

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, November 3, 1900.

CREED MAKING.

Presbyterians are hard at work creed-revising. They are cutting off the ragged edges of Calvinistic profession and will probably turn out an up-to-date document that will please the popular intelligence. Some of the divines must be experts in that line of business and we shall have them soon putting up a sign, bearing the legend: "Creeds made while you wait."

ANOTHER HUMBUNG.

Another "ex-priest," John Rannie, has been receiving attention from various newspapers, and incidentally from good people who look upon him as a brand from the burning. From all accounts he never saw the inside of a Catholic college, but has been a swindler and jail bird. But whatever he is he will find that the business is not so profitable as of yore. The expert lecture, which is generally a mass of festering putrescence, is rather too strong for the average Protestant.

MARK TWAIN'S HUMOR.

Mr. W. Alden scores nicely off the critics who find that Mark Twain's vein of humor is nearly worked out. The above phrase is on a par with "eloquent discourse" and "devouring elements" and others of like brand which are used by scribes who are too lazy, or too busy, or too incapable to do their work decently. As most of the stories appearing in his latest volume have been issued years since when Twain's humor and literary ability were beyond cavil it is difficult to see the reason of the criticism.

IRELAND AND THE PRINCESS.

There must be joy in Ireland, as we are sure, there is joy among the Irish readers of the Montreal Star, when the following bit of news is made known to them:

The Princess Patricia of Connaught has, it is whispered, made good use of her time while domiciled at the County Monaghan royal residence of Castle Blaney. The young Princess, it is said, is an admirable mimic, and since her return to England has caused much amusement to her grandmother, the Queen, by her capital imitation of the Irish brogue.

Why "whisper" this all-important news? Why not proclaim it from the house tops? Home Rule is nothing to this. Verily it must be part of the new plan of regenerating Ireland—"Killing it with kindness."

THE MONTH OF THE DEAD.

During the month of November the Church exhorts her children in a special manner to bethink themselves of the things of eternity. True, the month opens with a display of rubrical splendor—with the chanting of the glories of those who have passed under the eternal gates—but soon after the mournful strains of the Requiem and the sombre vestments of the priests fix our gaze upon a land of suffering and upon the hour also when we shall have played out our role. There is nothing more steady than the thought of death, which "is the most remarkable action of human life." It is the Master's day—"the day that judges all the others."

And whilst striving to prepare for it we must not forget that "We ought not so much to deplore the souls of the departed, as to accompany them with our prayers and to assist them not with lamentations, but with supplications and aims."

THE PHILIPPINES.

The report that Leo XIII. has expressed himself as well content with the policy of the United States in the Philippines has as much foundation as Mr. Hanna's assertion that there are no trusts. Just what is President McKinley's policy is rather a knotty question. He has the islands and he does not seem to know what to do with them. With the exception of looting churches and initiating the natives into the mysteries of the uplifting influences of the "cocktail," his soldiers have done little more than "to inspire a feeling of horror and loathful contempt in the affluent and educated classes who guide Philippine public opinion." If this be a policy, it is, to quote Carl Schurz, "against the principles, the ideals, the beliefs and the conservative influences which hold this Democracy together, a war against ourselves as a free people."

ANGLICAN IMITATIONS.

With pity—possibly wholly undeserved—for the blindness manifested, one is inclined to "sardonically smile," as Micawber would say, when reading the following in the report of the "Jubilee" of Bishop Bond of Montreal:

At 9 in the morning, a choral celebration of the Holy Communion took place, at which the Lord Bishop of Montreal was the celebrant, the Bishop of Algoma, epistoller; and the Bishop of Huron, gospeller.

With a passing reference to the "barbarisms" epistoller and gospeller, we may call attention to the "aping" at Catholic ceremonial, as shown by the foregoing extract. After a while the Church of England will very likely adopt, wholly, the Catholic titles aimed at here—the celebrant, deacon and sub-deacon of the High Mass.

Again we read: "The number of communicants at this service was exceptionally large, upwards of between four hundred and five hundred partaking of the consecrated elements."

Here again the language of the report is something extraordinary. "Upwards of between four hundred and five hundred" is certainly unique, as classic English. And "consecrated elements" is interesting—the shadow of things without the substance.

THE OUTLOOK IN FRANCE.

For the benefit of those who believe that France is totally irreligious Richard Davey has an article in the Fortnightly Review which goes a long way to prove that it is a good thing not to "know so many things that ain't so." Some of us glean our information about other peoples from very questionable authorities. Many good people imagine that continental cities are cesspools of iniquity because a clerical tourist happened upon a merry-making or saw something that consorted not with his funeral view of the Sabbath. A devourer of poetic literature—which, by the way, finds more purchasers in other countries than in France—may have an idea that all Frenchmen are hopelessly rotten, just as the productions of the bigoted Kingsley may incline one to believe that all Spaniards are lustful and revengeful. Mr. Davey tells us that of the two countries France and England, France is probably the most practically religious. As proof of the religious spirit of the people he cites the fact that two thirds of the Catholic missions in foreign parts are supported out of French money:

"Then, again, we have the fact, published officially this year, that the number of scholars attending schools under the direction of ecclesiastics exceeds by one fifth that of the attendance at the national colleges where the God of the Christians is relegated to mythology."

A WISE DECISION.

At the convention of the Supreme Council of the C. M. B. A. at Buffalo it was decided not to have grips and passwords. We think this will meet with the approval of the admirers of this valuable organization. Some, we know, will regret the action of the council, but they are few compared with the many who object to having the splendid constitution of the C. M. B. A. disfigured by childish tomfoolery. The source of its vitality springs only from the fidelity of the members to its principles. The Orangemen, we believe, have grips, and delight in processions in which abedded citizens carry barbaric devices; but that, surely, is no reason why we should increase the population of idiots. We must bear in mind also that their influence and strength comes from their unity and spirit of fraternity. Whatever else they are they have been eyes for the interests of one another.

They patronize their professional and business men and extend a helping hand to the brother who hails from the rural district. For their poor and distressed they have open handed charity and sympathy, and we know of more than one action of the followers of King William that received our heartiest approbation. Who also does not know Catholics who have been helped into prosperity by their Protestant brethren? We do not say that Catholics should be patronized exclusively by their friends, but we do claim for them something better than the meagre support that is too often given them.

We hear eloquent dissertations on

our unity, but we confess our inability to see it. It may exist, but so far it has not come under our observation. It may seem we are in pessimistic mood, but our knowledge of our condition warrants us in saying that unity is oftentimes made impossible by cliques, jealousy and personal ambition. We admit that the C. M. B. A. has done much towards strengthening our lines, and we express the hope that its beneficent work will receive the encouragement of all who have Catholic interests at heart.

A NOTABLE PRONOUNCEMENT.

The Irish Bishops assembled lately at Maynooth have issued a remarkable synodal pastoral dealing with the questions of land-reform, education and other matters affecting the interests of Ireland: They say:

"Everywhere two systems of education resting on principles fundamentally opposed to one another, have sprung up side by side. It is their highest conception of education. This, in its final analysis, is secularism: over it and against it stands the position of the Church of Christ. All education is holy: man's destiny is supernatural and imperative in the duties which it imposes on him: rich and abundant in the aids to their fulfillment: and He has made the knowledge and belief of these things the first principle of spiritual life in man."

Noting their success in the matter of primary and secondary education, and that in the face of bitter antagonism, they refer to it as a fact that has given to their grievance on the question of university education a fresh urgency and importance. They go on to say that there is not a politician of the first rank

"who does not consider it narrow bigotry and unwisdom to lower the whole educational status of a country because its people will not renounce in education the abiding principles of their religious belief."

We know that opposition to a Catholic University emanates from those who hate all things Catholic and who would dearly love to see the Penal laws in operation against Irishmen. What a contemptible lot they are—"that limited body of Irish and English Protestants." But the Irish Bishops tell them that things cannot remain as they are.

"The days are gone by when any one section of the community, and least of all the wealthiest, can be allowed to monopolize the education of the nation at large, and it may be found that the vexatious delay which has occurred in settling this grave question has only led to a more thoroughgoing and satisfactory solution than we had ever ventured to ask."

"If we may not have a university for ourselves, then let us have equality between us and the other religious bodies in another way: let one national university preside over all our higher studies, and administer a common fund, and let each college or institution receive a share of it according to the extent and quality of its work."

Nothing can be fairer than this. And yet we venture to say that the bigots will not entertain it and persist in having the Queen's and Trinity colleges, which recognize no God and welcome everything that can endanger faith and morals.

Regarding the plague of immoral literature the pastoral says that:

"Even women, Catholic women will sit down hour by hour over a book which no earthly consideration would induce them to read aloud in the presence of any one man or woman for whom they had a particle of respect. Surely such reading must fill the mind with images of evil that in the end will corrupt their very souls."

The desecration of Sunday by horse-racing is denounced as scandalous in the last degree and an outrage on religious decency.

The tone of the pastoral is conciliatory, and yet it cannot fail to impress British statesmen that in the matter of University education the Bishops are very much in earnest. The fair play that we are told is so characteristically Anglo-Saxon has now the chance of the century. Whether it will rise to it, or be over-riden by those to whom animosity to the Church is as a sacred doctrine, remains to be seen.

THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

Since we know and know by faith how great the torments of these just souls in purgatory are, should we not be moved to compassion for them? We cannot endure to see a living creature tormented, and can we be so insensible to the sufferings of these friends of God as to regard them with indifference, so unfeeling as to refuse to mitigate them? When our Lord saw the sick man at Bethsaida, who suffered for thirty-eight years because he had no one to place him into the water, His heart was moved to pity, and He passed by the

other sick and helped this one, who was unable to help himself. The condition of the souls in purgatory is similar. Will the example of our Divine Lord not impel us to help them?—Catholic Sun.

CATHOLIC HEROES INTRODUCED TO PROTESTANTS.

Boston Pilot.

It is believed by the devout and earnest, who watch the signs of the times with eyes alert for God's interests, that in the Twentieth Century the long-desired Reunion of Christendom and the conversion of the heathen lands to Christ will be accomplished.

The direct missionary work of the Church to both these ends is visible, and was never better aimed nor more vigorous.

But there is another movement, indirect but of immense value towards religious reunion and the conquest of the world for Christ.

The Ritualistic development among the Anglicans in England and the Protestant Episcopalians in America is a part of it.

So is the general study of Christian art and music and the spreading through schools and homes and Protestant churches of the pictures and hymns that the Catholic Faith has inspired.

There is still another feature. Through such movements as the Chautauquan of Methodists, the minds of the young have been broadened by the study of the history of lands of other speech and habits of thought than ours, and even more by research into the early history of our own.

The bronze doors on the American Capitol have had to confess the Cross, and so must the old records not merely of the discovery of the American Continent, but of that part of it over which the Star Spangled Banner floats.

A distinctly non-Catholic publishing house has given to the world, in an accurate and excellent English translation, the famous Jesuit "Relations," and one of the translators and editors was Mary Sifton Pepper, daughter of the well-known Methodist clergyman and Irish patriot, the late Rev. George W. Pepper.

In the Chautauquan for October, Miss Pepper begins what promises to be most fascinating series of sketches, "Maid and Matrons of New France."

Her researches have evidently given her that respect which comes of deepened knowledge for the faith which was the chief inspiration of these heroic women.

She says in her introduction: "The nineteen pioneer women who disembarked on the shores of Massachusetts in 1620 have been celebrated ever since in romance and poetry. Twelve years earlier a banner bearing the lilies of France was planted on the headlands of Quebec. The colony, thus inaugurated, was augmented from time to time by the emigration of small groups of women from the mother country. These few heroic souls, the pioneer women of Canada, played as important a part in its growth, and are as worthy of eternal remembrance as their Anglo-Saxon sisters of New England. Yet, with few exceptions, they have waited in vain for a poet to tell in immortal verse their heroic deeds, or a historian to perpetuate their fame."

"Many of these pioneer women, of whom Jeanne Mance was the central figure, would even now-a-days be looked upon as 'emancipated' and 'advanced.' Yet it was nearly three centuries ago that Judith de Bresles renounced the luxury of a wealthy and aristocratic home and devoted seven years to the study of chemistry and medicine, that she might exercise this profession among the savages of the New World; that Marguerite de Riberval, descendant of a long line of French cavaliers and noble dames, wandered alone through the haunted wastes of Demon's Isle, and kept at bay the wild beasts of the wilderness with her old French harquebuss; that Marie Guyard with her few brave assistants, delicately nurtured and high-born women of France, made of themselves, in turn, mechanics, architects and farmers in their adopted land; that these dainty nurses, the hospitalières of Quebec, dyed their cherished white garments an ugly brown, that they might follow their profession and uncleanliness of the squalid wigwams."

"Who now will hesitate to cross over the seas," exclaims a poor missionary at sight of these courageous gentlewomen, "since delicate young women, naturally timid, set at naught the vast expanse of ocean? They who are afraid of a few flakes of snow in France, are ready to face whole acres of it here!"

"The coming of these women to the New World was in great part due to the urgent cries for women's help sent over the sea by these early missionaries, who put forth many inducements for their emigration."

Jeanne Mance, as readers of The Pilot know, was the foundress of the Hospital Nuns of St. Joseph, and Marie Guyard (Mocher Mary of the Immaculation) was the pioneer Ursuline Nun in America.

Miss Pepper divides her heroines into three groups: those of Acadia, Quebec, and Montreal.

We cannot resist quoting one of these suggestive biograms, that of the

Marchioness de Guercheville. FIRST PATRONESS OF AMERICAN MISSIONARIES.

Sixty-five years after Marguerite's (Marguerite de Roberval) return to France, another high born French woman comes into prominence in the colonization projects of the mother country. The Marchioness de Guercheville, lady in waiting to Queen Marie de Medici, had been one of the belles in the court of King Henry the Great. But now her youth was passed, her beauty gone, and nothing remained but her indomitable will and intense piety. She was a hater of the Huguenots and a staunch friend of the Jesuits. Through their influence she had constituted herself the patroness of American missions, and no less an ambition filled her breast than the conquest of the whole American Continent for the Propagation of the Catholic Faith.

The owners of the ship which was to transport thither the two Jesuit priests selected by the King for this mission were not so enthusiastic. They were stern Huguenots, and declared they would have nothing to do with the transportation of these Jesuits, unless it were to carry the whole Order across the sea. Thereupon the energetic marchioness, encouraged and aided by the Queen, took up a collection among the noblemen of the court and bought the ship with all its equipments from the rebellious merchants. The missionaries were sent to New France, not as passengers, but as masters of the ship. "What a woman will, God will," the French say. And so it seemed in this case, for through the adroit management of the clever woman the first French missionaries disembarked on the shores of Canada. A cross was erected and the arms of the Marchioness de Guercheville were blazoned thereon, in token that they took possession of the country in her name.

These missionaries took up their residence at Port Royal, in Acadia, in the year 1611. This colony had been established by two French noblemen, the Sieurs de Monts and de Poutrincourt, and was now in charge of the latter's son, Charles de Bencourt, who, secretly a Huguenot, put all the obstacles he could in the way of the "black gowes," as he called them. Two years had hardly elapsed after their arrival before they were longing for the coming of the ship which was to take them to new fields. The relief expedition came at last, fitted out also by Mme. de Guercheville, and a new and independent colony was founded by her at St. Saviour on Mt. Desert Island. This was soon destroyed by the English under Captain Argall, known in virginian annals as the abductor of Pocahontas. The two missionaries were forced to guide the English captors back to Port Royal, that this French settlement also might be destroyed. Thus began between these two European nations that struggle for supremacy which ended one and a half centuries later in the fall of Quebec.

Our way now lies with Charles de Bencourt and his ruined colony, rather than with Mme. de Guercheville's discomfited missionaries, although it may not be out of place to add that they finally reached their native land in safety, one never again to leave it; the other to begin a new chapter of missionary labor at Quebec twelve years later. The incensed marchioness was amply indemnified by the English Government for the ruin of her colony.

In the same issue of the Chautauquan we find a study of "The Inner Life of Fenelon," remarkably fair and sympathetic, from the pen of the Rev. Chas. M. Stuart, D. D., professor in the Garrett Biblical Institute.

He says: "There is no explanation of Fenelon's character apart from his religion. True, he was naturally modest, amiable, refined and high minded, but others have been similarly endowed who never achieved that special elevation of character we call saintliness, and which was Fenelon's distinguishing characteristic. It is sometimes charged against Fenelon that his idea of religion was effeminate, mystical and impracticable. But Fenelon's own character is the unanswerable demonstration of its consistency with exceptional manliness, sagacity and successful achievement."

In ways like the above, barriers are being buried away, and paths blazed through forest of inherited prejudice for the passage of Catholic truth.

THE CRUEL REFORMATION.

Sir—You recently published extracts from the English Protestant economic writer, Thorold Rogers—"Work and Wage," in the October Century, p. 969.

Sir Walter Besant, writing about the poor masses in East London, illustrates what Mr. Rogers speaks of as our modern return in part to Catholic charity, by social holidays, and by attempts at least at social solidarity. For three hundred years after the Reformation—that triumph of the few over the many, of the rich over the poor—legislation touched by Protestantism had been, he said, an organized system of enslaving the masses. And so Besant gives this illustration: "In the sixteenth century . . . there was no Saturday afternoon holidays. All through the pre-Reformation times there had been a Saturday half-holiday, because Saturday was reckoned as the eve of a holy day. 'Saint's Day,' he writes; and each Saint's Day also, indeed, gave the workers a half holiday and a whole one."

The Reformation swept away this grateful respite from work."

When will all lovers of men refrain, for very shame, from praising that day of cruel spoiling of the poor man's holiday? W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

WORK OF THE ANGELS ON EARTH.

A correspondent asks us to give him some idea of what the angels do on earth. In reply we would say that the angels help us to attain our true end, that is, eternal happiness in Heaven. They desire to have Christ's soul-saving wishes carried out in our regard, they minister to our wants. "For," says St. Paul, "are not all the angels ministering spirits, sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation?" The angels prompt apostolic men to go and preach the Gospel with a spirit of devouring zeal, to call sinners to repentance, to go in search of "the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and to bring him home," to extend the Samaritan's healing hand to drunkards and to all those who have fallen among "robbers," and are "stripped," and "wounded," and "half dead."

The angels accompany the ministers of the Gospel. We read in the life of St. Martial that twelve angels visibly assisted him in his apostolic functions; we read, also, that St. Dominick was accompanied by angels who used to bring a light to his room, open the door for him, and conduct him to the church, where, in the presence of the Adorable Sacrament of the altar, he remained as a bee upon the flower, whereby he converted hardened sinners and won countless souls for the kingdom of Heaven. Oh, with what joy did the angels announce Jesus' plan for man's redemption, His Incarnation and birth, and death, and resurrection! Oh, how there is "Joy in Heaven before the angels over one sinner that does penance, more than over ninety-nine just that need not penance?" Oh, how the angels rejoice with the father of the "prodigal," as he welcomes home his "child that was lost," and puts upon his finger the ring of unending love! The angels help us in our warfare with the enemies of our salvation. Our life is a perpetual warfare with Satan and his wicked angels. These enemies have sworn, one and all, to unfit us for Heaven; they are, therefore, much to be dreaded, and, moreover, they are countless in their numbers, mighty in their strength, cruel in their fury, terrible in their cunning, matchless in their skill, indefatigable in their pursuit, and specially dangerous, because they are invisible and penetrate everywhere. God, seeing our inability to contend with such a mighty overwhelming force, and wishing earnestly to bring us to Heaven, has mercifully supplied us with the necessary additional help, by giving us the angels for our allies; and thus the forces on our side far surpass the forces against us both in number and skill and valor and power. The angels are ever with us though we do not see them, and we should frequently ask them to intercede for us with Him whose messengers they are.—American Herald.

NOVEMBER.

We love the month of November, the days which the Church has set apart to be kept in the memory of the dead.

We try to remember our dead every day; we all have some special prayers which we offer for our dear departed; but during November we try to do more than ever.

How grand is the very beginning of the month, the feast of All Saints. The Introit for the feast is: "Let us all rejoice in the Lord and celebrate this festival in honor of all the saints, on whose solemnity the angels rejoice and praise the Son of God."

The Collect, said at thousands of Masses, and all over the world, on the first day of November is: "Almighty and eternal God, by whose favor we honor on one solemnity the merits of all thy Saints—grant we may obtain a plentiful blessing of Thy so much desired mercy, since we have so many petitioners in our behalf."—Sunday Companion.

THE CONVERSION OF NON-CATHOLICS.

"It is sometimes prudent to argue side questions with a non-Catholic before considering the main difficulty," says the Missionary, "for a man who is in error can hardly be expected to be logical. If he can be induced to consider the main question, which is the claim of the Church to teach infallibly, well and good; let the battle rage about the details. But let the battle rage anyhow and anywhere rather than withdraw wholly from the conflict. To adopt a different figure; when a man falls overboard you throw him a life-preserver, for although that alone will not save him, it will nevertheless keep him afloat till a boat can be lowered. So it is with one struggling amid delusions and prejudices. Any good word of truth that he knows comes from the Holy Church, if he can only be induced to grasp it firmly, will turn his eyes and his heart hopefully towards the only refuge of the soul whence his help has come. Meantime and one by one, all questions may in turn be considered."

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

With strange similarity, both wives gave birth at the same time, each to a daughter, and Henry deferred the christening of his child until he should learn the name of his brother's babe.

Then he hastened to have his offspring also baptized Edna.

Thus there were two Edna Edgars not three miles apart; but, while one had elegant attendance and the most lavish parental love, the other had little better than abject poverty—Henry's allowance being hardly sufficient to support his dispirited, and love, deep enough from the young, illiterate mother, but little more than indifference on the part of the dissipated father.

The wealthy Mrs. Edgar died when her babe was a week old; and before another week had elapsed, her child was stolen from the mansion and from the very arms of its mother. The latter was found in the morning insensible from the administration of some drug; and when consciousness was restored, she was so stunned by fright as to be able to tell only an incoherent story about the gypsy entrance into the nursery, late the preceding night, of a man who looked like a gypsy, and of his violent application of something to her face, while she was nursing her little charge.

Suspicion settled immediately upon the gypsies who had an encampment in the vicinity, and a thorough search was made, but without success. Singularly enough, Edward Edgar never suspected his brother about the deed; and, disarmed, and sympathized with the anguish of the bereaved father, not a syllable connected Henry Edgar's name with the cruel and daring action; not until he himself sent word to his brother that the missing infant was in his house.

Edward Edgar hurried to the poor abode, there to be confronted with two infants so exactly alike that he could not distinguish his own, and to be told by Henry that it was he who had stolen the child, and that he knew the babes apart, having put a hidden mark on the one he had stolen; but that he would see his brother eternally condemned before he would tell him which was his own, or by what means he had been enabled to put upon the child letters—letters that he alone could reproduce. He further said that the letters were the initials of her own name, E. E., but he refused to say upon what part of the infant he had marked them.

Not even the threat of a prosecution for his crime could move him. He was just as ready to go to prison as to go anywhere else, he said defiantly, and Edward Edgar shrunk from the shocking publicity that must be entailed by a criminal prosecution of his own and only brother. His brother's wife, compelled to abject subjugation by her husband, was quite as non-committal, and she was so well instructed by her husband that she would fail to detect in her a sign that might betray her knowledge; she hung over both infants alike, and never pressed on to her heart that she did not lavish on the other the same care.

These seemed to be but one way out of the agonizing dilemma, and that was suggested by faithful Meg Standish—for Mr. Edgar to take both the babes, and as they grew, something might be developed which would enable him to tell his own.

He determined to follow the advice, and Henry consented to yield the two children, provided that he should receive in return a liberal amount of money. Mr. Edgar acceded to the demand, but he stipulated for legal possession of the infants, in order that the future might be secured from any claim of Henry Edgar or his wife.

To that demand, after some deliberation which was not without its important consequences of the abjectly obedient wife, Henry Edgar also consented, and the necessary legal forms being complied with, the two babes were transferred to Mr. Edgar's grand home.

Both Mr. Edgar and Meg Standish watched closely the parting of the young mother with the children, feeling that at such a time some instinct of maternity must betray itself. But her husband never left her side. Her husband, however, determined not to show a motion other than he had commanded. She hugged and cried over both little ones equally, but that was all; and the very next week her husband, Mr. Edgar, accompanied to the depot by her own mistress as usual, established beyond a doubt the identity of Mr. Edgar's child. In the course of the year, when the little ones gradually began to develop physical differences by which they could be distinguished, as well as differences in their infantile dispositions, faithful Meg fancied she had quite discovered which was the child of her master, and her warm heart went out to the little one they called "Edie"; and she thought that the other babe, who was called Edna, was his. His father also inclined to that fancy, but as, since the death of his daughter-in-law, to whom he was much attached, he seemed to be somewhat imbecile, Meg paid little attention to his preference.

Strange and miserable were the feelings that warred in young Edward Edgar's breast. Almost convinced that Edna was his child, and at the same time fearful that, after the lapse of years, he might find that he had been lavishing his affection on the offspring of a low woman of doubtful reputation, he came at length to permit himself no attachment to either.

When the children were two years old, some property in America was bequeathed to Mr. Edward Edgar. The bequest, however, required his presence on the spot, and as his father was fast sinking, he waited until his death to make the journey, determining to place the children, before he went, under suitable and separate care. He desired to separate them because he would not have his child the companion of his brother's wife.

"And where will you send them?" asked Meg, her heart in her mouth lest the child she loved should be sent from her care.

"To institutions probably, if I can find any that will take the charge of such young children."

The woman's honest face was aglow. "You may do what you like with Edna, for there's some about her that I can take to, and that tells me she is none of yourn, Mr. Edgard. But Edie you'll own up to, for she has her mother's complexion that you don't see them. Let me keep her, Mr. Edgard, and I'll take her with me to America, to me sister that's been writin' for me this month. She has a farm there, some-thing, and a bit of money saved besides, and I'm not without me own savings. So Edie'll be taken good care on, and she'll have the love that they wouldn't give her an institution."

The gentleman yielded, and on the evening of the same day old Mr. Edgard died. His will, made at the time that he discarded his younger son, and never subsequently altered, gave everything to the gentleman immediately after the death of his father, and the very child he deemed to be his own child in a sort of nursery in the suburbs of London, and allowed the other to accompany Meg. Then he went to America, to Barrytown, where was situated the property that had been bequeathed him.

There seemed to be something in his new life that pleased and in a measure satisfied him, for he continued to make a few more improvements on the place, his home in Barrytown. As if in project of his father's intentions, he had had a sort of nursery in the suburbs of London, and allowed the other to accompany Meg. Then he went to America, to Barrytown, where was situated the property that had been bequeathed him.

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of those before her overwhelmed her for a moment. Then, not daring to pick any, she flung herself on her knees beside one of the beds, and took long inhalations of the fragrance.

"You don't love things," she said, "how God must love you when He makes you so pretty!" It was her first and usual thought; pretty things were God's favorites, and she continued to apostrophize them in her rapt state, until she was startled by a deep voice saying behind her:

"Wouldn't you like to pick some of the flowers?"

It was Mr. Edgard, big and dark as he was yesterday, and very much out of "Ned's" good opinion because of his unwarrantable interference with her name. But Meg had talked to her a long time about the matter, and she seemed to feel for the gentleman, that the child with her usual impulsiveness had promised to ask his pardon the moment she saw him; and with much trepidation of heart she had waited for the moment when he would have returned, and she had not seen him. Now, hard as it was, it seemed to be her bounden duty to keep her promise to Meg, and without waiting to let her courage weaken, she rose, shook back her hair, and said a little tremulously:

"Meg said I was naughty to you yesterday, and that I ought to ask your pardon. Please forgive me."

She held out her little brown hand, and looked up into his face with a charming blend of confidence and candor in her own countenance.

He was touched in spite of himself, and for an instant he fancied there was something in her expression which resembled the child in the next moment he imagined that he detected in her features the closest resemblance to those of his hated brother, and he said half-coldly:

"I forgive you; and now you had better pick your flowers, and go back to your breakfast; they will want you for breakfast."

He turned away, and the child, delightedly availing herself of the permission, seemed to forget all about him.

Directly after her return home, Mr. Edgard, who was drawing close to her nephew in his eagerness to hear.

"To take the child away from us altogether, for it will come to that in the end. It's fear that 'Ned' after all may be his own that is troubling him, but now he will do it all, and in a little while she will be far removed from us."

"He's the best right to her, he's her father," put in Meg.

"Yes; but he doubts it," answered the young man in a scarcely audible voice, and he'll always doubt it, and perhaps let his doubts cloud her life in one way or another. But we gave her the love without stint or hindrance, and we would always give it.

"Well, lad, don't take it so hard," in moments of deep feeling, Meg resumed the dialect of her childhood which she had lost somewhat in her long residence among the gentry. It felt so hard after the gentry, and she thought to herself that she'd go to see her, and Mr. Edgard'll let her spend her holidays with us."

But though the youth did not again complain, he took small comfort from his aunt's words.

Meg had many housewifely preparations to make for the little stranger, and many replies to give to Ned's questions concerning her, when she was informed that a little girl of her own age and her own name was coming from England to visit her; both Meg and Dyke, knowing her passionate attachment to them, were afraid to tell her at first that she was to go away to school with the little girl. So Ned had the brightest anticipations of the visit, and continued the days, and went frequently to her beloved trees, and repeated to them all the news.

Meg says she's a nice little girl, just as old as I am, and it's so funny, with just my name, only you don't call her Ned; Meg says when we were babies that she took care of us, and that we both lived in an awful big, grand house; bigger and grander than the one down in Barrytown that I told you about; and this little girl's papa is all about; and she'll be so nice to me; but he is not coming with her himself, he's sending her out with people that's coming—people that he knows; and when she comes, I'll bring her out here, and show her to all of you, dear-mammas, and pines, and cedars.

VII.

Edna arrived on her mountain visit. It was the afternoon of a lovely October

day, when the sun's rays fell gently on the side of the mountains, making deep shadows above and below them, and lighting up with exquisite brilliancy the half turned leaves of the adjacent woods.

The little stone house had a more picturesque look in this mellow sunlight, and the inmates of the farm-yard seemed to betray some curiosity as a covered, two-wheeled wagon drawn by a sleeking, well-fed team drew up in front of them, and the driver descended to assist the occupants to alight. At the same time Dyke, and Meg, and Ned appeared from the house, and in a little while the three travellers were made heartily welcome. As age has the preference, we shall say a word first of the worthy couple to whose care the little English girl was intrusted.

They were a well-to-do, honest, and not unambitious man and wife who had been born and reared on Mr. Edgard's English estate; their only child, a son, had emigrated to America some years before, and having married and settled in Albany, had frequently written for his assistance to join him. That fact became known to Mr. Edgard, and as his restlessness was urging him to an immediate course of travel in the East, he availed himself of the opportunity to advise the couple to gratify their wish in order the same time to bring the little girl to Meg; and as a handsome sum of money accompanied his counsel, their consent was soon won.

To Meg their arrival was like that of her own relation, for she knew them well, and only regretted that she could not induce them to stay with her a month. They insisted upon leaving the very next morning.

Such was the good-hearted simple couple in whose trusty charge the little lady was placed, and now we shall give her a due share of attention. Of course, she did not remember Meg, and she hardly returned that good son's hearty caresses, which coldness the latter attributed to nature; but she was not to be expected that she should remember Ned, or that the latter should remember her, and when Meg in the exuberance of her own loving heart bade them run into each other, she stood perfectly still, and she obeyed the request and kissed the little stranger warmly.

"Let me look at you," said Meg, when they were all in the house, and the plainly but expensively dressed little girl had removed her bonnet and fastened it. She was the same height and build as Ned, with the same color hair, and dark expressive eyes; but the expression of her face differed; it lacked the sunny candor which fascinated one in Ned's countenance, and while she had the force and fire of her father's eyes, she had the softness of her mother's.

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

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

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

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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

Its matter and form are both good, and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you, and wishing you success, Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, + D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

London, Saturday, November 3, 1900.

HON. J. C. PATTERSON.

Col. McMillan, who had been the Reform M. P. for Centre Winnipeg, has been appointed Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba, in succession to Hon. J. C. Patterson, whose term of office has just expired.

Mr. Patterson is as popular in the Prairie Province as he was in Ontario, and, before quitting office, received from Sir Wilfrid Laurier an autograph letter, thanking him for the assistance he had rendered the local Government by his ability and good advice.

A RARE MANUSCRIPT.

According to a recent issue of the Westminster Gazette, the Paris National Library has lately obtained a magnificent Greek manuscript of part of St. Matthew's Gospel written in gold uncial letters on purple parchment.

There are forty-three large quarto leaves, and the manuscript contains about one third of the Gospel. It is said to be the earliest manuscript extant in gold letters, though there are some of very early date in letters of silver, among which are the book of Genesis at Vienna, and the Gospels at Rossano, Italy. Several leaves of this golden manuscript are decorated with pictures representing gospel scenes, among which are Herodias and St. John the Baptist, the parable of the multiplication of the loaves, the blind man of Jericho, and the barren fig-tree.

Greek uncial writing is mostly in capital letters, though some modified small letters are also used in this style of writing. Uncial writing belongs to an early period, having been in use in the first century of the Christian era. It was used down to the seventh century, and the discovery will undoubtedly be of great use in biblical investigations.

THE EMPEROR'S MOUSTACHE.

Quite a sensation, amounting to absolute consternation, has been excited in court circles, and among the officers of the army in Germany owing to the fact that the Kaiser has changed his style of moustache. It is no longer brushed up at the ends as heretofore, and as the thousands of officers in the army are bound by custom to follow the style of the Emperor, a complete revolution will be effected by the change. Moreover, there is a special clamp or bandage manufactured to be fixed on the face near the ends of the moustache to give the curve made necessary by the Kaiser's style, and these clamps were for sale everywhere. So seriously is the matter taken that a formal petition has been handed in to the Imperial Chamberlain asking that the change be not persisted in, as there are hundreds of thousands of marks invested in the manufacture and advertising of the Imperial clamps, all of which capital will be lost, and many persons thrown out of employment, if the change be adhered to. Matters are made all the worse by the fact that the alteration took place without any previous notice being given.

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

The highly interesting fact is announced that when the grand new Catholic Cathedral at Westminster will be opened, which in the near future, Cardinal Vaughan will use the chasuble of St. Thomas a Becket, which will be lent by the Archbishop of Sens

for the occasion, the chasuble being one of the treasures of the Cathedral of Sens. Cardinal Vaughan has already the ring and crozier of St. Thomas, so that he will be entirely vested in the pontificals of the martyred Archbishop, his predecessor in the Primacy of England.

St. Thomas a Becket was murdered at the altar of his Cathedral at Canterbury during the singing of Vespers, by four courtiers who were instigated by King Henry II., who afterwards did penance for the crime. This murder occurred on the 29th of December, 1170, on the anniversary of which date the feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury is kept.

DEAN KILROY.

We have much pleasure in announcing that His Lordship Bishop McEvay, on Sunday last, in the course of a very interesting lecture on the Holy Land, in St. Joseph's church, Stratford, informed his audience that he had appointed their beloved pastor, Rev. Dr. Kilroy, Dean of Stratford. Needless to say, this pleasing announcement was received by the good people of Stratford with the utmost satisfaction—and in their earnest prayers and good wishes for health and happiness for the worthy Dean they will be joined by his very many friends throughout the land.

The publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD also offers heartfelt congratulations, and trusts many more years of usefulness in the holy ministry will be vouchsafed the Dean of Stratford.

GLADSTONE.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in a recent article on Mr. Gladstone, says that the model marriage of the present generation was unquestionably that of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Gladstone. He quotes Dean Wickham's remarks on Gladstone in good words: "His (Mr. Gladstone's) life was one of the strictest order and method. So far as the energies of public life allowed, every five minutes was apportioned." As an instance of the value which he placed on time an incident is mentioned that he had selected one in particular of the several entrances to the House of Commons. When asked his reason for this he answered that he thereby saved 75 seconds of time! With Mrs. Gladstone impulse took the place of method. She detested red tape in every one but her husband, and of his health she took the greatest care, giving him all the comfort of home with none of its worries. She was very sensitive too, and sympathetic with the distresses of others, but in all cases she ever remembered to provide for the home conveniences of her beloved husband, so that in his press of business no obstacle should be thrown in the way of the fulfilment of his multifarious duties.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

Our sprightly contemporary, the Northwest Review of Winnipeg, in its issue of Oct. 17, makes strong protest against our remarks on the address delivered by His Excellency Mgr. Falconio, the Papal Delegate, in reply to the Catholics of that city. We must say, however, that we do not see where in we showed the least intention to fail in our duty to abandon our Catholic brethren of Manitoba in their just demands to obtain that full justice in regard to education to which they are entitled under the Constitutions of the Province and the Dominion.

We are quite in accord with our contemporary in standing by the principles laid down by our Holy Father Pope XIII., and by previous Supreme Pontiffs, that there should be complete Catholic education in the schools, and we will continue, as we have always done in the past, to maintain the cause of the Catholics of Manitoba in their efforts to obtain again their rights which they enjoyed before the unjust provincial legislation of 1890.

In our article of Oct. 13 we said nothing to indicate that we have given up the cause of our Manitoba brethren, yet we must remind our contemporary that if full justice is to be obtained, the Manitobans themselves should not fail to urge their own cause, and to stand in the front rank in the battle: "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

The Review finds fault with us for our remarks on Mgr. Falconio's address, and asks: "Where in His Excellency's reply occurs the statement that the settlement is such as to secure a complete Catholic education to the Catholic children of the Province generally?"

The Review overlooks the fact that we expressed our suspicion that his Excellency's words had not been correctly reported in the account which was before us at the moment when we so expressed ourselves, and the state-

ment of the case as thus expressed was made with the condition that the first report of the words was correct, as it appeared in the Toronto Globe. We laid down the condition: "Assuming that his Excellency has been reported correctly." It since appears that he was not reported correctly inasmuch as the official report of his Excellency's reply, as given in the Northwest Review, and as we have already published in our columns, runs as follows: "There was nothing that could be dearer to him than to know that this painful question of the Catholic schools of Manitoba was settled throughout the province in such a manner as to give full satisfaction to the rights of Catholics. He was glad to learn, through the Archbishop, that already, with the exception, however, of Winnipeg, and some other mixed places, something had been done in order to reach this happy end, and that there was amelioration in the state of the question in country districts."

Amelioration is not full satisfaction, and our article to which the Review takes exception declares in no ambiguous language that by the peaceful constitutional methods recommended by His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate we will continue to demand that full justice be done to the Catholics of the whole province of Manitoba.

Our contemporary denies that the Public School Trustees of Winnipeg are disposed to grant such terms to the Catholics of that city as will make it possible to have Catholic education under the Public School laws. He is probably better informed than ourselves as to the dispositions of his immediate neighbors, but we certainly had our information of the dispositions of the trustees from a source which we had good reason to believe was thoroughly well informed on the matter. We can do no more on this point than regret that the injustice may continue for some time yet.

The state of things revealed by our contemporary as existing still in the country districts is abominable. He states that:

"In order to obtain the Legislative and Municipal grants, all our Catholic teachers must make a solemn declaration that there have been neither religious exercises nor religious teaching during school hours after the opening of school and before 3:30 in the afternoon."

In reply to our contemporary's question whether we consider such a condition of affairs satisfactory, we say that we certainly do not, and we shall always give our humble assistance to the Catholics of Manitoba, as far as in us lies, towards enabling them to obtain in full the rights guaranteed by the Constitution, and this we stated very clearly in the article to which he makes objection.

We say nothing to the objection made by the Review to our use of the word concession to express what little the Manitoba Legislature has granted. The first meaning of this word as given by Webster is:

"The act of granting or yielding; usually implying a demand, claim, or request from the party to whom it is made, and thus distinguished from giving, which is voluntary or spontaneous."

It still appears to us that the word suitably describes what Manitoba has done, and it is merely an abortive attempt at hairsplitting to insinuate that by our use of the word we implied that Catholics were asking for favors and not demanding their rights. Nothing of the kind was either implied or intended.

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.

In view of the persistency with which some of the Protestant religious papers, backed by certain missionaries who have made good their escape from China, have asserted that the Chinese persecution of Christians and the outrages committed against foreigners were precipitated or caused by the aggressiveness or arrogance of the Catholic Church and its missionaries, it is interesting to note what was said on this subject a few weeks ago at Louisville, Ky., by Bishop Henry C. Morrison of the Methodist Church South. The occasion was the laying of the cornerstone of a Methodist church in that city, and he took the opportunity of stating in no unintelligible language, his opinion that the Methodists are, at least in a great measure, if not altogether responsible for the Chinese trouble. He said:

"I thank God that Allen and Lambeth over there, (two Southern Methodist missionaries to China,) and the Methodists in this country, are responsible for the present trouble in China. With bowed head I thank God that in some small way I am to blame for the sin in China to-day. I thank God that each and every one of you, and all the Methodists in this country are to blame. It is the itinerary of Methodism."

He continued in this strain for some time, asserting that it was the progressive and pushing spirit of the Methodist Church, and the aggressiveness of Methodism in China that caused all the trouble there. The present state of unrest, he said, is a foreshadowing of the time when China will be cut from end to end by the armies of the cross.

He declared that the far reaching spirit of Methodism overcomes all diffi-

culties and will spread their domination to the ends of the earth; and the only reason why the North Pole has not been reached is because no Methodist missionary has yet been ordered by the authorities of the Church to proceed to that region to evangelize the people living there!

To confirm Bishop Morrison's view of the case we have the action of two important State meetings of Methodist ministers which have pronounced that it is the duty of the President and Government of the United States to send a sufficient military force to China to open up the country to foreigners, and to give free access to missionaries to enter into it—a suggestion, by the way, on which President McKinley and his advisers do not seem to be in the humor to act.

We do not by any means agree with those politicians who have over and over again asserted that the Chinese should be left in their Pagan ignorance and superstition, and that missionaries of the Church of Christ should not enter a country where they are not wanted.

If this principle were to be acted upon, all heathen lands would be left in the darkness of the region of the shadow of death. The devoted missionaries who are now evangelizing Asia and Africa and Oceania would return to their homes, and leave the wild vines of the forest to grow without any cultivation. But this would not be in accordance with the command of Christ to His Apostles to preach His gospel to every creature, to bring the knowledge of Him to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Nevertheless it does not appear to us that the methods of these missionaries, with Bishop Morrison as general, are those which Christ meant His Apostles should adopt; for He said to His seventy-two disciples when He sent them forth: "Go! Behold I send you as lambs among wolves. . . . Into whatsoever house you enter, first say: Peace be to this house." The American Methodist missionaries, with their demand to be backed by gunboats, resemble more the bearded Bashaws who propagated the teachings of their Prophet with the sword in one hand and their Koran in the other, than the lambs whom Christ commissioned to go forth to the wolves of the thickets.

Self defense when we are unjustly attacked is permissible according to the laws of God and man, and we therefore read with pleasure and sympathy that in several instances the Catholic missionaries have encouraged their flock to resist for months continuously the efforts of the Boxers to exterminate them. But the missionary is nowhere authorized to go forth to preach the gospel with the threat to destroy by fire and sword those who will not accept their teaching. Catholic missionaries have propagated the gospel for nearly nineteen centuries, and have faced death while those to whom they made known the true and saving faith of Christ have thought that they were doing a service to their gods by putting them to death by the most cruel methods, after inflicting on them the most excruciating tortures, but never have they brought the gospel to the heathen with threats of destruction in case these did not at once see the light. This mode of propagating the Gospel was never dreamed of till it was advocated by such modern missionaries as Bishop Morrison and his collaborators.

The accusation which some of these gunboat-missionaries have brought against the Catholic religious orders in China are simply the result of jealousy at the success of the Catholic missions while the sectaries, propagating beliefs contradictory to each other, angering their heathen audiences by their aggressiveness, and their threats of physical force against those who would not receive them, could not generally muster more than a few nominal converts whom they brought over with porridge and rice and clothing.

It is not long since Professor Schurman told the missionaries that if they hoped to convert the Filipinos, they should agree to teach some one form of religion. It was of little matter what form that might be, from Unitarianism to Episcopalianism, provided it did not clearly contradict itself. The same advice might have been discreetly followed in the case of China, and then, perhaps, the civilized world might have been spared the horror of the present Chinese situation.

It is but little more than a year since the Catholic Church was declared by Imperial decree to be one of the recognized religions of the Empire. This public recognition was not the cause of the present trouble, for the recog-

nition was made in order that China might settle with the Bishops and priests themselves any disputes in regard to the treatment of Christians, instead of being compelled to submit to the arrogance of foreign officials.

The Chinese authorities to effect their purpose, spontaneously gave to Bishops the rank of Governors of Provinces, and to priests that of prefects, that difficulties might be settled amicably between men whose authority could not be disputed. It was because the Catholic Church in China is an institution of importance that this arrangement was made. Protestantism has not made the like advance, and could not expect any similar recognition: *Hinc ille lacrima*—hence those tears.

The Chinese trouble was chiefly brought about or precipitated by the angry feelings aroused in the breasts of the Chinese by foreign aggression and the occupation of Chinese territory by foreign powers. Lord Salisbury has told the world that missionary aggressiveness was also to blame, and he certainly did not mean that of Catholic missionaries, for he spoke of the missionaries sent from English-speaking countries, very few of whom are Catholics. Bishop Morrison has acknowledged where the hammer struck the nail right on the head.

The Bishop boasts also of the pushing character of Methodism. We have not forgotten that General Superintendent Carman publicly acknowledged recently after his return from Palestine, that Methodism has not pushed its way into that country, the cradle of Christianity. This is not indicative of any great amount of push. But Protestantism itself did not show much missionary zeal until within the present half century, though it has now existed nearly four hundred years. Its present energy has come out, perhaps, more through shame that the Catholic Church had taken so decisive a lead in missionary enterprise, than through real missionary zeal. But when we reflect that Protestantism is at this very moment disintegrating into Rationalism, we can with difficulty believe that its present spasm of zeal will be lasting. There is already a strong feeling manifesting itself among Protestants to the effect that they have been too zealous. Is this a sign that their new born zeal will soon relax? We shall see, and that, probably, before many years pass by.

THE INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

This society was organized a little over a year ago in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. The Right Rev. Bishop McDonnell is its honorary President. The founder and acting President (very active) is the Rev. Dr. William E. McGinnis of that Church. The first direct object of the International Catholic Truth Society is the refuting of all calumnies against our religion, and the correcting of misstatements regarding its doctrines and practices. Another object is the furnishing, free, to Catholics in the sparsely settled parts of the country good reading in the way of Catholic magazines and papers, and another object is to stimulate a taste for standard Catholic literature and to secure the introduction of such works into various public libraries, largely patronized by Catholics.

The success of its efforts on all these lines has been so gratifying to the management, and its scope has so broadened in kindred lines of work as to require more room for its clerical force, as well as a central location for the convenience of its many patrons. These reasons also necessitated a change of name from the sparsely settled Metropolitan Catholic Truth Society. It has been incorporated under the laws of New York State. Dr. McGinnis says in his first report published last June: "When one considers the originality of the methods and the vast scope which this society proposes to itself, its progress during the first year of its existence has been marvellous. We say this not so much from a sense of extraordinary results accomplished, but rather from the earnest welcome and co-operation it has secured in the United States, and in Canada letters are continually pouring in to us from various sections of the country declaring the necessity of such an organization and propounding its success."

Naturally the first twelve months have been devoted not so much to actual filling of the soil as of the gathering together of an able body of workers. There is manifestly a promise of continued interest in the work, in the fact that no attempt has been made to develop a vast heterogeneous membership. If we may rely upon the opinions which have been expressed, we believe there will be no difficulty experienced in counting upon one thousand cultured, able Catholics in the United States and in Canada who will be pleased to pay the annual dues and to further the aims of the International Catholic Truth Society by every means in their power."

During its first year the membership has grown to almost five hundred, among whom are many prelates and many of the best-known priests and cultured Catholic laymen of the country.

An outgrowth of the society's work is its foreign correspondence bureau, through which the Catholic papers of the country are supplied not only with reliable Catholic news from foreign countries, but with excellent articles on general lines. Its letters from its residents at Havana, dealing with the status of the Church in Cuba, have come to be features of such well known papers as the New York Freeman's Journal, the Daily Mirror, the Mirror of Baltimore, and the Standard and Times of Philadelphia; the Catholic Columbian of Columbus, Ohio; the Mirror of Baltimore, etc., etc. The society has been largely instrumental in the repeal of the obnoxious Brooks marriage law in Cuba, and many letters have been received from that island thanking Dr. McGinnis for the society's successful efforts in that particular case. The society's members have also followed up and exposed some of the so-called reformed priests and ex-nuns, who have imposed on the credulity of their fellow citizens.

The society has also adopted a new line of

work in connection with furnishing Catholic newspapers free to poor Catholics in the remote regions of the country. This is known as the Book Exchange, which adds to the newspapers and magazines a supply of books these are secured from Catholic families in the Eastern cities and are forwarded to small communities where good Catholic reading is at high premium.

The society sends for these books when notified, and charges itself with their proper distribution. This will doubtless develop as fertile and extended a field as any of the society's other lines of work, and will enlist the co-operation of Catholics who have books to spare for the society's needs.

The society's offices are Nos. 107 and 108, Sixth floor, Arburck Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Verily the signs of the times all make for renewed hope and faith and love, and God fulfills Himself in many ways. JONA.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

Shall We See Them and Know Them There?

New York Sun.

To M. X.—Sir: Interested in the destiny of man after his departure from this world, you have put to me a question of great importance with regard to the relations between the elect in heaven. I send you an answer which seems to me fitted to bring into perfect harmony the demands of your reason, devout for sound proof, with the aspirations and hopes of your heart, anxious to know whether it will find again in our eternal home those whom it loved in this world of exile.

THE QUESTION CLEARLY STATED.

In the first place let us put the question clearly on its right basis and let us eliminate all subsidiary questions, which by calling away indirectly the attention of reason might prevent it from regarding the question in its true aspect and from comprehending the value of the demonstration.

This is the statement of the question: In heaven the elect see God face to face with a direct gaze; seeing Him, they possess Him; possessing Him, they enjoy His love with no fear of losing it. Direct vision, possession, enjoyment of God, such are the aim and the cause of eternal happiness to men who by faith, hope and charity have served with constant fidelity or with redeeming repentance Our Lord Jesus Christ and His true Church.

THE OBJECTIONS.

You accept this truth, which is evident to whosoever knows the gospel. But here come your fears and the objection which is the consequence and expression of them. The sight of God, the infinite Being, the possession of God, the enjoyment of the boundless love (*Deus Caritas est*. St. John) fill, saturate and overflow the capacity of a finite, limited creature such as man is. Therefore it is not to be feared that the intelligence, the heart, the memory, the activity of the elect must be taken up and absorbed absolutely and exclusively to the point of making them of necessity strangers and indifferent to all that is not God Himself.

Would the contemplation of the ever-new splendors of the perfection of God, the Divine Being, the love that consumes and ever rejuvenates the elect, the intensity of the happiness which ravishes them and lifts them in unutterable ecstasy, leave to their intelligence, to their heart, the ability to see and to love creatures?

St. Francis of Assisi in a moment of ecstasy exclaimed: "My God and my all!" This state of mind, transitory in that illustrious servant of Jesus Christ, becomes the normal and continuous condition of the elect. How does it allow them to be occupied with other things than the Divine Being? Would the elect wish to withdraw from the sight of God and turn their attention, their thought, their heart to creatures even though these were the most perfect of angels or the persons best beloved in this lower world, father and mother, son or daughter, a friend or a benefactor? And even though the elect should wish it, does it seem possible that they could gratify their desire? Is it not the sight, the possession, the enjoyment of God the true happiness? and happiness has been defined as "the entire and inexhaustible gratification of our faculties in and through the possession of the Supreme Good." That is God and God suffices.

Thus the sight and the love of God seem to you to be for the elect an insuperable obstacle to any other knowledge and any other affection, and you fear that, engrossed and absorbed, they will be strangers, indifferent, unknown to each other. Such are your apprehensions, and I think I have stated the question with all clearness and the objection with full force.

THE PROOF.

Be reassured. Your alarm springs from an incomplete apprehension of the aim and scope of heavenly happiness, from forgetfulness of the doctrine of the gospel, and of inspired authors and of the belief of the Catholic Church. Two conditions, in point of fact, are requisite and are sufficient to establish among the elect relations of intelligence, of memory, of heart and of activity—(a) beatitude in heaven neither destroys nor changes the personality of man, and (b) not only does it not suspend the activity of his faculties, but it elevates, extends and greatly increases their intensity. Thus it is false, and it would be absurd to picture to ourselves the blessed, fixed in a purely passive immobility, or hypnotized, as it were, in a contemplation and enjoyment of God which should absorb their activity and annihilate in a manner their personality. No, they belong to themselves and remain masters of themselves in a liberty that never induces toward evil.

Two sayings of the Apostle St. John bring out in full light the character and the conditions of the life of the blessed in heaven: "We shall see God as He is." "We shall be like

Him." Incapable through his powers to contemplate God face to face to lift himself up to the direct and immediate vision, to deserve it, he must receive from God a transcendent power which shall raise him to the level of trials that power is called divine grace; in heaven it is the glory of the divine light, the light of the glory of God envenomates and saturates with the soul of the elect, and it is through this medium that the elect with a direct and immediate gaze see the essence of God.

WHAT THE ELECT SEE.

Now, thanks to the light of the elect look upon God with the fallible gaze, and God is the first cause of causes; God is knowledge, God is absolute power, God is the universal and perfect good, God is limitless love, God Almighty, God is the necessary, Well, the eye of the elect, enlightened by the light of the divine essence with a sure and infallible effects in the first cause, the designs of the infinite knowledge, the absolute perfection, the dual and secondary goods, the universal good, the lawfulness in the perfect and love, contingent beings, accessory being, solutions and tions in the infallible justice and creatures in the Almighty. Thus the divine essence is the infinite mirror in which the elect see God first and in the without shadow and without that as an inevitable consequence all the beings, fruits of effects of the first cause, created almightiness, governed by the less love and infallible justice eye of the elect sees not only of creatures, angels, men, and inanimate things, but their genera, creates, their souls, their mutual relations, blessed, says the most illustrious authoritative of theologians, divine essence the creatures, it is their genera and the reason order that rules the entire. Thus no being, material or inferior or superior, could be clearness and penetration of the essence of God.

When it reaches the zenith of day casts its conquering our planet. Our eyes see through and in its light all that which makes up the earth be capable to their power of vision, does the sight of the sun and absorb your eye, so blind that it is incapable of perceiving the solar disk? Is you will admit. Now it is its light that you see object you yourself are an object by your kind. Thus it is vision of God in heaven. I of His essence the elect see quick, sure, infallible look the work of the infallible and love, in its majesty and its wonderful details, are part of the divine creation, as it were, its merits. They see each other, know, recognize each other and other. It is the realization of the prayer of our Lord on the death, "That thy will be as we are one; that they may be perfect in one."

The conclusion to be of these promises is that in God and by the light of God see each other, know each other in a light and incomparably superior to any ledge and affection, for they knowledges and the love of

SOCIETY IN HEAVEN.

First.—The gospel shows light the reality of the relations between the elect. One of the inspired writers of the most characteristic the stations of the blessed life in expressions and symbols us to forecast the invisible realities. Heaven is the super-natural Jerusalem, the elect become the eternal heaven is the kingdom of subjects are governed by the or charity: it is the banquet Christ provides, who distribute his servants but to his brethren, the bread of life and the generous wine. Heaven is the house of the heavenly Father, in which are extended and multiplied *Patris mei multa sunt* City, kingdom, banquet house, all companions (and others) from which their clearly the idea of an meeting, a society, a members must necessarily love each other, and must one another by bonds as as heaven itself. These force upon us with crush the necessity of relations the heart, the memory among the members form manent unity of God, the gun by Christ here beloved in heaven, the gr vine table, the sons of G heirs of Jesus, the childr the Father and the citizen home.

"OUR HEAVENLY

Secondly.—"Our reveals to us one of the realities of the gospel, it is at by human reason. We have conceived of the elect to a dignity and priv Divine Filiation. Yet it putable. The apostle St that man by the grace only deserves the title

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

CIX.

This man Hill represents me as an "Hill bird, that fouls its own nest." Hill has yet to learn that only extreme ignorance, incapable of refuting, and even of criticizing, will think to discharge itself of responsibility and labor by a nasty proverb, imprudently applied.

It is true, I have shown, and could have shown more fully had decency allowed, the infinite repetitiveness of Luther's teachings concerning the relations of the sexes. It is true, I have here a nest fearfully defiled, but it is not I that have defiled it. It is Friar Marlin himself. Nor is it my nest. I have been used to cleaner company.

Mr. Hill may, if he likes, lie down and wallow in this mass of unspeakable filthiness, but I shall not join him. He may, if he will, generate it as the nest of his spiritual nativity, but I say of such teachings and such teachers: "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united."

The only spiritual birthplace which I acknowledge is the blessed company of all believing people, a company that are known as such by their constant endeavor to wash their robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb. As I have said, Hill, by enclosing "theological" within contemptuous quotation marks, designates me as not a genuine theologian, but a pretender. I doubt whether he himself knows the difference, but the world does.

For considerably more than a generation I have been known in America, and then beyond it, not as a great theologian, but for that I am not, but as a true one. He can find my name honorably mentioned in Adolf Harnack's "Theologische Literatur-Zeitung," in the "Unitarische Revue des Revues de Paris, as also in the theological publications of the brothers Clark of Edinburgh. Such authorities may be presumed to know the difference between a pretender and a theologian.

The trouble with such hasty ignorances as this Hill is that when they strike out so spitefully with an implication of incompetency against some individual whose name is not, and never will be, prominent in the theological world, they may easily entangle themselves in charges of incompetency against wide circles of much more eminent personages and bodies. In insinuating that I am only a theologian in my own esteem, (I certainly am that), Hill signifies against three great theologies, Andover, Union and Oberlin, in one of which I have taught the Scriptures in two languages, and in the other two in one each, that they do not know the difference between reality and pretence. I should say that he will have a heavy account to settle with these, but, with all his presumption, no doubt he has an inner sense of his own insignificance, and knows that he is safe enough. They will never trouble him.

In presenting me as an incompetent—for he can make nothing else out of my inverted commas—this man presents as an incompetent and distinguished editor of Lange's Bible work, a publication circulated wherever English is spoken. He will there find assigned to me, not some minor book, for translation merely, but the gospel of Luke, for translation and annotation, and that in continuance of the eminent editor's own beginning, who remarked in a letter that my work was done entirely to his satisfaction.

As for the world, which I have delighted to honor for his world-wide fame, did not know a theologian when he found him, or this man Hill does not. Which shall it be? The answer is not far to seek.

The five editors of the Andover Review are usually esteemed as among our leading divines, both as to knowledge and discernment. But Mr. Hill knows better. He can tell the world that for at least one hundred and fifty years of the one hundred and twenty numbers of the Review they were bludily using an incompetent to write articles, book reviews, mostly theological, and off on editorials. How sad to think of the fate that must befall President Smyth, President Tucker, President Harris, Professor Hincks (Professor Churchill has gone home) if they should present their own theological discernment and my theological standing, and Hill should appear on the other to challenge both! If he did not overthrow the four Goliaths with David's pebble, he has at his constant command an implement to which Scripture attributes great efficacy. If it could accomplish so much when dead and dry, what may I not achieve in its living resonance? I should expect a whole army of the wisest men to flee before it, if only from the force of congenial antipathy.

Mr. Hill ought to give up his news paper and go about as a touchstone of the true theologian. Had he done it a little earlier, he might have saved the editors of the Atlantic Monthly from the sad mistake of solliciting a theological article from me. It is true I did not write it, for the particular topic was out of my range, and I know my own limitations, but had they consulted this Cambridge mentor earlier, they might have escaped the mortification of thinking, with the world at large, that I know something about these matters. I do not know the gentleman's age, but if he were only old enough how serviceable he might have been, a generation back, in warning against my incompetency the unsuspecting innocence of the Presbyterian

Review, and later down that of the Bibliotheca Sacra under Dr. Park, and of the New Englander and the Thinker, and the Reformed Quarterly, and the Independent under Dr. Ward, and later still of the Methodist Review, and of the New World, under Mr. Gilman. These are all eminent gentlemen, but it is plain they will never know the difference between reality and sham until they are coached by Mr. Hill.

The Presbyterians are a scholarly body, but when I presented to the Southern Presbyterian paper varying considerably from their theological traditions, they accepted it and published it simply because it came from me. Ah, why had not Mr. Hill the gift of prophecy, to have kept them straight bellmets!

Thirty five years ago Dr. William A. Muhlenberg and Dr. Alexander H. Vinton, although I was then a Congregational clergyman, strongly recommended me to Bishop Alonso Potter for the chair of Church History in the new Episcopal Divinity School at Philadelphia. The Bishop received the application favorably. It was warmly supported by Dr. Schaff, whose illustrations of the greatest divine of the New School Presbyterians. Another gentleman, much greater note, was proposed to Dr. Vinton, but he spoke decidedly for me. However, I did not then see my way clear to be episcopally ordained, and the proposal came to nothing. My competitor also, for the same reason, refused to compete, and neither of us retained anything except a lasting good will towards the new school, which has shown itself abundantly worthy of it.

Now certainly I do not know less Church History than I did thirty-five years ago, but incomparably more. It is true, I am not so serviceable now as I once was for a particular Church, but I conceive that I am more detached for the service of truth and justice, and, as St. Anselm says, he that suffers at the hands of the ungodly for justice, suffers for Christ.

I may be asked what of my subsequent violent breach with Dr. Muhlenberg. Certainly this did not come about over the question of my competency. There was a lady, whom he thought worthy of translation, and whom I signified to him that I thought nearer worthy of transportation. Beyond doubt one of the two was blindly infatuated, and let us charitably presume that it was I. Be that as it may, this woman was neither Faith Hope nor Charity, and assuredly she was not the Blessed Beatrice, the embodiment of Theological Wisdom.

"I am become a fool in glorying; I have been compelled me." This is my only answer to the ignoble sneers of this ignoble man. I have treated him as utterly and absolutely my inferior, because he is not worthy of being treated otherwise. I do not deal so with Dean Hodges, because he is both a gentleman, a Christian and a scholar. Even when he is shallow and superficial, as he seems largely to be in the little way that I have gone with him, yet he has the temper of the historical scholar; as well appear more conspicuously before long. Moreover, even where he appears objectively untruthful or unjust, he never in purpose betrays the cause of truth and justice, and would always much rather praise than disparage. His lectures may do something to redress the unworthiness of his editor.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

The Examples of the Holy Fathers.

Look upon the lively examples of the holy fathers, in whom true perfection and religion were most shining, see how little and almost nothing that is which we do.

Also, what is our life if compared to theirs! The Saints and friends of Christ served the Lord in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness, in labor and weariness, in watchings and fastings, in prayers and holy meditations, in persecutions and many reproaches.

Ah, how many and how grievous tribulations have the Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, Virgins and all the rest gone through, who have been willing to follow Christ's footsteps! For they hated their lives in this world, that they might possess them for eternity.

Oa, how strict and mortified a life did the holy fathers lead in the desert! What long and grievous temptations did they endure! How often were they molested by the enemy! What frequent and fervent prayers did they offer to God! What rigorous abstinence did they go through! What great zeal and fervor had they for their spiritual progress! How strong a war did they wage for overcoming vice! How pure and upright was their intention towards God!

They labored all the day, and in the night they gave themselves to long prayers, though, even whilst they were at work, they ceased not from mental prayer.

They spent all their time profitably: every hour seemed short, which they spent with God; and through the great sweetness of divine contemplation they forgot even the necessity of their bodily refreshment.

They renounced all riches, dignities, honors, friends and kindred; they desired to have nothing of this world; they scarcely allowed themselves the necessities of life; the serving of the body, even in necessity, was irksome to them.

They were poor therefore as to earthly things, but very rich in grace and virtues.

Outwardly they wanted, but inwardly they were refreshed with divine graces and consolations.

warily they were refreshed with divine graces and consolations. They were strangers to the world, but near and familiar friends to God. They seemed to themselves as nothing, and were despised by this world; but in the eyes of God they were very valuable and beloved.

They stood in true humility, they lived in simple obedience, they walked in charity and patience; and therefore they daily advanced in spirit, and obtained great favor with God.

They were given as an example for all religious, and ought more to excite us to make good progress than the number of the lukewarm to grow slack.

Oh, how great was the fervor of all religions in the beginning of their holy institution!

Oh, how great was their devotion in prayer! How great their zeal for virtue!

What great discipline was in force amongst them! What great reverence and obedience in all flourished under the rule of a superior!

The footsteps remaining still bear witness that they were truly perfect and holy men, who, waging war so stoutly, trod the world under their feet.

Now he is thought great, who is not a transgressor and who can with patience endure what he hath undertaken.

Ah, the lukewarmness and negligence of our state, that we so quickly fall away from our former fervor, and are now even weary of living through alms and tepidity!

Would to God that advancement in virtues was not wholly asleep in thee, who hast often seen many examples of the devout!

FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

Twenty-Second Sunday after Pentecost.

THE VALUE OF THE SOUL.

"Whose image and inscription is this." (Matt. 22, 20).

On every piece of coin we find an emblem of the country, and at the same time an inscription that designates its value. Our soul is, as it were, a coin, for it bears not only the image of the King of Heaven and earth, having been created according to His likeness, but it also has an inscription which indicates its great value. "O soul, thou art worth as much as the Blood of Jesus Christ, the only Begotten Son of God." "Yes," I exclaim with the holy doctor of the Church, St. Augustine, "so great a price hast thou been, O soul, to God that He has purchased thee with His Precious Blood: for thee alone has He descended from Heaven into this valley of tears, for thee He has been laid as a child in the manger; for thee He has suffered for three and thirty years all sorts of miseries and persecutions, and yet deemed it not sufficient to permit Himself to offer His own life and to permit Himself to be put to death in a most cruel manner." Oh great and inestimable treasure! Can there be anything more precious and of greater value than this glorious soul coming from Heaven, destined for Heaven, which has cost the Eternal Son of God those tears, those drops of sweat, those sufferings, His Blood and His life?

And yet there are Christians who do not wish to know the price of their souls, who either live as if they had no soul or if the object of their lives was to barter to the devil. What care they for the Precious Blood of Christ? They live only for the world and its vanities; they have eyes only for that which shines and glitters; they labor only for money and the goods of this world, for honors and pleasures, for frivolities and sensual gratifications. They have but one soul, and this they utterly neglect, and by their wickedness bring upon it eternal damnation.

My dear Christians, imitate not these blind and deluded sinners. How true it is that Jesus has said, "Many are called, but few are chosen." Oh, that these unhappy creatures would not bring their utter forgetfulness of God upon themselves eternal perdition! Since it is, alas! too often the case, have compassion on them, pray for them, but do not walk in their foot steps. Daily say to yourselves: I have a soul, and but one soul, and this soul has been redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ! It has been created to live eternally; hence death is not the end of all existence. The grave wherein my body will rest will not enclose my soul, for it will live as long as the all holy God lives, viz., forever.

I have an immortal soul! How foolish and unpardonable then would I act, if I failed to hearken to the words of our Blessed Redeemer: "For what doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul? Or what exchange shall a man give for his soul?" (Matt. 16, 26) What do all the pleasures in which King Solomon indulged, avail him now? What do all the riches and treasures which Croesus, the king of Lydia, possessed, profit him

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now? What, the conquest of half a world to Alexander the Great? Of what benefit are greatness and glory to those who possessed riches, and who indulged in all the pleasures the world could give, if by them they have lost their immortal souls, and are now compelled to endure the fearful fires of hell for all eternity? Can all the glory of this world compensate them for the loss of Heaven, of their eternal happiness, of their souls? "Or what exchange," says Jesus, "shall a man give for his soul?"

If now, I have all that my heart desires, if I attain a prominent position, accumulate riches, abundantly provide for all under my care, but in the end lose my soul, lose Heaven, and hell becomes my eternal habitation, what becomes my eternal happiness? Ah! life is fleeting, youth fades, honors vanish, all earthly greatness stinks in the grave, this whole world will pass away with all its glories, vanities and pleasures. Even were it possible for me to gain the whole world, and to enjoy all its pleasures, it could never compensate me for the loss of Heaven, for "what exchange shall a man give for his soul?"

If you meditate seriously on this subject, verily, you will also understand the rage of hell when a soul escapes its clutches. You will understand the strenuous endeavors of Satan and his assistants to madden our souls, to separate them from God and to entangle them in the meshes of sin. Even in the estimation of the devil, our souls are so precious that he attempts everything in order to get them into his possession to torture them forever. Is it possible that we should be indifferent regarding the salvation of this immortal soul? Should we not use our utmost endeavors to save them for God, for eternal happiness, and to preserve them from hell? Oh, yes, our souls must be saved, at whatever cost! This day we will begin that great work of salvation, and each succeeding day shall see us earnestly employed in this work. We will spur the world with its pomp, splendor and vanities. Our hearts shall be dedicated to God in eternal fidelity and love. We will leave the ways of sin, by sincere penance make good the evil we have committed, and by a life of virtue and piety, make ourselves worthy of the promises of Christ. Amen.

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PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS.

</

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Ruskin's First Lesson. Mr. Ruskin, who wrote so many famous books, said that the first lesson he learned was to be obedient.

A Little Heroine. A little Italian Catholic girl, Maria Santello, aged eight, dragged a tie from the rails to save the Chicago express, on the Lehigh railroad, near Bound Brook, N. J., on Sunday, Sept. 9.

Half a dozen men stood by, seeing the coming danger, but fearful of the personal risk of averting it. The child saved the train, but in her excitement, as she hung herself down through the trestle, grasped the rail instead of the ties. The train passed over the poor little hands, and the child who saved so many lives will live out her own life with her right hand and part of her left gone.

Brief Hints For Bright Girls. Some one has suggested twelve things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following accomplishments are within everybody's reach, and go far toward making the true lady—one who casts brightness all around her.

Keep your own room in tasteful order. Have an hour for rising, and rise. Learn to make bread as well as cake. Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours. Always know where your things are.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable. Never come to breakfast without a collar. Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned. Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.

Nothing Like Trying. When a task seems hard and you grow dependent about doing it, it is then that if you make up your mind to do that act, that the greatest result will come from its accomplishment.

Generous and helpful. People that have suffered from ingratitude and other meannesses are apt to think that the whole world is selfishly mean. A correspondent of the New York luminary that "shines for all" does not agree with these pessimists.

Determined to Succeed. The following is one of the traditions of a manufacturing firm in Glasgow, Scotland. Thirty years ago, a barefooted ragged urchin presented himself before the desk of the principal partner and asked for work as an errand boy.

in the market, and slept under one of the stalls. Two months passed before he had saved enough money to buy the shoes. Then he presented himself before Mr. Blank one morning and held out a package.

It is necessary that you should do both before we could employ you in carrying home packages," he said. "We have no place for you."

The Handy Boy. Not every "handy" boy makes heady use of his hands, as did the lad whose story is told by his grown-up self in the Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Back office, he said. I walked back to the little den with a high partition around it, and pushing open a door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, cap in hand, I stepped in.

At home, sir! Well, what do you want? I came to see about the 'boy wanted,' I answered.

People that have suffered from ingratitude and other meannesses are apt to think that the whole world is selfishly mean. A correspondent of the New York luminary that "shines for all" does not agree with these pessimists.

Public conveyances. In public conveyances a man does not pay a woman's fare unless he is her escort, except in an emergency, when he must ask if he may.

Once I saw a policeman make a rush for a line of sidewalk vendors. One unfortunate foreigner with a tray of plated collar buttons, in his haste to escape, stumbled and fell, cutting a painful gash in his knee and scattering his entire stock of buttons over a wide area in the street.

seemed to realize the imminence of a greater misfortune in the loss of his entire stock in trade, and began frantically to grope for them, declaring in his distress that he had paid out \$10 for his goods.

Now as to its kindness of heart. One morning when the snow was so deep that the early traveler hurried along in the car tracks and the cold so severe that the sparrows perished by thousands, a citizen picked up a benumbed sparrow fluttering on the toy rail and carried it to the Tremont elevated station.

Nothing so takes the nonsense out of a child as timely ridicule; nothing makes him so brave and sensible as seeing the justice of it and joining in with the laugh against himself.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Duty of Keeping Up. "What provision have you made for old age?" asked Carlyle of the man who couldn't play whist—a question in truth worthy of general consideration.

Hold on to your salad days' fervor for boat racing and encourage your truest instinct for horticulture. If one is ever infirm or invalid, the capacity for self-entertainment relieves those about him of a world of responsibility.

The Young Man's Manners. Society asks little of a young man except to behave well. If he is manly in looks, if he has a good manner, is civil to his elders, if he has any little gift of entertaining—any "parlor tricks"—if he sends a few flowers occasionally, looks pleasant and is polite, his way will be smooth to success—always providing that he is really a gentleman.

It is provincial to walk "sandwiched" between two women, to stare, or look after any one who has passed. In public conveyances a man does not pay a woman's fare unless he is her escort, except in an emergency, when he must ask if he may.

Men in plenty are to be found who forgive wrong, insult and even personal violence, but few who ever forgive ridicule, says a writer in the Boston Herald. To be made a laughing-stock to others, somehow, cuts deeper to the quick than to be convicted of lying and stealing, just as picking a pocket or robbing a hen roost seems to set one in a more contemptible light than robbing a bank.

speaking to his friends he rises and remains standing until she passes on. He also rises if a man is introduced to him when with a stag party.

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Nothing so takes the nonsense out of a child as timely ridicule; nothing makes him so brave and sensible as seeing the justice of it and joining in with the laugh against himself.

ASK FOR Labatt's (LONDON) TELL YOUR DEALER YOU WANT The best, and see that you get Labatt's, the best Domestic Ale and Porter on the market. As good as imported and will cost you less.

BENZIGER'S MAGAZINE Subscription price, \$1.00 a year. AGENTS WANTED in every town and village for this popular family magazine. Highly recommended by numerous Bishops. We pay very highest cash commissions, and the right party can easily make \$25.00 a week. Easy to introduce. A steady income assured. Exclusive territory given. When writing for terms send references.

FAMILY BIBLE A Year's Subscription and a Family Bible for Five Dollars. For the sum of \$5.00 we will mail to any address—charges for carriage prepaid—a Family Bible (large size) 10x12x3, bound in cloth, gilt edges, splendidly illustrated throughout with pictures of the scenes of the Bible.

GROWING GIRLS Should Be Bright, Cheerful, Active and Strong. A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY RESTS UPON MOTHERS AT THIS PERIOD AS IT INVOLVES THEIR DAUGHTER'S FUTURE HAPPINESS OR MISERY—SOME USEFUL HINTS.

Are supplied in various qualities for all purposes. CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SOAPS Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient. Ask your Dealer to obtain full particulars.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS High-Class Church & Cathedral Windows Equal to any English or American Work. HOBBS MFG. COMPANY, London, Ont.

The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada Formerly The Ontario Mutual Life Leads all Canadian Life Companies. Its ratio of profits earned per \$1,000 of insurance in 1899 heads the list.

Catholic Prayer Books, Rosaries, Crucifixes, Scapulars, Religious Pictures, Statuary and Church Ornaments. Educational works. Mail orders receive prompt attention. D & S ADLERS & CO., Montreal.

We should remind our readers to remember in their prayers the priest who have departed this life. To pray for the repose of their souls.

THE LAST SOLEMN HOUR

Oh, but they say, the tongue of dying men Enforce attention like deep harmony. If the thoughts of those about to pass into eternity could be recorded with an interesting volume it would make Here, with every energy called to exclusion betimes of all that is best and highest, the hereafter troubles us a little; but when the heart is beating out into stillness, the shams and conceits obscuring our mental vision fly away and we see things as they are. We then understand why the heroic figures who long since peopled the deserts, walked hand and hand with Mortification. Many of them had erred. Many also could the goodly possession of unsmiled so but all were intent in preparing themselves for the greatest act of human life. The last hour was present to their minds, and when came was hailed with joy. It was merely the decomposition of a worn machine—it was a change of light passing into the realms of light love. Death had for them a beautiful side, and many could say, with Ambrose, that they had so lived, they had no sorrow for having lived, and that they did not fear death of a good Master.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

With regard to burial of the dead, practised in the Ages of Faith was some valuable information from admirable pages of Digby. Acting the advice of St. Augustine the bodies of the faithful are not to be spiced and cast out, since they are the organs and vessels used by Holy Spirit, they took care to be a becoming reverence upon the actor of their funeral ceremonies. The primitive Christians kept dead exposed during three days watched over them in prayer of that time. Bearing them to their carried lighted tapers and hymns expressive of their hope Resurrection. And the same pervaded those ages when men near to the supernatural, and were tormented by a desire of material grandeur, had a true idealism. Instead of pronouncing gyries over their dead "The Mass was sung and prayers were said and incense was used for the Dead. As he was buried out his mighty life for the departed spirit's well."

OUR YOUNG MEN

We hear it occasionally said that young men have fewer opportunities for advancement than former generation. They have reasons, such as changed commercial conditions, to urge contention, and come in the belief that it is just as well things easy—the easier the young man, however, life with that excuse for not making the very best of it is diabolic, not only a place for the right man, too, at the top, where they ways elbow room and fresh we except government agents, which depend not on rank or ability as upon

CATCHING COLD IN THE HEAD

Not being a specialist he cannot cure. The Catarrh creeps down into bronchial tubes. The voice grows husky. A hacking cough appears. To his former prescription the physician perhaps adds cod liver oil. But the cause of all the trouble, the Catarrh germs, are left untouched. The Catarrh passes into the lungs, and there produces an ulceration which eats into the tissue itself. The constant cough brings up frothy matter and little

IN THE CLUTCH OF CONSUMPTION

has been neglected. During March and April of 1898, in Ontario alone, out of three hundred and forty-eight deaths, two hundred and fifty, or more than 70 per cent, were due to Consumption. Avoid it by giving Dr. Sproule a chance to cure your Catarrh while it is curable. Consumption he cannot cure. But he has mastered the nature of Catarrh. His deep knowledge is at your service. His home treatment will not interfere with your daily occupation. Tell him

THE LONELY GRAVE

all about yourself. He will diagnose your case free. Address DR. SPROULE, B. A. (formerly Surgeon British Royal Naval Service), English Catarrh Specialist, 7 to 13 Doane Street, Boston.

THE MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS

Let us pray For the father and the mother, For the sister and the brother, And the friend. Let us pray! For the souls forgotten long— Mid those mournful phantoms throng— For a friend. Let us pray! When again the leaves are falling, We, too may be sadly calling For a friend. Let us pray! While the bleak winds of November Will around us, oh, remember Every friend! Let us pray! —Ave Maria.

WHOM DO THEY CRUCIFY?

BY A NON CATHOLIC. Who is it hangs on yonder tree, While ruffian rabble throng around? Whom do they mock? "Come down, go free, Thou shalt not die!" "Well, hang him here, Come down, come down, well I follow Thee." Whose is the head in those iron crown? Whose life blood stains the thirsty ground? Who is it hangs on yonder tree, While hellish ruffians round him wheel? Whose the martyr's visage that I see, Whose life and blood were shed for me? Who is it hangs on yonder tree, While earth's foundation rocks and rend? Whose the rattle turn and flee? "Hark to the cry, Whose rattle rends the rock, 'My God, My God! why hast thou left Me?' 'Thou hast left Me, O Son of Man, 'Tis Christ! God's Son, the great, the great, the great.'" W. L. M. Ottawa, Good Friday, 1888.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Monday, Oct. 22nd, was the sixteenth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cronin, St. John, N. B. In the evening twenty couples invaded their hospitable home on King street east and quietly took possession of the lounge. After a round of congratulations, there were songs, recitations, music and dancing. In the course of the evening a handsome oxgilt table and jardiniere from the late Mr. J. O'Brien, editor of the Monitor, in a friendly speech, and Mr. Cronin happily replied. White candles and supper were provided. Having spent a most enjoyable evening, the merry crowd took their departure shortly after midnight, wishing the genial and hostess many happy returns of the anniversary. Mrs. Cronin is a sister of Mrs. M. E. Blake, of Boston, Mass.

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DIocese of London.

Rt. Rev. Bishop McEvey in Stratford.

The lecture by our worthy Bishop at Stratford, Ontario, on the subject of the Holy Souls, last Sunday night attracted a very large audience and netted for the Saint Vincent de Paul Society over \$100.

THE DELEGATE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Monignor Falconio at Calgary.

The priesthood and parishioners of St. Mary's church have been highly honored this week by a visit from the Apostolic Delegate of the North-West, Monignor Falconio, who arrived on Wednesday, accompanied by Rev. Father Fisher, and has been visiting the different parishes of the Church in the city.

May I Please Your Excellency?

In behalf of the parishioners of Calgary we respectfully beg the most reverend and noble Monsignor Falconio to accept the cordial and hearty welcome of the North-West Territories of Canada, and to express to our people his interest in the parish with your presence.

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ARCIDIocese of OTTAWA.

On Sunday afternoon of last week the ladies and gentlemen who conducted the late eucharistic party in aid of the Precious Blood Society, Emswiler, waited on the Reverend Mother Superior and presented her with a beautiful crimson parson's wings, white stole and also with three hundred and ten dollars in gold, the net proceeds of her entertainment.

DIocese of HAMILTON.

Rev. Father Ryan, of Toronto, occupied the pulpit in St. Mary's cathedral last evening, on the occasion of the annual sermon and eucharistic party on behalf of St. Vincent de Paul society.

ARCIDIocese of TORONTO.

Presentation to Rev. Francis Ryan.

Rev. Father Ryan of St. Michael's Cathedral was recently the recipient of a handsome and beautiful presentation of a book, which has been the subject of much interest and admiration among the members of the community.

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