of that dreadful scourge of 'forty-eight and 'forty-nine, all lower feelings of caste and race were blotted out, and in the common peril men forsook everything but the common safety. It was the new genealogy (also so often interrupted since in favor of the spurious and historical lineage which we have mentioned above)—justice beget confidence; and confidence beget tolerance; and tolerance beget mutual understanding; and love; and love beget that Union which we all desire.

CHAPTER VIII.

WAIFS.

Gienanaar, the glen of slaughter, is a deep ravine, running directly north and south through a lower spur of the mountains that divide Cork and Limerick. It divides Cork and Limerick, and also the dioceses of Cloyne and Limerick, and the parishes of Ardpatrick and Doneraile, runs right along the top of the glen, and close to that boundary line on the southern side was the farm of Edmond Connors, one of the men who had been put back on the second trial in the Doneraile Conspiracy, of which we have just written. His farm lay along the slope of the valley, facing directly east. It extended right over the slope, and was terminated there by the wild weather of the mountain; and it stretched downwards to the river, always full even in summer, but a fierce, angry torrent in winter; and which took its name, Avon, or, as it is pronounced, Own-anar, from the same terrific battle after which the glen is named. The house, a long, low building, thatched with reed, fronted the south; and, although very remote from village or town, the whole place—farm, field, and river, were as cozy and picturesque as could be found in Ireland. Edmond Connors, the proprietor, was, as we have said, a man of Herculean strength, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, strong-limbed; but you needed only to look at that calm, clear face, and those mild, blue eyes, that looked at you with a half-pitying, half-sorrowful glance, to see, as every one said, that Edmond Connors "would not hurt a child." He was, in fact, a superb type of a very able class of peasant, now, alas! under modern influences, dying away slowly in the land. They were all giants, largely formed, strongly tanned. They rarely touched meat.

Christmas and Easter it was a luxury. Their dietary was simple and ascetic—meal, milk and potatoes. But their constant exposure to rough weather, their incessant labor, and the iron constitutions they inherited from their forefathers and conserved by the purity and temperance of their lives, were better adapted than the feeble, modern civilization gives to create a hardy and iron race. It was of such men and their forefathers that Edmund Spenser, a rabid exterminator, wrote in despair to Queen Elizabeth, that they were quite hopeless—these attempts that were made to destroy or root out such a people; for they were so hardy, so fearless of death, so contemptuous of fatigue and wounds, that even the savage efforts of Elizabethan and Cromwellian freebooters failed to destroy what maintain and preserve. With these strong peasants, too, modern worries and vexations had no place. They had their trials; but they relied so implicitly on the maxims of their religion, which was also their philosophy, that they bore every reverse of fortune, and sickness and death, with the most profound and tranquil equanimity. A few times during their long and laborious lives, they might flash out in some sudden flame of anger, and then it was but for those who crossed their path. But that died away in remorse immediately, and the old, calm, patient way of life was resumed again. It was really pathetic the way these gentle giants used to look out from their clear blue eyes, in which there was always a depth of sorrow hidden under their strong bushy eyebrows; and how patiently they took the events of life, and calmly they took the vagaries of destiny. You could not disturb their equanimity. Deeds of the most wonderful and dreadful things, and they accepted it without surprise or alarm. They would be the despair of a dramatist. He could not astonish them, or excite their enthusiasm. To sleep, to wake, to work, to pray, to die—was the programme of existence. To wonder, to admire, to be angry, to be enthusiastic—they knew not the secret of these things. All things are ordered by a Supreme Will, of whom we are the puppets—that is all! Who does not remember them in their strong frieze cutaway coats, their drab or buff colored vests and knee breeches, the rough home-woven stockings, and the strong shoes—all made, like themselves, for hard work and wild tempestuous weather? No Wordsworth has yet sung the praises of these Irish dalesmen; but this, too, will come in the intellectual upheaval that we are witnessing just now.

Since the time of the trial, and his merciful escape from a horrible death, old Edmond Connors was accounted to remain even more alone than was his usual wont. Always of a solitary turn of mind, he began now to haunt the mountains continually. Sometimes he was seen sitting on the low parapet of a bridge that crossed the mountain stream, sometimes on a great boulder deep down in some primeval valley, visited only by sun and moon and stars; and sometimes his great form was seen outlined against the wintry sky, as he knelt and prayed on one of those immense stones that form cairns on the crest of the hills looking down into the glen and dales of Limerick. What were his thoughts no one knew, for like

all his class he was a silent man, and rarely spoke but in monosyllables.

There was a heavy fall of snow a few days before Christmas of this year; and as the weather was intensely cold, and the snowflakes together and crusted them all over with its own soft and brilliant enamelling. The whole landscape was covered with this white, pure surface, except where the river, now blackened by the contrast out of its cold, dark way between the gleams it had made for itself out of the soft sand of the hills. The bleak dreary appearance of the landscape, however, did not deter Edmond Connors from his daily ramble in the mountains. He had a strong gaiter and boots defied the soft snow that he was unware of the little bridge down beyond the plantation of fir-trees on the main road. As he came in sight of it he saw in the twilight a woman sitting on the low parapet, with a child in her arms. His footsteps were so completely muffled by the soft snow that she was unware of his approach, until he came quite close to her, and she woke up from her reveries and stared at him. She was quite young, but the child in her arms told that she was married. Her face had been very beautiful, except that it was now drawn as tight as parchment; and two great black eyes stared out of the pallor, as if in fright at some undefined but yet unrealized sorrow that was haunting her with its shadow. On seeing the great, tall figure near her, she drew up her black shawl hastily and covered her head, and turned away. The old man seeing this, and thinking that she had been nursing her child, and had turned away in modesty, approached and said, kindly:

"God save you, honest 'uman! Sure 'tis a cold evening to be out; and a cold rest you have got for yourself."

The woman did not answer.

"Wishes, then, me poor 'uman," said the old man, kindly; "you ought to seek shelter to-night, if not for yourself, at laste for yer little child."

The woman remained silent, with averted face. He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a silver piece.

"Here, me poor 'uman," he said, extending the coin toward her. "I haven't much; but the Lord has been good to me, and we must be good to every poor creature that wants it."

She put the hand aside with an angry gesture; and rising up to her full stature, she looked at the old man with blazing eyes.

"Edmond Connors," she said, "I know you, and you don't know me. But you go your ways, and lave me go mine. It will be better for you in the land."

"Wishes, then, agragal," he said, humbly, "sure I meant no harm; but I thought it 'd be murder intirely to see you and your little gurlach on the road a night like this."

"Why do you talk to me of murder?" she said. "Haven't you murder on your own soul? And isn't the rope swinging for you a-yet?"

"I have not murdered, nor any other crime on my soul," he said, meekly, "though, God knows, I am a sinful man enough. But you're out of your mind, me poor 'uman, and you don't understand the words you're speakin'."

"I wish 'twas thrue for you, Edmond Connors," she said. "I wish to God to-night that I was mad out intirely; and thin I could do what I was goin' to do, when God or the devil sint you across my path."

"I don't know what you mane," said the old man, "very anxious," but if you think 'o' hoin' any harm on yer self or yer child, may God and His Blessed and Holy Mother prevent you. Sure that's the last of all."

"Wouldn't it be better for me to be dead and buried?" she said somewhat more calmly, "than be harried from house to house, and from parish to parish, as I am, wid every dure slammed in me face, and a curse follin' me on me road?"

"That's the way," said the old man, "sure, haven't you the ring on your marriage finger as well as the best of this?"

"I have so," she said. "More bad luck and misfortune 'tis to me. 'Tis I'd be the happy 'uman if I could brake that ring, and put the pieces where they couldn't be found."

"At laste," said the old man, compassionately watching the blue eyes that stared up at him from the pinched, starved face of the child, "you should consider the child that God sint you; and if you cannot do anything to help yourself, or if you wor thinkin' of some thin 'd be agin it—"

"What could I be thinkin' of?" she said, defiantly. "If you have murder in your own heart, Edmond Connors, that's no reason ye'd suspect me of the same."

"I see, me good 'uman," said the old man, moving slowly away, "you're not from this neighborhood, tho' ye seem to know me name. No body in this parish 'd spake as you have done. And," he said, with some little temper, "it 'd be safe for him to be did."

"Next evening Will was on hand, face clean, better clothes though sadly threadbare, but respectful and attentive. He could not read, so instructions proceeded laboriously. However, he grew more and more earnest, mastered the chapters in the catechism, and ere long was the most devoted chap in the room. His big brown eyes never left my face when I spoke to the class. He helped to put the room in order after dismissal and always lingered until I said "Good night, God bless you, Willie."

He learned his prayers, and I gave him a rosary, and as the time drew near for first Communion and confirmation, he became, if possible, more attentive and earnest. Often I spoke to the boys about the saints of God, little anecdotes of charity, devotion and prayers. Once

fully in the growing twilight. There was something in her aspect, something in her words with their mysterious allusions, that attracted and interested him. And the blue eyes of the child seemed to haunt him, and ask for protection.

"Now, me poor 'uman," he said, "you're back in yer sinse agen. Sure I know well how the hardship and distress drive people out of their mind sometimes. But it may come on you again; and remember this is a Christian country; and from you that purty, weeshy little creature in yer arms, and save it from the cold river. Here, now, take these few shillings, and buy somethin' warm for yourself, for ye need it; and keep God and His Blessed Mother ever afore yer sight."

She stretched out her hand, and it lingered long in his great rough palm, whilst she fixed her glowing eyes, shaded with anxiety, upon him. Then, in a sudden impulse, she raised the old man's hand to her lips; and dragging her wretched shawl more closely around her, strode away. The old man stood and watched her tall, girlish figure, as it swayed along the road, darkly outlined against the white background of the snow. Then he moved slowly homeward. As he reached the crest of the hill through a short cut across the heather, he turned round, and looked back. The woman's figure stood forth clearly outlined against the darkening sky. She, too, stood still, and was looking toward him. Seeing him still watching, she raised her hand, and waved a farewell and passed out of his sight as he thought for ever.

He was more than usually silent, as he sat by the fire that night, and watched the red turf and blazing wood, as they poured from the open hearth great volumes of smoke up through the wide chimney that little child above. The eyes of that little child haunted him. He was troubled in conscience about it. He thought he should have asked the poor, lone woman to be her protector. One mouth more was not much to feed; and He Who giveth food to the sparrows on the house top would help to feed a little child. He was quite angry with himself, and once or twice he was about to rise and go out, and follow the waifs. But he argued, they are gone too far on their way now. Yet when he came to the Fifth Joyful Mystery, as they recited the Rosary that evening, the remorse came back, and choked his voice with the emotion.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE APOSTOLATE OF A NEWSBOY

The world is full of unwritten heroism, and once in a while we find ourselves face to face with a life that makes our own seem small and unworthy. Such is the one I am going to tell you about; and remember, I only tell tales that are true.

The classes of first Communion for working boys were being formed, one evening, in the school of my parish. I was watching the lads as they were placed in divisions according to their intelligence, when, suddenly, a scuffle was heard at the door.

Every head was turned as a boy was pushed forward. He fell, but quickly regained his feet, and tried to make his exit, but two other boys were behind him barring the way. He stood at bay like a small wild animal, his terrified eyes taking in the windows, vainly trying to see if escape were possible.

"What does this mean?" I said sternly.

"Father, this feller has been hangin' 'round this buildin' for an hour. He wants to come in, but he's 'fraid'!"

"What are you afraid of, my son?"

No answer came from the boy, who certainly looked frightened to death. He was ill-clad, small and pale.

"What is your name? Don't be afraid! Speak up like a man!"

"Will!" in a husky voice, twirling his cap.

"Will What?"

"Father, he ain't got any other name. He hasn't got any parents, nor brothers, nor nuthin'," said the boys who seemed to know him.

One of the boys, I thought, thrown on the stream of humanity, wanted by nobody, cared for by nobody, and yet a soul for whom Christ died.

"Will, are you a Catholic?"

"Yes, Father!"

"Do you want to make your first Communion?"

He looked up earnestly.

"Well, come here and sit down, and I'll teach you all you have to know."

Will looked furtively around, and seeing that I smiled, and yet was in earnest, took the seat I gave him, and his presence was soon forgotten. He looked and listened in silence all evening.

I thought it better to say nothing to him that evening. If he came again it would be time enough. When the other boys left I found out from one who lingered that Will was a newsboy, lived under steps in summer and in ash-pits in winter; always said he was a Catholic, but until now never came near a Catholic school, and he was twelve years old. He had heard other boys talk about night institutions and came with the crowd, but lacked courage to enter until forcibly landed in the room by his chums, who would have "fool'd" where the priest was.

Next evening Will was on hand, face clean, better clothes though sadly threadbare, but respectful and attentive. He could not read, so instructions proceeded laboriously. However, he grew more and more earnest, mastered the chapters in the catechism, and ere long was the most devoted chap in the room. His big brown eyes never left my face when I spoke to the class. He helped to put the room in order after dismissal and always lingered until I said "Good night, God bless you, Willie."

He learned his prayers, and I gave him a rosary, and as the time drew near for first Communion and confirmation, he became, if possible, more attentive and earnest. Often I spoke to the boys about the saints of God, little anecdotes of charity, devotion and prayers. Once

when I had told the story of the early martyrs, Will's eyes (ever fixed on me) glowed, and that night he said to me, "Father, I'd like to die a martyr."

"Well, my boy, you might, although not by fire or sword!"

"How, then, Father?"

"By loving others better than yourself, by giving your life to help others. There are many martyrs in this world, Willie."

He said nothing and I forgot the circumstance. First Communion time came. Will passed the examination and made his general confession. I had grown greatly interested in the boy, and had spoken to some charitable ladies, who provided him with suitable clothing and had given him work. He was now a respectable looking lad, a messenger boy. But although I had provided him with a home he left it to live with an old apple woman, who took him to her warm heart and gave him a little corner in her humble lodgings, and grew fonder of him every day. And he responded to Granny's love by giving her all his earnings.

After Will had been confirmed and made his first Communion, he still came to see me, and I noticed with some anxiety he had a hard hacking cough. I mentioned it, but he only laughed, said nothing, "he didn't mind it." But Granny came to see me, greatly worried over her boy.

"Father," she said, "I wish you would bid him not to pray so long in the cold. I do be listening for him to go to bed, but he is on his knees till all hours, with his beads in his hands, and the room do be cold, for we can't have fire at night."

Will's purity and piety had begun to make a deep impression on my mind. He is a chosen soul, I thought, and often he looked to me like a young saint, with his steady brown eyes fixed rapturously on me when I talked of the martyrs and holy ones of God.

One bitter cold February night Will came to see me. I noticed his cough was worse, and spoke to him about taking more care of himself. When he was leaving, a blast of icy wind swept through the doorway, nearly taking me off my feet.

"Will," I said, "you must take the care home. Have you the change?" I added.

"Well, I declare," said Will, feeling in his pockets. "I guess I left my money in my other suit. But I'll run, Father."

"No, you'll freeze a night like this. Here is car fare," and I handed him a quarter.

"Thank you, Father, I'll borrow it and pay it back," said he with a smile.

"Be off, then," I said. "Good night."

"But the blessing?"

"God bless you! God bless you!" and I hastily closed the door.

I thought no more of Will for a day or two. The weather grew bitter cold. No one left the house, less he had to do so. But one afternoon the telephone rang and a strange man asked could I go to such a house? "A poor person who was calling for me" and was surely dying. I took the address and started. It was Granny's humble home, and met her at the door, her apron to her eyes, and the tears streaming down.

"Oh, Father," she wept, "he's never stopped calling for you."

"Who?" I exclaimed.

"My poor Willie. He's borrowed something from you and it's worrying him."

I demanded to see him at once.

She led me to the little room, and there on a cot was Willie, delirious, calling out he wanted to return the quarter.

"Have you had the doctor?" I said.

"No, Father, 'ere it's the priest he's calling for. He only got had today."

I sat at once to a telephone near by and called up a physician I knew, who was soon at the house. He looked at Will, shook his head and began to work with him. I went into the next room, and by degrees got the story out of the bewildered Granny.

The night Will left me he was later than usual coming home, and Granny was so distressed, she said it was so bitter cold. At last about midnight two men came to the door with Willie between them. They found him lying in the snow, not far from home, with blood coming from his mouth. He was almost frozen, but gave his address faintly. She had him put to bed, and he didn't seem better in the morning and suddenly grew delirious and raved about walking home and borrowing money from me. Strange, I thought, why didn't he ride in the cars? He was overcome by that bitter night, but why did he walk? What did he do with the money?

"Granny had he any money when he came in?" I said.

"Not a cent, your reverence. When I asked him why he didn't ride he said his money was in his other suit, and when he took bad he was raving that it was to pay you back a quarter. Sure, if he had a quarter, why didn't he take the cars?"

"Sure enough," I thought. "I told him to ride." I felt uneasy. Where was that quarter? But then the thought occurred to me that he might have dropped or lost it.

"The men told me," said Granny, "that they found him senseless, with the blood coming out of his mouth, just yonder, almost in sight of the door. It was a bitter cold wind he faced coming over the bridge," she wailed.

Just then the doctor came and said quietly: "This is a case of pneumonia and exhaustion. The hemorrhages must have been severe. I don't think he will pull through, Father, but he will be conscious in an hour. I will send some medicine and a nurse."

I was affected more that I could have imagined.

"How long do you think he will live, doctor?"

"It's hard to tell, Father; scarcely twenty-four hours."

"Make him as comfortable as possible," I said.

The doctor left, and I sat down by the bed.

Willie muttered in his delirium, "Poor old fellow, I wonder if he did lose it." Then again he murmured, "By loving others better than yourself,

by giving your life to be a martyr. I wonder if he ever frozen to death? Give back Father—"

"I only borrowed it."

"Yes, darlin'," said in, "I'll give it back here myself. Lie at me poor boy."

"Willie," I said, "died was no sign of recognition."

The big brown eyes were a nurse came in in quested her to begin with the doctor's in the next room and I could not leave. Granny was passed. I was at the window trying to read my off the glory of the red st afternoons. There were smoke-stained roof, river visible beyond filled with ice cakes and glass-houses, but the formed it all into a thing, type of martyr and then came the light of the boy a martyr? How for I believe he is.

The nurse called so "Father."

I went into the room was conscious, weak I was so glad, Father. I think I am pretty glad you came."

I mentioned then Willie's confession. receive Holy Communion returned soon with ment and the holy Holy Viaticum, and Then he lay peaceful his eyes closed. The room was open and light came and white counterpane where the little he was utter silence of breathing. The noiseless. Her look who felt that her useless, although she "Father," he Granny return your hasn't she will. Heaven soon, don't thing but that whom you will soon thought struck me, you do with the quarter. He looked squat "Father," he said gave it to somebody ride in the cars me know you told me better than yourself life to help others ty. Father, that I was so cold walk the icy air stopped blood came, I

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THOMAS COFFEY, Editor and Publisher.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

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

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APR. 20, 1907.

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

An ex-governor of Alabama, writing in the North American Review, expresses himself with as much candor as strength upon the dangers of godless education as exemplified in the negro.

Perhaps a half century is better than no bread. Such moral lessons as are contained in statutes or taught by flag-flying or the infrequent action of authority in their regard, will never make the negro more self-respecting, more virtuous or more industrious.

correction. But the negro may well retort, let him who is without sin cast the first stone. The physician is surely not blind to these results of godless education of his own color and race in the North.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENT.

In fulfilment of the promise given last week we proceed to answer the questions sent us. The following is the first question: "Had Jesus Christ brothers and sisters? If not, what is meant by the texts? 'Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James and Joseph and Jude and Simon?'"

Let us take the four names in order, James, Joseph, Simon and Jude. None of these were brothers of our Lord according to nature. Nor had our Lord any sisters.

"The brethren of our Lord were not sons of the Blessed Virgin as the heresy of Helvidius maintains, nor are they the sons of St. Joseph by another wife as a few would have us think, but rather the sons of another Mary who is called the mother of James the Less and James and Jude."

This question manifests very clearly the close communion between our Lord's divinity and our Lady's dignity. The attack which the question contains and which the answer is intended to refute directs its poisoned shaft against the miraculous conception of the Word-made-flesh.

FRANCE BY A NEW LIGHT.

The Christian Guardian, ever ready with shifting views of things Catholic, threw the other day a new light upon the situation in France. Down in the office they had got hold of a copy of the Times. It contained some letter or other from one who signed himself "French Catholic."

TORONTO AND ITS POPULARITY.

Why is Toronto unpopular? In assuming the fact we do Toronto no injustice. According to the Globe, it is generally admitted throughout the province, from the halls in Ottawa to the hamlets of country districts that Toronto is the most unpopular city in the Dominion.

JOHN REDMOND, leader of the Irish Party in the House of Commons, said recently in a speech in London:

"At last Ireland is coming to the end of her tribulations, Ireland's friends are in power and unless the Government proves itself guilty of treachery as great as the violation of the treaty of Limerick we are on the eve of an attempt to give us genuine control of Ireland's most important interests."

PRESBYTERIANISM AND THE CONFESSORIAL.

As it is a matter of much moment we desire to refer again to the sermon of the Rev. John McKay, Presbyterian minister, on the occasion of the induction of the Rev. W. J. Clark to the pastorate of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Westmount, a suburb of Montreal, on Mar. 30.

"I am rather surprised that an institution which exists at present in the Roman Catholic Church has never been introduced into the principles of our Church. It is the only true medium by which a pastor can be to his congregation what he ought to be. I refer to the confessional."

A few days after the delivery of the sermon in which this passage occurred the reverend gentleman supplied the press with a revised version. We have not, at the moment, the exact words, but, writing from memory, we think he still upheld the principle.

We quite agree with the reverend gentleman in regard to the benefit which is derived from the confessional by those who are committed to the spiritual charge of a pastor. The pastor should be to his flock the spiritual friend, adviser and father of those committed to his care.

In addition to this, the pastor is the judge constituted by our divine Lord to reconcile the sinner to God the Father, from whom he has been separated by sin, for to him Christ has given the wonderful grace and authority implied in these words:

"Peace be to you. As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you. Receive ye also the Holy Ghost: whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." (St. John xx., 22-23.)

This power of reconciliation of the sinner to God is further explained by the apostle St. Paul:

"God hath reconciled us to Himself by Christ: and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation. . . . He hath placed in us the word of reconciliation. For Christ, therefore, we are ambassadors, God, as it were, exhorting by us." (2 Cor. v. 18-20.)

It will be remarked from these passages of Holy Writ that the efficacy of the confession of sins arises out of the power conferred by Christ our Redeemer on His apostles and their lawful successors. It does not extend to those who have assumed to themselves this power, but is limited to those who were directly commissioned by Christ.

How, then, will the Presbyterian clergy become possessed of this power and authority, since they positively admit that they have not received it by continuous succession from the Apostles? St. Paul says of the office of the Christian priesthood:

"Neither doth any man take the honor to himself, but he that is called by God, as Aaron was. So Christ also did not glorify Himself that He might be made a High-priest, but he that said unto Him, 'Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten thee. . . . and Thou art a priest forever according to the Order of Melchisedech.'"

It is a well known fact that Presbyterians do not claim for themselves any priesthood or ministerial office by virtue of Apostolic succession, and also that they deny that such succession exists in other Christian churches. With strange inconsistency, however, the "Form of Church Government" declares that:

"Every minister of the word is to be ordained by imposition of hands, and prayer, with fasting by those preaching presbyters to whom it doth belong."

But as it is also known that the first ministers of that denomination had not that succession which is here declared to be necessary, it was deemed wise to insert a clause covering this want of due ordination; for it is again stated that ordination is necessary, thus:

"No man ought to take upon him the office of a minister of the Word without a lawful calling. Ordination is always to be continued in the Church. Every minister of the Church is to be ordained," etc. (as above.)

But the exception is made for the starting of a Presbyterian ministry, as follows:

"In extraordinary cases, something extraordinary may be done until a settled order may be had, yet keeping as near as possible may be to the rule. There is at this time (as we humbly conceive) an extraordinary occasion for the present supply of ministers." (On Church Government in the Book of Confession of Faith.)

which should take the place of the divinely instituted sacrament which exists in the Catholic Church, and which has existed from its original institution by Christ Himself, as implied in the power of forgiving sins which He conferred upon the pastors of His Church, according to the passages of Holy Scripture above quoted. Similar passages may be found in St. Matthew's Gospel xvi. 19: xviii. 18.

The Rev. Mr. McKay is, therefore, right so far as he means to say that the confessional is an institution which should be found in the Church of Christ, but he makes a mistake in supposing that it would be of any avail if established by a merely human authority. It would be a re-enactment of the rebellion of Core or (Korah) Dathan and Abiron, and their adherents, against Moses and Aaron, as described in Numbers xvi., maintaining that all the multitude of the children of Israel were equally priests with those whom God had chosen for this sacred office. The punishment inflicted upon these agitators is an example to all generations:

"The earth broke asunder under their feet, and opening her mouth devoured them with their tents and all their substance. And they went down alive into hell, the ground closing upon them, and they perished among the people. But all Israel that was standing round about fled at the cry of them that were perishing, saying: Lest perhaps the earth swallow us up also. And a fire coming out from the Lord, destroyed the two hundred, and fifty men that offered the incense."

We should here take notice also that the Rev. Mr. McKay appears to insinuate that in the Catholic Church also the confessional is quite a modern institution, wisely adopted, indeed, as a means of making the members of the congregation "what they ought to be," but still only a human device to this end, recently introduced, and existing therein "at present." It is proper, therefore, to adduce a few extracts from the early Fathers, who are the historians and doctors of the primitive Church of Christ in the Apostolic age and the ages immediately following the Apostolic age.

St. Clement of Rome who lived with the apostles, and of whom St. Paul says that "his name is in the book of life," (Phil. iv. 3.) thus speaks of confession: "For whatsoever things we have transgressed by any of the suggestions of the adversary, let us supplicate pardon. . . . For it is good for a man to confess his transgressions rather than to harden his heart, as the hearts of those were hardened who raised up sedition against Moses, the servant of God." (1 Clement to Corinthians, 52.)

Again: "Nothing does He (the Lord) require of any one but that he make confession unto Him. For the chosen David says: I will confess unto the Lord, and it shall please Him." Ireneus, who wrote about A. D. 170, denounced the Valentinian heretics who corrupted Christian women, who, on their return to the Church, confessed this with their other sins. (Against heresies i. 6.) Tertullian, who wrote in the second century, declares:

"The confession of sins lightens their burden, as much as their dissembling of them increases it; for confession savoureth of satisfaction, dissembling of stubbornness." Origen, who wrote in the third century, A. D., describes at length how sins are to be forgiven through confession of sin made to the priest of the Lord by those who are not ashamed to declare their sins and to seek a remedy. (Homily 5.)

We might quote much more to the same purpose, but want of space prevents this. We shall, therefore, only remark further that it is clear that the Catholic practice has existed from the days of the Apostles.

NOT IRISH.

It is quite common to see distinctive Irish names figuring in the business of prize fighting. The impression, in consequence, prevails, that the sons of the Emerald Isle are prone to follow pursuits of the lower order. Oftentimes we see in the sporting page such names as "Kid O'Brien," "Young Murphy," "Jack Shea," etc., but these unlovely personages are frequently found to be Germans, Italians and Poles. The same holds good in police court circles. Some time since the Irish societies of New York, having made careful investigation, discovered that Italian criminals had been in the habit of giving Irish names when taken to the office of the chief of the police. In the last number of the Utica Globe a picture is given of "Terry Martin," a new aspirant for honors in the prize ring. Any one hearing the name would at once conclude that "Terry" was full-blooded Celt. But such is not the case, for a sketch of his career in the same paper gives his real name as Martin Martin, and his native country Norway.

Life is good, and the highest life is God; and whenever man grows in knowledge, wisdom and strength, in faith, hope and love, he walks in the way of heaven.—Bishop Spalding.

A SWEET SINGER DEAD.

All Canada will mourn the death of Dr. W. H. Drummond, the genial, warm-hearted Irish Canadian, who was known as the "Poet of the Habitat." At a dinner given in Montreal on March 17th last, Dr. Drummond recited an original poem of his own composition. We have much pleasure in transferring it to our columns, showing, as it does, that the author's heart still beats warmly for his native land:

WE'RE IRISH YET. What means this gathering to-night? What spirit moves along? The crowded hall, and torching light Each heart among the throng Awakes as tho' a trumpet blast Had sounded in their ears. The recollections of the past, The memories of the years!

Oh! 'tis the spirit of the West, The spirit of the Celt, The blood that spirited the alien breast, And every wrong has fell— And still, tho' far from fatherland, We never can forget. To tell ourselves with heart and hand, We're Irish yet! We're Irish yet!

And they, outside the Clan of Conn, Who never were but fall, The music-strings of the Gael— His ear, when his alone can tell The truth that lies within, The music which he knows so well, The voice of Kith and Kin.

He hears the tales of old, old days, Of battles fought for freedom's sake, And every unconquered still— It challenges his mother's pride And dreads him not to forget. That tho' he cross the ocean wide He's Irish yet! He's Irish yet!

His eyes may never see the blue Of Ireland's April sky, His ear may never listen to The song of lark on high; But deep within his Irish heart Are colors, dark and dim, No human hand can wrench apart, And the lark still sings for him.

We've bowed beneath the chastening rod, We've had our griefs and pains, But with them all, we still thank God, The blood is in our veins; The ancient Gael knows no fear, The stamp is on us set, And so, however foes may jeer, We're Irish yet! We're Irish yet!

A COMMON SENSE VIEW OF THE CONFESSORIAL.

The Rev. Father Fidelis (James Kent Stone), C. P., during a recent mission to non-Catholics in Philadelphia, said: "Protestants so often think confession was invented by the priests in order to have the people under their thumbs—the poor priest ridden people. What bunglers these priests must have been to put this practice on Catholics and forget to leave the burden of themselves. Even the Pope has to go down on his knees before some humble friar or monk, and if he makes a bad confession and doesn't repent of it and make a good one he is damned. Oh, if you only knew it, that burden of hearing confessions is the most terrible thing a priest has to do! Sitting day after day, week after week, year after year listening to tales of sorrow and 'erzine and doing the marvelous work of loosening sin!

There is another objection and I am almost ashamed to touch publicly upon it—the contrary to the immorality of the confessional. Well I was a Protestant once, my dear brethren but I thank God I never said anything of that kind. There is something so low, so incredibly vulgar, not to say malicious, in respectable well educated and cultured ladies and gentlemen listening to the vile tales of so-called escaped nuns and unfrocked priests and friars!

"I am speaking to you as an honest convert. When I was going to my first confession, previous to being received into the Church, I stopped off at Newark to visit Bishop Bayley, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore, himself a convert and former Episcopalian minister. I told him I was going to confession. You are going to the real thing now," he said; and I thought of that general confession I had so often read when a Protestant.

"I have done those things which we ought not to have done and we have left undone those things which we ought to have done and there is no health in us, etc. I thought of that sweet, familiar prayer. It is upon my mind now and it all comes back to me. How delightfully general that confession was! But now I had to go into my conscience and seek out the weeds of thirty years that had grown in the garden. When I got through I found it was the 'real thing,' and I felt so light and so happy that I might with a good run, have jumped across the Schuylkill river."

POKING FUN AT VILLETTE.

The President of a French organization known as the Committee of Militant Catholics has sent us some handbills which were distributed in Paris on the occasion of the appearance of the notorious Villette in the role of "Archbishop." Our French brethren in the faith very properly turn Villette's masquerading into ridicule. The handbills we have referred to contain comic verses, headed "The Schism of Chicago," which are intended to be sung to popular airs. Some of the verses deal with the seizure by the representatives of the law of the mitre and cross of the "Archbishop" for the payment of a long outstanding debt owed by the "Schismatic Pope of France."

In poking fun at Villette French Catholics adopt the best means of combatting him. There is no more effective way of destroying the influence of a person than by making him ridiculous. This is especially true in France where the people are so quick at recognizing and appreciating the comical. It looks as if "Archbishop" Villette is in a fair way of being laughed out of his self chosen "mission." It would not be surprising if he should turn up before winding in the United States in his old swindling role of starting new churches for revenue only.—New York Freeman's Journal.

ATTACKS ON THE

BRITISH WEEKLY "HUMAN DEALT WITH BY DOCTORS."

A sensational article heading appeared last week, which we can challenge. Its opening sentence: "This proposition by a series of bare assertions pretty nearly the who trophy, and without at proof. It is easy reckless way, but not detail all the untruths involved, when a hundred are made in almost as take one of these at stance: 'Ireland is by English taxation b of religion.' It would or more to satisfactorily remark as this. The with similar remarks, then, is to deal with specimen.

THE FIRST GREAT ATT

THE COUNCIL OF ITALIAN Bishops, we know Greek or Hebrew the writer knew that only thirty Bishops w total number of Bisho two hundred means t suppose he means t health with Scripture. He is in error. Th only thirty Bishops sion, they came flocki so that by the time o sion, which dealt wit were sixty Bishops i complains. "Traditio level with Scripture. fact stultify reason. to ask, how does he to be God's Word ex Let him read the boo in the Protestant neither of the words Let him ask himself, This is part of God's sibly the writer do meaning of the word lies use it. In that form himself before Next he says, 'Al Valgate were ratified sion.' Perhaps he at this Council the cussed were first deb for the Council in sp and this is the reason appear in the a of fact, if he had open the very first Bible and had read would find that inc pains had been unde century by correct of a succession of P produce a sermon to He might know also the trouble to enqui SCHOLARS OF THE P

THE VULGAR A

HIGHEST VALUE Let us turn now of vague and unsp "The last century growth of fantastic ing miracles and by diligent encourag titles of the Church able to defend ones so indefinite as the the writer name son worship, etc., so what he is drivin can get a clue to little lower down w "IT IS PROBABLE HEAR MORE AB JOSEPH, THE SAC Possibly these s worship" cropped century. It is devot reasonable? He m know that St. Ann the Blessed Virgin name, it is known let that pass. We a mother, and that who was to enter relations with Alm human being before a saint. If th contrary to reason her? Similar re Joseph. His off might be a contribu tion to the Sacred being the product it is hundreds Gertrude, who liv dred years ago, ha tion to the Sacred Church encoura ships, she prompt Some years ago I introduce a devout only forbidden, an Index. Then, ag edifying miracles? edifying to him w the usual Protest Almighty God has acle since the l written.

IS THIS A "LEGIT

REASON" TO UPON GOD? The writer th made a strong "the plea of tr Church teaching proclamation of ception in the divided tradition, stultifies himself does not understa will enlighten hi if not explicitly, loved as belong Faith confides some doctrines g doubted and cont the necessity of tradition is unan not define becau it, as for instanc Assumption, wh But of the Immaci led doubt, hence ing up the doubt.

ATTACKS ON THE CHURCH.

BRITISH WEEKLY THRADE TREACHERLY DEALT WITH BY DOM MARTIN WALL, O. S. B. — "ROMANISM AND THE HUMAN REASON."

A sensational article under the above heading appeared lately in the British Weekly, which we cannot let pass unchallenged. Its aim is stated in the opening sentence: "Romanism stands out more and more distinctly in uncompro-mising and relentless antagonism to the legitimate exercise of the human reason."

This proposition is supported by a series of bare assertions on an immense variety of subjects, covering pretty nearly the whole ground of controversy, and without the least attempt at proof. It is easy to write in this reckless way, but not so easy to show in detail all the untruths and fallacies involved, when a hundred wild statements are made in almost as many lines.

The Council was swamped by Italian Bishops, very few of whom knew Greek or Hebrew. How does the writer know that? He says that only thirty Bishops were present. The total number of Bishops present was two hundred and seventy. But we suppose he means the Session which dealt with Scripture. But even then he is in error. There were only thirty Bishops at the First Session, they came flocking in afterwards, so that by the time of the Fourth Session, which dealt with Scripture, there were sixty Bishops present. Then he complains, "Tradition was put on a level with Scripture." How does this fact justify reason? We are inclined to ask, how does he know "Scripture" to be God's Word except by tradition?

Let him read the book of Esther, which in the Protestant version contains neither of the words "God" or "Lord." Let him ask himself, "How do I know this is part of God's Word?" But possibly the writer does not know the meaning of the word tradition as Catholics use it. In that case he should inform himself before writing nonsense. Next he says, "All the books of the Vulgate were ratified without examination." Perhaps he is not aware that at this Council the matters to be discussed were first debated and prepared for the Council in special commissions, and this is the reason that no disputes appear in the Acts. As a matter of fact, if he had taken the pains to open the very first page of a Latin Bible and had read the Preface, he would find that incredible labors and pains had been undergone during half a century by eminent theologians under a succession of Pontiffs in order to produce a correct text of the Vulgate. He might know also, if he would take the trouble to enquire that

Let us turn now to another specimen of vague and unsupported assertions: "The last century has seen a lush growth of fantastic words, unedifying miracles and hysterical revelations diligently encouraged by the authorities of the Church." How is it possible to defend oneself against charges so indefinite as this? Why does not the writer name some of these fantastic worships, etc., so that we may know what he is driving at? Perhaps we can get a clue to what he means a little lower down where we read:

"It is probable enough we shall hear more about St. Anne, St. Joseph, the Sacred Heart, the 'fantastic worships' dropped up during the last century. Is devotion to St. Anne unreasonable? He may say, 'How do we know that St. Anne was the mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary?' As to her name, it is known by tradition. But let that pass. We know that Mary had a mother, and that the mother of one who was to enter into more intimate relations with Almighty God than any human being before or since must have been a saint. If that be the case, is it contrary to reason to have devotion to her? Similar remarks apply to St. Joseph. His office was absolutely unique among the saints. As to devotion to the Sacred Heart, so far from being the product of the last century, it is hundreds of years old. St. Gertrude, who lived nearly seven hundred years ago, had a very great devotion to the Sacred Heart. So far from the Church encouraging fantastic worships, she promptly puts them down. Some years ago some zealots tried to introduce a devotion to the 'Divine Hands' of Our Lord. It was peremptorily forbidden, and the book put on the Index. Then, again, what are the 'un-edifying miracles?' They are only un-edifying to him who takes his stand on the usual Protestant assumption that the Almighty God has never worked a miracle since the New Testament was written.

IS THIS A "LEGITIMATE USE OF HUMAN REASON" TO PUT A LIMIT UPON GOD? The writer thinks, no doubt, he has made a strong point in saying that "the plea of tradition in defence of Church teaching is stultified by the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception in the face of a confessedly divided tradition." In writing this he stultifies himself by proving that he does not understand the subject. We will enlighten him. Every doctrine is, if not explicitly, at least implicitly, believed as belonging to the deposit of Faith confided to the Apostles. But some doctrines got obscured, and then doubted and controverted; then comes the necessity of definition. When the tradition is unanimous the Church does not define because there is no need of it, as, for instance, the doctrine of the Assumption, which no Catholic doubts. But of the Immaculate Conception some did doubt, hence the necessity of clearing up the doubt. That the vast major-

ity in the Church held the doctrine is shown by the extraordinary enthusiasm everywhere displayed on its promulgation. THE ARTICLE DEVOTES MUCH SPACE TO THE SUBJECT OF LORD ACTON.

The writer admires him much as conspicuous among a body of devout and able men in the Church who labor to effect a reconciliation between their Church and reason. Judging by the quotations given, Acton's method of effecting this reconciliation was by abusing Popes and Cardinals. The only point that the writer of the article can make here is that "there was an attempt to expel Acton from the Roman Catholic Church." What capital he would have made out of it if Acton had been expelled! Surely in common fairness he ought to have given credit to the authorities of the Church for not expelling him. However, Acton was too much of a Catholic to please him, so he writes, "Lord Acton's abilities had been over-rated, and it would be difficult to find a parallel for the senseless extravagance of some of the passages printed." After reading the passages of Lord Acton printed in the article we quite agree with these sentiments.

Again we read, "It is notorious that very few Roman Catholic books on religion are published in this country." Here is another sapient remark of the article. If there is any notoriety on the subject, it is quite the other way. A glance at the catalogues of Catholic and other publishers will readily show this. It must be remembered that Catholics are few in this country compared with Protestants. The writer, moreover, seems to have sought in vain for a "powerful and original mind among English Catholics." Will not such names as Newman, Manning and Ward satisfy him? Not to mention a host of others; or if he wants living authors, will not Bishop Hedley, Dom Chapman, Wilfrid Ward and Father Benson be sufficient? The fact is that

IN THE WRITER'S ESTIMATION NO CATHOLIC CAN HAVE A POWERFUL AND ORIGINAL MIND UNLESS HE ATTACKS SOME TENET OF THE CHURCH; or at least comes to loggerheads with his ecclesiastical superiors. This seems evident by his immediately bringing in the name of Father Tyrrell, who is known to have left the Jesuits, and about whom he gives yet more piquant information, whether true or not we cannot say. Father Tyrrell has a powerful mind, no doubt, but there are plenty of Catholic writers of equal power to him.

NEXT THE BIBLICAL COMMISSION IS SPOKEN OF. Now the fact of such a Commission being appointed by the Supreme Pontiff is in itself a striking proof that Rome is not "in uncompromising and relentless antagonism to the legitimate exercise of the human reason." But the article says: "The present Pope has swamped the experts and removed the critics." If he had done this, the world would have heard of it. It is another instance of reckless mis-statement. These sweeping assertions probably refer to the fact that the Secretary to the Commission has been changed.

Finally, we learn that the future of religion in England depends on "Evangelicals and non-Conformists' willingness to receive new truth from the world around them." What does this mean? If it means the truths of natural science, Catholics are as willing as any to receive them; witness the many names eminent in various sciences, e. g., Fathers Perry, Cortie and Sidgreaves, S. J., in astronomy; Father Maher, S. J., in mental science; and others. If it means that the revealed truths of Theology have to be altered to square with every new theory concocted "in the world around us," then Catholics are not willing.

THEOLOGY AMONG PROTESTANTS IS NO SCIENCE AT ALL; IT IS GUESS WORK; the principle of private judgment by which each man believes what he chooses makes this necessarily so. Consequently this kind of theology can change with every fashion or temper of mind that happens to be prevalent. But Catholic Theology is a real science. It has for its basis truths that have been divinely revealed; and from these, other truths are deduced by processes of strict reasoning. So that we see that, after all, the Catholic Church does employ the human reason. But having established her truths on such a sound basis and by solid arguments, would it not be stultifying reason to change about with every new theory of natural science? It is the glory of the Catholic Church that she alone preserves inviolate Divine Truth, while the religious bodies around her are perpetually changing it.—Catholic News, London, Eng.

CHIEF SECRETARY BIRRELL ON "PRIEST RIDDEN" IRELAND.

Referring to the subject of "the priest-ridden Irish," the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Birrell, speaking recently at Oxford on education in that country, said he had received many letters from friends in the Education Office, one and all endeavoring to impress upon him that Ireland is a priest-ridden land. Did they want him, continued Mr. Birrell, to go to the Irish people and say: "Dear Irish people you are priest-ridden; get rid of the priests?" Did they think the Irish people would listen to that? He might liken Ireland and her priests to a man and his wife—the wife who had stood by her husband's side through everything. Did they expect Ireland to turn against her priests after all they had done for her? Manifestly Mr. Birrell, for his short time in Ireland has learned more of true Irish sentiment than many of our predecessors were able to learn in years. Mr. Birrell has also in the House of Commons been denouncing the coercion in Ireland, and has declared that there will be none of it during the term of office of the present Government. Coercion in Ireland, said he, is "dead and buried." This is truly an agreeably novel development in the program of a British official at Dublin Castle.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE DEVIL TEMPTING CHRIST.

The splendid firmness in the French crisis of Pope Pius X. has shown the true spirit of the Church. As has been well said by an eloquent writer, "The action of the Pope has revealed to the world the real mind of the Church in a way that cannot easily be forgotten." "Approve this law of ours," said the French Government, "or connive at it, and all those vast possessions which you claim are yours." It is the devil taking Christ to the high mountain and saying: "All this I will give you, if kneeling down, you adore me." The answer is the same as was given then: "The Lord thy God shalt thou adore and Him only shalt thou serve." "Will you then sacrifice all those millions which a single word or even silence will assure you? Will you make yourself and your 40,000 priests and Bishops beggars on the streets?" "The condition is not new to us. Christ and His apostles were beggars, and there cannot be an instant of hesitation in sacrificing a million acres, or even a kingdom, for all the earthly possessions rather than yield one jot in our fulfillment of the law of God."

It is conscience scolding sin. It is magnificent; it is sublime. It is the act of Christ; and the world, which finds it hard to understand such a condition of mind, is staggered. Over and above the clamor raised by its own teachers it breathes what amounts almost to a dogmatic declaration from the Viceregent of Christ Himself, that there is something beyond the realms of matter; that there is a spiritual world; that there is a God; that there is a heaven; that there is a hell, and it has nothing to reply except that the Pontiff is a peasant and a "mystic"—another word in their minds for a fool. Never in modern times was a sublime lesson so subtly taught to a hard-hearted and incredulous generation. Catholics who have been always reminded that it is necessary to make any sacrifice rather than commit sin now understand their faith better.

HER POWER COMES FROM ABOVE. The Catholic Church is not a combination of associations. The Catholic Church is not a voluntary assembly of laymen. The Catholic Church is a hierarchy based, it is true, upon a pure democracy, but her power, upon a sublime basis, is not derived from man alone. Though her mightiest office is freely elective, and as is the case to-day, may be the prize of the lowest born, yet the authority of every one of her ministers is traced back in unbroken and indisputable line to Almighty God. Priests are ordained by Bishop, Bishop appointed by Pope, and the Pope we hail as Christ's Vicar upon earth. With the administration of the internal affairs of Christ's Church, with the definition of her doctrines, with questions of ecclesiastical authority or with her forms of worship, no Government that man has ever established upon this earth has the remotest right to interfere. When Pius X. proclaimed the authority of the Church and the injustice of France, he announced the doctrine of every one of his two thousand years of predecessors, and it speaks trumpet-tongued of the certainty of speedy victory.

Who can doubt the result? Rock of the Living Truth, girt round with Eternal Justice, the Papacy has seen empires, nations and dynasties rise and fall, thrones crumble and whole races and people disappear. What though the cry "Crucify her! Crucify her!" echoes through the world, "the God that reigneth o'er Babylon" looks down to-night upon Paris, and that God of our fathers "He reigneth yet."

FALSE ARGUMENTS. But it is argued the Catholic Church differs from all other churches in its relations to civil government. It claims a superiority which the republic cannot tolerate. Had it not been for the obstinacy of the Pope, the churches would have rested at the disposition of the Bishops and priests and all would have been well. Others will point out to you the falsity of this argument. Even had the French Government been in good faith (and who can claim for it a shred of good faith in the face of the declarations of the men who compose it?) the conditions imposed in the law of associations as made applicable to church property, were impossible of acceptance. Even Combes himself, the first to begin the active persecution of the religious orders, recognized that the very new theory of natural science? It is the glory of the Catholic Church that she alone preserves inviolate Divine Truth, while the religious bodies around her are perpetually changing it.—Catholic News, London, Eng.



We are spending \$5,000.00 this month to explain what the word "Constipation" means.

Constipation means NON-ACTION OF THE BOWELS. If the liver is healthy, it pours enough bile into the intestines to make the bowels move. Then, too, the bowels discharge waste matter from the body by a peculiar snake-like movement. This requires strong muscles.

When the bowel muscles are weak—when there is not sufficient bile—the bowels do not move for two, three, sometimes four and five days.

This non-action of the bowels is Constipation. Waste matter, which should leave the body, is taken up by the blood, and carried to the kidneys and skin. These organs—in a vain endeavor to throw off the poisons—are overworked. The poisoned blood, in turn, irritates the nerves, causing Headaches—Backaches—Neuralgia.

The weakened kidneys cannot rid the system of urea, which changes into uric acid, causing Rheumatism, Sciatica and Lumbago. It is useless to try to cure Constipation with calomel, cascara, senna, strong purgative pills and vile-tasting mineral waters. They simply force the bowels to act by irritating the delicate membranes. Their action weakens the muscles and really does more harm than good.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" ACT ON THE LIVER—stimulate the glands—and so regulate the action of the liver that it will excrete sufficient bile to move the bowels in the normal, natural way every day.

Nothing else in the world will so surely and permanently cure Constipation. "FRUIT-A-TIVES" are made of fruit juices, intensified, with the most valuable tonics and antiseptics added. Cure yourself of Constipation by taking these wonderful liver tablets. 50c. a box. Sent by mail if your druggist has none. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa. 107

arrives, until time is no more, gently, calmly, but firmly and irrevocably, "Non Possumus." The Bishops may be expelled from their houses, the stipends of the clergy withdrawn (stipends grudgingly allowed from the property of the Church, stolen in the Revolution of 1793), the grand cathedrals sanctified by the Holy Sacrifice and the prayers that have been offered within their hallowed walls for centuries—all may go. The Church took her rise in poverty, in catacombs of the dead were her early chapels. She may be robbed of all her estates, but the sacred deposit of faith will remain untouched and never can she give to the State the right to interfere beyond its proper limit. In this attack upon Catholicity and Christianity in all its forms we may see as in so many of the mysterious dispensations of God a blessing, though it be disguised. — Parish Monthly.

A GREAT CANADIAN SINGER.

The following item from an English paper will be read with interest by Canadians. It has reference to the daughter of Mr. C. T. Gibbs, accountant of the Senate of Canada. We congratulate Miss Gibbs upon her great success, as also her father, and trust she will, ere long, be heard on this side of the water:

At a concert given in London, England, recently by the pupils of Dr. Lierhammer in Aeolian hall, among other specially mentioned was Miss Lillian Gibbs of Ottawa, who was associated with Miss Wadia and Moore, Bartley, Bates, Aubrey Willis and Sydney Woodward in a performance of the sextet from Lucia da Lammermoor, which were so effective that it was enthusiastically encored. Dr. Lierhammer expressed himself as being very proud of his pupil Miss Lillian Gibbs and described her voice as "silver."

THE TRAGEDY OF A SOUL.

Mouldering away on the wall of the old monastery in Milan, Italy, hangs the famous "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. Like every masterpiece, the painting required many years of patient labor, and as a result of that labor it is perfect in its naturalness of expression and sublime in its story of love. In addition to these qualities it has an incident in its history that contributes not a little to ward making it the greatest teacher that it is.

It is said that the artist, in painting the faces of his apostles, studied the countenances of good men whom he knew. When, however, he was ready to paint the face of Jesus in the picture he could find none that would satisfy his conception; the face that would serve as a model for the face of Christ must be dignified in its simplicity and majestic in its sweetness.

After several years of careful search the painter happened to meet one Pietro Bandinelli, a choir boy of exquisite voice, belonging to the cathedral. Being struck by the beautiful features and tender manner that bespoke an angelic soul, the artist invited the boy to be the study for the painting of the face of Jesus.

All was done most carefully and reverently, but the picture was as yet incomplete, for the face of Jesus was absent. Again the painter, with the zeal of a true lover of his art, set about in search of a countenance that might serve for the face of the traitor. Some years passed before his search was rewarded and the picture finally completed. As the artist was about to dismiss the miserable and degraded wretch who had been his awful choice, the man looked up at him and said: "You have painted me before." Horrified and dumb with amazement, the painter learned that the man was Pietro Bandinelli. During those intervening years Pietro had been at Rome studying music, had met with evil companions, had given himself up to drinking and gambling had fallen into shameful dissipation and crime. The face that now was the model for the face of Judas had once been the model for the face of Christ.

Here is the story of a sinful life—and alas! how often has it been repeated. The soul that has lost by sin the innocence and beauty that God gives it has in this story the reflection of its own existence. Every soul that is without sin is Christlike; but the soul that is disgraced with sin is as hideous as the soul of Judas was. "You have painted me before." Horrified and dumb with amazement, the painter learned that the man was Pietro Bandinelli. During those intervening years Pietro had been at Rome studying music, had met with evil companions, had given himself up to drinking and gambling had fallen into shameful dissipation and crime. The face that now was the model for the face of Judas had once been the model for the face of Christ.

sinful indulgence, so the soul, always in the sight of God, blackened and hideous; but if free from sin it is delightful and sweet. Beware, then, of the one real enemy in life—sin, that destroys soul and body.—The Monitor.

A UNIQUE MISSION.

A mission conducted in an unusual manner was concluded last Sunday in the Church of Our Lady of Loreto, an Italian parish in New York City. The method is entirely new in this country, but is not unknown in Italy, where it has been found to be very successful in interesting the people and teaching them the truths of religion.

For the evening exercises two pulpits are placed facing each other, on either side of the sanctuary. In one of these a missionary takes his place and impersonates one who has fallen away from the true faith. During the women's week he takes the part of an old woman, and during the men's week he impersonates an old man. He is willing to listen to the explanation of the teachings of the Church, but still he is ignorant, combative and critical. On the opposite pulpit is another missionary, who answers plainly and learnedly the objections of the first, explains all his difficulties and shows him the difference between his way of reasoning and the right way.

In this way a dialogue is kept up for about two hours each evening, during which are asked some of the most vital questions pertaining to salvation.

MACAULAY'S REMARKABLE TRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH.

There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelpards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends till it is lost in the twilight of the fable. The Republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the Republic of Venice was modern when compared to the Papacy; and the Republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age.

Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temples of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. — Macaulay.

Advertisement for Shredded Wheat cereal. Text: "YOU MAY 'THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS' WITH IMPUNITY IF YOU BREAKFAST ON SHREDDED WHEAT. It is a natural food, full of nutriment and easily digested. Its delicate, porous shreds are converted into 'Hilly' Hestite and blood when they reach the stomach. In the Shreds. — BISCUIT for Breakfast; TRISCUIT for Lunch. All Grocers—13c. a carton; or, 2 for 25c."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

To Be Great Is To Be Misunderstood. The present is but the sum total of the dreaming of the ages that have gone before—the dream of the past made real—the conveniences, facilities, luxuries, the improvements, which have emancipated us from much of the drudgery and the slavery of the past.

We hear a great deal of talk about the impracticality of dreamers, of people whose heads are among the stars while their feet are on the earth; but where would civilization be to day but for the dreamers? We should still be riding in the stage-coach or tramping across continents. We should still cross the ocean in sailing ships, and our letters would be carried across continents by the pony express.

What a picture the dreamer Columbus presented as he went about exploring continental seas and indignities, characterized as an adventurer, the very children taught to regard him as a madman and pointing to their foreheads as he passed! He dreamed of a world beyond the seas, and, in spite of unspeakable obstacles, his vision became a glorious reality.

He died a neglected beggar, although his dreams had enriched the world, while a pickle dealer of New York gave his name to the mighty continent Columbus had discovered. But was this Genoese dreamer a failure? Ask more than a hundred million people who inhabit the vast wilderness, the greatest continent the sun ever shown upon, if this dreamer was a failure!

It was the men who saw the marvelous Hoe press in the hand press a quarter of a century ahead of their contemporaries that made modern journalism possible. Without these dreamers our printing world still be done by hand. It was men who were denounced as visionaries who practically annihilated space and enabled us to converse and transact business with people thousands of miles away as though they were in the same building with us.

How many matter-of-fact, unimaginative men, who see only through practical eyes, are there to be seen in civilization, an Edison, a Bell, or a Marconi? The very practical people tell us that the imagination is all well enough that artists, musicians, and poets, but that these "visionary" leaders of men have been dreamers. Our great captains of industry, our merchant princes, have had powerful, prophetic imaginations. They had faith in the vast commercial possibilities of the people. If it had not been for our dreamers, the American population would still be hugging the Atlantic coast.

The most practical people in the world are those who can look far into the future and see the civilization yet to be, who can see the coming man emancipated from the present-day narrow, hampering fetters of the past, who foresee things to come with the power to make them realities. The dreamers have ever been those who have achieved the seemingly impossible.—O. S. M. in Success.

Men Wanted Today. Men who cannot be bought. Men whose word is their bond. Men who put character above wealth. Men who possess opinions and a will. Men who see the divine in the common.

Men who "would rather be right than be president." Men who will not lose their individuality in a crowd. Men who will not think anything profitable that is dishonest. Men who will be honest in small things as well as in great things. Men who will make no compromise with questionable things. Men whose ambitions are not confined to their own selfish desires. Men who are willing to sacrifice private interests for the public good. Men who are not afraid to take chances; who are afraid of failure. Men of courage, who are not cowards in any part of their natures. Men who are larger than their business; who overtop their vocation. Men who will give thirty six inches for a yard, and thirty-two quarts for a bushel. Men who will not have one brand of honesty for business purposes and another for private life. Young men who will be true to their highest ideals in spite of the sneers and laughter of their companions.

The Man of Cheer. We love the man with the smile, the man who sees your boy's dirty face but mentions his bright eyes, who notices your shabby coat but praises your studious habits, the man who sees all the faults but whose tongue is quick to praise and slow to blame. We like to meet a man whose smile will light up dreariness, whose voice is full of the music of the birds, whose handshake is an inspiration, and his "God bless you!" a benediction. He makes us forget our troubles as the raven's dismal croak is forgotten when the wood thrush or the brown thrasher begins. God bless the man of cheer!—Catholic Universe.

If Jesus allowed His own most holy Mother to be grievously afflicted in this world; if He allowed her to be often in tribulation, to endure great anguish of soul, and to shed many tears, how canst thou expect to live in this world free from trials?

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Talks to Boys.

Many boys do not realize the importance of giving a good example. To give a good example means to act in such a manner as to edify others, to induce them by our actions to do right and practice virtue. What great amount of good can a boy not do by giving a good example? While, on the contrary, how much can he not spoil by a bad example?

Dear boys, wherever you may be and whatever you may do, be sure always and everywhere to give a good example. Remember, others are watching you. They will take good notice of you. Their actions will depend on yours. If your actions are good, theirs will be so, too.

You have little brothers and sisters at home. Are you always careful to give them a good example? They will, as a rule, be as you are. They will imitate you. Your actions will make a lasting impression on them, you are their leader, their guide. They will follow you. Do you always lead them on the right path? Do you truly edify them? Is your example worth imitating? How much depends on a good example right here among you immediate surroundings? If your parents they will be so, too. If you steal, lie, use bad language, and have all sorts of wicked habits about you, and they know it they will do the same and acquire the same bad habits. How many a boy who had a good heart has been led astray and totally corrupted by the bad example of his elder brother?

And again, you are Catholic boys. Do you always act, speak as such? Do you not know that others are looking up to you as their models? Do you not know that non-Catholics are watching you to see how you conduct yourself? They surely expect only good from you, you who ought to know the law of God and His Church, most perfectly and keep it most conscientiously. Are you giving a good example as to how to live? What will they think? What companions will they make? On whom will they cast the blame?

What a wonderful influence you can exert in a company of boys by giving a good example! A few good boys in a school who give a good example can make the entire school better. A few such in a society of boys can wield such a power over the rest that all will be anxious to imitate them, to do good and practice virtue. "Examples draw," the proverb says. It is quite true, indeed. They influence others most wonderfully; they induce others to imitate; they almost force others to follow.

What great apostles of good you can be boys, by giving a good example everywhere! Our Lord admonishes us to let our light shine before men, so that they may see our good work, that they may imitate it. "Let your light so shine that they may see you do good works," says the Lord in Matt. 5, 16. It is His will that our influence should make itself felt by those around us; that by our light we should illumine the darkness, and become teachers and guides to our brethren.—The Rev. M. Klason.

Beauty of Modesty. There is an unspeakable beauty in modesty that even the wicked admire. The blush that crimson the brow of the innocent, mysteriously comes as a mantle to shield the pure soul from even an impure breath, or a wanton glance. The lily is the Scriptural emblem of the modesty pure. How pure and beautiful is the lily above all the blossoms of the valley, fairest of fair flowers? How wondrously beautiful is modesty in woman! How she wins all hearts until she is looked upon with a feeling akin to reverence! She seems an angel upon earth. Modesty is becoming in all. The eye of God turns upon the modestly pure with a divine pleasure. The angels throng about them jubilant as children. God loves them, and the angels love them because purity is a wonderful grace. It is a pearl of great price. At the resurrection the pure will shine with a light surpassing all others. Their lives here sanctify the places wherein they move or dwell, and dangers are averted and blessings come, because God's place is turned towards their abiding place. Solomon once wrote: "O, how beautiful to be pure if we love God above all things." St. Paul says: "Our God is a consuming fire." His love burns away the dross of every unworthy affection. To be pure we must love infinite purity. If you love Him you will soon to love anything else. Strive with your whole might to be pure. Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."—Philip O'Neil, in Catholic Mirror.

Be sympathetic. We must all realize that this life is full of sorrow, and if you personally have had the good luck to escape your share of it you are very fortunate. But do not on that account allow yourself to grow cold hearted and unsympathetic to others. Those poor people, their lot is often so hard, so lonely, so full of misery. We are here to "heal the wounds and bind the broken heart" and the only way we can do this is by being kind, loving and sympathetic.

A few words of love will do more to help a sufferer than money sometimes, for heartickness is much harder to help than hunger and poverty. Show your sympathy in the clean of heart; go out of your way to lighten the burden of the heavily laden. Do not hesitate to whisper your kindly thoughts in their ears. Don't pass by on the "other side." If you are strong, then be merciful. Remember that we all look at life from different standpoints, and what might appear like a grain of mustard seed in your path for you, is an almost insurmountable obstacle to your weaker sister.

The more she shrinks the more necessary for you to step in and help her on her way with genuine sympathy and loving sisterly words and acts.—Church Progress.

The devil is never worried about a scarcity of help.

THE RECITATION OF GRACE AT A FAMILY TABLE.

PRAYERS ESTABLISHED BY CHURCH AND COMMENDED TO FAITHFUL FOR DAILY USE AT HOME.

The Church has established prayers which should be said before and after meals. In religious communities these prayers are always said, and are somewhat long. But for the faithful generally, the Church has made them so short that even the most simple people can and should say them always before and after meals. The prayer before the meal is this: "Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts we are about to receive through Thy most gracious bounty; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. Our Father, Hail Mary."

That is not so much to say from any one of us for the food that nourishes our body. And yet how few there are who ask God's blessing on the food they are about to eat or to thank Him for the victuals they have eaten.

It certainly seems that many a quarrel and many a complaint made about the food, or the way it is cooked or served, would be averted if the blessing of God had descended upon the eaters and their food before the meal began, and again, that better health and more peace in the family would result if all when they got up from the table would say, in all sincerity of heart: "We thank Thee, O Lord, for these Thy gifts." And they are God's gifts. Do not forget this, dear brethren, whatever comes to us is from God. The sun with all its power to make us bright and cheerful as he has by Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State. In an article in the current number of Everybody's Magazine he reports an interview with the Cardinal on the religious persecution in France and thus describes the personality of the young prelate whom events have made a world-famous figure:

"The Cardinal is the most modern of men; the Romans know him only as the great Secretary of State—that State constituted by 250,000,000 of the faithful. They see him when he drives abroad in his old world coach, drawn by black stallions. Those who know the man will tell you what a good game of golf he plays, how he can send a rifle bullet through a ten-cent piece at twenty yards."

These are things worth knowing about a really great man. And Merry del Val is moreover, an accomplished man. He speaks all languages. His English is perfect; he is a finished scholar, an extremely fine diplomatist, a rare judge of men.

"I have met most of the strong men of the world and judged them as one may; but I have never been face to face with a man of such essential power. That is the impression you take away; that is the power. There is no imperial hysteria; there is nothing strenuous and ill-balanced. You feel yourself in the presence of what he

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SCIENTISTS CALL "INTRA-ATOMIC ENERGY"—SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL AND STILL AND IRRESISTIBLY STRONG.

Of all the men in high place he is the youngest. He was born in London of distinguished Spanish Irish parentage, in 1865. Before he was thirty-nine years of age he was a Cardinal; a year later he was made Cardinal Secretary of State. In his hands was placed the greatest administrative trust that any man holds upon earth. Plus ça change, plus ça change, as the saying is, a holy Pope; it is upon his Secretary of State that the burden of the visible Church has been laid. And he has entered upon a great battle for liberty, perhaps the most important battle fought in France since the days of Clovis.

St. Joseph, Model for All. St. Joseph is called in the inspired pages of Holy Writ a "just man," and so he is a model that is to be imitated. What were his characteristics? They were great humility, great purity, great love of God, and these three qualities are to be nurtured in our hearts, if we are to be found worthy of our Christian heritage. Great humility! how easy it seems, and yet how difficult! Satan, self-love, the world, everything prompts us to pride and so humility finds it difficult to hold a place in our hearts to any great degree or for any considerable time. It is taught in Holy Scripture that the tongue is so much a reason to despise self, for what have we but sin that we call our own; all else in us belongs to God; and so "since we have received all we have," as the scriptures say, "why should we boast as if we have not received it?" For this virtue of humility we must pray always, and we should do all we can to keep humble and lowly before God. He was St. Joseph in his life; such all should be. Great purity characterized St. Joseph. He was the worthy guardian of his Immaculate Virgin spouse, for he was consecrated to an angelic life. Purity was the lily-like flower of his great humility. It was the reward of his self-abasement, for reducing himself to subject nothingness, he drew his spiritual life from God who is purity itself. How much he must have enjoyed of the continual presence of God, since our Lord Himself declared, "Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God." It is purity, spotless purity, that should be the virtue that should shine in the countenance of every Christian man and woman. It should be the mark that would distinguish them from all the rest of mankind. It comes easy to those who are pure in heart, for God and all His angels and saints are on the side of those who resolve to die rather than cease to be pure. It is that virtue which makes one specially loved of our Lord, and He bestows upon those possessing it, special marks of His affection, as He did to St. Joseph, honoring him with the dignity of being His father—father and protector of His Virgin Mother.

The third virtue in which St. Joseph excelled was his great love of God. This was the source and spring of the other two and of that perfection of life that merited for him the title of "just man." His love of God was founded upon the remembrance of his own existence, viz.: that God made him, and, therefore, he should love Him. Love and serve Him always and in all things with the fullness of his power. It is love that always binds the true man to his God and makes the fulfilling of His commandments a pleasant and easy task. It is love of God that raises a man up above mere earthly things and causes him to find joy and happiness in communing with His Maker, to the forgetfulness of self and low, corrupt nature. This is the love that enchants both heart and mind, and fills the soul with a joy that has such as David felt when he begged God desist, so overpowering his love, for he was almost beside himself with joy, with the ecstasies it was causing him. Let us imitate St. Joseph in his love that we, too, may know for ourselves the

fullness of its joy. Good St. Joseph, pray for us that we may have the grace to imitate thy virtues and be like to thee, "just" before the Lord.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

THE TONGUE. A man cannot ride or drive or guide a horse without a bridle. A bridle for the tongue is just as necessary for those who wish to guide themselves properly. We are told in Holy Scripture that the tongue is a world of iniquity and that those who offend not by the tongue are perfect. From the way that some people rush on in their talk, one would think that the priest who baptized them forgot to put salt on their tongue. Thomas a Kempis says in the "Following of Christ": "I was often sorry for saying too much, but never for saying too little." If some people who are fluent only stammered they would have more time to think and then would say less. "Deep rivers move in silence; shallow brooks are noisy."—Cleveland Universe.

We call mania a neighbor's habit that differs from our own.—E. Martbeau.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than EPPS'S. A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in 1-lb. and 4-lb. Tins.

There are Suitable Tools for Every Trade. The self-binding reaping machine is superior to old methods, so is the New Century superior to the wash board or any other method of cleaning clothes. The New Century Ball-Bearing Washing Machine in the home stands for clean clothes, lightened labor, quick and satisfactory results. Don't sit while using it—and five minutes is sufficient for a tubful. If your dealer has it, have him show it to you—if not, write us for descriptive booklet. Sold by dealers for \$2.50. THE DOWNSWELL MFG. CO. LTD., HAMILTON, CAN.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself. A MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well, either. So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't all right and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now I see that I was wrong.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Junior" Washer. And, as I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it. But, I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. I sold 200,000 that way already—two million dollars' worth.

So, thought I, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now I know what our "1900 Junior" Washer will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any other machine.

When I say half the time, I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as fast. I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes, without wearing out the clothes. I'm in the Washing Machine business for Keeps. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I haven't seen and studied. Our "1900 Junior" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And, it doesn't wear the clothes, nor fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do. It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump might.



SURPRISE A PURE SOAP HARD SOAP.

QUICKNESS. THREE TIMES A DAY the year round is too often to do anything anyway but the easiest way, so we recommend everybody to use "SURPRISE" Soap for dish-washing. It loosens up the grease and dirt so that they slide off the dish easily. Any child can wash the dishes in a few minutes with "SURPRISE" Soap. And it doesn't hurt the hands or make them sore and rough. There is nothing harsh about "SURPRISE" Soap, and it takes so little of it to do a big lot of work that it is the most economical soap you can buy. "SURPRISE" costs no more than common soaps. See the red and yellow wrappers.

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HOBBS MFG. CO. LIMITED. ART MEMORIAL AND DECORATIVE WINDOWS. LONDON, CANADA.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. For nursing mothers O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt is unsurpassed. We have received a great many letters from leading doctors bearing testimony to this. By aiding digestion and supplying extra nourishment it increases the flow of milk and builds up the mother's strength. Price 25c. per 16 ounce bottle; 50c. per dozen allowed for empty bottles when returned. Refuse all substitutes sold to be just as good.

Fabiola A Tale of the Catacombs. By Cardinal Wiseman. Paper, 30c.; Cloth, 60c., post-paid.

Callista A Sketch of the Third Century. By Cardinal Newman. Paper, 30c., post-paid.

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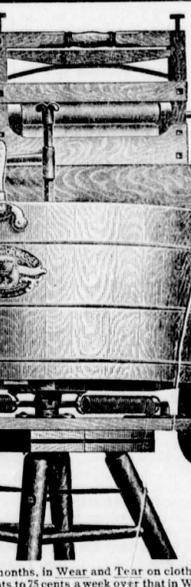
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