

The Catholic Record.

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

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London, Saturday, November 18, 1899.

"THE WOMAN WHO DID."

The Christian Guardian in commenting on the passing of Grant Allen tells us that his work, "The Woman Who Did," published in 1895, excited much criticism at the time. Well—exceedingly diplomatic, but the editor should know that a work justifying marital infidelity met not much sharp criticism but with hearty condemnation.

People with any respect for themselves would not read anything that "illustrious" Canadian had written after he gave the world his recipe for the removal of morality. We were not a bit surprised at that effusion of Mr. Allen. When men are stumbling on without fixed principles and mistaking the phantoms of the overheated imagination for the beautiful form of truth we may expect anything, even "The Woman Who Did"—and individuals morbid and unclean-minded enough to read it. We agree with the editor, that Mr. Allen's writings have not been on Canadian subjects—and for this we are duly thankful.

THE FRIARS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A gentleman by the name of Captain Leary (without the O) is very much incensed at the friars of Guam who did not fall in with his plans for the amelioration of the condition of the Guamanians. Accordingly he sent them out of the colony (rather large word) and he is now going to put into operation his own peculiar scheme of civilization.

What is it, Captain? Sky scrapers, automobiles, bargain stores and free lunch counters? We are waiting. For we know when the treasures of western civilization have passed through the alembic of your extensive brain tissue we may gaze upon a new era.

Archbishop Chapelle denounces the action of Leary as an outrage. "For four hundred years," he says, "the friars have been fathers and mothers to the ignorant natives. They have taught them agricultural pursuits, built houses and schools for them, and by constant supervision over them have kept them at work and lifted them above the state of savagery and ignorance in which they found them. Without the friars the natives will not work, and are a lazy, shiftless set, living from hand to mouth, and would prefer to let their fields grow up in weeds rather than cultivate them."

Sergeant Peyton, who was commissioned by Bishop Dlane to report upon the condition of the Philippines, gave the Episcopal Bishops assembled at St. Louis an eloquent account of the energy and devotion of the Friars. "I do not know," he said, "that on earth there is a people so cleanly, so moral, so temperate and so devout as they are."

GENERAL FUNSTON AND THE PHILIPPINES.

The natatorial genius, General Funston, from Manila, in quest of Archbishop Ireland's scalp, must be, if one may judge from his public utterances, a man of a lofty order of intellect. 'Tis a pity that such an individual should be worn out in swimming creeks and sprinting with the Philippines. That might be entrusted to the athletes of N. Y. A. C., and then the doughty general could devote his attention to the concocting of war correspondence. He might from time to time allude to the creek, done in record time, and show how he with a statesmanlike grasp of the Eastern problem pointed out the solution, and the only way of giving the natives the O. is brand of civilization. His solution is simple—expel the Friars, and Aquinaldo and his dusky adherents will be as little children in the hands of their would-be stepfather, Uncle Sam.

Perhaps the "thin partitions" between madness and genius have collapsed in the soldier's brain or a can of embalmed beef may have upset his digestion. At all events he should take a long rest and abstain from festivities and natatorial exhibitions.

Archbishop Chapelle, Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, in refusing to

accept the General's solution, remarks that if quoted correctly, he displays an astounding ignorance of what he is talking about. Kansas, however, that claims him as her hero son, may have no "little red school houses."

"The inhabitants of Luzon," says the General, "are completely under the Church." "Now, I would ask," replies the Delegate, "how can this be possible when nearly every priest in Luzon, outside of Manila, is a prisoner under the insurgents." The General forgot that fact as he forgot to put back the article that, according to Mr. Tnos Fox, he took from the Church of Calococan. Great men are subject to fits of abstraction and the general seems to be no exception to the rule.

He omitted also to refer to the work of the friars in the Philippines. That they have succeeded in educating and Christianizing the natives is attested to by unbiased authorities. He forgot many things when he spoke his little piece before the students of Stanford University, but the average individual will remember that the General is rapidly forging his way to a first class place in the region in which there are no creeds.

THE HARRISBURG MISSION.

Our ministerial brethren in Harrisburg are agitated over the success of the mission given there by the Passionists. They assembled in conclave and a preacher from the country suggested that Fulton, known as "Dirty Fulton," be engaged to give lectures on Catholicism. The confidence of that galaxy of ministerial talent in their own peculiar tenets must be weak indeed when they solicit the assistance of a discredited rafter whose only stock-in-trade is calumny of the fiftieth kind, for the purpose of "counteracting the influence of the recent Romanist mission."

Why didn't they come out in many style and say something for their side of the question when the Passionists were at Harrisburg? They were assured of a respectful hearing considering that nearly all those who attended the mission were without the pale of Catholicity, and that the priests who presided eschewed abuse and personalities and contented themselves with a plain presentation of reasons for adhering to Catholicity. They had a splendid opportunity to refute the errors of Rome, but they failed to avail themselves of it.

WANTED: MORE DOM BOSCOS.

A certain gentleman of our acquaintance entered our sanctum a few days ago looking exceedingly hot and angry. He was in quite a volcanic state and we prepared for the eruption. We have seen him before in action, and to those who have reverence for dollars and cents he is a Vesuvius of wisdom, but to others who do not believe that money constitutes the aim and object of this complex existence he is an unmitigated nuisance. He has an assortment of brand new schemes for the uplifting of humanity, and as they cost nothing he hands them around with an excessive prodigality. We verily believe that if he wrote a novel with a motive and a few big words thrown in he would be looked upon as a prophet by the young people who cultivate a taste for literature whilst their mothers occupy themselves with household duties.

We ventured to say something about the weather—thinking it would serve as a conversational starter. He appeared not to notice it—due, doubtless, to the fact that the clicking of his mental apparatus drowned our voice. After a few moments he launched out into a philippic against the actions of certain boys who used to know him before he made his pile and moved to the other side of the town. His specialty is the children. He would have them grave and demure, and shouting and playing in the public highway would—because it is so disedifying to Protestants, you know—be visited with severe punishment.

We remarked innocently that if he would patent his ideas and have a bill put through the legislature forcing every household to be equipped with them, we should have a generation anemic doubtless, but possessed of all the good qualities credited to children in the ordinary Sunday school literature.

He frowned at our remark and considered it flippant and irrelevant and said that we should know better. Of course we should; but when all wisdom in sight is monopolized by a few favored individuals we must not be censured too severely.

Our friend went his way convinced he had done his whole duty. His children are well groomed and housed and are trained to observe at least all conventionalities; the other children to whom he gives advice are poor little urchins half nourished and half clad and who from the very dawn of reason are close friends with the misery of poverty. The overworked mother has oftentimes a wealth of love that shields them from danger and fashions them into something truer and manlier than the products that emanate from the houses occupied by the gentlemen with cheque books. A great many of them, however, are allowed to roam the streets and to become acquainted at a very early age with the varied forms of iniquity. No eloquence will abate the evil. They may call attention to it at the meetings of the societies, and even commission some good Samaritan to look into it and report—but the children will drift into Protestant organizations or into practical infidelity.

They should drop their blue-books and long winded speeches and get out and help the children. It will entail a little self sacrifice; but it will glorify their lives and prevent them being frittered away in Utopian schemes. "There is no true potency," says Rarkin, "but that of help: not true ambition but ambition to save."

When a man resolves to help others he becomes ennobled; and when he tears from off him the rags of self-sufficiency and selfishness and bends himself to the task of uplifting those around him he becomes a benefactor to his kind and remains henceforth an inspirer to noble deeds. Our utilitarian brethren may smile, but cold facts back up our statement. Take for example Dom Bosco: when he threw himself heart and soul into the work of reclaiming and educating the youth of Turin he was derided as a visionary by the good people who do not believe in an unusual mode of action except when they have the principal part in it, and who are quite content to let things flow in the groove traced out for them by the past. They thunder, of course, against the negligence of parents. The parents may not understand, so absorbed are they in earning bread and butter for their offspring; but it is a harmless way of working and superfluous energy, and that, so far as practical results are concerned, is the best that can be said about it.

Dom Bosco not only preached but he went out into the streets and gathered the children together and treated them with an infinite gentleness and patience and taught them to know and serve God. Dom Boscos are few in our time. We do not expect to find them in every community; but we have the right to expect men earnest enough to do something for the lads who are thrown upon the world and left to their own resources. There is no work more conducive to the well-being of society and more productive of good results than this, and we wish our brethren may see things as we see them and extend the hand of charity to the scores of youth who are uncared for, ignorant, and destined in many cases to be a reproach to the Church of which they claim to be the children.

A "RETURNED EMPTY."

Rev. William Bart is a Methodist preacher, who has been "evangelizing" in Italy for some years. He recently arrived in this country and gave a lecture in Brooklyn, in which there was more than the usual amount of claptrap and fad-talk about the Romish Church and the Latin races, and so forth and so on; from all of which we infer that the Rev. William Bart is on a collecting tour. To show that he has earned his wages he tells his hearers what a degraded, ignorant people he has had to live among, and that all their degradation and ignorance was caused by the Romish Church. This, of course, is the harp of a thousand strings for the returned missionary to Catholic countries.

After having resung the old corruption and degradation story, Rev. Bart says: "But one-half of it was never told in the public press, for I allowed to say, in nearly all the editorial offices there is a Romanist, sent there as a censor for the interests of the Church, and we over in Italy have all ways thought that if one got up quite near to some of the editors of our religious papers, that organ gave an uncertain sound."

By "our religious papers" Rev. Bart means the Methodist and other Protestant papers, and insinuates that their editors are bribed not to emit a certain, that is, an anti-Catholic sound

and that even the anti-Catholic, infidel, and secret Society press editors of Italy are under the influence of the Church and priesthood which they attack so savagely.

Now, if these Methodist and other anti-Catholic editors are bribed by the Romish Church to suppress accounts of the awful things Rev. Bart knows, may we not suspect that Rev. Bart himself is bribed by the cunning Jesuits not to tell half he knows, or to tell just enough to create a reaction in favor of Rome? As he hints that Protestant editors may be bought, he gives cause for the suspicion that he is a Jesuit, or a Jesuit employe to disguise, for what could more assist Rome than the discrediting of her opponents?

What strengthens this suspicion is Rev. Bart's familiarity with the financial affairs of the Jesuits. He says— "which is injudicious on his part if he is a Jesuit secret agent."—"The Jesuits have control of five of the leading banks in Rome. They control many of the municipal plants, such as gas and water; also restaurants and other concerns all over the country." Now, how could any one not in on the ground floor with the Jesuits know all this? Has not the Rev. Bart inadvertently let the cat out?

With such a large amount of funds in the five leading banks in Rome at hand and their control of the gas plants, why could they not employ secret agents to go about in the disguise of Methodist ministers, supplying them with funds from the five leading banks, and oratorical ammunition from the gas plants? There is something amusing in this superb cunning of the Jesuits, in having their disguised agents taking up collections from the pious Methodists, thus making them pay the piper, and at the same time getting back into their five leading banks more than they expended.

But the Rev. Bart does not suspect Protestant editors alone. His opinion of the novelists and artists are equally dishonest. He says:

"Have you thought or noticed in any of the recent published novels that Roman Catholic persons and customs have been favorably presented to the public? How shrewd they are! As they once made use of the artists and the sculptors for the promotion of their cause, they are now subsidizing and manipulating the press."

With all these elements of strength in the hands of the Catholics how hard are the lines of a poor Methodist preacher in Italy. Brethren, he must have money. Deacon Littlehead will hand around the collection box.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

REV. DR. DE COSTA.

A Letter to a Layman.

My Dear Brother—As you already know, I have resigned the office of Presbyter in your communion, and my resignation has been accepted. This left me in the position of a lay member, like yourself. That relation I now sever. Of course, you will say that you regret the step, but certainly one cannot remain in an anomalous position, and I must now give additional reasons, explaining this concluding action, especially since my letter to the Bishop embraced only "a few points." My lay friends expect something more, though what I may now say will not, probably, cover the whole ground.

I shall, however, be obliged to repeat some observations which pained you when uttered viva voce. I am sure that they give me pain, likewise, since my experience in the Episcopal body has ended with a keen disappointment. However disagreeable, I must, nevertheless, express my convictions. I have laid many difficulties connected with the subject before Bishops, clergy and laity all over the country, in privately printed papers, but without any of the hoped-for results. All acknowledge the seriousness of the situation, but fall to point out any remedy. The situation has now become unendurable. Do not fancy, however, that I have any fears about the Bible or Christianity. I have always welcomed genuine criticism and historical inquiry. But criticism has come to be uncritical. It forms, largely, a case of Tom Paine masquerading in the garb of the rabbi. I shall, however, speak only in general terms now, illustrating the fact that the gross purposes in the Episcopal body go so deep as to render its future hopeless. I could not remain in what is called "good faith." I hope that all my old friends who can stand by in good faith may do so until they can find something better. I could not consent to its abandonment without first having a prospect of something better. One of the most eminent and best balanced of your Bishops says that the situation fills him with "alarm," while another, sadly recognizing the truth, says despairingly, "There will be no improvement in your day or mine."

I could easily fill columns with extracts from letters, and conversations held on the subject with all classes of men, bishops, clergy and laity.

It is impossible to reconcile the present condition with any claim to Catholicity. The situation is thus portrayed by a writer who is looking on, studying the condition of the Church:

"One clergyman may teach the doctrine of the Real Presence or

assure his flock that he possesses the power of priestly absolution. But in the next parish—if in a large city—only a block or two distant, perhaps—the clergyman in charge will deny both of these doctrines and teach his people that they are false and unscriptural. Yet both these men are authorized teachers of religion in the Protestant Episcopal Church, with equal official authority. The Bishop may happen to agree with one or the other. He can do as he likes in the matter."

The situation cannot be made good with whitewash or juggled away. It should rather, if you are able, be met honestly, and dealt with. To put on rich robes, assume an air of authority, and advocate the change of our name to that of "the Catholic Church in America" forms simply a ghastly farce. Multitudes of clergy, after persevering for awhile, and preaching strongly about our "Catholic heritage," have rendered their obedience to Rome. A Catholic heritage forms a Catholic faith, not a collection of discordant and heretical opinions.

Today Protestantism is riven by sects. The Church of England, as the result of the "Blessed Reformation," has given to the world about one hundred and thirty seats, nearly all of which have been reproduced in this country. All are at war with one another, and inside the Episcopal denomination a hot fight goes on, the Bishops having no recognized authority for regulating matters which distinctly belong to an Episcopate. In fact, there is no Episcopate any more than a standard of doctrine.

Under the circumstances, does it appear at all strange that multitudes should be asking if this body really forms a branch of the Catholic Church?

At the same time Cranmer and Ridley clubs have done their best to empty Anglican orders of all suspicion of "Sacrosotalism," and to purge the sacraments of the spiritual value and significance claimed for them; denying that the Reformers held or made any sacerdotal claims in connection with their "Blessed Reformation," and declaring that we have no Episcopal line in accordance with the ideas of the pre-reformation period. All this is clinched by the consecration of men to the American Episcopate, like the late Dr. Brooks, who deny the sacerdotal claim, teaching that the office of a Congregational minister is quite as authoritative.

Under the circumstances, my dear brother, I would like to know what you and men similarly circumstanced propose to do? To-day are you not tamely accepting the situation, saying with the leaves-and-fishes brigade, "After us the deluge?" You understand perfectly well the nature of that wide gulf now existing between different portions of the Church and the gross folly and infatuation of the popular verse, "We are not divided." You and I know those of the clergy and laity who frankly say that they will not quibble about mere words, and that they accept the Real Presence. Now, if this doctrine be true, it must follow that the Mass is the greatest of all truths, apart from the Divine Immanence. Indeed the Mass must form the corporate expression of that Immanence. If true, to deny it is profane. It constitutes a sacrilegious affront to the glorified body of the Eternal Son of God. Please notice that this is the language of your school and observe that it is a stab at the heart of Christ. So keenly is this felt that, as you know, guilds have been formed, one of whose objects is to offer reparation to Almighty God for indignities done in the whole Anglican body to your sacrament.

I do not affirm that Anglicans have what they claim upon their altar; but they make the claim for themselves, and if they claim that Christ is there, they must recognize that God cannot look with any favor upon a body tolerating the denial; yet the Protestant Episcopal body all over the land flames with the denial. It has proved a great part of Anglican history during the last two centuries. On the other hand, the clubs I have referred to always took delight in exploiting this denial. In fact, it is asserted that the Episcopal Church makes no pretensions to sacerdotal claims.

Ritualists feel the ignominy and shame of the situation, and ought to appreciate the guilt they incur on their own principles. In contrast with ritualism, rationalism is strongly entrenched and is very bold. It has well nigh destroyed the value of the Bible as a textbook in Sunday schools and as an authority in sermons. The Bible of our forefathers has departed, and the men who impeach it hold places of influence and power. Skeptics of various grades, and discontented men, are now being welcomed into the Church, which promises to become, in due time, a veritable Cave of Adullam.

Did you or did you not sell your heritage at the time of the "Blessed Reformation" for a mess of pottage? The semi-Arian and Pantheist explain away what are claimed as "Catholic virtues" unmolested, and "advanced" men tacitly recognize that the bulk of the clergy cannot be trusted to stand at their altars. So, likewise, "Higher Criticism" will not tolerate "superstition" either in pulpit or chancel.

Between the various schools there is

a recognized incompatibility, an "irrepressible conflict." It is theology against theology. As stated in a recent sermon by the leading rector in this city, Dr. Dix, it is a case of the real Christ against the invented Christ—a Christ that Paul never preached, that the Twelve never heard of; a Christ not found in the Word of God; a Christ not able to save mankind.

Yes, I know what you will say: "Let us be patient," and sing, "Lead, Kindly Light." But what can be the use of calling upon the Light to lead when you do not mean to follow? I have not attempted to argue either for the Sacramentarian or the Skeptic, whether their views are right or wrong. I am pointing out a situation, a state of things that seems to have resulted from the disruption of foundations at the "Blessed Reformation." I point out these antagonisms, and ask you if a branch of the Catholic Church can tolerate them and remain Catholic? If a bank allows the hypothecation of its assets, what becomes of the bank? If a Church is the Defender of the Faith, and the Faith is not defended, of what is the Church the defender? How long can a Church neglect her occupation before finding that the occupation is gone? Is a Church less responsible than the secular corporation? Will God tolerate unfaithfulness in a Church that men will not condone in a human trust? In such a failure will a bold front and brazen denial carry men through? Can the laity themselves be deceived all the time?

Carlyle has written on the subject of clothes, and we have among us, on the one hand, a body of men in Catholic garb, with holy water, confessional, penances and genuflections, offering Rome the flattery of imitation, while withholding obedience; on the other hand, the whitish Calvinist, now shorn of his "decees," with a dress shading off into business suits, or pearl-colored trousers, expansive shirt fronts and smart cravats—the symbols of a flashy Protestantism—carping at Bible, faith, discipline, orders, sacraments.

The cow does not make the monk, but clothes form an index to mental and moral conditions; while a thousand altars and chancels, strewn with saleratus bread crumbs, cast a Zwinglian protest at the Sacramentarian. Can these things co-exist in a branch of the Catholic Church? As a matter of history, the structure is crumbling about you. Many all over the land are deserting the Church; missionary societies are toppling.

Is a place in such a body a place fit for you or me? With my views of the situation, to remain would at least be immoral. One would need a conscience lined with fire brick. We are indeed told that similar conditions exist among all Protestant bodies, which is quite true, and, practically, you have put yourself on their level. Episcopalians have lived with them in catering to the skepticism of the day. The Church is even a safe harbor for men whom they will not tolerate. The confidence of a large portion of the people has been shaken by their religious teachers, and far and wide we see men and women once zealous for religion who can not now be persuaded to enter a Church. The babel of tongues has confused them. An enormous proportion of the names in parish registers represent non-attendants, who say that they have "no use for the Church." Discipline is dead. Ecclesiastical police protection shelters the preacher of untruth.

"Patience," you say again, "time will work wonders." But what wonders? History shows that evils have been overcome, but not by sitting still and crying "Patience." You yourself very well know that in past crisis the Church has never been saved by either patience or silence; and silence in the present case is simply criminal. It is the silence of surrender. The Episcopal body is afflicted not only with a case of simple blood poisoning, but ineradicable leprosy. The situation can never be recovered by the grieving of the "wise" or the "ventral grumbling" of the "judicious." So, my brother, if you will, keep your pious in your boat, stinging "Lead, Kindly Light," until it rots and sends you to the bottom. It would be better, however, to steer now for some good port.

You may say that I am prejudiced against Protestantism. It is true that I see the wreck it has wrought. Nevertheless, I was reared with intense prejudice against the Roman Catholic Church, even though the convert of my near kinswoman was burned over her head at Mount Benedict by a mob of Boston Protestants. It was a prejudice that long did duty and which stood me in good stead during several seasons as I lingered in Rome and strolled innumerable times through St. Peter's and the Vatican. Yet perhaps I have never passed from under the hallowed spell woven around me by Pio Nono, when he stood in his audience chamber—gentle, benignant, holy—and gave me his blessing. If I am prejudiced I can only hope that it is in favor of truth and righteousness. But I will close. With unshaken love for all my old friends, whether they think as I do or not, I am very faithfully your brother,

B. F. De Costa.
New York, St. Luke's Day, 1899.

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It must be above nature. For example, a comet, an eclipse, a ordinary phenomenon...

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GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER XV. THE WEDDING.

The warty colors faded from the sky as we drove homeward, and it was rapidly growing dark when we reached the chapel. Conn and the book-keeper led the way, and went and knelt at the altar-rail to prepare for confession, which in these parts immediately precedes the sacrament of Matrimony. To the crowd at their heels this was a matter of course, and the whole body of young men and women who had come to witness the ceremony compeled themselves to await the priest's arrival, standing motionless in silence. Some faint whispering at the edge of the crowd there was, and some flitting to and fro of ragged children running in and out of the chapel; but their little bare feet did not make much noise pattering on the brick floor, and their suppressed bursts of laughter were hardly noticed. There was a great stir when Father John drove up half an hour later, and throwing the reins to the nearest bystander, strode into the church and through the crowd which parted to let him pass, through the railings and sanctuary into the sacristy; whence he presently emerged in surplice and stole, and in hand to light two candles on the altar.

This done, he returned to the sacristy, beckoning the book-keeper, who resumed his patient mood; the children played half in, half out of the chapel; the evening light seen through the open door, lit the bare feet did not make much noise pattering on the brick floor, and their suppressed bursts of laughter were hardly noticed. There was a great stir when Father John drove up half an hour later, and throwing the reins to the nearest bystander, strode into the church and through the crowd which parted to let him pass, through the railings and sanctuary into the sacristy; whence he presently emerged in surplice and stole, and in hand to light two candles on the altar.

Thus did the long minutes pass slowly over our heads. There was again a general stir as the book-keeper came out, and Conn took her place in the sacristy; and then every one settled down again to wait till Conn's confession should be finished. More and more impressive did the minutes become as that strange hour wore away; and stronger grew the sense of the momentous nature of the event about to occur in the lives of the two chief actors there. The flickering candles on the altar flicked the gloom with dancing shadows; a light wind sifted ever and again among the pine-tree tops or along the chapel roof; the ivy flapped against the window-panes. The silent-breathing crowd, half filling the church, was scarcely less mute than the dead in the grave.

At length Conn appeared, and shortly after Father Moriarty came out, carrying his book in one hand, and in the other a bunch and vessel of holy water. He looked on us all now finally roused themselves and closed up nearer to the altar-rail. Many who till now had stood without, came in; so that the chapel became quite full. Neighbors who had not seen each other this evening before, exchanged nods and smiles of laughing comments regarding the occasion, and tried to get a sight of the pair. To see Conn was easy enough, he was a head over any there, a head and shoulders over most; but the bride it was not so easy to see. And now, as the solemn ceremony began, the movement, and the coughings, and the whispering ceased, and a hush reigned over the whitewashed chapel. You would have thought, from the intent look upon every face as the bride and bridegroom, that long and prettily as the money jingled on the plate, and Conn placed the ring upon the bride's finger, that it was the first marriage that had been witnessed within living memory. These parts of the ceremony were spoken in English, and then, at a sign, everybody knelt down, while over the newly-married pair the priest read the concluding prayers. Then Conn, and his wife, and several others, followed the priest into the sacristy to sign the register. As a happy pair emerged into the church again, the good man's face wore a satisfied expression. Nothing pleased him more than that the young men and women of his parish should get married. "Go along with ye!" he said to the children, who were now almost the only ones left in the chapel; and who were still leaning backwards and forwards, some of them following him with wide open eyes, "Go along with ye! I'll marry every one of ye yet."

Once outside, the voices were raised, and the good wife more loudly expressed as the cars set off at a spanking rate, which soon out-distanced even the strongest-limbed of those who tried to keep up with them. Numbers of people streamed to the inn at regular intervals, which sat Mrs. Ennis, with the bride and the boys and girls running most of the way, and their elders following more leisurely. I noticed, too, a few middle-aged farmers, well-to-do fellows, to whom a wedding was no new excitement—they had been married themselves, for that matter—who remained behind to exchange remarks on what had passed, and to thank the priest for his services.

Meanwhile, Conn and the book-keeper had been borne out of one fire of congratulations into another. Old Matt Dwyer was there, near the doorway of the inn, and Conn's father, and Mrs. Ennis on the doorstep, smiling in a black silk dress, and one silk cap, trimmed with white lace. Behind her were all the servants. Mrs. Ennis kissed the young people as they descended, and old Mr. Hoolahan embraced his son and new-made daughter.

"Long life to ye both!" said old Matt Dwyer, "and happiness!" And there followed a chorus of "Good luck to you, Conn," and "Long life to you, ma'am," from the servants. "Come in here and rest yourselves," cried Mrs. Ennis, bustling to her own parlour, "you must be tired, and in want of a minute's quiet." The book-keeper sank into a chair, and Mrs. Ennis, sitting at a stretch before him, "I never stoop so long at a stretch before," she said, laughing, "and the walk to that we had beforehand, over that rough ground!" "I do it all over again with the greatest of pleasure," said Conn. "Spare yourself, my fine fellow," cried Mrs. Ennis, "be more before you get home. You'll have to do your share of dancing, and you must look after the comfort of your guests—for they are your guests, you know."

"Indeed, 'tis a proud wedding you're giving us, Mrs. Ennis. 'Twill be remembered this many a day." He was saying this when Father John, said Father John, shaking him and Mrs. Ennis in turn by both hands, "I'm glad that the little embassy you've done today, and my friend here upon his turned out so well. Do you remember the day," turning to me, "we went in to break the news to Mrs. Ennis? Ha, ha, ha! there they were! not one of them at all purposes, yet all of them at the other, you're ashamed of you! You were too bashful, entirely. What's that noise outside?" "The only people going into the house," said Mrs. Ennis. "Pan, do you show them the way; and get into the parlour, and keep the book-keeper quiet. Mind ye keep the top table clear for ourselves. What is it, Mary Maloney?"

"If ye please, ma'am, Mrs. Costello's (that was the cook) says she'll die, and to cook dinner for me, in addition to tea for two hundred, is too much for any pair of arms." "Cook dinner?" asked the book-keeper. "No, no, miss—ma'am, I mane—dinner for No. 7." "No. 7?" repeated the book-keeper, still puzzled. "Ah, never mind her," cried Mrs. Ennis. "Mary Maloney, go back and help Mrs. Costello. Your coming here, I've not put off coming to her in better temper. The girl's beside herself with excitement," she added, as Mary Maloney disappeared.

"What does she mean by No. 7?" "Only a visitor that came awhile ago. I've not in into room No. 7. Is there a better?" "It will do very well," said the book-keeper. "When I saw him drive up, 'Dear, dear!' I said to myself, 'was a pity you did not put off coming to her in better temper. You've no one but yourself to blame, ma'am,' cried Father John. 'The fame of your hospitality has spread abroad, ma'am, and you must pay the penalty.' 'It might be a harder one,' sighed Mrs. Ennis, 'than many a one,' remarked Conn's father, 'who would make no objection to being in your place, Mrs. Ennis, nor to sharing your trouble, ma'am, if it comes to that.' 'Hullo, hullo!' cried Father John, 'what's this? One wedding makes many—there's more work in store for me, I see. Very well, Mr. Hoolahan, very well.' 'Oh, dear, oh, dear! I'm it too bad, now?' cried Mrs. Ennis. 'To think I should have the word was spoken!'"

"What is it? What have I said?" asked Conn's father, looking round bewildered at the roomful laughing at him. "That's right, Mr. Hoolahan. Play with the fish before you hook it," cried Father John. "I declare to my goodness," said the old man, solemnly, "I don't know you but what you're all—here Conn whispered his father—'oh, what did I say that? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.' Yes, Mrs. Ennis, and I meant it, too, ha, ha, ha."

"I shouldn't have thought it of you, Mr. Hoolahan," said Mrs. Ennis, bridling with mock dignity. "The wickedness isn't all of you yet, I'm afraid, old man." The door burst open at this juncture, and Dan appeared, breathless, to say that everything was ready; so we trooped after him, and a volley of salutations on our places at the top table; and then the talking and laughing, which our entrance had interrupted recommenced in all its vigor. The party, mingled with the clatter of crockery, as Michael, and Dan, and Jerome, and several more, scurried in with steaming tea-pots, and passed up and down the tables receiving a running fire of "chaff" and with the best temper in the world, giving back as good as they got. Tea and coffee, cakes, and bread and butter, were the staple of our feast; but a great entertainment in St. George's Hall in Liverpool itself would not have caused more hilarity. Uproariousness and screaming mirth amongst parties of young people, cosy conversations in their retirement, and attracting by their shrill arguments the amused attention of their younger neighbors—these were a few of the combinations which were repeated many times over in some room. To watch them was for some time the chief occupation of more than one of us at the top table, in the centre of which sat Mrs. Ennis, with the bride and the boys and girls running most of the way, and their elders following more leisurely. I noticed, too, a few middle-aged farmers, well-to-do fellows, to whom a wedding was no new excitement—they had been married themselves, for that matter—who remained behind to exchange remarks on what had passed, and to thank the priest for his services.

John was next to Conn; then Conn's sister, then his father, and so on in that direction. On our side I was the immediate neighbor of the bride; on my left was Mary Maloney, and next to her was Father Hoolahan's seat, and so the layers continued. "Patsy," cried Mary Maloney, after a rapid glance round, "Miss Johnson's cup's empty; go and get a holt of a teapot." "Miss Johnson?" said Patsy, under his breath as he puts his legs over the bench, "sure she's not Miss Johnson now?" "Oh, well, never mind; go you and get her some tea. It sounds so nice, miss," continued Mary Maloney, by way of apology when he was gone, "I don't know how I'll ever do it."

"Do what, Mary?" said the book-keeper. "Call you by your new name, Miss—Mrs. Hoolahan—sounds so odd." "What a child you are, Mary! You'll be Mrs. Hoolahan yourself some day, won't she, Patsy?" Patsy had come back and was pouring out more tea. "I don't know that," stammered Mary Maloney, "he'll have to be after being used to it before that happens." "Don't mind her, miss, I mane ma'am; she doesn't mane it won't bit. 'Tis a very different month she does be making when we're by ourselves." "On?" "Listen to that now for a leetle! Pat Hoolahan, you'll take your seat no more by me this night after what you said; mind that now."

"Here, Patsy!" calls out Mrs. Ennis. "Give Father John's cup. 'Tis a sin and a shame for you, Mr. Moriarty, to be talking of leaving so early. Sure the light of the party'll be gone out when you turn your back." "Not it!" says Father John, "their spirits'll go up like wild fire when they see me gone. But I know why you want to stay. 'Tis only because you want to be able to manage them without me. I'll remain on while it was for the long mountain road I have before me, sir." "Sure you could have a bed here, sir," said Mrs. Ennis petulantly. "Mrs. Ennis, if you weren't a heretic you'd remember my Mass in the morning, and the people coming and having church in this room for a week or two in honor of the occasion. In a few minutes the clatter will be over. Sure it won't make the difference of a quarter of an hour to you."

St. Father John was persuaded to stay awhile longer; but an opportunity was seized by Mrs. Ennis, and she, broken here and there by some local chorus of laughter which came most often from that end of our table where Patsy, banished from Mary's side, was now sitting, showed his wife, and then, as a pity to interrupt them, said, "But a dance!" urged Mrs. Ennis. "They won't be satisfied with a short spell of dancing, and I want it to break up at 11," saying which, she rapped so loudly on the table as to suddenly cause a complete silence. "My friend," said Father John, rising, "I'm sorry that duties which you know of compel me to leave you soon, but I can't go without saying what's on my heart, and what I know is your faithfulness and that is our happiness and prosperity of the young people whose wedding we are here this night to celebrate. (Applause.) Of the young wife I will say this and this, that she came among us as a stranger, but that she is now a man or a woman in this room who speaks, no, nor thinks of her as a stranger now, or whose respect, esteem, awe and affection too, she has not won. (Cheers.) We all wish that Glenoconge may continue to be happy in the love of her husband. He sits beside me. (Loud, prolonged, and enthusiastic cheering, many rising and calling out greetings wholly indistinguishable in the uproar.) Father John, over his head, the manifestation to continue as long as it would; but when it had finished a bass voice from out of one of the hoods was heard to repeat as if in self-commemoration, 'He's a fine boy, God bless him.' This caused the enthusiasm to break out afresh. 'A young man,' continued Father John, 'who is worthy of the father that bore him. A young man of whom I think I say the highest praise has always been the worthy of his keep. I have held his ground in this part of the country, of a love for religion, for parents and brothers and sisters; a love for every many exercise (loud cheers), a chivalry for the weak and suffering; a young man whose growth in these qualities has kept pace with the growth of his body, and whom we now see at this moment arrived at the most important event of his life. It is your hope, I know, no less than mine, my friends, that he may continue to be worthy of those who have gone before him. 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ABOUT MIRACLES.

The Views of a Learned Jesuit, Rev. Father Coupe, S. J.

Rev. Father Coupe, S. J., M. A., of Stonyhurst, explained the subject of miracles in a recent discourse. He proposed, he said, to prove the divinity of Christ from miracles, and here he took the opportunity of discussing the whole question of miracles. That night they would prove our Lord's divinity from miracles. What was a miracle? A miracle was the visible effect of divine power surpassing the capacity of all created causes. A true miracle must have a two fold characteristic. It must first of all be above all the force of nature. It must secondly be apparent to the senses, exterior, palpable, manifest.

It must be above the forces of nature. For example, an earthquake, a comet, an eclipse, however extraordinary a phenomenon each was, was not a miracle. To be a miracle it must, therefore, be a visible phenomenon which not only surpasses the power of all created forces, but is absolutely inconceivable, the only conceivable hypothesis being that it is the work of God, of an intelligent Being, of superhuman understanding or will.

A true miracle is the manifestation of a mind superior to man's mind. If he haled a boat in the darkness and it at once came to him it followed that the boat must have an intelligent being on board. The telegraph, he knew, must have an intelligent operator at the other end. And if he travel at night on the railroad, and a red light is shown and the train stops, he knows that the train does not stop by chance, but by an intelligent mind. In like manner, miracles spoke of an intelligent Being who was endowed with an understanding higher than man's understanding, of a will surpassing man's will, gifted with forces which man could not wield, being a manifestation of an agent at once intelligent and superhuman; and if the phenomenon be a true miracle, that agent must be God. It follows that if a man makes a statement and appeal to God, and in God's name, let him say, works a miracle to support that statement, that man's word must of necessity be true. And why? Because by a miracle God indorses, stamps that man's statement; because the miracle is God's seal on the man's veracity; because the miracle is a

pledge of the wonder-worker's truth.

Now, Christ Jesus made a statement, and confirmed that statement not by one, but by a host of miracles. Christ claimed to be God, and he demonstrated that claim by miracles. They remembered when the unbelieving Jews called in question Christ's veracity. He answered: "Then, if you will not believe Me, believe My works, for they give testimony of Me."

As theists they were bound to admit the reality, the existence of the Bible miracles, and as thinking men, as men endowed with reason, they were bound to admit the existence of all miracles, Scriptural or otherwise, for which evidence is forthcoming, which can be proved.

As Christians they were bound to admit the Bible miracles because they were revealed by God, and accept them on divine faith. All non-Scriptural miracles they were bound to accept in so far as they were proved on evidence for them. Christianity was founded on miracles, and yet was it not true that outside the Catholic Church men—even professing Christians—denied the possibility of all miracles? Was it not true that many professing Christians most illogically admitted and defended the divinity of Christ not because of, but in spite of His miracles? He opposed the adversaries of miracles might be classed under a threefold head. First the materialists, then the positivists, and thirdly the rationalists. The materialists said there was nothing except matter and the laws of matter, outside the material world there was nothing; therefore, as there is no God, there can be no miracle, which is the effect of God. The positivists said: Even if miracles existed and are possible, seeing that anything is unknown to us, closed to our investigations, we cannot possibly have evidence of miracles. Then the rationalists replied: Yes, God made the universe and the laws, but after the solemn moment of creation God has never interfered with the world which He made. So, according to them, He can only look on and watch the work of His own hands.

A SILENT, HELPLESS SPINX, like an impotent spectator. Yet was it not true that on every page of the gospels miracles confronted the unbeliever; they baffled, puzzled, harassed and fixed them. They say there cannot be such a thing as a miracle. They asked why not? And they told them because miracles were unscientific. And they humbly inquired why were miracles unscientific. Press the question, and if he (the preacher) mistook not, they would find it very hard to get a definite reply. Ask the unbeliever why are miracles unscientific? Press the question, and they would find their adversary change its tactics and adopt some sort of sophistry. Sometimes he trusts to philosophy. On there cannot be a miracle, because philosophy shows that miracles are impossible. They prove from philosophy that miracles are possible. Their adversary flies to history. If miracles are possible, they have not been verified. You prove there is ample evidence of miracles. Is he satisfied? Ah, yes, it looks like evidence. It cannot be evidence, because they are

impossible: they are a contradiction in terms. Oppose them in one way, then fly to another—from the metaphysical to the historical, then back again from the historical to the metaphysical.

Miracles never happen because they are impossible, and impossible because they never happen. But a logician would surely reason not from the general to the particular, but from the particular to the general. First deduce your facts and then deduce your theory; do not argue from what it ought to be, but rather from what it is. Having discovered facts, then, admit the existence, and therefore the possibility of miracles.

The learned preacher in his discourse also dealt with the various objections raised by SCIENTISTS AND SCIENTISTS against miracles, and said that God did not stand and watch as a powerless spectator in the working of His own universe. God, who ordained the laws of nature, must be the ruler of those laws, and, therefore, must have the power, when He thinks fit, to derogate from those laws by a miracle. As Christians this is our plea, this is our profession, that we believe in miracles as the apostles did. We are quite ready to rejoice to stand or fall with Jesus of Nazareth.

THE BEAUTY OF POVERTY.

Much has been said of the uses of poverty; its discipline has been pronounced ennobling, its privations wholesome, its sacrifices salutary. Of its beauty we hear less. It has been taken for granted that indigence may be exceedingly useful, but will not lend itself to the development of the gentler graces; that it is a foe to art and to all that makes life other than a prosaic and unattractive existence. But others boldly declare that in the presence of a large bank account beauty often takes flight; that when one dispenses with the habitual belongings of the wealthy he puts aside that which hinders the development of the artistic instinct, and that only in what seems to us bareness and paucity and want is there the elusive element of the picturesque.

We are so largely victims of our environment, so unconsciously moulded by our surroundings, that this theory is not the unimportant thing which at first glance we might fancy it to be. A dignified order reflects itself on the mind; harmony of form and color leaves its impress on the heart; while beauty, rightly used, may help in the carving of a character or even the saving of a soul.

Poverty is not necessarily squalid, dismal, demoralizing, and unclean. It may often be this; but it may also be refined, uplifting, dignified, and holy. It may, to be sure, chain its slave in a hopeless and grinding degradation; but it may lift men to those heights where they can listen for the sounds the saints hear. It may have within its gift all lovely shapes and graceful lines and gleaming tints, and yet be the gentle bride of the Saint of Assisi and the constant helper of all who tread the Way of the Cross. Nay, it is in that Way alone that those who have renounced all find true beauty—the only beauty.

If a painter sought a figure for his canvas, would he not choose the brown-gowned Saint rather than the gay young Francis singing with his richly-clad companions in the streets of old Assisi? Is there not in the bare room of a Japanese workman a charm not to be found in the crowded museums that all lent Occidentals call home? Does not the trained eye leave the conservatory of exotics and linger lovingly upon the single rose by the wayside? With the pure and austere taste which banishes meretricious ornament, one may make of the most cruel destitution a beneficent friend; while the multimillionaire, who crowds the canvas of his dwelling simply because he can afford to do so, finds himself only the possessor of an indiscriminately stocked warehouse.

This is the reign of superfluity, the age of trumpery. It is difficult, among the snares with cheap machinery and the wiles of traffic set for the unwary, to maintain a stern and beautiful simplicity. Those with small means often make the fatal mistake of surrounding themselves with cheap imitations of the furnishings and ornaments which they can not afford. If such temptations could be resisted, poverty would lose much of its bitterness, and much of the tawdry and unsightly and unclean would vanish from off the face of the earth.

So much for the destitution which is material. There is a poverty in regard to which no such cheering words are fitting. There is a poverty of heart, a poverty of mind, that holds us to the earth with leaden chains. In its presence there is neither joy nor peace nor beauty. With it the rich man is poorer than the beggar who has largess of love to bestow. Beauty, like happiness, can win the approving smile of God only when one, whether rich or poor, keeps white the shining raiment of his soul.—Ave Maria.

A SON OF GARIBADI DYING.

A son of Garibaldi, who was to the opponents of Rome the incarnation of all their thoughts and desires, is slowly dying in Italy, and one of his constant attendants, at his request, is the priest who acts as his spiritual adviser. The anti-clerical endeavored to persuade the dying Garibaldi, for the sake of his father's memory, to dismiss this priest, but he refused their requests and declared that it was all-important with him now to make his peace with God's Church before entering His presence to be judged.

DEATH OF A NOTED CONVERT.

Mr. Wm. Richards, a Former Newark Editor Dies in Washington.

Catholic Columbian. In Washington on Monday, death came to Mr. William Richards, for nearly forty years identified with the U. S. Treasury department, and well known in political circles. At his bedside in his last moments he received the tender ministrations of his daughter, Miss Janet Richards, who was obliged to hasten the obsequies of her lamented father to hurry to the bedside of her mother in Wernersville, Pa., whose death was momentarily expected.

Mr. Richards was a well known Catholic and a convert to the faith. He was a native of Ohio, a son of Dr. William Richards of Granville, who died there in 1852. William Richards was an elder brother, Henry, were students at Kenyon College, Gambier, from which they were both graduated in 1838. The elder was soon ordained a minister of the Episcopal Church and became pastor of St. Paul's church of this city, in 1842. Ten years later, on January 25, 1852, this pastor of St. Paul's was received into the Catholic Church by Father Burgess (afterward Bishop of Detroit) by his baptism preceding his brother's by about a year.

The story of their conversion to Catholicism is told in a little volume, entitled "On the Road to Rome," edited by William Richards. The contents of the little book were originally given in an address delivered before the Carroll Institute in Washington in 1887.

Mr. Richards gives the credit of his first step toward Rome to his minister, the Rev. Abner Jenks, who allowed carpenters and plasterers to finish his dwelling house on the Sabbath day, his justification being that he was obliged to give up his hired house in a few days. Mr. Richards said: "With the Puritan notion of the Sabbath day, which stopped all work, and would not allow children to play or even laugh aloud, from sundown on Sunday night, you can imagine what commotion it caused in that congregation, when it was known that the minister was a Sabbath-breaker!" This incident had the effect of causing Dr. Richards and his family to adopt the Episcopal religion.

"Another incident never forgot was my first sight of Archbishop Purcell. It may have been early in 1846 when the report was circulated among us that Bishop Purcell was coming to officiate at the Catholic church in Newark. Some five or six of us young lawyers attracted by the fame of the Bishop's celebrated controversy with Alexander Campbell were anxious to see and hear him, and accordingly we went to the church at the appointed time. This was my first entrance into a Catholic church." The writer tells of the impression made upon them by the Bishop's evidence of intellect, culture and deep thought.

Mr. Richards stated that no prejudice was more deeply imbedded in his mind than that of the corruption of the Catholic Church in practice, as well as its defect in doctrine. This he attributes to the general ignorance of Protestants in regard to the Catholic Church. During his college course he heard very little about and nothing favorable to the Catholic religion.

Still from time to time his views and prejudices were greatly modified and softened on a number of important points. Being an earnest seeker after the truth, and a deep student, it was but natural that his belief should by this time take on a tinge of what his friends called "Romanism."

In 1844 he was invited to deliver an address at Kenyon College Commencement, which formed, as he said, the topic of discussion at all the dinner tables in Gambier on that day. Some of the audience were heard to say "that young man is well on the road to Rome." At the end of his speech as Mr. Richards left the stage he met a friend, Thomas Sparrow (brother of Dr. Sparrow, and then a lawyer of Columbus), who saluted him with the blunt question: "What did you mean by that oration?" Having no time to answer fully then, Mr. Richards merely replied: "I meant just what I said." "Well," said Sparrow, "I brought two orations with me—the best one on French Leggett, and the other on William Leggett, and now I am going to give you a counterblast by reading the one on Leggett." It may be mentioned here as a noteworthy fact that the brother of Dr. Richards' antagonist that day, Dr. Sparrow, was many years afterwards received into the Church and his wife, a daughter of the late Governor Medary, also became a convert. The surviving members of the family, Mrs. Sparrow, William, Thomas, Flora and Elizabeth, are all practical Catholics and among the most faithful members of the cathedral congregation.

However, despite Mr. Richards undoubted trend of thought at this time it was nine years before his final conversion. He tells of his acceptance of the belief in the Immaculate Conception in these words: "An Episcopal clergyman, during a visit in my family where he found sympathetic listeners, advanced the idea that necessarily have been a woman of perfect purity, and entitled to the highest possible honor and veneration. This struck me at once as being so reasonable that I thereafter wholly rejected the absurd Protestant charges against Catholics of Mariolatry."

In 1850 Mr. Richards was astounded to receive a letter from his brother in which he stated that he was a Roman Catholic in belief. The brothers had

had numerous discussions on theological questions and the conviction had grown upon them that falling to find it in the Episcopal Church—somewhere authority must exist in a visible, tangible, recognizable form, or else Revelation was a sham, the Church a delusion, the world simply chaos, and human life not worth living.

In 1853 Mr. William Richards was received into the Church, of which he ever since remained a consistent and honored member. He was well known among Catholics at Washington, and was a delegate to the Catholic Congress at Baltimore, where he read a valuable paper on "Labor and Capital." He was also a conspicuous figure at the Catholic Congress held in Chicago during the World's Fair, when he was again a delegate.

His daughter, Miss Janet Richards, is a well known lecturer, and has numerous friends in Newark and surrounding cities. The brother, Henry L. Richards, now in Boston, is a frequent contributor to the Columbian. He has a son who became a Jesuit priest and who in 1895 was appointed president of Georgetown University. In the death of Mr. Richards the Church Militant loses a faithful son, and the Church Triumphant, let us hope, gains another soul to swell the anthems of praise and glory before the Eternal Lord of Hosts.

A STATESMAN'S VIEW OF THE BOERS' TROUBLE.

The Catholic World Magazine for October, in a well argued article from the trenchant pen of Rev. George McDermot, entitled "The South African Republic," takes the bold position that England has no right, from the point of view of international law, to intrude into the domestic affairs of the Boers. It argues that the claim of suzerainty does not give any warrant to England to say what the limit of probations may be in order to earn the right to citizenship. The article discusses the question from a standpoint all its own, and the point of view taken is above the petty squabbles that now interest the public, and gives a broad reach over many years of the history of the Dutch Republic. The article is well worth reading, inasmuch as it makes an exposition of a statesman's view of the African imbroglio. Among other sharp things he says: "It is amazing, with this decision within a few years, that we have the claim of a suzerainty revived; we have it gradually widened, we have it at length extending to the degree of wiping out the High Commission or at the Cape and President Kruger are pointed out as a recognition of the fundamental claims of the Uitlanders to the franchise, and the only matter in doubt is as to terms and conditions. We are not set in that light. We are very certain if the President were not anxious to avoid a war he would not have agreed to a conference at all. We think that a sense of fair play, that a spirit of justice, should have guided the counsels of the great Empire, which is dragged into this quarrel by the greed of men already rich, and the greed of men hastening to be rich, when for them and their practically irresistible to compel a little State to submit to a conference of international relations. There ought to have been a marked regard for the susceptibilities of a high spirited people. Instead, threats not veiled, a public opinion at boiling point, demands put forward as the vindication of a violated right, a minister acting like an agitator, have combined to bring on a crisis the history of which will have a place among the crimes of nations."

The envious person is the most miserable of all human beings. He nourishes vipers which sting and devour him—he is the enemy of all, and inflicts mortal wounds on charity—outrages nature, which produces only that which is good, and grace, which cannot act in concert, or ally itself with any evil.

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FROM ALL OVER CANADA come letters telling us of the great benefits derived from the use of The D. & L. Menthol Plasters in cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, lame back, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

A MAGIC PILL.—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearances vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many cases it is relieved by healthy action, the digestive apparatus is so delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach ensue from the most trivial causes, much suffering. To these Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

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TAKE ONLY the best when you need a medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, nerve and stomach tonic. Get Hood's.

(For the Catholic Record.) KINDNESS.

A little act of kindness, A loving word oft spoken, Thro' many a gloom of night good cheer, And many a beam of love sincere, O'er many a heart that's broken.

One sweet and gentle whisper To ease our grief and pain, Dispel the mist of sorrow and gloom, And cheer the hope 'mid impending doom With a last ray of Hope again.

A little act of kindness, A little offering given, Thro' many a year through many years, Words doubly grateful mingled with tears, That brighten our path to Heaven, —A. William Fischer.

SHE WAS PREPARED.

The vicar of a little parish in Devonshire always felt it to be his duty to give each young couple a little serious advice before he performed the marriage ceremony, and for this purpose he usually took them aside, one at a time, and talked very soberly to each of them regarding the great importance of the step they were to take and the new responsibilities they were to assume.

"One day he talked in his most earnest manner for several minutes to a young woman who had come to be married. "I hope you fully realize the extreme importance of the step you are taking and that you are prepared for it."

"Prepared!" she said, innocently. "Well, if I ain't prepared, I don't know who is. I've got four brass buttons and two nice ones, and four brass and new feather-beds, ten sheets and twelve pairs of pillow slips, four linen table cloths, a dozen spoons and a new six-quart kettle. If I ain't prepared, no girl in the country ever was."

I think it must be somewhere written that the virtues of the mothers shall be visited on the children, as well as the sins of the fathers.—Dickens.

Help... Nature

Babies and children need proper food, rarely ever medicine. If they do not thrive on their food something is wrong. They need a little help to get their digestive machinery working properly.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA

will generally correct this difficulty. If you will put from one-fourth to half a teaspoonful in baby's bottle three or four times a day you will soon see a marked improvement. For larger children, from half to a teaspoonful, according to age, dissolved in their milk, if you so desire, will very soon show its great nourishing power. If the mother's milk does not nourish the baby, she needs the emulsion. It will show an effect at once both upon mother and child.

A New Novel. The True Story of Master Gerard.

By ANNA T. SADLER. 12mo. cloth, - - \$1.25. One of the most thoroughly original and delightful romances ever evolved from the pen of a Catholic writer. We make a quaint reference to the sturdy Dutch burghers and their faithful children; of the gallant adventure-loving gentlemen represented by Master Gerard, of the Catholic-hating Jesuit, who in 1680 seized the government of New York, etc.

Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet. A Story of 76. By MARION AMES TAGGART. 12mo. cloth, 85 cents. The story begins in New York on the day when the news of the battle of Lexington arrived. It is replete with incident and action. "Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet" is interesting as a story and purely as a work of imagination, yet it leaves its readers with that intimate knowledge of the people and times with which it deals which history cannot give.

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When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

London, Saturday, November 18, 1899.

MORE DIVISIONS.

The Ritualists are now said to have had the fate of all sects, inasmuch as they have become hopelessly split into factions.

The decision of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York on the use of incense and lights for liturgical purposes has been the immediate occasion of this condition of affairs.

One party accepts the decision unreservedly. A second will act upon it temporarily, until the time arrives when it will be opportune to defy it.

A third will use incense "for fumigatory purposes," while a fourth party, who may be called the "Irreconcilables," declare that they will pay no attention to the prohibition which is universally admitted not to have the force of law.

ADMIRAL DEWEY MARRIED.

Admiral Dewey, the hero of Manila, was married on Thursday the 9th inst., at St. Paul's Catholic church, Washington, to Mrs. Hazen.

It had been previously announced by the papers that the marriage would be celebrated either by Cardinal Gibbons or Archbishop Keane, but the actual celebrant was the Rev. Father Mackin, pastor of the church.

There were some months ago statements made in several papers that the Admiral is a Catholic, but subsequently it was discovered that these statements were incorrect, as he is an Episcopalian.

The bride, however, is a Catholic. She was formerly a Presbyterian, from which denomination she became an Episcopalian.

Eight years ago she became a Catholic, having been received into the Catholic Church by Archbishop Keane.

It will be a surprise to the Apostles and Kow-nothings that the great American hero of the hour should be married by a Catholic priest.

What will they do about it? The marriage was private and unostentatious. The mother and sister of the bride were present, and the Admiral was accompanied by his aide, Lieut. Caldwell.

TWO OF THE "ESCAPES."

The notorious Slattery, who called himself an ex priest in order to draw crowds to his anti-Catholic lectures, has so come to grief in Australia that even the Orange lodges have at last thrown him overboard.

His nephew, John Slattery, has made a sworn declaration to the effect that his uncle is an habitual drunkard, and has been so for years.

In Melbourne he was at most constantly drunk while on his lecturing tour, and several times he threatened to cut the throat of the woman whom he calls his wife, or otherwise "Sister Mary Elizabeth," who assists in the lecturing.

He also told this hapless woman several times: "As soon as you are tired of this lecturing, I can easily get another woman and teach her the lectures the same as I taught you."

All "Sister Mary's" stories about Cavan Convent are the product of Slattery's lively imagination, and he baited her by threats of violence into telling them as Gospel truth.

Edward Lewis and John Slattery are on a campaign of exposure of the ex priest, and Slattery is so confounded by them that he has announced his intention of going to some remote corner where he is unknown and spending a hotel where he and Miss Elizabeth may pass the rest of their days in quiet.

A STRANGE POSITION.

The House of Bishops, assembled, of the "Protestant Episcopal Church" of the United States, resolved at its recent meeting, that Bishop Doane of Albany, New York, is requested to enter correspondence with the Archbishop of Canterbury for the purpose of making the spiritual jurisdiction of the Hawaiian Islands transferred to the Anglican Church.

There is some reason to be anxious about this resolution. It would appear that the Archbishop of Canterbury had and has still spiritual jurisdiction over the

islands. Whence did he get it? He derives all the jurisdiction he has from British law, which certainly has no force in Hawaii, so he cannot possibly have jurisdiction there, and there is nothing to be transferred.

Either ecclesiastical jurisdiction belongs to nations independently of each other, or it belongs to some central authority from whom it is derived for all nations.

The former of these is the Anglican theory, and in that case there is no need to ask the Archbishop of Canterbury to give a transfer or quit claim deed of his authority.

The American Bishops ought either to claim that they obtained the required jurisdiction by the fact that the American flag was hoisted over the islands, or to ask Congress for it.

If, however, we are to adopt the second alternative, the application should be made to the Pope for jurisdiction, as there is no one else who can possibly have it for the whole world.

The action of the American Bishops is simply farcical.

DECAY IN THE BAPTIST CHURCHES.

At the Baptist's State Conference held recently at Kalamazoo, Michigan, much alarm was expressed at the unmistakable signs of decay of that denomination which have manifested themselves during the past year, and it is stated that many of the delegates were completely disheartened by the facts revealed in the annual report read at the Conference.

In fact there were six hundred and seventy-four less baptisms in that church than during the previous year, and this is interpreted by members of the Conference to mean that there has been "a falling off in the spiritual life of the Church."

The Rev. W. L. Farnum, the secretary, in reading the report stated that if this falling off showed an unwillingness of pastors to swell membership by accessions instead of conversions, it might be a hopeful sign, but an editorial of the Christian Herald, one of the organs of the Church, treating of this subject, declared that "there is now inadequate devotion in the Church, as well as inadequate benevolence, and inadequate conversions; and a regrettable worldliness has crept into the Church to an alarming extent."

It maintains, therefore, that the falling off is indicative of an actual decay in religion. This is confirmed by further facts which are also given in the report to the effect that "there has been a loss of one thousand in membership, and of three thousand in the attendance at Sunday school, while in the Baptist Young People's Union the relish for Christian work and study is abating to a marked extent."

Rapid decay is the only interpretation which, it appears, can be put upon this accumulation of facts.

During recent years the ministers of the Baptist denomination have taken, at least in the cities, a very decided stand against the numerous secret societies which are springing up all over the land like fungus; and in New York very strong resolutions were passed not many years ago, especially against Freemasonry, which, it was asserted, is doing much in an indirect way to injure the vitality of religion.

At the Michigan Conference, though no such resolutions were formally adopted, it was stated that the multiplying of clubs, orders, and secret organizations close the channels of revenue for Christian work and thus operate toward the decay of religious energy and zeal.

To these associations the fact was attributed that "inadequate benevolence" is now the characteristic of Church members.

Thus, for foreign missions it was stated that four hundred and forty-three churches contributed during the past year \$7,308, but all the giving came from less than one-third of the membership, whereas one hundred and ten churches had made no offering whatsoever.

It was said, however, in modification of these views in regard to secret societies, clubs, etc., that "their condemnation had been sometimes too severe; for some of these are doing work which the Church has left undone—that is the shame."

We must say we are not surprised at this admitted decay in the religion of the Baptists. It is essentially a species of religion, the distinctive doctrine of which are doubtful. They are founded upon an erroneous interpretation of certain texts of Scripture, and are contrary to the essence of the traditions of the Christian Church for nineteen centuries, so that they cannot command themselves to the sacred regard of an intelligent people who will take the trouble to consider them seriously.

So various are the vagaries of the

human mind that those doctrines may be embraced for a time by a limited number of even intelligent people, but they are not such as can be seriously entertained as an enduring intellectual conviction, neither are they adapted to all countries.

Such a religion could not be expected to be enduring, and the indications are now that the end is not far off; and there are several other Protestant sects which are showing similar indications.

THE ADDRESS FROM LONDON DISTRICT ORANGE LODGE.

The Orangemen of London District Lodge No. 1 have taken occasion from the war in the Transvaal to issue an address of greeting to "their brethren in all lands, and with them all true men of every faith and color, who love our God and stand up for equal civil and religious freedom for all men."

They make, of course, their usual professions of "heartfelt loyalty to our Queen, flag, constitution, and country, when a few others are talking discontent and treason, to proclaim our choice of service to our Sovereign, and to offer the hand of a warm friendly greeting to true men everywhere," which means, as we presume from the context, to those whose loyalty is equal to their own.

It is eminently proper that these gentlemen should be loyal to the flag of the British Empire, under which we all enjoy protection to life and property, and the blessings of civil and religious liberty; but while it is admitted that the whole country is truly loyal, it was scarcely necessary that the Orange body should push themselves so prominently forward as the loyalists of the country by excellence.

They have been accustomed to do this in the past to a nauseating degree, though there have been times in their history which have shown that their professions of unswerving loyalty were but a sham.

In Great Britain, or, at all events, in Ireland, this was manifested so recently as a few years ago, when it was threatened that "the last Orangeman would die in the last ditch" in the effort to cast her Majesty's throne into the sea, rather than allow the popular will to be carried into effect, when Mr. Gladstone succeeded in obtaining a majority in the House of Commons in favor of granting that justice to Ireland which she had so long demanded.

And this sentiment was echoed from Canada, where the Canadian Grand Master and a number of his ardent followers waxed so gaudiloquent as to promise a "Canadian contingent toward the same purpose."

Well, we are not disposed to quarrel with District Lodge of London No. 1, if it has suddenly become extremely loyal, though we may, perhaps, entertain some doubt of the substantiality of that newly-begotten zeal in defence of the unity of the British Empire on the basis of universal civil and religious liberty.

But with our past experiences of the character of the loyalty of Orangemen, would it not be more satisfactory if the men who sent forth such an address would offer themselves to go forth to the Transvaal to fight for the supremacy of Great Britain in South Africa where it is threatened, rather than to boast here of their super-talent loyalty in empty words?

Talis lodge of London District expresses a newly begotten affection for our French Canadian fellow-citizens of the Province of Quebec, as follows: "We are glad to see our French Canadian comrades eagerly joining their good wishes to the maintenance of the sovereignty of our flag in South Africa, and enrolling their volunteer soldiers to march along side of ours for that distant field. We willingly give them a double greeting, because we know how arduously they are tempted by language, religion, past history, and present associations, to incline towards their grand old France where their mother tongues originate but from which they have been so long separated by the fortunes of war."

Human nature is not so perfect as to bear every strain upon it, and loyalty itself may even break under the burden of oppression; but with such a history as Orangemen afford us, it is with an ill grace that the London Orangemen make innuendoes that the "language, religion, past history, and present associations" of the French Canadian tempt them to serve any other flag than that under which they live.

The history of the French Canadian since the union in 1763 has been one of sin and profligate abandon to the British throne, with the strictest supervision of the Intendants of 1763-1793, when, in Upper as well as in Lower Canada, bodies of lawless desperadoes demanded the civil and religious liberty which was conceded at a later period, and which Orangemen equally with other citizens now enjoy.

The impatience of London District lodge is therefore needless and entirely

out of place. We would, however, be willing to let it pass unnoticed were it not for the sneers with which it is accompanied. These betray that the lurking spirit of rancor and hatred against French Canadians and all Catholics is as rampant as ever in the breasts of the Orangemen, though veiled behind a sham olive branch.

In the same spirit they say: "We do not ask you whether you are Protestants or Roman Catholics, or Methodists or Pagans. We give you the right hand and invite you to come and live with us, etc." To this is added:

"But if you come to conspire against our Christian civilization, to set up a hostile power over us either in the religious or political field, then we give you no welcome. Furthermore, we warn you that we will contend against you at the ballot box. We will oppose your obtaining offices of trust and positions of influence among us."

Familiarly with 12th of July and 5th of November Orange speeches gives us to understand what is meant by these covert insinuations. No one conversant with this literature will fail to see that all Catholics are meant to be included among the conspirators alluded to in this paragraph, who must be kept out of offices of trust and positions of influence. We must, therefore, reject with scorn all such hypocritical offers of the olive branch as that made by District lodge No. 1 of London, and we beg to inform that lodge that we are not in Canada by their tolerance.

We think them for informing us that they will continue to use ballot box and every possible wile to prevent us from obtaining positions of influence in the country. In reply we say we shall continue to suspect their professions of friendship, and will act accordingly both at the ballot box and elsewhere wherever necessary.

MORE ANGLICAN CONFUSION.

The Irish Episcopal Church has not the dissensions within it which are troubling so much the sister Church of England for the reason that in Ireland, Low Churchism is dominant, Ritualism being almost an unknown quantity there.

Hence it is not very surprising that there have been certain anomalies between the Episcopallians and Presbyterians of Ireland. At the meeting of a Congress of the Irish Episcopal Church held recently in Dublin, fraternal greetings were received from the Presbytery of the city which was in session at the same time.

The deputation conveying the message was cordially received, and the Archbishop fully reciprocated the desire expressed therein for "closer co-operation among all sections of Protestants."

We cannot but contrast this reception accorded to the Presbyterian committee with that given by the Synod of Toronto to Presbyterian greetings on some similar occasions, when the latter were made to understand that the Anglican Church can not express or wish goodspeed to Presbyterianism inasmuch as the latter is in a maze of error in rejecting the "historic Episcopate."

It is not merely very doubtful whether the whole Anglo-Episcopal Church would approve of this partial recognition of Presbyterianism accorded by the Dublin Prelate and his Synod. In fact it is certain that more of the Churches of England, Canada and the United States would give their approbation to such a recognition, and we may well ask what was the sense of the long and fierce struggle which took place in England and Scotland during the sixteenth and seventh centuries, if these two denominations can fraternize so sociably.

Prelacy, which the Covenanters regarded as "a rag of Popery," and resisted accordingly, must now be considered a harmless institution, by the Presbyterians of Ireland, at least, and the lack of Episcopal orders among Presbyterians must be now held by Irish Episcopallians as no obstacle to the Presbyterian Church being the Church of Christ, or a branch thereof.

Many Low Church and Presbyterian organs are congratulating themselves that this, and similar approaches between Churches which have hitherto been hostile, are indications that Evangelicalism will soon see better days.

To us it appears to show that indifference to the truth of Christian doctrine is growing among these sects, which have hitherto held doctrines under the belief that they are revealed by God, but which they are now content to ignore at any moment for the sake of making a bargain, that Protestantism has more utility in it than has hitherto appeared to be the case.

Besides, the special incident we have related of the greetings which have passed between the two Irish Churches is a new illustration of the incessant

able confusion existing in the Anglican Church, which does not know just where it stands, in any of the countries where it is found.

A PRESBYTERIAN ON RITUALISM.

It is one of the curiosities of the Ritualistic conflict now raging in the Church of England that the non-Conformists are as militant in regard to the matter in dispute as are the High and Low Church parties within the Church itself, who are more immediately concerned in it.

Mr. Samuel Smith of Liverpool, member of the British House of Commons for Flintshire, Wales, has been visiting Canada, and a few days ago he took occasion to deliver an address before an audience composed of the students of Knox College and citizens of Toronto, on the all-absorbing subject of Ritualism. Principal Caven of the same college presided at the lecture, and the other members of the faculty were on the platform.

Mr. Smith is a member and elder of the English Presbyterian Church. He is a man of some wealth and of considerable business ability, but no one would mistake him for a theologian; nevertheless it appears that he has delivered a number of addresses through the United States and Canada on this burning Church question; and the fact that he was delegate to the pan-Protestant Council recently held in Washington gives to his utterances a certain amount of authority among Presbyterians at least, though we should imagine that Anglicans would be rather disposed to tell the respectable gentleman that it would be a very good thing for him were he not to interfere in the business of other denominations.

Nevertheless he seems bent upon taking part in that present squabble, notwithstanding the he is an outsider, and he lets it be understood that he intends to be at the front in the battle which is to be fought. He says:

"It is high time all Protestants in the Church of England and in all the churches had their eyes opened. We in England were blind too long, to our own loss and hurt. Let us be clear about this: the sacerdotal conception of religion and the evangelic conception are absolutely opposed and irreconcilable. Both conceptions have been struggling for the mastery in the Church of England. If sacerdotalism prevails, it will be death to Evangelical religion. The time has come for Protestants to unite against a common foe, and to fight for the truth committed to their keeping."

To the objection that Presbyterians have no concern in the matter, Mr. Smith has an answer, that the Church is a State Church, and must therefore be amenable to Parliament: or as he puts it:

"The country is now aroused. The question could not be kept out of Parliament, because the Church is a State Church, and the only appeal the latter could make was to Parliament. There is a struggle before us as determined and critical as in the days of Laud and of the Long Parliament."

It is thus asserted that the Church of England must take its doctrines and liturgy from the majority in Parliament. It is a humiliating position, nevertheless it follows necessarily from the fact that Parliament or the supreme civil authority created that Church, and dictated or authorized its standards of belief and forms of public worship.

The Low Church party accept these conclusions, and base their hopes of success on the aid they expect from the non-Conformists; but the Ritualists have a higher opinion of the nature of the Church, believing it to be the divinely instituted Church of God, with which no human power has the right to interfere to change its doctrines or disciplinary laws, established as they are, not for any earthly purpose, but to lead man to the heavenly kingdom for which he was created.

Hence, they deny the right of the State to dictate to them in regard to the matters in dispute between them and the so-called Evangelicals.

If the Church of England were really of divine institution, the Ritualists would undoubtedly be in the right so far as this point is concerned, but as it is of human institution, these high claims cannot be maintained. However, it seems to us that it would be better manners at least for the Presbyterians and other non-Conformists to leave the Church of England to settle its own internal squabbles by itself, just as they would not wish outsiders to interfere in their doctrinal disputes, or in negotiations for unity, for an other example, between different Presbyterian bodies. They would certainly resent such interference as did when the Conventioners of old did when an attempt was made to force Prelacy on them.

And yet Mr. Smith's help is looked for by the Low Church party, and he is even regarded by it as a leader. We presume this is partly owing to his natural aggressiveness and love of

notoriety. He it was who introduced into the British House of Commons the motion to dictate to the Church of England what manner of men should be appointed to the Episcopal office. He was unceremoniously snubbed, however, and we think deservedly, his motion having been defeated by a two-thirds majority of the House. Thus the very authority to which the roaring Kensittes appealed decided against them by a most overwhelming vote, though almost all the Catholics in Parliament left the House before a division was taken so that the Protestants might settle the matter among themselves as they thought fit.

The Catholics did this by courtesy, though they were surely as much entitled to vote on the question as were the Presbyterians.

We need not enumerate here the specific Ritualistic doctrines and practices to which Mr. Smith objects. We have frequently referred to them in our columns. We will merely add that Mr. Smith acknowledges that Ritualism has in sympathy with it "a very large proportion of both the Bishops and the higher clergy." In fact, he says that the English Church Union, "the society of which Lord Halifax is the head," and the purpose of which Mr. Smith states to be the "Romanizing of the Church of England," and similar associations, "enrol nearly eight thousand clergy and a number of Bishops, every one of them committed to the Romish position and forming a distinct Romanizing propaganda. Nearly every doctrine of the Church of Rome," Mr. Smith adds, "is taught by these secret societies, and Romish practices are observed."

We shall not dwell upon Mr. Smith's want of politeness in giving the Catholic Church a nickname by which she does not designate herself. We will merely remark that the correct name is Catholic. Even the British Acts of Parliament recognize the Catholic Church as "Roman Catholic," but the Church of Rome is merely that part of the Church which is in the Diocese of Rome, so that Mr. Smith is as ungrateful, as he is unchurch and impolitic. The term "Romish" is equally inapplicable to the great universal Church, and every scholar knows that such application is nonsensical.

To this we must add another thought. We would much like to know what Mr. Smith means by saying that the truth was "committed to Protestants for their keeping." It was Christ who committed the truths of religion to mankind, but from what we have read of history we have always been of the impression that Protestantism is fifteen centuries too young to have received that deposit of truth from His sacred hands. We have believed that the deposit of truth was given by Christ to His Apostles, from whom it came to their successors, who still exist on earth, and are to be found in the Catholic Church. Is not Mr. Smith guilty of a serious anachronism in asserting that this deposit was given to Protestants or Protestantism?

IS THE CHURCH A VARIETY SHOW?

Under the above caption the "New York Sun" prints the following:

To the Editor of the Sun: Sir: If the Church is losing her power over the masses it is the responsibility of the Church to consider the following illustrations of buffoonery which must certainly detract from the respect and reverence due her: Plymouth Congregational Ladies' Society, foreign missionary department, 230 P. M. 733 P. M., Pancake Social: pancake on "Pancakes," quinine social: "Pancakes," Syrup and Pastry.

Park Baptist—Midweek Prayer Meeting Thursday evening, Friday evening, A Hard Times Social, Ladies' Social, were close suitable for the occasion. Fried chicken, baking powder biscuit and sherbet for 15c.

First Presbyterian—Tuesday, 6 to 9 P. M., the caterers who have been at the past week will serve supper, Mullins, ham, pickles, coffee, 10 cents. Friday evening, Junior Christian Endeavor will give a concert—Ice cream and fun for all. Don't forget chicken pie supper. Good programme, good company; tea served in trays native style, all for the small sum of 15c.

Pilgrim Congregational.—The young ladies will give a soap-bubble social Wednesday evening. Cakes of soap, pleasant entertainment, songs, recitations, in exchange for a social time. This social is one who blows the largest soap-bubble! Poverty Social: Run to the poverty social to night at the Congregational Chapel. Admission only 10 cents. There won't be no poverty about the supper. Ye will be glad if you were great close or jewelry. Prices for gent and lady who dresses most suitable for the occasion. Run and have a good time.

St. John's Episcopal Church tonight has been J. H. De Witt Miller told about "Uses of Upland." You'll kick yourself twice around the Chapel if you see that this party has been to night. London presbyterian night at First Baptist Church.

Presbyterian Church.—The taking committee, "Get out Dor" will be presented at the Presbyterian Church. If you hear "Dor and Dor" next week, take out a subscription policy in your column. It's Economy, Economy, B. Brooks. The first Presbyterian Church, at 100 West 10th St. for 20c. You'll see the same old story. Franklin Street Church, a good one. Episcopal youth society supper and hospitable. Don't forget.

Our prayer book "If my dear child to shut her 'Omn God' or a hymn book, then she shall. All I want is beautiful music. I don't believe in singing 'Lo' from the book a half-hour all the while, or any of the while."

Will not these churches be like the virgins who found they had no oil when the bridegroom came? Edw. E. How.

THE FLOWER OF THE VOW.

Rev. Father Ryan in "A Crown for our Queen."

Hearken, O daughter, and see, and incline thine ear and forget thy people and thy father's house. And the King shall greatly desire thy beauty, for His is the Lord, the God and Him they shall adore. (Psalm xlv.)

Calmly went on the days in the home of Joachim and Anna.

It was the happiest home ever had. What cared the holy couple about the great noisy world without them? They never bled mingled in it much; and now since Mary had come to bless the evening of their days—and the mornings a evenings of all days—and they had a beautiful world of their own, they thought they of the great world without.

A journey to Jerusalem, visit to the Temple on the Feast of the Law—a brief stay, and a hurried return were the only things to interrupt the quietness of their life.

They had been childless so long that Jerusalem wondered much when heard of Mary's birth. They would ask Joachim about his little child; but unlike the aged, Joachim was not glib. He kept his own counsel. His words were few, and his questions were few, but he seemed to be speaking about her. Two years passed away. The child had begun to speak.

Two years more, and the child was three years old. The child's pure and sweet voice passed the threshold of that closed home. But, betimes some wonderment of her beauty; and so how they were moved by a something in her face and ways and words difficult to divine. It was as if they caught a glimpse of Heaven, or an angel in earthly form. They were their way carrying in their hearts the memory of the lovely child. And Jerusalem heard of her wonderful beauty and began to busy itself about the child's future. Marriage was the dream of the maidens of Judea. Christian sisters. To be the Mother of the Messiah,—to bring forth Him who was to be King of Kings forever and save their nation,—this was the spoken thought and intense desire of their hearts. And who could blame the Hebrew maidens whose souls were the shrine of a desire pure and good? But ah! how little they and the priests knew of the ways of God. Their ideal of the Messiah was a pomp of secular glory. The clearness of the meanings of prophecy grew dim. True, they read or heard the words, but their spiritual significations were hidden from their minds.

Joachim belonged to one of the priestly orders,—as around the temple where, after the evening sacrifice had been offered, the priests and their drien congregated, there was frequent talk of Joachim's designs about beautiful child. Is it curious of that world talk seldom touches thoughts? Little did those who know the future of Joachim's life in her home there was a stillness like the silence in the Holy Holes. She spoke not often; when she did, her voice was very soft as if she were afraid to let it speak lest it might tell some secrets hidden as yet down in her heart, a sweet tones were tremulous with a sweetness undefinable. And how she loved her holy parents! Nor was child ever as she was loved by them. She led the prayers prescribed by the law.

In morning and evening time would kneel down beside her mother with her face lifted like an angel towards the heavens, and pray. Had ever prayed, before, did angels hear their songs in heaven when the breath of her prayer descended? Did new, strange glory never by the hosts of heaven see before, gleam from the face of the beautiful God, as He listened child-prayers of His future mother? And did the Father feel a divine patience for the coming of His child when He was to send Gabriel, Angel of the Throne, with His word to the Virgin?

Sometimes, as quietly as a shadow, she would seal away in her garden that surrounded the house, and breathe her prayers who flowers were blooming and the were resting,—but sweeter than the lips than the breath of leaves. Ah! happy flowers that her prayers! Ah! blessed flowers that the touch of her pure hand would grow day after day, and were hiding a mystery in her heart.

In the long, calm evenings, on her mother's breast,—still as upon an altar, she would listen to her father's voice while he told the history of their race and the prophecies announcing the birth of the Messiah. And what he spoke in times full of pain, growing wrinkles of even the people and of the fearful, old traditions of all the nations, it could would nestle closer in her heart with such a look of trust in her eyes. And she would listen to strange tales that she would speak of the days of the Egypt; and of Babylon, the place of David his great ancestor of Jerusalem whose history was a vision of man and almost a vision of the old world, as if it would sometimes startle, as if presciently, like clouds were moving over her soul.

ever know how much she had these the first days of her life.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

NOVEMBER 18, 1899.

WORK OUT YOUR SALVATION IN TIME

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

Our Saviour reproaches the Pharisees that they compassed sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he was made, made him twofold more than he was himself.

like about their Church, now a calmly implacable Committee of One Hundred, offering, if duly supported, to turn back the hands upon the dial of time, and to restore the happy epoch before 1821, when the Commonwealth of Massachusetts still played the inquisitorial, and insisted, not for mere information, but for action, on knowing to whom her citizens bore spiritual allegiance.

Church, otherwise we shall experience at the end a painful disillusionment. We shall be judged according to the whole law of God, not according to that part of it which alone we have elected to keep.

PURE CHRISTIANITY.

"The purer form of Christianity is what the heathen world most needs, and it can best conquer the human heart and reform the human life."



Thrifty people look for low value when buying Soap. Surprise Soap. That gives the highest value in Soap. Surprise is the name of the Soap. You can buy it at any grocers for 5 cents a cake.



THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. ST. STEPHEN, N.S.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. BONIFACE MAN. IT HAS BECOME A NECESSITY TO appeal to the generosity of Catholics throughout Canada for the Indian Mission.

It was discovered that he wore a cork leg. DOROTHY'S READING. The Young Woman prints a droll little story of Dorothy Drew who is widely known as the favorite grandchild of the late Mr. Gladstone.

TEE PHILOSOPHY OF HELL.

The following sentence is from a sermon delivered by Dr. Minot J. Savage: "People no longer believe that God is an irresponsible despot; they no longer believe He is going to send to eternal pain any honest man, or any dishonest man, for that matter, they can no longer hold such a conception of the Divine."

THE USE AND ABUSE OF RELIGION.

The fact that some Protestant nations are more progressive from a material point of view, faces us wherever we look. It behooves us to find some way of explaining the lack of this material progress among Catholic nations other than the expedient of taking refuge in the well worn axiom that God's kingdom is not of this world.

A POPULAR FALLACY.

"No, Father, I don't go to Mass, but I'm just as good as those who do." This bit of barefaced sophistry is frequently alleged by unworthy Catholics to exculpate themselves for their disregard of the Church.

THE WILL & BAUMER COY.

Church Candles. The Celebrated Parisienne and Altar Brand. And Baumer's Patent Finish Beeswax Candles.

CONCordia VINEYARDS.

ALTAR WINE A SPECIALTY. Our Altar Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Claret will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

WORK OUT YOUR SALVATION IN TIME. "To-day if you hear the voice of the Lord, do not harden your hearts." (Ps. 94, 8.)

We should heed the admonition of St. Paul: Put off the old man, that is, old habits of sin and assume the new man, that is, a life of sincerity or truth, according to the divine law of Christ. Oh, that we would heed this admonition of the Church, this voice of grace!

Now, my dear friend, are you certain that you can attend to your salvation later? Have you received any special revelation from God to this effect? Certainly not. Now consider, if day after day, year after year, in every part of the habitable globe untold numbers of your fellow-men die suddenly, how can you be certain that you will not meet with a similar fate?

Obedience a Necessary Virtue. Some young people seem to think it a sign of superiority to ignore restrictions and regulations. They seem to look upon obedience as childish, and a declaration of weakness.

Social Wisdom. Here is a London society woman's advice to a debutante whose shyness was the result of abnormal self-consciousness: "You must be sincere, or people will not trust you."

History of the Angelus. The custom of ringing the Angelus bell in the middle of the day is due in part to a remarkable event. In 1456 the city of Belgrade, on the Danube, on the frontier of Turkey, was besieged by the Turks, who kept battering its walls for four months without avail.

"Experience is the Best Teacher." We must be willing to learn from the experience of other people. Every testimonial in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla is the voice of experience to you, and is your duty, if your blood is impure and your health failing, to take this medicine.

Terrible words! Should they not move every fibre of our heart, and impel us on to work out our salvation now when there is still time!

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A True Fairy Story. This is a pretty little tale that comes from Berlin and sounds almost like a leaf from Hans Andersen's fairy book.

A Great Actor and His Little Friend. Of the many thousands who thronged the theatres to witness the wonderful acting of the late Edwin Booth, there were few who knew what a rarely beautiful soul the actor himself possessed.

BERTUCCIO'S WISH FOR MAMIE HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY. LAYDE CONSTANCE ON HER TWELFTH BIRTHDAY. Fair layde bright, Thy knobby knight—Bertuccio high—Poor twisted wight!

ASSISTING AT HIGH MASS. Be in time. Have Prayer-Book or beads. Stand at the "Asperges." Kneel from the beginning of the Mass until the "Gloria." Stand while the celebrant is reciting the "Gloria."

"Experience is the Best Teacher." We must be willing to learn from the experience of other people. Every testimonial in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla is the voice of experience to you, and is your duty, if your blood is impure and your health failing, to take this medicine.

Hood's Pills are non-irritating, mild, effective. One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. It effectually expels worms and gives health in a marvellous manner to the little one.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Power of Habit. Some one has called man a bundle of habits, and it is not a bad description.

The power of habit increases our facilities for work. The architect who builds a house, the painter who paints a house, the statesman who legislates, the author who puts himself into books, the preacher who preaches sermons week after week—all gain ease in their individual spheres of activity through repetition of their efforts.

Habits are threads to begin with, but in course of time they become as strong as a cable. Many are to day prisoners in the captivity of evil because of the tyranny of habit.

The advantages of thrift to the individual who practices it are not to be measured by the amount of money saved or gained, although that is of importance; they include the formation of a good habit and very often the development of a temperate and contented disposition.

He has no debts; he is capable of caring for himself if sickness or other misfortune should temporarily deprive him of an opportunity to earn his daily wages.

Dr. Louis Albert Banks tells the following story, which has a most important lesson, especially for young people: "About six months ago a baby elephant was brought over from Burma, and made a summer tour, extending into the late autumn, with a travelling show."

Compiled by a Religious, under the immediate supervision of the Rev. H. Bouquet, P. S. S., Professor of Moral Theology, Grand Seminary, Montreal, Canada. It contains Liturgical Prayers, Indulgences, Devotions and Exercises for every occasion, and for all seasons of the Ecclesiastical Year.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD. Beautifully Illustrated Catholic Family Bible and a Year's Subscription for \$7. The Holy Bible containing the entire Canonical Scriptures, according to the Decree of the Council of Trent, translated from the Latin Vulgate; diligently compared with the Hebrew, Greek, and other editions in diverse languages.

LABATT'S PORTER.

Undoubtedly the Best brewed on the continent. Proved to be so by Analyses of four Chemists, and by Awards of the World's Great Exhibitions, especially Chicago, 1893, where it received 96 points out of a hundred--much higher than any other Porter in United States or Canada.

CARLING

When Ale is thoroughly malted it is not only palatable, but wholesome. Carling's Ale is always fully aged before it is put on the market; it is mellowed by the touch of time before it reaches the public.

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SHOULD POSSESS A COPY OF The Catholic Student's Manual of... Instruction and Prayers

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712 Pages, 4 Full-page Illustrations, Flexible Cloth, round corners. Price, . . . 75 Cents.

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Cobbett's "Reformation."

Just issued a new edition of the Protestant Reformation, by Wm. Cobbett. Revised, with Notes and Preface by Very Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, D. D., O. S. B. The book is printed in large, clear type. As it is published at a price of 25 cents per copy in the United States, it can only be had by being charged in Canada. It will be sent to any address on receipt of that sum, in stamps. Thos. Coffey, Catholic Record, London, Ontario.

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. CLAUDE BROWN, DENTIST, HONOR Graduate, Toronto University. Graduate Philadelphia Dental College, 189 Dundas St. Phone 1381. DR. STEVENSON, 391 DUNDAS ST. LONDON, Ont. Specialty—Anæsthetic. Phone 510. DR. WAUGH, 57 TALBOT ST., LONDON, Ont. Specialty—Nervous Diseases. DR. WOODRUFF, No. 185 Queen's Avenue, W. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throat. Eyes tested & glasses adjusted. Hours: 12 to 4. DR. JAMES G. DIGNAN, HAIR-RESTORER, ETC. 418 Talbot St., London, Ontario. Private phone 1000.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

The new Mission church of Quintville, situated between East Toronto and Carleton Place, was dedicated by His Grace the Archbishop...

DIocese of London

CHURCHING AT FRENCH SETTLEMENT. Sunday, Oct. 22nd will be a day long remembered by the people of the parish, the occasion being the reopening of the Light Rev. F. P. church by His Lordship, Bishop of London...

DIocese of Hamilton

His Lordship Bishop Dowling, accompanied by the Superintendent of schools and several other gentlemen, visited the Catholic High School at Hamilton on Tuesday, Nov. 14th...

MARRIAGES

HAYES-ROWLAND. Wednesday, Nov. 16th, an ideal day for the marriage of Mr. John Hayes to Miss Rowland...

THE TRANSVAAL WAR

The news of the week from the seat of the war with the Transvaal does not show much change in the military situation...

OBITUARY

Miss M. M. O'Meara, London. On Sunday, November 13, Miss Margaret O'Meara, of the post-office department, died at her residence...

DIocese of Peterborough

The League of the Sacred Heart, Nov. 4, 1899. The League of the Sacred Heart, Nov. 4, 1899, was organized in the parish of Victoria Road...

ceremon. Then the boys and girls of the parish came forward and renewed their baptismal promises and made additional promises in honor of the Sacred Heart...

As an instance of the progress of Catholicity in this part we may note that at present approaching completion, a church at present being erected in the village of...

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where all that was mortal of a noble, unselfish wife and mother was deposited in its last resting place.

It is with feelings of sincere sorrow we chronicle the death of a noble and devoted wife of Edward Bowers, a native of the parish...

Remember, brother, that if you allow yourself to be dissatisfied, your little family are the losers in the matter, but be prompt in payment of your assessments, and you will always find that you will not suffer through your carelessness or neglect.

Remember that the day you pay your assessments, you pay for your own health and the health of your family.

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DEAFNESS

Is often caused by Catarrh along the Eustachian tube that leads from the throat to the inner ear. It blocks the passage from the eardrum to the nerve of the ear.

It can be cured. Dr. Spruille has cured cases of 14 years' standing.

THE CHURCH IN THE PHILIPPINES

At a meeting of the London Catholic Club, held recently, an able address was delivered by M. J. G. ...

NEW BOOK

Mary F. Nixon has given us another delightful story. "The Blue Lagoon" ...

MARKET REPORTS

London, Nov. 16. Dairy Produce - Eggs, fresh laid, per dozen, 21 to 22; butter, best, 21 to 22; buttermilk, per gallon, 10 to 11...

Auction Sale of Timber Berths

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS. Auction Sale of Timber Berths. Notice is hereby given that under authority of the Department of Crown Lands...

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED, A TEACHER IN THE JUNIOR Department of the "Douglas Public School," O. of Renfrew, with highly qualified references...

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED FOR CATHOLIC SEPARATE school, Belleville, Ont., a teacher, male or female, holding first or second class certificate...

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED FOR CATHOLIC SEPARATE school, Section No. 6, Arthur township, holding 2nd or 3rd class certificate...

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WANTED, A TEACHER FOR 100, holding a legal certificate, to teach in the school of the Holy Family, O. of Renfrew...

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