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# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXVII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1905

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### RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Professor Coo of the North Western University, Ill., has championed more than once the cause of religious education. He is, and has been, uncompromising in his views on this subject. Speaking at a recent convention of educators he said that a school that ignores religion, though the purpose be simply that of being neutral, cultivates a divided self in the pupil. A school that develops a purely secular consciousness violates the whole principle of continuity in education; it represents in aggravated form the isolation of the school from life, and from other educational agencies. In a word, there is not, and there cannot be, a school that in its influence upon its pupils is neutral with respect to religion.

Other educators agree with him doubtless, but temperament or a disinclination to wound the susceptibilities of those who burn incense before the idol of the godless school, has a chastening influence in their remarks. The defenders, however, of the system are not so boastful as heretofore. Its varnish is wearing away; the wreaths of rhetoric that adorn it are faded; and, worse than all, some of its erstwhile friends belabor it with the bludgeon of hostile facts.

Dr. Schaff tells us, too, that absolute indifference of the school to morals and religion is impossible. Religion enters into the teaching of history, mental and moral philosophy, and other branches of learning. An education which ignores religion altogether would raise a heartless and infidel generation of intellectual animals and prove a curse rather than a blessing.

### THOROUGH TRAINING.

Nearer home we have Mr. Morse, of the Canada Law Journal, declaring that he is free to maintain that recognizing eternity as the ever beckoning goal of him who was made in the image of God, moral education which produces character is of higher concern than intellectual education which produces culture. It is the coordination of the two that develops the thoroughly trained mind. Having fortified his position with citations from eminent authorities he went on to say:

"Conceding, then, that so far as professing Christians are concerned, let us consider what we are doing today for its promotion among the young. Now, are we doing anything? Does some one answer? Yes, there is a religious atmosphere pervading our Canadian homes; it is an apt rejoinder to our domestic religion because a rule it is so fine you cannot see it. In our modern homes instead of weekday prayers we have Sunday afternoon teas where the religious atmosphere is beyond cavil; and I sadly fear 'grandfather's clock' has a larger claim upon it up to date matrons' solicitude than 'Grandfather's Bible' with its latent message for her children.

"Then, perhaps, I shall be told that the church and Sunday-schools are our proper and convenient media for the inculcation of religious truths. With reference to the churches, are we sure that the greater part of our school-children attend, then regularly at the present day? As to the Sunday-schools, while I may be disposed to admit that, for the most part, moral training as a system must be relegated to them, yet I cannot help regarding them as being much in the same position as the Indian's gun, only requiring a new lock, stock, and barrel to make them wonderfully effective. Far be it from me to disparage the work of the little band of earnest-souled men and women who are now doing their best to keep the Sunday schools from tumbling into decay. But I fearlessly that until at least two radical reforms are achieved, namely, the attendance of parents or guardians, of all children under sixteen years of age, and the acquisition of teachers thoroughly skilled in religious knowledge and able to combat the moral and sociological fallacies sown broadcast through the young community to day, our Sunday-schools will fail to meet the obligations cast upon them.

"And then when we consider the public schools in this connection we may well exclaim with Hamlet, 'Ay, there's the rub!' Now let me say at the outset of my remarks upon this head, that it is not my purpose to make this paper a brief against the Provincial Education Department, or against the profession of Public School teachers. The former, by ignoring in its public school courses any provision for systematic religious instruction as authorized by the statute law of the province, is simply yielding to the well-understood wishes of the Protestant electors of Ontario, who seem to have more concern for sectarian prejudices than the moral behoof of their children. On the other hand, the teachers are a body of intelligent and upright women

striving to do their duty to our children with small emolument, and, I fear, still less encouragement. Then let us not pusillanimously try to shield ourselves behind either the Education Department or the teachers. That there is no systematic religious teaching in the public schools of Ontario lies at the door of the Protestant electorate and nowhere else."

### A WORLD POWER.

Japan has earned the right to a seat in the council of nations. For some years she has been forging to the front, and, despite the prophecies that her vigor would not last, and her enthusiasm succumb to Oriental lethargy, she has kept on preparing herself for the role of a world power. And the preparation has been thorough. She has borrowed of the West, but that her debt in that respect is so great as has been suspected may well be doubted. From all accounts her army in Manchuria could give lessons to Western combatants. We have heard nothing of the "water cure" being resorted to, nor have we seen any articles attributing barbaric cruelty to the climate. They have treated the vanquished with magnanimity and the wounded with tender care. In a word, her conduct in battle and in the hospital, her strategy and valor, the magnitude of her resources in war inventions, and the loyalty and devotion of her people, must trouble the dreams of statesmen.

### AN INTERESTING PHENOMENON.

Now, to those who regard material prosperity as a sign of truth and Divine favor, pagan Japan must be an interesting phenomenon. If England's wealth came from the Reformation, how shall we account for that of Japan?

### THE STANDARD OF THE CRESCENT.

It is well to remember that Japan is not the first nation that has startled the world by the rapidity of its progress. Time was when the Mahometan banner was planted in Southern Europe. It subdued Christian Spain and for years dodged the steps of Christianity. The standard of the Crescent seemed destined at one time to overshadow the world. To-day, however, its followers brood over the past, and look out upon the world which bears no future for them. They are going down the way of decay, by which pass sooner or later all nations which oppose the religion established by Christ.

### A PRODUCER OF DISUNITY.

It seems a pity that we should divide ourselves into so many associations. We weaken our influence thereby; merge ourselves into cliques; and deprive ourselves of that unity which is necessary to success.

### THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

A short time ago a meeting was held at Paris to protest against the insult to Joan of Arc by Professor Thalman. Eloquent tributes, needless to say, were paid to the memory of the Maid of Domremy, and her work in regenerating the French monarchy, and in refashioning a weary and worn and disunited and impoverished people was dwelt upon with enthusiasm. M. Francois Coppee was the principal speaker. He was glad that the youth of France had protested against the ignoble words of Thalman. The patriotism of the students, and their efforts to protect from debilement the glories of France, rendered the present more bearable and made him front the future with hope and confidence. He saw that public indignation against Combes and his henchmen slept only, but was not dead. The day of revolt is at hand.

### A BIGOTED HISTORY.

The Historian's History of the World is on the market. The much-lauded author of the Simple Life says that it will help all nations to love one another and to clear away the jealousies and misunderstandings that have caused such terrible misery. M. Conde Polin, however, is not so sure of this, as may be seen from the following criticism:

"The Historians' History of the World is a new venture in the literary market. It is easy to arrive at a verdict with regard to its character. On page 306, Vol. X., in speaking of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain, M. Choiseul did not the writer says: 'Choiseul did not scruple even to circulate forged letters in the name of their general and chiefs, and to propagate reports of the most odious and criminal nature against the members individually. These artifices will not appear superfluous when it is

considered that Spain was the country that gave rise to the institution.' The morality and the logic of this sentence are on a par. 'The decrees of the Council of Trent,' we are told, 'were decrees written in blood.' 'The riches of the Church were looked up in silver images and golden lamps which, judiciously brought into commerce, might have rendered many thousands of people happy—a sentiment exactly like that of Judas Iscariot.' Equally large were the encroachments, which superstitious made on the time of the inhabitants, the greater part of which were withdrawn from useful labor by religious festivals, masses, processions and purchase of pardons.' Phrases like these in this single volume. Catholics will know what answer to give to the publishers who offer such books for sale.

### ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIAL.

A GREAT CELEBRATION IN BROOKLYN.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society, of Brooklyn, celebrated on the 9th of January the golden jubilee of its establishment in the Diocese of Brooklyn. In the morning the members of forty different branches attended a Solemn Pontifical Mass at St. James' Pro-Cathedral, of which Auxiliary Bishop Casack, of New York, was celebrant.

The sermon, which was preached by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, was listened to with profound attention. The Western prelate was in fine voice, his every word ringing clear and true throughout the sacred edifice. His theme was charity.

Nearly two thousand years ago two men faced each other—each a representative of a system—and short as was the encounter, it outlined for all time henceforth the two forces antagonistic. One of these men occupied the seat of judgment, and he was clad with the majesty of imperial Rome; and the other stood a victim before the conqueror, clad with the seamless robe of poverty and crowned with thorns. To this Man Pilate, the governor, said: 'Who art thou?' And Jesus answered: 'I came to give testimony to the truth.' Pilate, not even deigning to wait for an answer, returned scornfully, 'What is truth?' Pilate no doubt reported the interview to his imperial master, and Jesus went forth to die.

The two systems stand to day facing one another. Truth and untruth; charity and selfishness. For Christ represented not alone the teaching of truth, but also the operation of charity, whereas Pilate knew not truth, and cared only for self. Throughout the ages these two systems have fought—one ever changing because error changes, and self ever the same; one to conceal its intrinsic meanness—the other, unchanged because truth is the same—and charity fears not to live where the light is. And though condemned by the world, it still will be fostered by the spirit of Christ.

But the system of selfishness—in pagan Rome a religion, and in all the ages reproduced as the outcome of depraved nature and hatred towards the Supreme Being who is the God of Love—has changed so that it now is more than a religion. It has now become a philosophy as well. In all philosophy's vagaries, it remained for our own day to translate the doctrine of self into a system of philosophy, and boldly teach it as the product of a civilization most advanced and intellect most profound.

Some sixty years ago the study of nature, of human life and of the origin, led a Mr. Darwin to formulate certain theories, which soon became popular, and gradually found acceptance with many so-called learned men. Tyndall lectured on them. Huxley harangued the multitude in frenzied periods. Spencer put them together and applied them to the entire field of thought and human activity. Soon the universities, eager for novelty, accepted the new theory; then the colleges; and then the High Schools, and then scientists and school-boys, and the newspapers and the clubs; and lastly the great numbers of the common people, until now they say it is the only feasible theory, the only permissible explanation, the only possible one that can commend itself to thinking minds.

DARWIN'S THEORY AS ADOPTED BY SCIENTISTS AND COLLEGES. "What, then, does this popular philosophy teach? That man is a phenomenon; that we do not know for a certainty whence he originally came or where he will finally go, though everything points to Mother Earth as the beginning and the end of him; that his life here is a struggle, first against the forces of nature, then against his fellow man; that his struggle is to survive, and his survivors depend largely on the death of others. "This is not a very agreeable teaching, but it is this system that training should make for the fitting of the individual so that in the struggle of life he will succeed. Physical strength is necessary. Hence the Stadium must be built. Intellect, too, is necessary. It must be trained so to make laws that they will be helpful to the maker, or so to break them that the breaking may be regarded as intellectual. Intellect must be fitted for the wars of finance and the tricks of trade; so equipped that every speculation shall be profitable to them. "So runs the system of the world to-day. You can hear the rattle of the distant battle. One of its saddest exhibitions is just across the river, where men heartlessly struggle with one another, and each day's lottery brings nearer a golden crown to a broken heart. It invades the political, the

commercial, the social world, and is now even found working hard to gain admittance to that last citadel of Christian life, the home. For if the sanctity of the home is a superstition, and divorce court will teach these deluded people that in the battle of life a heart is only a playing of an empty hour, and a woman's name or her future furnishes only a small asset when the strong man finds it an impediment to the achievement of his own destiny. Ask, what place charity has in this system, and its votaries would answer that charity is little less than a crime.

ANOTHER SYSTEM. "But there is another system, set over against this, which will not bow to its commands nor accept its conditions nor follow its methods. I see again the Teacher. He is thorn-crowned, and on His back is the burden of the world's sins. He will face Pilate and go forth from the Casa's halls a man of sorrows, condemned to die. I see Him treading the wine press alone, and behold rising there not the wine grapes' treasure, but the blood-red mist of pain. I see Him march along in the 'dolorosa' weak from the insults He has borne, but strong in the divine jubilation. He has made of making the great jubilation. I see His arms extended on the cross, His side pierced, His head bowed in agony. He is defeated, the enemy say, and even His friends know that He is dying. At the foot of the cross I ask the lesson of His life, the meaning of His sacrifice. And I am answered that when all was darkness and strife, when philosophers paraded their knowledge and proud priests pretended piety, when the human heart was well-nigh hopeless and human life meaningless, this One came to them and to us to proclaim peace and reconciliation, to teach brotherhood and hope, to teach the divine origin and the divine goal of man, to bring us back to life as it was intended. Alas! He accomplished this purpose not only by the words He spoke, but by His actions. The words He spoke were indeed a gospel of hope, but the deeds He did were a gospel of activity altogether miraculous.

BOURKE COCKRAN'S LETTER. While the meeting in the Pro-Cathedral was beautiful and profoundly impressive, the meeting in the Montank Theatre in the evening was sparking and brilliantly interesting. The theatre was packed with people. Even the stage was crowded, four or five hundred persons being seated thereon. The only disappointment was in the failure of Burke Cockran to appear. He sent a letter in which he said:

"I do not believe there is any form of Church work open to laymen more important than that which the Society of St. Vincent de Paul has made peculiarly its own. Neither the Church nor the Society of St. Vincent de Paul has ever sought to discourage efforts by the poor for the improvement of their condition. On the contrary, the chief object of Catholic effort has always been to uplift the masses. But the Church has steadily insisted that the poverty of some is not to be improved by attacking the possessions of other families by their own productive capacity—by stricter economy, steeper industry and higher morality. In these days, when misguided, though perhaps well-meaning, men are ever ready to whisper in the ear of any one who is needy that his condition is the result of a corrupt social organization, it is in the last degree important that the Church, from which the democratic state has sprung, should show that her sympathy for the poor and the distressed is not merely kinder than that of the Socialist, but that the methods of relieving poverty and misery which she advocates are vastly more effective.

EVERY CASE OF SUFFERING A MATTER OF GENERAL CONCERN. "The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, organized on a belief that all men and women are members of one family, holds every case of suffering or want a matter of general concern. Its members are continuously seeking out distress to relieve its misery, with more zeal and eagerness than others seek prosperity to bask in its splendor. And the relief which it gives so widely the society aims to bestow under the conditions as will prevent it from working demoralization among the beneficiaries. If a record of what has been accomplished by the society in the city of Brooklyn during the last fifty years could be generally circulated, surprise would be universal, admiration boundless, support cordial and abundant.

"I venture to express the hope that this celebration will have for one of its fruits a wider appreciation of the work which the society is performing every day. That, in my judgment will be sufficient to assure ample resources for all its enterprises of charity, of benevolence, of humanity and of patriotism.

BISHOP SPALDING STRICKEN. CONSIDERABLE IMPROVEMENT NOTED IN HIS PARALYZED CONDITION. Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, on Friday afternoon of last week suffered a severe stroke of paralysis at the episcopal residence in that city. Late information tells of considerable improvement in the condition of the distinguished patient. The entire left side of the body was seriously affected by the stroke, as was the sketch of the prelate. The latter, however, has been regained, as has the use of his left arm.

The physicians in attendance speak in a hopeful tone and are watching their patient very closely for any adverse signs.

### THE INCHICORE CRIB.

After the 12 o'clock Mass on Christmas day the celebrated crib at the Olate church, Inchicore, was thrown open to visitors and crowds of people journeyed thither on that day and during the week to see the magnificent spectacle. The crib will be opened each day until the 2nd of Feb. from 8 A. M. to P. M. It is fully forty years since the first Crib was opened at Inchicore. For many years it was on a small scale. About sixteen or seventeen years ago Monsieur Peche, a celebrated French artist erected in the Church of Montmartre, Paris a handsome crib in which there were no less than thirteen beautiful life-size figures. After a time they were secured by the Olate Fathers for the Church of Mary Immaculate, Inchicore.

Mons. Peche himself came to Dublin in order to arrange the figures in the crib and he instructed Brother Malone in the art. For many years afterwards Brother Malone, who proved an apt pupil of the artist, arranged the Inchicore crib at Christmas-tide in a manner that won the admiration of visitors from the different parts of Ireland and from abroad. The old chapel which was used for the celebration of Mass until the erection of the present beautiful stone structure, has been devoted to the crib for a number of years. It is a beautiful and most impressive representation of the Nativity. The figures show the Divine Infant laid in His manger cradled His Virgin Mother and St. Joseph bowed in mute adoration, the shepherds and the Wise Men who came from afar to lay their offerings at the feet of their Infant King, and the servants who accompanied them. The costumes have been arranged with wonderful effect, the humble garments of the Shepherds, being in marked contrast with the rich robes of the royal worshippers. An idea of the character of the costumes may be gathered from the fact that the robes of one of the Kings took third prize at the Paris Exhibition. Paintings and pictures of scenes associated with the lives of the Holy Family are shown. The church in which the Crib is erected is 90 feet long and this representation is so arranged as to make both the representation of the Nativity and the approaches to the crib and its surroundings very life-like.—Irish Catholic, Dublin.

### THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

One of the most forcible admonitions of the happily reigning Holy Father came in the words: "Preach the Catechism." It was a wise and timely warning. In our day too many as sume to be masters of the fundamental doctrines therein contained. We say assume, for there are many unable to give correct and intelligent explanation of them. The cares of commercialism, failure to review the lessons of the Catechism and indifference to the Sunday sermon are the responsible causes.

Should our statement seem overdramatic verify it for yourself. Ask the first ten persons you meet how many and what are the cardinal virtues? Tabulate the answers. Then ask for definitions of each. The test is quite simple and we feel confident the result will prove quite surprising. If made in the proper spirit there is no doubt that it will produce much good fruit.

The cardinal virtues so called because they are the principle ones and those from which all other moral virtues spring are four in number: Prudence, Justice, Fortitude and Temperance. We shall consider them separately. Before doing so however, a few preliminary words may be of advantage.

To every man God has given the natural power of distinguishing that which is good from that which is evil. In the soul He has set a reigning power which inclines man to do good and avoid evil. This power is virtue. But to make it true virtue it must have God for its principle. Otherwise it would be natural in its purpose and only result in a good to human society. Consequently the power of true virtue comes through God's grace. For having God with us with a free will it is His grace which inclines us to virtue and our own perverse will which inclines us to evil.—Church Progress.

### THE D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE.

The first meeting of the New Year was held on Jan. 10th. Ten new volumes of Irish literature of which Justin McCarthy is the editor-in-chief have lately been placed on the library shelves. They stand for the very best in their special line.

An autograph copy has been received from Katharine Conway of her latest addition to "The Sitting Room Series." "The Christian Gentlewoman" is the name of the little volume. The "gentle" woman is naturally opposed to the so-called "new" woman.

As a New Year's card, Wm. Wilfred Campbell sent his latest poem, "The Discoverers." It will be read at the next meeting. Twenty-six volumes, a complete set, by Christian Reid, are now, and are being very much read. Christian Reid belongs to what might be called a slightly old-fashioned type, but she is healthy, sweet, refined, and morally strong. We cannot have too much of such literature. She is a direct contrast to writers like Marie Corelli, but, in literature, as in life, "time reveals truth." So many new discoveries are being made in the scientific world that those who have been some years out of the class room have real need of studying the subject. The science notes in The

Dolphin and The Messenger are always reliable, and, as both these magazines come to the library, they should circulate widely. The Cross, with which Professor Stockley is associated, is also well worth reading.

The Oxford study was continued. Oxford University is so different from the universities in this country that it requires some time to get a proper idea of it. Some notes on its libraries and chapels, especially St. Mary's, were given. The University comprises over twenty colleges endowed at different times. The names and his ories of some of these will be an interesting study for the next meeting.

The fall of Port Arthur was mentioned. "The Light of Asia" was continued the part read dealing with the awakening curiosity of Buddha about the world outside his palace garden walls and his first visit to the neighboring city, also the plan taken by his father to prepare the city for his son's coming and the success of the plan. D. DOWDALL.

### CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith disbursed \$1,276,048 during the year 1903.

Mr. Thomas O'Connor, a millionaire of Joplin, Mo., has given \$20,000 to St. Mary's parish, Tiffin, O., for a new church.

The Pope on Jan. 5, received in private audience W. S. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, and the latter's wife and daughter, Miss Zillah Fielding.

In order to study labor and social conditions, Archbishop Quigley is visiting the mining towns in Illinois. The Archbishop will go to Essex, Coal City and Braidwood.

Mr. John Dunfee of Syracuse, N. Y., died recently. By his will half of his estate, which amounts to a million or more, goes to various charities maintained by the religious orders.

The Rev. Francis Vincent Roade, grand-nephew of Charles Roade, the novelist, and lately curate of St. Clement's, Cambridge, has been received into the Catholic Church at the Oratory, Edgbaston.

The consecration of the Rev. D. J. Scollard of North Bay, Ontario, who was a short time ago chosen Bishop of the newly-erected see of Saint Ste. Marie, will take place early in February.

The widow of Montalombert, the great French Catholic, died recently at the chateau of Ophen, Belgium. The countess was born August 29, 1818, and had lived many years with her son-in-law, the Count de Grunna. Her death was as edifying as her life.

According to the Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee, Archbishop Messner, received his pallium directly from Rome through the mails by special delivery, Pope Pius X. deviating from the custom of having it carried by special messenger. It further announces that His Grace will have no public ceremony of wearing it.

An interesting piece of Catholic news has come from Baltimore during the past week. A representative of J. Pierpont Morgan has held several conferences with His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, with a view to coming to some agreement about untying the finances of the Catholic University.

Rt. Rev. John L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, who was stricken with paralysis last Friday night, has rallied from the attack. Dr. L. Spalding, a brother, who is attending the Bishop, said that none of relatives of the sufferer had been summoned, it being the opinion of his friends that his condition is not sufficiently serious to warrant such action.

It is stated that among recent converts in Germany are the princess dowager of Hesse, aunt of the Emperor William II.; Wilhelmine von Hillern, the novelist, who has been living for years at Oberammergau; the dramatic poet, Martin Unterwieser, and his wife, the well-known authoress, Rosa Stolle; and Dr. Ludwig Seidel, formerly a Protestant preacher, and until a short time ago Professor in the Gymnasium of Breslau.

In taking stock of their position at Christmas time the Catholic community of Great Britain find that for the first time since the Reformation the Catholic churches, chapels and stations in Great Britain exceed 2,000 in number. The exact total is 2,008. The number of priests at present officiating in Great Britain is 3,791, as compared with 3,741 at Christmas last year.—London Express.

We learn from the St. John, New Brunswick, Monitor that Right Rev. J. Cameron, who is dean of the Canadian hierarchy, celebrated pontifical Mass in his cathedral, Antigonish, N. S., at 5 o'clock on Christmas morning, and immediately after celebrated two low Masses. His Lordship will soon complete his seventy-eighth year. Despite his advanced years, Bishop Cameron is in excellent health, and intends to make his ad limina visit to Rome next April.—Catholic Union and Times.

It is announced that Archbishop Quigley of Chicago will visit the miners in several counties of Illinois to make personal inquiry into their condition and life. Extended plans for the education of children in the mining districts, for the exertion of religious influence among the miners, and for the founding of charitable institutions among them will be carried out by the Archbishop. Parochial schools, churches and kindergartens for the small children will be built wherever a sufficient number of miners belonging to the Catholic Church is collected.



# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

## SPANISH JOHN.

FROM A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN COMPLETE FORM THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN DONNELL, KNOWN AS SPANISH JOHN. WHEN A MEMBER OF THE COMPANY OF ST. JAMES OF THE REGIMENT IRLANDIA, IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN DURING THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

BY WILLIAM MELNANS.

1740.

How Angus McDonald of Clarranald and I set out for the Scots College in Rome; how we fell in with Mr. O'Rourke and Manuel the Jew, and with the latter our strange company in Leghorn; how we were presented to Captain Crouch, of the Regiment Irlandia, at the Inn of Aquapendente, and what befell thereafter.

"Hoot!" scouted my Uncle Scotto, with much contempt, "make a lad like that into a priest! Look at the stull there is in him for a soldier!"

Without waiting for a reply, he roared: "Here, megga Radhan dhuib! (my little black darling), show your father how you can say your Pater-noster with a single stick!" At which he caught up a stout rod for himself, and, throwing me a lighter one, we saluted, and at it went hammer and tongs.

I suppose my uncle was a bit discom-posed with his argument, for he was one ill to bear our raucousness, even in thought, and so forgot I was but a lad, for he pushed me hard, making me fairly wince under his shrewd cuts, and ruffing me with his half angry shouts of "Mind your guard!" each time he got in at me, until before long the punish-ment was so severe I was out of breath, my wrist laid broken, and I was forced to cry "Pax!" Indeed, I was so ruffed I made but a poor shewer, and my father laughed heartily at my dis-comfiture.

"Well, well, Donald," he said, in reply to my Uncle's argument, "I'll at least promise you his schooling will not be any harder than that you would put him at."

"Perhaps not," answered my Uncle, still in some little heat, "but mine is at least twice as good a schooling as his. However, thank God, they cannot take that out of him to Rome, whatever else they may stuff into him. Man! man!" he broke out again, after a moment's pause, "but you're wasting the making of a pretty soldier!"

And he looked so gallant as he stood there before the big fireplace, full of scorn for the ignoble fate he dreaded might be in store for me, that my heart swelled with a great pity for myself, and for my father too, who should be so bent on sending me to Rome, so far away from my Uncle, who knew so many pretty turns with the sword I might learn from no other, and so many songs I might never sing now.

For I worshipped my Uncle, Donald McDonnell of Scotto, but always known as "Scotto," as is our custom; he was called the Younger, not to belittle him, but because my Grandfather, old James of Scotto, was still alive. He had been in France and Spain and Italy, first as a cadet and afterwards as en-signe in Colonel Walter Burke's regi-ment of the Irish Brigade serving under the Duke of Berwick, and many a night have I been kept awake with his stories of his engagements at Cre-mona, Alicante, Barcelona, and other places—how they beat, and sometimes how they were beaten—until I knew the different Dillons and Balloers and Mac-Baells and O'Rourkes, and other gentlemen of the regiment, not only by name, but as though I had met with them face to face. He had no great love for the Church, for he hated the sight of a priest, and was continually railing against my being sent to Rome lest they should make a "Black Petri-coat" of me.

"That 'a McDonnell must be either a soldier or a priest" may be a very good saying in its way," he went on to my father, for there was not inter-ruption in their talk, "but mark you which comes first! If all our fore-bears had bred but little shavelings, and no soldiers, where would the Mc-Donnell family be now, think you? 'Tis not in reason you should give up your one son for the sake of an old saw like enough made up by some priest himself. If one of nine chooses to take to it, he will not be missed out of the flock; but depend upon it, brother, God never gave you this one to waste in this way. Let me train him until he is ready to go abroad into the service, and I'll an-swer for it to stand him in better stead than all the fling fanling whimseys they'll teach him in Rome!"

But my father only smiled in his quiet way, and then across the hall, soft voice, so different from my Uncle's: "Donald, Donald, you watch the lad! You have my word that when the time comes he shall be free in his choice; but, priest or soldier, he'll be no worse the gentleman for a little of the book-looking you make so light of. Now, say good bye to your Uncle, lad, and we'll be off."

As we rode homewards, I on the saddle before him, my father talked all the way of what my going to Rome would really mean. He told me of the Scots College there, what it looked like, where his room was—and there, if he have not whitewashed the wall, Shonaidh, which may well be the case, you'll find written near the head of my bed:

"Half over, half over to Aberlour,  
The way we rode,  
And there hangs Sir Patrick Spens,  
With the Scots lords as his foe."

"That I wrote one afternoon at the slabs when my heart was big and I was weeping for home, as you may do, and I thought I heard my mother sing-ling, and wrote down the old words for my comfort. Perhaps you'll find them there still," he added, slowly, as if he were back in the old days rather than talking to me.

"And, Shonaidh," he went on, after a little, "just when your heart falls in the time to play the soldier you truly as if you had a broad sword in your hand. Homesick you'll be—I'd be sorry for you if you were not—but remember, I went through it all before you, and, though I have done nothing for it, my time in the old Scots Col-

lege was the best gift my father ever gave me. If God wills it, you will be a priest, but neither I nor yet the Rector will force you. You are going under the care of one of the best of men, a nobleman and one whose slight-est word you should be proud to treas-ure; and, remember, the first duty of gentleman who would some day com-mand is to learn to obey."

And so on we rode; he told me much, much more than I had ever known, of all he had done and all he had hoped to do as a boy, but he had given up his own plans that his brother Scotto might go to serve under the Duke of Berwick in Spain, how, Duke of Berwick had borne himself therein though he had borne himself therein fighting abroad had brought nothing to those at home, and, after the disap-pointment of 1715, how he had no longer heart for foreign service, for he was committed to the Royal Cause be-yond everything, and so remained that home in spite of danger, hoping for the day when the King would come again.

He warned me that I must not make too much of my Uncle's railings against the Church, for he had seen many a thing in Spain that were in a measure hard to see, and, whatever were his words, he was a good son of the Church, and in his heart did not believe his own sayings—which made me wonder, I remember, why my father should so punish me for lying—and so on until we reached Cronin, as our house was known.

It was in the month of August when I left home, I being just twelve years of age, and Angus McDonald of Clarran-ald, who was to be my comrade, four-teen. He was a much bigger lad than I, and at home could handle me readily enough, but from being so much with my Uncle Scotto, who was never done talking of what he had seen in foreign parts, I was in a measure travelled, and no sooner were we the lead to me, which Angus gave the lead to me, which I kept in all the years we were to-gether.

My Grandfather, James of Scotto, gave me his blessing and a bright new guinea and much good advice; my father kissed me fondly, and, with many a direction for the road, gave me a letter to Father Urbani, the Rector in Rome; my sister Margaret hung about my neck and refused to be com-forted; but at last, with a cousin of Clarranald's and a party of their people, we started for Edinburgh.

My Uncle Scotto rode with us as far as Inchlaggan, and when we said good-bye he commanded me, sternly, "Don't let them make a little priest of you, Shonaidh, or I'll have you with a wooden sword when you come home!" Then he swore somewhat in Spanish and kissed me on both cheeks, and rode off with his head down, waving his hand at the top of the hill, though he never looked back.

Our stay in Edinburgh with Bishop Hay, and our journey to Bonlonge, and thence to Father James, of the Scots College in Paris, with whom we lodged for three weeks, produced nothing of interest; indeed, we did not fall in with much I can now recall until we drove into Marseilles and were there lodged in the house of the Benedictines.

Here we saw much to wonder at—soldiers in uniforms, sailors in petti-cosets, galley-slaves in chains, Jews in gabardines, and others dressed in such outlandish habits we could not help staring at them, though had we worn our own Highland clothes I do not be-lieve any would have remarked on us; and we heard, I doubt not, every lan-guage on earth save the Gaelic, which is but little spread beyond the High-lands.

A more lively people than the Mar-seillais would be hard to meet. On the many one evening we marked a fellow carrying something like a long, narrow drum, which he tapped with his fingers as he strolled. Presently he stopped at a clear space, and, d'aving a little pipe from under his arm, began to play both instruments at once cleverly enough. Hardly had he begun before the crowd gathered round, and on some lusty fellow setting up a shout and leaping into the middle of the space and holding forth his hand, the fellow, caught by one, who in turn invited another, and then another, while from the tavern opposite rushed men and women fairly tumbling over one another in their haste, laughing and shouting as they came, till all were at it, footing it merrily as they swung in and out and twisted and turned in a long tail. Round the posts, jumping over the ropes that marked the limits, then across the street and into the tavern by one door and out at another into the street again, with such mad laughing and singing and holding forth of hands that Angus and I could stand it no longer, and so caught hold; and, though we could speak no word of their language, we could laugh as hard in English and give as wild shrieks in Gaelic and foot it as high as any of them. It was a grand play, and only ended when we were all out of breath.

Provided with money sufficient to carry us to Rome, we took passage for Leghorn, or Livorno, as they call it, in a fair-sized barque, but the dirt and the evil smells on board disgusted us beyond measure, and we almost longed for the bone-breaking coaches again. However, we were not long aboard before we fell in with a tall, decent man, a Mr. O'Rourke by name, who was an Irishman, on his way to finish his studies as a priest at the Propaga-nda in Rome, but the merriest and best natured man I had ever seen. He was bigger and broader and had a greater hand and foot than any one else on board.

He laughed at our touchiness at what he called "a few smells," and: "A few smells, sir?" said I—"it seems to me they are fairly crowding one another so close there's but little room for any more."

"Oh, isn't there? It strikes me you have never put your nose inside a Roman osteria on a wet day in July! Until then, my lad, you are not qual-ified to speak of smells in the plural, and let me tell both of you," he went

on, after he had finished laughing, "you had best get your noses into training at once, for if they are going to cook up at every stink that comes under them you'll be blowing them over the backs of your heads before long, unless you do like the elephant and carry them in your trunk." Which we took to be an excellent jest, the more so as we found our heads had two hammocks between them, one on each side, and the round swung for us on deck near the bow. The weather was so mild and the passengers followed our example, and even in the bow was one solitary old man, who now and then had to put up with a douse of salt water when the barque dipped deeper than ordi-nary.

The next day we made a closer ac-quaintance with our fellow passengers, most of whom were but fearful sailors with but little stomach for anything of an even keel. In the cabin with us and my O'Rourke were an Italian Count and his lady, some priests, and a Spaniard named Don Diego, with whom we soon made friends, though he was ignorant of both English and French, and had no Gaelic; but we could get to a Latin word or two, and we laughed much and made signs for the rest. Mr. O'Rourke was found to be of the same family as the gallant Major O'Rourke who was killed at the battle of O'Rourke through my Uncle Scotto, who was an ensign there at the time; this made us fast friends, and I told him much of the Regiment Irlandia and the Irish Brigade of which he was ignorant.

But we came near to falling out at the very beginning of our friendship, which happened in this way. Being that day with Angus up in the bow of the barque to mark the play of the waves, I was trying some little French when the old man, who was still crunched there miserably enough, when up comes Mr. O'Rourke and, without preface or apology, breaks in upon us, taking no more notice of the poor old man than if he had been a dog.

"Do you know who you are talking to?" says he, in a loud, hectoring style of voice, and raps out before I can answer: "This man's a Jew! A Jew!" he says, and spits on the deck as if he had a bad smell by him.

"I don't care if he's a camel!" says I, much nettled at his tone. "No more would I," says he, "for then he'd be where he deserves, wandering about in the Desert."

"Mr. O'Rourke, when I get to Rome I'll be under a master, but until then I am answerable to no one save myself, and I'll thank you to leave me in peace to such company as I may choose."

I returned, making a mighty strong in-flection on my words. He moved away, laughing.

"I was only a foolish boy, his laugh-ing hurt me more than his anger, and had he taken no notice I dare say I would have thought little more of the Jew than of any other on board; but now, part from curiosity—perhaps, too part from misluncheon of which I had my share when a boy—but afterwards from a personal feeling, I was kept nearer the old man than would otherwise have happened."

True, my Uncle Scotto had no great softness for the Jews while in Spain—no more had he for the priests, for that matter—but this was the first I had ever fallen in with, and the old man was so uncomplaining and gentle I felt I was taking his side, and that ended it. His name was Manuel, and he was a Portuguese by nation, but lived in Leg-horn, about which he told me much. As to his business, I could not get it into his head, nor his occupation was a matter of indifference to me. So, in spite of the laughter of many, and Mr. O'Rourke's gibes about my visits to the "Ghetto," as he called the bow of the barque where the poor old man was, I never missed a day without a visit to him, and learned much that was useful to me afterwards.

We now met with some heavy weather, and were so knocked about on the third day that, as these coasters are not very venturesome, our captain thought it prudent to put back into Toulon, where we anchored in the midst of the fleet of the King of France there lying.

The next day we were eager to get on shore, though it was blowing hard, but were dissuaded by Mr. O'Rourke. However, the Jew and a Cordelier Irishman resolved to risk it with a crew of six, the boat was hoisted, the ship's boat with some spare guns; but hardly had they got up sail before the boat was over-Set and all were thrown into the water.

The first to lay hold of the boat was the Cordelier, who scrambled up on the keel, followed by the sailors, who pulled their fellows up one after another. All this time I was in an agony of fear for the Jew, who, though he laid hold of the boat, was old and feeble he could not draw himself up, and no one so much as stretched out a hand to his aid. Worse than this, the ship's company and crew screamed with laughter at each new struggle he made, as if it were the merriest game in the world. Meantime the unfortunate one was fast d'itting into the oiling, and would in-fallibly have been borne out to sea had not a Spanish soldier made sail and succeeded in overhauling and picking them up.

Then, though I was shaking with fright, I turned to and thrashed Angus McDonald for his laughing with the others until he cried mercy.

"A pretty Christian you are to be going to Rome and laughing at a man as old as my grandfather!" I admon-ish-ed him when I had finished.

"Pough!" scouted he, still angry.

"Mr. O'Rourke says Jews have no souls!"

"Indeed?" said I. "Mr. O'Rourke had better be looking after his own, and make certain of it, before he is so sure about other people." And off I stalked, mighty indignant and mighty hot against Mr. O'Rourke, who but laughed merrily at my saying.

He laughed at our touchiness at what he called "a few smells," and: "A few smells, sir?" said I—"it seems to me they are fairly crowding one another so close there's but little room for any more."

pride by telling me I had surprised him in the handsome outcome of my attack on Angus. Of course Angus and I needed no making up whatever, for he could generally thrash me twice to my ounce.

So, with Mr. O'Rourke and Don Diego, we went on shore and rambled about merrily enough. In the afternoon we were strolling about in the Place d'Armes waiting for Mr. O'Rourke and Don Diego, off on some affair of their own, when a gentleman passed having on the greatest wig imaginable, most generously powdered. He carried his hat under his arm and minced in his walk like any madam, holding his long cane as gingerly as a dancing master.

Without a word, Angus pulled a handful of nuts from his pocket and flung them with all his might at the great wig, which gave out a burst of powder like a gun going off. Round wheeled its owner and was after us with a roar; but we separated and ran in different ways, making for the lime-trees along the edge of the Parate.

We dodged round the trees, and the cog of us pursued him as he made after the other; but he would not be dis-suaded by this, and kept after me until, at last, I began to lose my wind, and shouted to Angus for help, who, however, could do nothing against an angry man armed with a great cane; and I began to grow anxious in my mind, when who should come up but our Spaniard, who, seeing the situation, at once turned the tables completely by a flank attack, and our Frenchman was left lamenting, with his wig up a tree, his cane broken, and more Spanish jokes ringing in his ears than I dare say he had ever heard before. It was like my Uncle Scotto's swearing.

Off we went post-haste to the port, where, on entering a tavern, being mindful of my obligations as a gentle-man, I ordered and paid for a bottle of wine for our rescuer, at which he was greatly pleased, though, like most of his countrymen, he was modest enough in the use he made of it.

The little he did take, however, was sufficient to warm him up when, forget-ting we did not know a word of what he was saying, he poured out a long rhapsody to us in Spanish, which he wound up by whipping out an ailetto—a long, thin dirk much used in those countries—and gave us to understand he would have killed the Frenchman with much pleasure. Not content with this show of friendship, he pulled out a purse, very comfortably filled, and offered me a part, but I refused with my best manner, and with the help of my Latin made him know I was suffi-ciently supplied.

In the midst of all this friendship and wild talk who should discover us but Mr. O'Rourke, who, on hearing of our adventure, broke out, "Pon my soul, but this is a pretty jerry-mahoo you two young barbarians have started up! You're likely to have the peace-officers down on you before you can say Peter Donovan's prayer; and 'tis proud your people will be of you, no doubt, to have you beginning your education under the whip in a French prison, in-stead of under the holy fathers in Rome!" And with that he hurried us off in all speed to a boat, in a white fear of the officers, making us lie down in the bottom until we reached the ship's side, when we lost no time in scrambling on board.

We found we were the last passeng-ers ashore, and Mr. O'Rourke, relating to the captain our adventure, and the possibility



JANUARY 28, 1905.

A FORLORN HOPE.

"There be the place, miss." Si... "There ain't a place round here fitting for folks that want quiet and rest."

"Oh, not 'board'!" The pretty... "Not a jig or janket," answered Miss Elsie, shaking her head.

"Young Don?" queried the little lady softly. "His son," explained Si, giving his bony mare a loose rein for the climb.

"I dunno," he said, reluctantly. "I dunno," he said, reluctantly. "I dunno," he said, reluctantly.

not want 'em, lass! Eh, the feckless fools! An' I'd let the people go to the devil with their wants if I were yer man."

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JANUARY 28, 1905.

of a tall silver lamp, hunger was satisfied, our into another room, where press he took down two and, telling us we were redding, who we must not cost, he put them over our and, made us see ourselves. I never was so fine before; was the cloak of the finest a rich blue color, but was cherry-colored silk and had about the neck, while that of quite as handsome, only inferior.

Ask your Grocer for Windsor Salt Perfect Table Salt.



The Catholic Record.

Published Weekly at 151 and 153 Richmond Street, London, Ontario.

REV. GEORGE R. NORTHRUP, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels" THOMAS COFFEY.

Agents or collectors have no authority to stop your paper unless the amount due is paid...

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1899.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 28, 1905.

FOOLISH INVESTMENTS.

Judging from the number of letters sent the advisability of investing in this and that, there must be, in the opinions of the senders thereof, a good many of the unsophisticated in Canada.

CHEERFUL POVERTY.

It is easy for an individual with an assured income to be optimistic and stout hearted or to simulate it at all events. Before a bright fire, surrounded by books and pictures, one may read any song of the road with pleasure, and give wondrous counsel as to the necessity of keeping up a brave front, however the wind may blow.

THE "REFORMATION'S" WORK.

May we remind a near-by contemporary that not all Protestants are in accord as to the glories of the Reformation in Scotland. Speaking on this subject in his History of Scotland, Mr. Andrew Lang says:

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MAN-SLAUGHTER CASE.

In the Christian Science case which came before the coroner a few days ago, and of which we gave an account in our columns last week, a verdict of manslaughter was brought in by the jury. The verdict was returned on the 17th inst., and was to the effect: "That Walter Goodfellow came to his death on January 4th from typhoid fever, and that the jury find culpable negligence on the part of Mrs. Sarah Goodfellow, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Lee, and Mr. W. Brundrett in connection with his death, and are, as we believe, guilty of manslaughter. We further believe that deceased would have recovered if the proper measures and medical treatment had been given, the percentage of mortality from the disease being very small. We further recommend that if the law does not reach Christian Scientists, it should be made to cover such. We also think that the medical men should be more careful in the issuing of death certificates, as many cases are not investigated which should be."

It will be remembered that Walter Goodfellow was committed to the care of the Christian Scientists named in the verdict by his mother, Mrs. Goodfellow, to be healed divinely by them, the services of the physician being refused. It is to be hoped that the fatal termination of this sad case will put an end to the evil and scandal of Christian Science experiments over those who are seriously ill. The number of deaths already recorded as rising from this cause has already been very large, and it is probable that not more than a moiety of them have become known to the public.

PRAYERS AND MASSES FOR THE DEAD.

"The Gospel Trumpet" is the name of one of the Protestant and anti-Catholic sheets which are largely circulated among Protestants in various parts of the United States and even in Canada, and from which many Protestants derive their belief in special doctrines which they believe constitute Protestantism, and it will be seen that it is enough that the editor of such a sheet expresses his opinion that a certain doctrine is "papistical," and the readers of the sheet think this an all-sufficient reason for its rejection.

DOOLEY ON "LIFE".

We see that the sapient and witty Mr. Dooley is again at Archey Road. We hope that Mr. Danne will continue to prompt him, for we venture to say that Mr. Dooley's preachments and puncturing of our fads and follies are read and appreciated more than Mr. Danne's editorials. In his latest talks, published by McLure, Phillips & Co., the genial philosopher handles various subjects and always deftly. Life, he tells his friend Honesty, is like a Pullman dining car, a fine bill of fare and nothing to eat.

"Ye go in fresh an' hurgy, tuck ye o' napkin in ye'er collar, an' square away at th' list iv groceries that th' black man hands ye. What'll ye have first? Ye think ye'd like to be famous an' ye order a dish iv fame an' bid th' waiter make it good an' hot. He's gone an' says an' whin he comes back ye'er appetite is departed. Ye taste th' order an' says ye: 'Why, it's cold an' full iv broken glass.' That's th' way we always sarve fame on this ear," says the cook. "Don't ye think ye'd like money f'r th' second course? Mither Rocky-fellar over there has had forty-two help-ins," says he. "Ye don't seem to agree with him," says ye, "but ye may bring me some," ye say. A way he goes an' stays till ye'er bald an' ye'er teeth fall out an' ye set dhrumming on th' table an' lookin' out at th' scenery. By an' by he comes back with ye'er order, but jus' as he's goin' to hand it to ye Rockyfellar grabs th' plate. 'What kind iv a car is this?' says ye. 'Don't I get anything to eat? Can't ye give me a little happiness?' 'I winder't ritoomment th' happiness,' says the waiter. 'It's canned, an' it kilt th' las' man that tried it.' 'Well, gracious,' says ye, 'I've got to have something. Give me a little good health an' I'll try to make a meal out iv that.' 'Sorry, sir,' says the black man, 'but we're all out iv good health. 'Besides,' he says, takin' ye gently by th' arm, 'we're coming into the deesop an' ye'll have to get out,' he says."

WHAT TO READ.

Why do the writers of worthless fiction find a way to the haven of recognition, while the makers of genuine literature wander in the desert of unpopularity? One reason is that the average novel can be read without any undue expenditure of attention; another reason is that dabbling in all kinds of printed stuff deprives one of true standards. Tolstoi says, in "The Peasant," that "if a young person should be given access to all the extant books and papers and left to his own efforts, it is highly probable that for ten years he would read nothing but trivial and immoral things," to the perversion of his understanding and taste. Then, again, children are not safeguarded as they should be from the peril of pernicious reading. During school days they are regaled oftentimes in scraps and bits from world authors, and in consequence they are graduated without any real understanding of what literature means and fall an easy prey to the spinners of yarns.

Hence we never get tired of the "eternal gutlaw." We refuse to be serious, or maybe we cultivate a serious poise. But because we allow mankind to deluge us with inanities we bar ourselves from writers who do not deal in trivialities.

THE VETO IN PAPAL ELECTIONS.

An interesting piece of intelligence from Rome is to the effect that the Holy Father, Pope Pius X., has completed a Bull the precise contents of which will not be made public until his death, but which will be read as part of the constitution under which the next conclave will elect a successor to the Holy Father. It is known, however, that this important document has reference to the rights which have been claimed at times by the rulers of Austria, France and Spain to veto the election of any special Cardinal to the Papacy. The exact nature of the document has not been communicated even to the Cardinals, the usage of the Church, and the prerogatives of the Pope, permitting that the Holy Father should exercise his judgment in regard to the extent of publicity which should be given to documents of high importance which relate to the government of the Church. For prudential reasons, the present Bull, it is said, has been shown only to those Cardinals to whom it could be personally communicated, that is to those who live in Rome, or who have visited the Eternal City since the Bull has been prepared, and in its preparation only those Cardinals who were within easy call to Rome were consulted. Most of our readers will remember that on August 2, 1903, while the Conclave of Cardinals was in session for the election of a successor to the late Pope Leo XIII., Cardinal Puzyna, Bishop of Cracow in Austrian Poland, arose in the Conclave after the first ballot was taken, and announced that he was authorized by Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, to veto the election of Cardinal Rampolla to the Papacy. It is impossible to say whether or not this announcement influenced in any way the ballots which were afterward cast. But immediately the other Cardinals protested against this interference of a temporal ruler with the freedom of the Conclave, and it was unanimously maintained that no monarch or temporal ruler has any right of veto against the election of a Pope. Indeed, the announcement of the Emperor of Austria's veto was followed by a larger vote given to Cardinal Rampolla than before, from which we might infer that the Emperor's veto had no influence. On the other hand, considering the hostile attitude of France and Italy to the Church, it is quite possible that many of the Cardinals felt that it would not be advisable in the face of so direct an expression of the desire of a power which is friendly to religion, to elect as Pope a Cardinal who was disagreeable to that power. The French Cardinals were specially indignant at the interference of Francis Joseph, and their greater indignation was supposed to have been aroused by the belief which was current that the triple alliance had agreed upon the veto against Cardinal Rampolla, who was considered to be in a great degree responsible for the continuous firmness of Pope Leo XIII. in maintaining the independence of the Church against all assaults. The right of veto, in fact, was never granted without protest to the civil authority, though when nearly all Europe was under the dominion of one Emperor who was willing to protect the Church, and aid in her work everywhere, the Emperor was allowed a powerful voice in the selection of a Pope. So far back as the sixth century the Byzantine Emperors endeavored to impose upon the Church Popes of their choice, but this usurpation was steadily resisted until for the sake of peace and to avert the persecution of faithful Catholics, from the year 654 to 731, the Popes submitted to apply to the emperors for confirmation of their election. Charlemagne was the protector of the Church, but he did not claim any right to interfere with the freedom of election of the Pope. His Son, Louis the Mild, asked and obtained the favor that on the election of a Pope, legates should be sent to him to announce who had been chosen; but neither he nor his son, Lothaire, claimed any right to interfere with the liberty of Papal elections. This claim was put forth, however, by some of the successors of these monarchs, though it was resisted by successive Popes. The result was that the Emperors, or those monarchs who claimed imperial authority which they did not possess, set up anti-popes in opposition to the succession of true popes. These anti-popes were willing to accept appointment by their imperial masters, but as a final assertion of the liberty of the Church, the Lateran Council in 1180 decreed that the election of a Pope by two thirds of the Cardinals should be held as valid without the consent, and in spite of the opposition of any temporal authority. This law is binding at the present day. Notwithstanding this law, the sovereigns of Spain, France and Austria,

endeavored to exclude certain Cardinals from being elected, but they usually did this by endeavoring to influence the votes of the Cardinals of their respective nations. At a later period, these nations became bolder and insisted upon vetoing such possible candidates as they deemed proper. The Cardinals resisted these encroachments, yet so persistently were they pressed that while protesting against the right of these governments to veto any member of the Sacred College, they tacitly agreed to act upon the veto of one candidate only by each of the powers mentioned. Austria pressed its claim to exercise the veto power more persistently than either Spain or France. In 1846 Austria sent a prelate with its veto against Cardinal Mastai Feretti, who was elected as Pius IX. The prelate arrived in Rome five days too late, and the Pope elect was duly crowned and acknowledged as Pope by the whole world notwithstanding the veto. On the death of Pope Pius IX. the next conclave was held so promptly that Leo XIII. was elected and crowned before the vetoing powers made up their minds what they should do. At the conclave of 1903, however, Austria was on the alert, and the veto arrived in time, with the result which we have stated already. But the last veto of a temporal sovereign has been witnessed, for it is positively stated that the Bull which the Holy Father Pius X. has issued forbids any future presentation of a veto to the Conclave under penalty that the Cardinal who presents it shall be excluded from that august assemblage, and shall lose his vote. It has even been stated that any Cardinal who shall present the veto of a temporal sovereign shall be excommunicated ipso facto, that is, by the fact itself. On this point, however, we cannot speak positively. It will be of interest to our readers to know why the Emperor of Austria sent his veto against the election of Cardinal Rampolla. It is stated on excellent authority that it was a mere matter of spleen. Some years ago Mgr. Agliardi was the Pope's nuncio at Vienna; but as he incurred the displeasure of the Emperor, the latter demanded his recall, a demand which Cardinal Rampolla refused to comply. We cannot imagine a more paltry reason for so grave an act as an interference with the freedom of election of the Head of the Universal Church. It is very justly held by the Pope and the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals, that whatever excuse the Catholic monarchs of Europe may have had for interfering with the Pope's election within the latter was a temporal sovereign protected by them in their claim when the Pope's dominions were wrested from him without a single one of these haughty rulers lifting a hand in his defence. From the beginning the veto power in papal elections was a usurpation, and no friend of religion will regret its passing away.

AN IMPORTANT CASE DECIDED.

The case of Mary Archer vs. the Order of the Sacred Heart, which was tried at the Assize Court in London about a year ago, has been decided by the Court of Appeal, to which Court it was sent by the defendants, in favor of the convent on every point, the plaintiff having to pay the costs. As this is a very important case, we hope to be able to give the judgment of the learned judges in a future issue. The case for the defendants was prepared by Mr. T. J. Murphy, barrister, a member of the well known legal firm of McKillop & Murphy. Mr. Murphy and the legal gentlemen associated with him deserve every credit for the painstaking and able manner in which they arranged the case for the defendants. We congratulate the ladies of the Sacred Heart on the result of this important suit.

COMBES OUT.

PERSECUTING PREMIER GIVES UP THE STRUGGLE IN THE FACE OF CERTAIN DEFEAT. Paris, January 18.—The Combes Ministry presented its resignation to President Loubet this morning, and the President accepted it, but asked the Ministers to carry on their functions until a new Cabinet is formed. M. Loubet conferred with the president of the Senate, M. Fallieres, and the President of the Chamber of Deputies, Paul Doumer, and then announced that he would also consult the leaders of the majority groups. This will postpone the selection of a new premier for several days it is thought. These conferences will determine who M. Loubet will invite to form a Ministry. M. Rouvier continues to be considered the most likely candidate for Premier, but his chances are less certain than at first, owing to the belief that a Rouvier Cabinet would not last long on account of the internal divisions of the Parliamentary groups. Other names prominently mentioned by men familiar with Parliamentary affairs are those of M. Brisson, M. Miller and M. Doumer.

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"Froude informs the Scottish youth that parents do not care for truth. The Reverend Canon Kingsley writes: 'History is a pack of lies. What excuse for judgments so casual? A brief refutation solves the mystery—Froude tells us Kingsley a divine. And Kingsley goes to Froude for his story.'

love of God in the soul, were detained in the place of purgation, would be admitted into heaven after they had sufficiently atoned for these sins.

In fact, to this day the Jews retain the practice of prayers for the dead, and on the anniversary of the death of their parents, Jewish children are always expected to visit the synagogue to offer up a solemn traditional prayer for their parents deceased. This prayer is held by them to have been handed down from time immemorial, and is known among the Jews as "The Kadish" or "the Holy." Concerning this prayer The Jewish Times said some time ago: "It is a singular prayer, and transmitted from generation to generation, from century to century, in the language of ancient Zion, forming an essential part of the daily religious service. Its origin is shrouded in mystery. . . . When father or mother dies, the remaining children, daily, morning and evening, are to recite it during the entire year of mourning, and at every returning anniversary of the day of death, or as it is called in the language of the Gasse, at every 'Jahrtzeit,' for a very peculiar power lies in it. . . . It stops directly before the throne of God, and entreats there for the eternal peace of the deceased for mercy and compassion. Surely, if there is a link strong and indissoluble to join heaven and earth together, it is this prayer. It unites the living, and forms a bridge into the mysterious dominion of death. . . . When thou diest, . . . there are left persons who know that thou hast died, who, wherever on earth, whether in the garments of poverty or in fashionable clothing of wealth, send after thee this prayer." We may use the same language with regard to the fervent prayers which Catholics also recite for the dead after their departure to another life. In 2 Machabees xii. we are told that the valiant leader of the Jews, Judas Maccabeus, ordered that prayers should be offered for those Jews who were slain in battle fighting in the cause of God, and twelve thousand drachmas of silver were sent to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection. For if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead. . . . It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins." The books of the Machabees are not found in the English Protestant Bible in general use, but they are admitted by Continental European Protestants as part of the Bible. But apart from their canonical value as part of Holy Writ, they must be regarded as an incontestable historical testimony to the Jewish practice of praying for the dead "that they may be loosed from their sins."

When Christ told His Jewish hearers that a certain sin should not be forgiven either in this world or in the world to come, He was aware of their practice, and as He took every occasion to correct the errors into which they had fallen, if this practice were "soul-destroying and deceiving," as asserted in the "Gospel Trumpet," He would not have approved of it by a favorable reference, such as His words certainly were, for He refers to their belief that some sins are forgiven in the world to come, without denouncing it as criminal or deceitful. His reference thereto is, therefore, a solid proof that some souls do suffer in the other life for sins which are not mortal, but which are washed away by suffering, and by the prayers of the faithful on earth.

It will be noted also that part of the Jewish usage concerns sacrifice. They offered sacrifice for the dead that their sins might be blotted out.

Catholics do the same, offering up the holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the living and the dead, just as Judas Maccabeus had sacrifice offered for the same purpose in the temple of Jerusalem.

Divine Truth remains always the same, and as prayers for the dead and sacrifices were useful to the dead under the ancient law, the same truth holds good at the present day.

There are, of course, other irrefragable proofs of the lawfulness of the Catholic practice of praying for the dead, but we cannot adduce them in the present article, which is written to elucidate the text which the Gospel Trumpet attempts to befog.

To offer prayers and Masses for the dead is an act of sublime charity.

With the Millennium referred to by the Gospel Trumpet we have nothing to do, though it is moot question among Protestant sects.

The following skit is from the lately-published letters of the Anglican Bishop Stubbs. "I have made a hymn on Froude and Kingsley:"

"Froude informs the Scottish youth that parents do not care for truth. The Reverend Canon Kingsley writes: 'History is a pack of lies. What excuse for judgments so casual? A brief refutation solves the mystery—Froude tells us Kingsley a divine. And Kingsley goes to Froude for his story.'

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BY SIGN

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BY SIGNS AND CEREMONIES.

SYMBOLISM AS PRACTISED IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

There are ceremonies of our religion which we constantly repeat without pausing to inquire the meaning of our action. We bless ourselves, take holy water, genuflect, assist at Mass until...

Coming to greet your Heavenly King, of course you are decked out in your most presentable apparel. You are wearing the best clothes you wear...

Being well-bred people of the world and used to the niceties of social requirements you are in time for service, and do not, therefore, disturb the worshippers with a tardy entry.

HOLY WATER AND THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

The holy water font confronts you in the vestibule of the church. You dip your finger in the water, signing yourself with the cross as you bring the sanctifying drops toward your person.

And we apply the water to make our head as though we were to make us worthy to appear before Him. As we use the water we make the sign of the cross, that is the gesture which...

With dignified measure we walk up the aisle—not with unseemly haste, nor gazing about with curious gaze, but, conscious of the sacredness of the place, we seek to conform our bearing to the hallowed surroundings.

REFLECTIONS.

Before the service begins we may perchance have a moment to wait. We sit facing the tabernacle of the Lord. Who may speak a message to our heart.

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SYMBOLISM OF ALTAR.

Or perhaps the altar catches your glance and you notice the strange formation which makes one think of those old fashioned tombstones. In fact, the altar has always been shaped after the fashion of tombs—though the upper part is intended to serve as a table.

you why the Church bathes the altar in brightness.

THE LIGHTS.

Lights have ever been thought to be a child of heaven as darkness is supposed to invest the realms of torments. In our minds light is inseparably associated with Godliness, with virtue and with meritorious conduct.

SIGNIFY FAITH AND HOPE AND CHARITY.

So the lights on our altar are symbols or signs of the belief, the trust, the charity which are centered in the Lord about Whom the candles encircle.

FLORAL ORNAMENTS.

We adorn the altar with flowers. Now every one knows the language of flowers, and by placing the beautiful offerings of earth in the presence of the Lord we intend each blossom to speak the word—love, gratitude, purity, heroism, sorrow of which we make them the symbol.

PAINTINGS IN THE CHURCH.

The church is God's house where His living friends may come, but where departed ones are not forgotten. For just as our homes retain remembrances of friends and relatives who have died in the form of portraits and photographs of the departed, so God's house gives place to the statues and pictures of the saints who are our relatives in real life.

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example. If we pray before the statue of the saint it is not to cold marble or painted wood we address our words, as some of our non-Catholic friends falsely imagine.

THE EMIGRATION AGENT AIDING IN THE DEPOPULATION OF IRELAND.

The executive of the Gaelic League in Ireland adopted, the other day, the following resolution:—

"It is not universally known," says the United Irishman, apropos of this resolution, "that the emigration agent in Ireland is paid by results, and that he is, therefore, in the position of a tout for the transatlantic steamers."

MIRACLES—TRUE AND FALSE.

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above the power of the visible universe.

In the third class of miracles are reckoned those which may indeed be performed even by man but not in the manner in which they are performed. The man recorded in the scripture who had been lying sick on his bed for thirty-eight years might, perhaps, have been cured by human means; but not in the manner in which our Lord bade him take up his bed and walk.

THE WORLD AT LARGE AND THE SACRIFICE OF THE HOLY MASS.

REV. CHARLES COPPENS, S. J., IN TRUE VOICE TELLS HOW CHRIST PRAYS FOR THE WORLD.

The world at large may forget the Sacrifice of the Holy Mass, but Christ does not forget the world. True He does not pray for the world in its vanities, its pursuit of earthly pleasures, its pomps and show, all that is meant by the term "world," as opposed to God; in this sense St. John writes in his first Epistle: "We know that we are of God, and the whole world is seated in wickedness."

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ascending upon all regions of the earth.

It was fit that the sacrifice of thanks should be a daily offering, arising from all portions of mankind up to the throne of the Divine Majesty. And such indeed is the Sacrifice of Holy Mass. The latest of the ancient Prophets had foretold it should be so. For St. Malachi proclaimed, four hundred years before it came to pass: "From the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is Sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation; for My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts."

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doubtful, for, though the efficacy of the Mass in itself infinite, yet its application to men depends on the free will of God, which is not revealed to us.

Finally, the general fruit of the Sacrifice benefits all the members of the Church for in it Christ offers Himself an oblation for the entire body of which He is the Head. Yet in a wider sense He prays and offers the Sacrifice for all the world; for He wills all to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth, and whatever He desires, He asks it from His Heavenly Father, through the merits of His Sacrifice.

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Flourfax Fables The Young Wife and the Honest Grocer.

A young wife decided to go to house-keeping and do her own marketing. "Now I want to save all the money I can," she told the grocer. "I am going to buy just as economically as I can, and I am going to do my own cooking and bake my own bread."

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. In business as a Savings Bank and Loan Company since 1854. HEAD OFFICE: 78 Church St., Toronto. BRANCH "A": 522 Queen St. W., Cor. Hackney. Assets \$3,000,000. Interest allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents upwards. Withdrawable by Cheques. Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. OPEN EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT 7 to 9 O'Clock. JAMES MASON, Managing Director.



Sacred Heart Review. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCCCXXXVI. As I have said, I propose from time to time bringing up arrears of the Rev. Isaac J. Lausing's book, "Romanism and the Republic."

Here we have the insinuation which personally recurs in the writings of this class of men, that it is disloyal in the Christians of any country to obey any ecclesiastical authority outside the bounds of that country.

Of course this principle is wholly inconsistent with Christianity. The Gospel is essentially national.

True, the provincial deliberations of the Church usually, and naturally, fall within national bounds.

Christianity, from the beginning, has accommodated itself to this principle, not as being bound to it, but as finding everything to say for it, and little or nothing against it.

As an urban life was much less pronounced in the West, the Church has never found it so easy as in the East to accommodate ecclesiastical to civil rank.

One thing is true: bishoprics, and indeed archbishoprics, are almost always kept within the bounds of the same nation.

Thus London was kept subordinate to the small town of Canterbury; Edinburgh to St. Andrews.

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republicanism, an establishment for equality of the churches, proscription of certain bodies for religious liberty, censorship of the press, for freedom of speech.

Yet to such a pitch of effrontery have they arrived, that they not only obtrude their disloyalty as the very type and model of pure Americanism, but they actually denounce, as "guilty at least of constructive treason," those who avail themselves of the franchise secured in the national Constitution by acting as members of an ecclesiastical church.

Here, we see, Treason is rigorously confined to two overt acts, the second of which is impossible without the existence of the first.

Lanning says that the Pope governs the Church "with absolute authority." We will consider next how far untrue this statement is, and here we have one of the lower and shallower sort of them, whose minds are so thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of religious malignity, that they could hardly so much as say that the Pope is the Head of the Roman Catholic Church without giving the saying a twist that would turn it into a falsehood.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION: CANDLEMAS DAY.

The joyful Christmas and New Year season may be said to last till January ends and one is loth to part with them even then, but time must run on and with its course come the anniversaries of those different mysteries that attended Our Lord's life.

Holy Simeon rejoiced to see the Divine Child and broke out in the fulness of his joy with the words, "Lord, dismiss now thy servant, for now mine eyes have beheld thy salvation which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people."

The right of the Catholic Church, and of every denomination, to observe or neglect national boundaries, at its absolute discretion, was, for the first time since the Reformation, emphatically and definitely established, politically, by the Fathers of our own Republic.

Let us avail ourselves of this greatest of privileges—and profit by the graces and blessings it will bring—blessings to mind, to see and know God better; blessings to the heart that we may have our hearts cast to God, to love and be loved in inseparable union.

Power does not exempt men from burden. The most unhappy beings the world has ever known have been the purple and sat upon the highest thrones.—Rev. H. E. Robbins.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Third Sunday After Epiphany.

THE INGRATITUDE OF CHILDREN. Brethren: owe no man anything.—Epiast of the Day.

We are all debtors, brethren, for we all have some accounts to settle up. There are debts we shall never be able to redeem, debts that are just, pressing, and lasting as long as we are in this life.

The fact of his having created us, of having brought us out of nothing, of having given us immortal souls imaged after Himself, would alone put us under the gravest obligations to Him; but what is that compared to the debt we owe God for having redeemed us at a nameless price, by nothing less than the Precious Blood of His own beloved Son; and, furthermore, that is all this in comparison with the debt we owe God for our sanctification, for the priceless gift of His Holy Spirit dwelling within us, breaking away the mist of error and ignorance that clouds our intellectual and aches from our vision the eternal truth; that gift that endows us with strength and fortitude, with the courage that comes from conviction, with the power that makes us triumph over every weakness, every untidy passion, every snare of our earthly life.

This debt, dear brethren, is in general obvious enough; but, while we recognize it, how often do we find in our experience that men neglect, and shamefully neglect, debts that are dependent on and derived from the debt they owe to Almighty God; men who neglect debts that are as grave and binding as those which are due to the God from whom they are derived!

Now, brethren, if there is any injustice in this world more flagrant than all others, more worthy of condemnation and detestation, more certain of the visitation of God, it is this: the neglect of our duty to our parents.

"Owe no man anything." Do we owe them nothing? Do we owe them much? Is there a time in our lives when that debt is not binding?

"Owe no man anything." Take heed of this warning also, all you who contract debts without the slightest hope of paying them; see to it that the clothes you wear, the food you eat, the pleasures you indulge in are paid for; see to it that they are not purchased by the labor and money that belong to others.

O brethren! let us be sparing in our debts; let us owe no man anything. The man without debts exalts himself in the eyes of his fellow men and secures for himself a good conscience.

THE CHURCH IN GREAT BRITAIN. The English Catholic Directory for 1905, which has just been issued by Messrs. Burns and Oates, shows the number of priests in Great Britain to be 3,794, as compared with 3,711 last year, the increase being chiefly amongst the regulars.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS. A. McTAGGART, M.D., C. M., 75 Yonge Street, Toronto.

FATHER KENNEDY'S FREE NERVE TONIC. Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Four get this medicine FREE!

Don't Pour Oil on the Fire.



IT'S JUST AS FOOLISH

to attempt to quench the fire of disease, to check its onward spread, by using a stimulant, a medicine, an opiate, tonic or treatment that depends for its effect upon an artificial stimulant, either from alcohol or other drugs, as it is foolish and foolhardy to pour coal oil upon a fire to shut out the flames.

Vitae-Ore, Nature's own remedy, offered on their duty to every reader of this paper, is not a compound, not a drug, not a stimulant. It is made up of an infusorial mass neither of vegetable nor animal origin, but of the finest of the mineral kingdom.

SENT ON 30 DAYS TRIAL BY MAIL, POST PAID. READ THIS SPECIAL OFFER: WE WILL SEND TO every sick and ailing person who writes as mentioned in THE CATHOLIC RECORD a full-sized One Dollar package of VITAE-ORE by mail, post paid, sufficient for one month's treatment.

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CURED OF RHEUMATISM AT THE AGE OF 80.

About two years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism in my shoulder, which caused me considerable pain in my neck and my arms were badly swollen from the ends of my fingers. The pain passed to my other shoulder.

A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN Had no Strength, Heart was Weak, Could not Rest.

For years I was troubled with a complete breakdown of the system. My strength left me entirely and I was as weak as a child, often feeling as though I had not strength to breathe.

Middle-Aged and Elderly People Should Use It. As an old age approaches the necessity for a tonic as Vitae-Ore becomes each year more and more manifest.

THEO. NOEL, Geologist, C. R. DEPARTMENT, Yonge Street, TORONTO, ONT.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY. HOME OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT. L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A. JOHN L. BLAQUIE, President. W B TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B. Secretary.

RHEUMATISM IN THE BACK. Sciacca, Lumbago and Pain in the Back can be cured by my New Treatment just discovered.

RUPTURE CAN BE CURED at home WITHOUT Pain, Danger, or Time From Work by the WONDERFUL DISCOVERY of an eminent Toronto Specialist.

The London Mutual Fire INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. ESTABLISHED 1859. HEAD OFFICE TORONTO, ONTARIO.

FATHER KENNEDY'S FREE NERVE TONIC. Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Four get this medicine FREE!

SOUR STOMACH, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN, AND ALL OTHER FORMS OF DYSPEPSIA. K.D.C. THE MIGHTY CURE.

Church Bells in China. McShane's. H. E. ST. GEORGE, London, Canada.

MEMORIAL. H. E. ST. GEORGE, London, Canada.



CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The secret of a happy life does not lie in the means and opportunities of indulging our weaknesses, but in knowing how to be content with what is reasonable, that time and strength may remain for the cultivation of our nobler nature.—Bishop Spalding.

The Kind of Heroism that is Needed. The conscientious performance of life's common duties in the sight of God, and resisting of every evil thought and desire, the meeting of petty troubles and adversities in a spirit of fortitude, the rigid adherence to principles of honesty and integrity, even when this course may entail personal sacrifice of wealth or friendship or social position—in short, faithfulness to truth and duty at any cost—is the kind of heroism that is needed in the world of today.

Redeeming Past Failures. You may say that you have failed too often, that there is no use in trying, that it is impossible for you to succeed, and that you have fallen too often even to attempt to get on your feet again. Nonsense! There is no failure for a man whose spirit is unconquered. No matter how late the hour, or how many and repented his failures, success is still possible. The evolution of Scrooge the miser, in the closing years of his life, from a hard, narrow, heartless money-grubber, whose soul was imprisoned in his shining heap of hoarded gold, to a generous, genial lover of his kind, is no mere myth in the history of our time and age, as chronicled in our newspapers, recorded in biographies, or exhibited before our eyes, we see men redeeming past failures, rising up out of the stupor of discouragement, and boldly turning face forward once more.—O. S. Marden in Success.

Change these words on your bedpost or tack them into your brain: I am going to be an optimist. From now on I am going to change my entire life and my entire style of thinking.

I will endeavor hereafter to be generous in my view toward others, broad-minded, large spirited and kind, thinking well of everybody, mean of nobody, and overlooking the little faults, believing that there are other qualities in the man that overwhelm the deficiency.

There is so much to be done in the world and so much good in the worst of us that it behooves each one of us to be charitable to the rest of us.

Be an optimist, and make every day a day of triumph.

The devotion of a man of science to his work is often heroic, and the calm pluck of the laboratory man in his investigations is thrilling, although so common as to be proverbial. The recent death of Dr. Traux, of Brooklyn, to which the Week's Progress calls attention, if nothing else, is a beautiful exhibition of self-possession.

Some years ago Dr. Terry, of Fall River, Mass., showed similar courage and supremacy of will. While he was fencing, a foil broke and pierced his mask and his eye. He pulled off the mask and ordered that a certain specialist be summoned.

He noted the progress of the treatment and its lack of result, and himself announced the failure of the remedies and his approaching death.

What is defeat? says Wendell Phillips. "Nothing but the first steps to something higher." Many a one has finally succeeded only because he has failed after repeated efforts.

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Satisfaction follows the surprise of every housewife who uses Surprise Soap. You wonder how it can make the clothes so white and clean, with so little rubbing? It is just SOAP—perfectly pure with peculiar qualities for washing clothes. Try it the next wash. Read the directions on the wrapper. Surprise is a pure, hard Soap.

The Lawson Tornado!

Out of the many millions invested in various Securities during the thirty-five years of its history, not one dollar has ever been invested by

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