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, Dec. 19, 1903.

FALSE EDUCATION.

A contemporary is rather pessimistic anent the spread of scepticism and the abandonment of the spiritual for the material. We have remedies and to spare for this state of affairs. There are books recommended and there is much talk bristling with points of advice. All this is good so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. It is difficult to convince a young man who has been educated in a secular school that the things of the world should not enlist all his energy. He may listen to you, but he will regard you either as a special pleader or as hopelessly out of date. Why should he concern himself primarily with the spiritual? He does not disdain it; he may realize its beauty and value, but in too vague a manner to influence his life.

There are exceptions, doubtless, but the rule, as the gentlemen who have been the staunchest upholders of the secular school are beginning to recognize, is that the school from which Christ is banished, or, to quote Cousin, any system of school-training which sharpened and strengthened all the intellectual powers, without at the same time affording a source of restraint and counter-check to their tendency to evil by supplying moral culture and religious principle, was a curse rather than a blessing.

MORAL TRAINING.

Many of our separated brethren understand this at present as well as we do. The events of years have caused them to modify their laudation of education without God and have made them, as we prophesied years ago, acknowledge that the public school, plus its annexes for cookery and manual training and fads which may take the eye of the officials, have not come up to their expectations. They see the necessity of moral training and that moral training must be based on something better and more solid than addresses and essays which take no account of God. They have Sunday schools as barriers against the onrush of the material, but their leaders confess that these do not meet all the requirements of the case. They are clearly insufficient because they do not reach many of the pupils who are graduated from the schools. That they cannot pretend to give in an hour or two every week that training which can withstand the storms and stress of life is also admitted.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Catholic teachers have pointed out that centuries ago. If we wish to have thoroughly Christian citizens we must take the proper means to that end. We reap what we sow. There is a rigid bond of union between cause and effect, and no sophistry can dissolve it. If we allow the young to live day after day in a thoroughly worldly atmosphere—to have their intellect strengthened and sharpened for the fight that is to come and to be impressed with the idea that a triumph in that fight is the one thing to be aimed at, we cannot expect them not to be adherents of the material. Why should they be otherwise? They, so to speak, have been fitted with eyes which cannot see over the rim of the planet. And can anyone demand from them that the world which loomed so large to them during their school days, and for whose conquering they were trained, should yield place to another world of which they know little or nothing?

THE WORLD'S HEROES.

Does the world, such as is chronicled by the newspapers and esteemed by men, teach them to do this? We do not think so.

The world praises the men who do things. The one thing it does not tolerate is failure. It may muse over failures, and its poets may rhyme about them and philosophers transform them into glorious successes, but it opens its arms to the man who scores in smashing either a market or a continent, even if in so doing he rids sundry human beings of their lives and cash, and such a man is placed on a pedestal to be honored—and he is honored. His benefactions are duly acknowledged. His advice is quoted as the quintessence of wisdom. Then why should not a man give his time and ambition to the things which make for place and power? Incidentally he may hurt a fellow-being, but this cannot be helped. It is a part of the game of the devil take the hindmost.

"BENEVOLENCE."

However, we must be merciful and so forth as outlined in pretty essays! But why? Mercy is good in so far as it pays and kindness to the under dog may be indulged in after a good dinner, but it is not reckoned as a business asset. There is, we know, a good deal of talk about benevolence, but we are not so sure that some of this benevolence is not what Ruskin alluded to when he said that if the British public were informed that engineers were now confident . . . that they could make a railway to Hell, the British public would instantly invest in the concern to any amount; and stop Church-building all over the country for fear of diminishing the dividends.

THE MASSES.

Bishop Spalding says that we do not naturally love all men for we cannot love that which is unlovely. The degraded, the wretched, the old, the deformed, have not this dower, and hence whenever human society has been left free to form itself without the intervention of supernatural beliefs and motives, men have felt no sympathy with the coarse and ignorant crowd: and there is little risk in affirming that nothing short of the clearest revelation and a divine example, imposing the most solemn duties and creating a more than human enthusiasm, could ever induce any considerable number of people to care for the masses of their fellow-men.

THE LEGITIMATE OUTCOME.

As to religious scepticism we are willing to admit with our contemporary that it is in a flourishing state. It must be chronic with multitudes without the Church. Religious scepticism is the legitimate outcome of the principle of private interpretation of the Scripture as posed by the Reformers, who were, according to Littledale, utterly unredeemed villains.

LAY CO-OPERATION.

Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S. J., of Montreal, lectured, on the evening of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, in St. Mary's Hall, East London, his topic being Lay Co operation. His was the first of a series of lectures which it is Father McKeon's intention to have delivered to his parishioners by representative men in different walks of life, during the winter months. There was a very large attendance, the hall being crowded. Previous to the lecture the choir rendered an appropriate hymn, the Rosary was recited and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given in St. Mary's church by the pastor. His Lordship the Bishop was in attendance.

The congregation having repaired from the church to the hall, an instrumental duet was nicely performed on the piano by Mrs. Jas. P. Murray, organist of St. Mary's, and Miss McKittrick, after which Miss Susie McGill sang a couple of songs in a pleasing style. At the end of the lecture Mr. Joseph Leech, choir leader, sang a solo, "Anchored," in a very acceptable manner.

In a few kind and appropriate words Father McKeon thanked Fr. O'Bryan for his kindness in consenting to lecture that evening. He said that Father O'Bryan did not come amongst strangers, but that he held a warm place in the hearts of those present.

At the outset Rev. Father O'Bryan complimented the pastor and parishioners of St. Mary's on the many evidences of vigorous faith manifested on all sides—striking testimony of which he had about a year ago when, in conjunction with Father Devlin, he gave a Mission in the parish. In spite of this pleasing thought we cannot disguise, said the reverend lecturer, the fact that there are a great many Catholics who show a deplorable lack of knowledge of things which appertain to the welfare of the Church and to the spirit of its teaching. It was hard, he said, to account for such a condition of things, more especially since we have a model clergy; well equipped schools, whose teachers are wholly consecrated to the noble work of preparing men and women for positions of honor in the battle of life; colleges for higher education to fit our young people to take first place in the ranks of business or the professions; convents and academies that form our young women to reign as models in the home circle.

Father O'Bryan here quoted an extract from the Encyclical of Pius X., in which His Holiness says that God has commanded every one to have a care of his neighbor. We, unfortunately, seem to think there is no responsibility attached to us in this regard, and act as though it were not our bounden duty in every detail of our lives to lend a helping hand to our struggling brother. We are, of course, bound, says the Holy Father, to save our own souls first, but then we must also have a care of the souls of others. But for this great work we must necessarily be well-grounded in our Catholic belief. The first requisite in the way of efficient lay co operation is, therefore, knowledge. Many of our young men, however, exhibit a lamentable ignorance of the Church's teaching and practices.

In a city like this we have, said the lecturer, many advantages over others. For instance, what a power for doing good there is in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, founded by Frederick Ozanam. The work this Catholic young man, filled with the spirit of faith, began and brought to so successful an issue, lives after him in the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Continuing, Father O'Bryan said that many of his hearers had not, perhaps, much of this world's goods, but they had what is by far more acceptable—intelligence, activity—which could be employed in the service of the Church. Dealing with this matter, Our Holy Father Pius X. said that much good could be accomplished in the way of lay co-operation by our Catholic societies. Our predecessors have, continues His Holiness, long since approved and blessed those societies whose aim is first and chiefly religious and whose members lead manly, Christian lives. The times in which we live demand the active co operation of the laity with the clergy in order that we may be a greater force in the uplifting of humanity. Clergy and laity working thus unitedly, the prejudices and doubts of our separated brethren could easily be overcome and more souls would be won to the service of Jesus Christ, the only road to true and solid happiness. A society to be truly Catholic must, however, have something more than a written constitution or an occasional social or literary evening. There must be some thing in it to awaken Catholic loyalty and Catholic life. In this connection Father O'Bryan lauded the work done by the Catholic societies in our great cities—notably the St. Vincent de Paul Society, which stands pre-eminently forward—whose members are actuated by manly, generous ambitions, and whose lives are full of Catholic vitality. There are countless ways, said he, in which we can help. We meet, nearly every day, men who are doing nothing for the Catholic cause. A good work would be to bring them to church and to the sacraments. It sometimes happens that laymen are even more powerful in cases of this kind than the priest himself. This good work is, however, often left undone—and all on account of the deplorable apathy of our Catholic laymen.

The Catholic Truth Society was also referred to as being well worthy of every encouragement. This society is doing an incalculable amount of good, especially in England, admirably refuting false statements made on many occasions by the enemies of our Holy Church and by those who are ignorant of her teaching. Thousands are hungering for the truth, and for the task of imparting that knowledge we should be well equipped. Catholic books—good Catholic literature—have now been placed at such a low figure that they are within the reach of all. It is our duty to spread this literature as much as possible. Spread the truth in every kind of way; make it acceptable even to those who are blinded by passion and prejudice. Make them realize the truth in all its beauty. Acting thus we shall be doing a great deal for that Kingdom of which we should all be loyal citizens.

The establishment of good Catholic libraries was another very efficacious means, one which Fr. O'Bryan strongly advocated to disseminate the truth and to counteract the influence of evil literature. There are indeed few ways in which lay co-operation counts more than here.

The Catholic press was next spoken of. Make the Catholic papers, said the Rev. Father, what they should be—Catholic in fact as in name—and there shall be an awakening of Catholic loyalty. Have religion the all-important factor; make it stand out first and foremost, having everything else subservient. If practical adherence to Catholic interests were invariably the predominating feature of the Catholic press, its power for good would be vastly increased amongst the people.

Catholic snobbery was a bane to our social unity and a drawback to our power and influence. This prevalent evil was severely denounced by Father O'Bryan. To hear some of our people—and quite ordinary people, too—talk, one would imagine, said he, they were descendants of a ducal line. Such conduct is anti-Catholic because it is mean. We should be as members of a common family—whether rich or poor—for all are equal in the eyes of God and of His Church.

The results of the Federation of Catholic societies in the United States seem to have been, said Father O'Bryan, quite satisfactory. In unity there is strength, and the federation of our Catholic societies would be a good step in the direction of Catholic unity and power.

Father O'Bryan next advocated generosity in our financial dealings with the Church. Almighty God loves the generous, willing giver, and will abundantly reward him. Father O'Bryan believed that the man who dropped pennies on the plate on Sunday would take them off if he had a chance. Keep your savings from the world if you will, said he, but in the church let the hand of the man be as open as the hand of God.

In conclusion Father O'Bryan urged all to take a greater interest in Catholic affairs. Build your churches, said he, and pay for them. Build your schools and manfully exercise the God-given right of supporting them.

Loyalty he defined as the synonym of lay co-operation—loyalty, first of all, to one's self; loyalty to our pastors; loyalty to our fellow-men of every creed, but Catholics have first claim to our love. Ours is indeed a noble heritage. Our actions should always tend to the development of Catholic faith and our lives should ever be lived so as to give good example, for "Woe to him by whom scandal cometh."

His Lordship the Bishop in a few happily chosen words thanked Father O'Bryan for his kindness, remarking that he was much pleased the lecture was a serious one. He sincerely hoped the audience would meditate on the various points raised by the lecturer and that they would profit by being present that evening.

DR. DE COSTA.

Dr. Benjamin F. De Costa, who has spent a year at the American College in Rome, was ordained a deacon on last Sunday, by the Bishop of Fiesole, near Florence. He has by this time been promoted to the priesthood.

Dr. De Costa, who is now over seventy years of age, was for thirty-six years a prominent Episcopal clergyman in New York, and is the author of several works on theological and other subjects, his latest being an account of his intellectual journey from Protestantism back to the Church of his ancestors.

The occasion of his final entrance into the Catholic Church was the reception of Dr. Briggs, a former Presbyterian Minister, into the Episcopal Church. Dr. Briggs, Professor of Greek in the Union Theological Seminary, wrote several works on the Holy Scriptures, in one of which he practically denied their inspiration. This caused him to be brought to trial for heresy. He was acquitted, but subsequently left the Presbyterian and applied for admission into the Episcopal Church. Many Episcopalian ministers strongly objected to his admission as long as he continued to hold the opinions he had published regarding the authority and inspiration of the Bible. Dr. De Costa was among the strongest and most conspicuous opponents of his admission. But Bishop Potter disregarded all opposition and received Dr. Briggs into Episcopal fellowship and ordained him a minister.

This action convinced Dr. De Costa that the Protestant Episcopal Church was not a faithful guardian of the revealed Word of God as found in the Holy Scriptures, and determined him to withdraw his allegiance and enter the Catholic Church. After his reception he devoted his time to lecturing, and, after the death of his wife, he went to Rome to prepare himself for the priesthood. His desire has been realized, and he will probably soon return to this country. Ad multos annos Dr. De Costa!—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THEY WANT THE CONFESSIONAL.

GERMAN LUTHERANS AGITATE FOR A REVIVAL OF PRIVATE CONFESSION.

The Reichsbote, the official organ of the Russian government and the mouthpiece of the Lutheran-Evangelical Synod, argues in no uncertain terms for the confessional:

"What our Church to-day needs, as much as we need our daily bread, is the revival of private confession. Whoever has a long experience in the care of souls knows that our Church is full of people who should go to confession and also of such who would gladly go. Not only may it be said of the murderer and perjurer that peace deserts him unless he confesses his crime to man, but there are thousands who are persecuted by their past life as by a spectre. They may wash away the dark spot in their book of life by tears of blood if they will, but their conscience remains sore and their souls sick; the word of forgiveness is missing, the word of God from human lips, the promise of God communicated to the person of the repenting sinner. And why would such people not go to their ordained confessor? Oh, that would require a certain moral greatness and a certain amount of humility, of which but few are capable. Besides, not every preacher is a good confessor, nor the best confessor a confessor for all. The right thing would be a house where one could retire for a time and where there would be a pastor, who, himself a holy and sanctified person, would understand the spiritual wants and cares of every stricken soul; in whose discretion one could have full and entire confidence and to whose silence one could entrust one's past life as unto a silent tomb.

"There is another class of souls heavily burdened. They struggle against sin, to find how weak they are to combat, and who succumb again and again. Who takes care of these lambs? They are looking in truth for a pastor; but to resort to their preachers and confess their wants, to ask him for his helping prayer and intercession they do not feel the moral courage necessary. What they want is a house of retreat and a prudent pastor to whom they can confide their troubles; who will stand by them with his counsel in their trying combats. There are those who mourn, and their number is legion, who have none to console them."

A Protestant and a Picture.

A little trait in the character of an American millionaire, who recently visited England, came within our notice, says the London Tablet; and seems to be worth a record. From an inner coat pocket this gentleman brought forth some precious documents for reference, when in the midst of them was seen a little picture of the Sacred Heart. It was a cheap little oleograph which nestled in a bank book that could buy up an English county; and perhaps a look of surprise on the face of a spectator, who happened to be a Catholic, drew from the man of affairs a sentence in explanation. "You may," he said, "be surprised to find a Protestant like myself bearing about with me a Catholic emblem. It happens that among the thousands of people in my employ, one—a young Catholic girl in a very humble position—came to me some years ago, told me she was praying for my conversion, and asked me to carry this holy picture about with me. My dear, until I die, I promised her. So it has been here ever since, and I would rather lose most of the contents of my pocket than lose that now ragged memento of a simple girl's disinterested piety in my regard."

FASHION AND FAITH.

There may or may not be truth in the claim that fashion is swelling our mortuary lists. Whether its victims be many or few is a field for discussion that we do not care to enter. This we leave to the medical fraternity, a much more competent judge, accepting, of course, that decision which preponderance of opinion indicates.

When it comes to the relations between fashion and faith, however, we have decided opinions. Some may fail to recognize any connection whatever between the town. But there is, and a most unfortunate one for Faith. For the fashion of the day is killing it in many of our people. Observation will furnish the proof.

Many of our Catholic girls, principally those of convent training, have their hearts longingly and steadfastly set on the triumphs of society. Its customs, to be charitable of speech, are not always the most modest. Neither are its circles always the most select, if measured by the habits of its male members. But fashion abounds, money is in view and most girls in society expect to marry. Of course, they are not courting poverty, and too frequently are willing to be purchased by a rake to satisfy their social ambition.

Pledges are exchanged; the wedding occurs; the fashionables attend; ambition is realized, but faith has been forgotten. Other pledges come, the most sacred of life, and then begins the trouble. Childhood's prayers at mother's knee return; advice of the convent class room is recalled; faith asserts itself and the mother would have the priest wash away the stains on the first fruits of love.

But there is objection and then stern and positive paternal refusal. This is met with counter-insistence equally strong, but ineffectual. This sometimes means the flight of love; sometimes the surrender of faith and sometimes the severance of the divorce court. In most cases it means the loss of a child to the Church. Faith killed by fashion is the only fitting epitaph—Church Progress.

NORFOLK TO MARRY.

Who is to be the bride of the Duke of Norfolk?

The question is worrying London society. That the duke is to marry is undoubted, for he has not denied the persistent rumors of his approaching nuptials, which have been gossiped in the press and in society since the death of his blind son and heir removed what he designated, some years ago, the only obstacle to his taking a bride.

The duke's course is a mystery. All England is engaged in the hunt for the identity of the woman who is to share the vast fortune and great name of the premier earl, who ranks third in income in the United Kingdom and is one of its ten great land owners, for society insists that his marriage will take place before the end of the coming London season.

His bride will live in ancient Arundel, a castle of the twelfth century, magnificently restored by his hands, and one of the show places of England, and will have the privilege of sharing the family pew in the splendid new Catholic church of St. Philip of Neri, which he recently erected on his estate on the banks of the Arun at the cost of $500,000. The Duke is at the head of the Catholic nobility of England.

WHY QUESTION HIS IRISH DESCENT?

As the Irish descent of Cardinal Mery del Val has been called in question, says the Dublin Freeman, our readers will be interested in the following letter which a Dublin gentleman sends us and which was received some time since from a well-known County Court Judge, who presides over a Southern Irish county: "You are right in saying that it was I who first in a letter from Rome, stated that Mons. Mery del Val was of Irish descent. Six years ago I dined at the Irish College in Rome on St. Patrick's Day. Monsignor Kelly, now Coadjutor Archbishop of Sydney, presided at the feast. At his right hand was a Cardinal, and at his left Senor Mery del Val, the Ambassador of the King of Spain at the Holy See. After dinner Monsignor Kelly told me the story of the Mery del Val origin which he heard from the Ambassador's own lips. About a century ago, a Mr. Merry, a Waterford gentlemen, went to Spain, where he owned some vineyards. He greatly prospered and founded two noble families—the houses of Merry del Val and Merry y Colon (I believe the name Colon, which is Spanish for Columbus, originated in a marriage with the family of the Dukes of Veragua, the descendants of Christopher Columbus). At the time that I was in Rome, Merry y Colon was Ambassador from Spain to the King of Italy, and Mery del Val, Ambassador from Spain to the Pope—a brilliant feat for the two great-grandsons of the original man from Waterford. At the same time of the two sons of Mery del Val one was the secretary and 'guide, philosopher and friend' of the Dowager Queen of Spain; and the other the gifted ecclesiastic who is now, at thirty-eight the Pope's Prime Minister and a Prince of the Church. Monsignor Kelly told me a little time before it needed the solemn command of the Pope to prevent Monsignor Mery del Val from retiring into the Jesuit Order. During the evening I spoke to Senor Mery del Val. He spoke English perfectly, talked of his Irish descent, and made many inquiries about Ireland. The name and family of Mery still exist in Waterford."—Boston Pilot.

WHY PRIESTS DO NOT MARRY.

Catholic Columbian.

Dear Sir — Will you kindly through the columns of your paper answer the following questions:

Why do Catholic priests never marry and what authority have they for leading a life of celibacy?

You will oblige, very sincerely,

IGNORANT.

Priests do not marry because the Church binds them to perfect chastity.

They have the authority of the example of Jesus Christ, the perfect Man, and the authority of the example of St. John the Baptist, St. Joseph, the foster-father of Christ, St. John, His beloved Disciple, St. Paul, and all the other apostles (for although we know that St. Peter was once married, it is a tradition in the Church that he lived continent after his ordination) and of a long line of other saints, guided by the Holy Spirit in the best way to serve God and to achieve holiness.

The Bible tells us that St. Paul explicitly taught that celibacy is preferable to marriage. He wished that all men were unmarried, like himself. He declared that when a man is married he is taken up with the cares of this life; but that when he is single, he is more free to devote himself to the things of God. So priests have the authority of the Bible.

Moreover, they have the authority of the Church. If continence were impossible or not more expedient for priests than marriage, the Church would not insist upon it. So the very fact that the Church, illuminated by the Holy Ghost, makes celibacy obligatory on them, is proof, to any Christian who believes in a divinely-established and divinely-conducted Church, that such obligation is the will of God.

And we see in times of plague and warfare, how our unmarried priests rush to discharge their sacred duty to those dying of smallpox, yellow fever, cholera, bubonic plague, leprosy, etc., while Protestant ministers hurry away with their families.

So our priests also penetrate the recesses of China, of Africa, of Australasia, of South America, etc., while the married Protestant missionaries stay in the coast towns, where their wives can find some of the comforts of civilization and where their children can be educated in nice schools.

Our priests have, as has been said, the authority of the example of the nearest and dearest friends of Jesus Christ, who surrounded Himself with virgins; the authority of the Bible; and the authority of the Church. And being called of God to that life, they receive from God the grace and the courage to live it for His sake.

A CONVERT'S STORY.

Edward F. Harkins, writing in the November Donahoe's, relates the story of an incident in his conversion:

"The climax came after I had gone to the church one Palm Sunday. I thought that day that I had never taken part in anything so beautiful and so impressive, and I dare say my mother noticed the effect. Anyhow, she forbade me ever going to the Catholic Church again. She said that I must go to the Park Street Church or to one of the other Protestant churches. I replied that if I could not go to the Catholic Church I would stay at home. Finally I obtained her promise to let me go just once more, and I even got her to agree to go with me. We went the following Good Friday night. I shall never forget it. The church was so crowded that my mother and I became separated, and she got into one pew and I into another. Father Taylor preached and oh! so effectively. He held a large crucifix before him all the time, and he was never more eloquent. Well, after the service, as we were going out, my mother took hold of me affectionately, and she said: 'I have no objection to your attending services here whenever you please.' You can imagine how delighted I was. My older sister, I may say, was moving in the same direction. In fact, she became a Catholic before I did."—Church Progress.

A Jesuit Baronet.

By the death of Sir William Percoval Heathcote, of Hursley, Hants., which occurred on the 20th ult., in his seventy-eighth year, the baronetcy fell to his eldest son, Father Arthur William Heathcote, who was born in 1853, and who is, we fancy, the first member of the Society of Jesus to hold that rank. The late holder of the baronetcy, which dates back to George I., was himself also a Catholic.—London Universe.

PALMS

ANNA HANSON DORSEY,

AUTHOR OF "COAINA," "FLEMMINGS," "TANGLED PATHS," "MAY BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PALMS.

"The Eastern physician is as great a thaumaturgist as the famous Nazarene," she said, with a sneer lurking under her soft smile, and a deep meaning in her eyes and voice.

"So it is thought by some," was Fabian's tranquil answer; "but to me it is a one-sided proposition, as I am acquainted with only one of the parties."

Then, with his most delusive and irresistible smile, and that deferential, delicate manner which takes captive womankind in all ages, he added: "I can speak only of such spells as I know, beautiful sorceress, with anything like certainty. Let me ask, in turn, the fate of thy latest conquest, the young Syrian prince."

Laodice was too vain a woman not to fall into the trap, and yielded herself unresistingly to Fabian's elegant, subtle flatteries; and in the war of wit and repartee that thereafter ensued between them, she gave herself up to the fascination of the hour, knowing that she could bide her time for the gratification of her revenge.

But under it all the thought of the peril impending over Nemesius and his child was like a thorn in Fabian's heart; no protean mask that he might assume could disguise the painful fact from himself. And no sooner had he left Laodice, wearing his usual smile, speaking gay, sharp, witty words to those of his acquaintances he met on his way out, and found himself alone with the night, than a stern expression of dread and sorrow clouded his face, and he drew the hood of his light cloak low over it, so that neither friend nor foe might observe him too closely as he passed homeward.

"How did Laodice discover that Claudia is no longer blind?" he asked himself as he hastened along; "and how far does her knowledge of the event extend? Have I baffled her by my evasions and transposition of facts?" He could not tell; he only knew that she was as artful as Circe, and was convinced that some fresh disappointment to her hopes had risen to kindle her hatred against Nemesius and his innocent child, and that her revenge would follow them to the bitter end.

Fabian sought his couch as usual, but the tumult of his thoughts forbade sleep. Once, towards day-dawn, he lost himself; but a vivid, frightful dream, in which he found himself struggling to release Nemesius and Claudia from the deadly coils of a python with a beautiful human face, which was wrapping itself closer and tighter around them, aroused him, and with the horror of the dream upon him, he sprang to the floor, every sinew strained by the desperate contest, and his face covered with a cold sweat.

Such a dream was not unnatural in the over-strained condition of his mind and nerves; but he would not court sleep again, if such horrible visions lay in wait for him beyond its portals. He lighted his lamp, looked at the clepsydra, took up a volume of the Satires of Juvenal, and found in their bitterness a mental tonic, which, although refreshing, failed to bring forgetfulness of the vague unrest that haunted him.

After the light morning repast, Fabian resolved to drive to the villa on the Aventine; he was uncertain what he should find there, but concluded that to know even the worst would be better than this incubus of dread brooding continually over him. As he passed through the great bronze gates, and up the broad avenue, where every leaf and blade of grass held its glistening dew-gem—where the birds sang, and the sweetness of flowers pervaded the radiant atmosphere, he almost imagined that his old fever had been playing tricks with his brain, filling it with illusions, and that he was just awake.

Slaves ran to lead his chariot away as soon as he alighted. Standing a moment, he cast a glance over the beautiful grounds, and almost the first object that attracted his eye was Claudia, on a marble bench, under the great trees, her gazelle frisking near her, while some of her little pensioners, now grown strong and active, were riding Grillo by turns. Zilla sat apart, her pale face bent over a piece of rich embroidery, into which she was working threads of gold. And the sunshine through the leaves fell like a spray of gold over them all.

Claudia rose and half advanced to meet Fabian as he approached, waving his hand with a graceful gesture of salutation; then she stopped, while a delicate glow overspread her face, for to her eyes he was still only a noble-looking stranger, from whose presence she shrank with instinctive and modest reserve, until he greeted her in the old familiar voice of her blind days; then she smiled and welcomed him.

"I salute thee, fairest! Methought Aurora had chosen to disport herself among the flowers, to receive the homage of fauns and naiads; while Zilla—health to thee, Zilla!—like the pale moon, hovered near," he said, gaily; for so far from these peaceful, lovely scenes appeared all thought of violence and danger, that he resolutely turned his back on the latter, and his face to the sunshine, temporary though it might prove to be.

Claudia smiled at his nonsense, and he thought he could never tire of the sweet, pure outlook of her radiant eyes.

"I have been wishing to see thee, oh! so much, Fabian! I have a keepsake for thee. Wait here until I run and bring it," she said.

"Let me go for it, dear one!" exclaimed Zilla, raising.

"No! no! do thou rest here—I will be back in a moment," she answered over her shoulder, as she sped away across the grassy, flower-dappled expanse that stretched between them and the villa. In a few moments she appeared, running towards them, her golden hair flying in the wind, her face bright and glowing, her hands clasping a small package.

"Wilt thou come with me to the cascade, Fabian? It is a long time since we were there," she said; then to Zilla with a caress: "Thou wilt care for the little ones while I am away?"

And they walked away together, the gazelle, which would not be left behind, followed close by the side of its gentle mistress, content to feel her soft hand upon its head, and occasionally rub its nose in her rosy palm.

Fabian involuntarily paused a moment at the Fountain of Diana, arrested by the view of the magnificent city outspread far below; its fanes, palaces, columns, and triumphal arches, draped as with tissues of gold by the Roman sunshine, which was so intensely bright that the shadows of their graceful projections lay blue along the flawless marble. He could even distinguish, by its sharper gleam, the great gold statue of Jupiter that surmounted the temple erected in his honor. A throb of pride dilated his Roman heart as his eyes swept over the glorious spectacle, and he could but exult over its pre-eminence as the queen of the nations. But far different were Claudia's thoughts; for it reminded her of that Celestial City, with gates of jasper and pearl, the lights of which is He that was slain, the splendor of His Father, the Son of Mary, the joy of angels! The ecstatic reflection filled her heart and irradiated her countenance. Fabian caught its gleam as he turned away.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, well pleased, "thou art a true Roman; yet how could it be otherwise, with the blood of a Cæsar in thy veins?"

He judged her by himself, nor dreamed that it was the thought of a "city not made with hands," that, like a lamp in a vase of alabaster, shone out from her glad soul, and illumined her fair countenance with heavenly graces.

Through the rose-blooms and orange flowers, under the palms, and along broad walks shaded by lime and sweet olive trees—through alleys where the jasmine trailed its snow-white stars, filling the air with sweetness, they found their way to the cascade, which sprang flashing and sparkling from the rocks above. A grape-vine trailed from a crevice in the rock, where it had taken root, and with wanton grace flung red, ripening clusters to the sun, out of reach of all except birds and bees. Claudia held her hand in the crystal water; the gazelle lapped it daintily as it trickled over the marge of the basin; and Fabian, delighted in every fibre of his æsthetic nature by the exquisite picture, stood watching the child. There was that in her which puzzled him—a strange womanliness, without loss of her old, sweet, childish simplicity; an air of absolute happiness tempered by a soft seriousness, which cast no shadow over eye or lip. The pagan mind of him could not read it.

Drying her hands on the moss, she seated herself on a low grassy bank, overgrown with vetches, in front of the rustic stone bench on which Fabian, at a sign from her, flung himself with an indolent air. The sunshine and leaf-shadows flickered and danced over them. Claudia's package, on which her hand lightly rested, lay beside her, and the soft-eyed gazelle crouched at her feet.

"And now, my Psyche, I am at thy bidding, whether to slay a pythion or go in search of a pigmy to add to thy family of pets," he said, in his old gay tones.

"No, oh! no!" she answered, with a little laugh: "it is nothing like that. I have something to say which no one else must know—yet."

He grew instantly intent, and a vague dread chilled his veins, as, fixing her grave, sweet eyes on his, she began:

"Fabian, I am going away soon—"

"Mercury speed thy journey, sweet one!" he interrupted, as a wild hope sprang up in his heart that Nemesius had, on second thought, changed his mind and would fly with her to a place of safety. "When wilt thou start? Tell me, that I may not be left behind."

"Oh! what joy it would be to have thee with us! But it is different from what is in thy thoughts, Fabian. I will tell thee. There are cruel men who kill all who will not deny and curse the divine Christus. They may come for us—my father and me—at any hour of the day or night, as soon as they find out that we are Christians; but not all they can do would make me deny Him Who suffered death for me. I would be glad to suffer and die for the love of Him. And, O Fabian! is it not joyous to know that we—my father and I—shall not be separated? Wilt thou come with us now?" she asked, holding out her hand.

"I might go on a worse journey, little one; but the conditions are impossible; for how can I deny that which I never affirmed? The Christus is nothing to me. It *is* possible to be happy under the mild sway of the gods, but it is like a reign of the Furies under thy Christus," said Fabian, his grief more bitter than his scorn.

"There are no gods, Fabian; those we worshipped as gods are devils. There is only One Supreme God, Who made all creatures. The gods can neither give nor restore life; they could not give sight to my blind eyes; but He in one instant opened my eyes, and gave faith to my soul, that I might believe His word, and have eternal life," she said, her voice exultant and sweet.

"Thy logic is weak, my little dialectician," he replied.

"I do not understand words of the learned, Fabian; but I do know what it means to be a Christian, which I am, come life or death," she said, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes towards heaven, with an expression so holy and radiant that he remembered it to his dying day; then, "I will ask *Advocata nostra* to intercede for thee, Fabian, and lead thee to Her divine Son; and, if I may, when I go to Them I will rest not from praying that thou wilt at last come."

He loved the maid too tenderly to say words out of his pain that would distress her, or ruffle the exaltation of her enthusiasm, *dementia*, or whatever it might be; she called it faith, but it was faith of a quality he could not comprehend because its *animus* was far beyond the level of human philosophy, and exalted her—a simple child—above its widest scope. He was inclined to believe that the accursed *Chimæra* had woven spells around both father and child, to their own undoing. He remained silent; he wished to get away from the subject, and lapse once more into transient pretence of forgetfulness of the grim realities, only veiled maybe by a day, or perchance an hour.

Just then a great, rose-colored butterfly fanned Fabian's hair, and fluttered down against his cheek, made fearless by his perfect repose and silence. He lifted his hand and caught it by the tips of its wings, then offered it to Claudia; in another moment the beautiful frightened captive trembled on her palm, where it slowly waved its wings once or twice, to assure itself that it was indeed at liberty; she brushed them with a kiss, then tossed it into the air, and watched it drifting and quivering farther and farther, until it disappeared in the golden haze.

"Now I wait the reward of my patience; I am consumed with curiosity about the promised keepsake, all the more because no one has ever before valued me sufficiently to give me one," said Fabian, who had been watching her, almost fancying that Psyche herself had sent the butterfly to afford him an opportunity to change the conversation without abruptness.

"I had not forgotten," she said, gently; then untied, one by one, the silken cords that confined the package, which contained two parcels of unequal size, both sealed.

"This," she said, taking up the larger one, "is the music-bird that was given to me a *lustrum* ago, by that gentle old man who came to see if he could cure my eyes."

"The physician Ben-Asa," replied Fabian. "I remember."

"It had been the plaything of his own little girl, who was dead, and he said it had been in his family hundreds of years," she went on, "so I think it must have been very precious to him. I want it given back to him with my love and thanks, after I go away; and tell him, Fabian, I prized it very much, and took great pleasure in it."

"Is it not just possible, dear one, thou mayest be disappointed of thy expected journey. People often are, even when most certain of going," he observed, with a ring of impatience in his voice; for it seemed as if Fate with cruel insistence hemmed him in, leaving him no escape from his pain; "but I promise, in either case, whatever thou wilt."

"Thou art always kind, Fabian. This," she said, giving him the smaller package, "is thy keepsake. It is a rich jewel, and entirely my own to do with as I please, and I have worn it. Do not open it until—I am no longer here. That is all, Fabian, except that I would thank thee for all thy love and kindness."

He bowed his head over the little hand that presented the gift, and touched it with his lips, with a feeling of reverence such as he had never felt towards the gods; but he did not speak—this man, whose philosophy boasted itself of immunity from all disturbing emotions, who had believed happiness on earth possible, until now. His heart felt as heavy as lead, and had he opened his lips, all the bitterness of his sorrow would have found vent. He thrust the things she had given him into the bosom of his tunic, and walked away a short distance, when, having mastered his emotions, he plucked a tall, snow-white lily, and, going back, placed it in her hands, saying:

"Thy words have pained me, little one; but I take comfort in the fact that thou art no sibyl. I will treasure thy keepsake while I have breath, but one of thy golden curls would be more precious to me than jewels; for it would remind me, after thou art grown up, that thy beautiful childhood was not a dream."

"Thou shalt have thy choice of them all," she said, with a smile, as she ruffled her dainty, dimpled hand through them; "Zilla shall cut one for thee as soon as we get back."

"Let us hurry, then; the sun grows hot, and fever lurks in those soft winds now drifting to us over the Pontine marshes. We have loitered here too long," he added.

When they got back, expecting to find Zilla in the same place, she and the children, with Grillo, had disappeared; but the noble lady Camilla, had just arrived, and was stepping from her chariot. Claudia flew to greet her; and Fabian, after an interchange of salutations and pleasant words, went away without the golden tress, which not until a later day came into his possession.

That night, feeling that solitude best suited his present mood, he sat alone, trying to concentrate his attention on a favorite comedy, and find his usual enjoyment in its pungent, satirical wit; but the flavor was wanting; the zest was gone; even the rustle of the vellum on which it was written irritated him, and made him start. A voice that he recognized, and approaching footsteps, made him turn expectant towards the entrance of his cabinet; the curtain was drawn aside, and Nemesius was ushered in. Their hand-clasp was as warm, their greeting as sincere and friendly as ever, though distinguished by a gravity different from their former intercourse; nor was the visit one for the purpose of social enjoyment, as Nemesius presently explained. He brought with him certain legal papers, drawn according to the strictest interpretation and formula of the Roman law, whice he asked Fabian, in the name of their life-long friendship, to preserve until such time as the bequests therein indicated could be disposed of, first by the written, and later by his verbal instructions.

He went over them carefully, word by word, with Fabian, that in the future there should be no misunderstanding as to the conditions, which might cause the latter to think his friendship had been strained too far at a moment and under circumstances which greater deliberation would have made it impossible for him to accept. There was no fear of a mistake: it was all plain to him; and, though the situation was anomolous, he pledged himself to hold as his own, according to the written bequest, and as the heir of Nemesius, the old palace with all it contained, and the villa and estate on the Aventine, until such time as by the latter's verbal wish they could be safely transferred to the Christian Church, to be applied to her needs at the discretion of her reigning Pontiff.

The pagan gentleman made no difficulty about holding in trust a heritage for the Christians; he would have done more for the sake of the man he loved, but that was all that was required, but not all that he afterwards, with splendid generosity and noble unselfishness, offered to do.

Nemesius had already liberated his numerous slaves, giving a provision to all, to enable them to tide over their first days of freedom, until they should find self-support; he had turned his gold and silver and jewels into the treasury of the persecuted church, for the use of the poor; and now, like an athlete divested of all that might impede his victory, he waited for the final combat. It had cost him nothing to give up his earthly possessions, but there was a something more precious than all yet to be offered before his sacrifice was perfect, which would strain every fibre of his being, and rend his nature with an anguish which no material implement of torture, however savage—which no death, however cruel, could inflict. But he knew in whom he trusted; he remembered Gethsemane, and that moment of supreme desolation on the Cross that crowned Christ's holy Passion. In Him he hoped, waiting His holy will, strong in faith, and willing to suffer all things in testimony thereof.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

Jacob A. Riis in December Ladies' Home Journal

"Dear Mr. Riis:—"A little chap of six on the Western frontier writes to us:

"Will you please tell me if there is a Santa Claus? Papa says not."

"Won't you answer him?"

That was the message that came to me last December just as I was going on a journey. Why the editor of The Ladies Home Journal sent it to me I don't know. Perhaps it was because when I was a little chap, my home was way up toward that white north where even the little boys ride in sleds behind reindeer, as they are the only horses they have. Perhaps it was because when I was a young lad I knew Hans Christian Andersen, who surely ought to know, and spoke his tongue. Perhaps it was both. I will ask the editor when I see him. Meanwhile, here was his letter, with Christmas right at the door, and, as I said, I was going on a journey.

I buttoned it up in my great coat along with a lot of others I didn't have time to read, and I thought as I went to the depot what a pity it was that my little friend's papa should have forgotten about Santa Claus. We big people do forget the strangest way, and then we haven't got a bit of a good time any more.

No Santa Claus! If you had asked that car full of people I would have liked to hear the answers they would have given you. No Santa Claus! Why, there was scarce a man in the lot who didn't carry a bundle that looked as if it had just tumbled out of his sleigh. I felt of one slyly, and it was a boy's sled—a "flexible flyer," I know, because he left one at our house the Christmas before; and I distinctly heard the rattling of a pair of skates in that box in the next seat. They were all good-natured, every one, though the train was behind time—that is a sure sign of Christmas. The brakeman wore a piece of mistletoe in his cap and a broad grin on his face, and he said "Merry Christmas" in a way to make a man feel good all the rest of the day. No Santa Claus, is there? You just ask him!

And then the train rolled into the city under the big gray dome to which George Washington gave his name, and by-and-by I went through a doorway which all American boys would rather see than go to school a whole week, though they love their teacher dearly. It is true that last winter my own little lad told the kind man whose house it is that he would rather ride up and down in the elevator at the hotel, but that was because he was so very little at the time and didn't know things rightly, and besides, it was his first experience with an elevator.

As I was saying, I went through the door into a beautiful white hall with loftly pillars, between which there were regular banks of holly with the red berries shining through, just as if it were out in the woods! And from behind one of them there came the merriest laugh you could ever think of. Do you think, now, it was that letter in my pocket that gave that guilty little throb against my heart when I heard it, or what could it have been? I hadn't even time to ask myself the question, for there stood my host all framed in holly, and with the heartiest handclasp.

"Come in," he said, and drew me after.

"The coffee is waiting." And he beamed upon the table with the veriest Christmas face as he poured it out himself, one cup for his dear wife and one for me. The children—ah! you should have asked *them* if there were a Santa Claus!

And so we sat and talked, and I told my kind friends that my own dear old mother, whom I have not seen for years, was very, very sick in far-away Denmark and longing for her boy, and a mist came into my hostess' gentle eyes and she said, "Let us cable over and tell her how much we think of her," though she had never seen her. And it was no sooner said than done. In came a man with a writing-pad, and while we drank our coffee this message sped under the great stormy sea to the far-away country where the day was shading into evening already though the sun was scarce two hours high in Washington:

The White House.

Mrs. Riis, Ribe, Denmark:

Your son is breakfasting with us. We send you our love and sympathy.

THEODORE AND EDITH ROOSEVELT.

For, you see, the house with the holly in the hall was the White House, and my host was the President of the United States. I have to tell it to you, or you might easily fall into the same error I came near falling into. I had to pinch myself to make sure the President was not Santa Claus himself. I felt that he had in that moment given me the very greatest Christmas gift any man ever received: my little mother's life. For really what ails her is that she is very old, and I know that when she got the President's dispatch she must have become immediately ten years younger and got right out of bed. Don't you know mothers are that way when any one makes much of their boys? I think Santa Claus must have brought them all in the beginning—the mothers, I mean.

I would just give anything to see what happened in that old town that is full of blessed memories to me when the telegraph ticked off that message. I will warrant the town hurried out, burgomaster, bishop and all, to do honor to my gentle old mother. No Santa Claus, eh? What was that, then that spanned two oceans with a breath of love and cheer, I should like to know. Tell me that!

After the coffee we sat together in the President's office for a little while while he signed commissions, each and every one of which was just Santa Claus's gifts to a grown-up boy who had been good in the year that was going: and before we parted the President had lifted with so many strokes of his pen clouds of sorrow and want that weighed heavily on homes I knew of to which Santa Claus had had hard work finding his way that Christmas.

It seemed to me as I went out of the door, where the big policeman touched his hat and wished me a Merry Christmas, that the sun never shone so brightly in May as it did then. I quite expected to see the crocuses and the jonquils that make the White House garden so pretty, out in full bloom. They were not, I suppose, only because they are official flowers and have a proper respect for the calender that runs Congress and the Executive Department, too.

I stopped on the way down the avenue at Uncle Sam's paymaster's to see what he thought of it. And there he was, busy as could be, making ready for the coming of Santa Claus. No need of my asking any questions here. Men stood in line with banknotes in their hands asking for gold—new gold-pieces, they said, most every one. The paymaster, who had a sprig of Christmas green fixed in his desk just like any other man, laughed and shook his head and said "Santa Claus?" and the men in the line laughed too and nodded and went away with their gold.

One man who went out just ahead of me I saw stoop over a poor woman on the corner and thrust something into her hand, and then walk hastily away. It was I who caught the light in the woman's eye and the blessing upon her poor wan lips, and the grass seemed greener in the Treasury dooryard, and the sky bluer than it had been before, even on that bright day. Perhaps—well, never mind! if any one says anything to you about principles and giving alms, you tell him that Santa Claus takes care of the principles at Christmas, and not to be afraid. As for him, if you want to know, just ask the old woman on the Treasury corner.

And so, walking down that Avenue of Good-will, I came to my train again and went home. And when I had time to think it all over I remembered the letters in my pocket which I had not opened. I took them out and read them, and among them were two sent to me in trust for Santa Clause himself which I had to lay away with the editor's message until I got the dew rubbed off my spectacles. One was from a great banker, and it contained a check for a $1,000 to help buy a home for some poor children of the East Side tenements in New York, where the chimneys are so small and mean that scarce even a letter will go up through them, so that ever so many litte ones over there never get on Santa Claus's books at all.

The other letter was from a lonely old widow, almost as old as my dear mother in Denmark, and it contained a $2 bill. For years, she wrote, she had saved and saved, hoping some time to have $5, and then she would go with me to the homes of the very poor and be Santa Claus herself. "And wherever you decided it was right to leave a trifle, that should be the place where it would be left," read the letter. But now she was so old that she could no longer think of such a trip and so she sent the money she had saved. And I thought of a family in one of those tenements where father and mother are both lying ill, with a boy, who ought to be in school, fighting all alone to keep the wolf from the door, and winning the fight. I guess he has been too busy to send any message up the chimney, if indeed there is one in his house; but you ask him, right now, whether he thinks there is a Santa Claus or not.

No Santa Claus? Yes, my little man, there is a Santa Claus, thank God! Your father had just forgotten. The world would indeed be poor without one. It is true that he does not always wear a white beard and drive a reindeer team—not always, you know—but what does it matter? He is Santa Claus with the big, loving, Christmas heart, for all that; Santa Claus with the kind thoughts for every one that make children and grown-up people beam with happiness all day long. And shall I tell you a secret which I did not learn at the post office, but it is true all the same—of how you can always be sure your letters go to him straight by the chimney route? It is this: send along with them a friendly thought for the boy you don't like; for Jack who punched you, or Jim who was mean to you. The meaner he was the harder do you resolve to make it up: not to bear him a grudge. That is the stamp for the letter to Santa. Nobody can stop it, even a cross draught in the chimney, when it has that on.

Because—don't you know, Santa Claus is the Spirit of Christmas; and ever and ever so many years ago when the dear little Baby was born after whom we call Christmas, and was cradled in a manger out in the stable because there was not room in the inn, that Spirit came into the world to soften the hearts of men and make them love one another. Therefore, that is the mark of the Spirit of this day. Don't let anybody or anything rub it out, Then the rest don't matter. Let them tear Santa's white beard off at the Sunday-school festival and growl in his bearskin coat. These are only his disguises. The steps of the real Santa Claus you can trace all through the world as you have done here with me, and when you stand in the last of his tracks you will find the blessed Babe of Bethlehem smiling a welcome to you. For then you will be home.

HARBINGERS OF THE GLAD FEAST.

The closing week of Advent is an all-important one in the theological seminaries, for on the Ember days that come after the third Sunday occur the Christmastide ordinations, which are generally participated in by large numbers of the seminarians, and are always imposing ceremonies. This last week of the season is passed by the candidates in prayer and retreat, and the day which is usually chosen for the ceremony is the Saturday before the fourth Sunday of Advent, a day that may come when Advent begins on November 27, as early as December 17, or fall as late as December 23. As most of the newly-ordained priests desire to return home, in order to celebrate their Christmas Masses in their own parish churches, and in the presence of their kin and friends, they dislike to see the day of their ordination come as close to Christmas as December 23, especially if the seminary in which they receive orders be far removed from their homes.

In olden times it was the custom in many Catholic lands to celebrate the closing days of Advent with popular rejoicing and gladness, in anticipation of the great joy which the world would experience on Christmas morning by the birth of the Redeemer. A pretty practice then was that which prompted bands of minstrels to visit the shrines of the Blessed Virgin and chant carols in her honor and in praise of her expected Son. These carols always breathed the tenderest affection and were permeated with a spirit of profound piety and reverence. As an indication of their character may be cited the following stanza of one of them, which has a beauty of its own that is often lacking in more modern hymns;

"As Joseph was walking,
He heard an angel sing—
This night shall be born
Our heavenly King.
He neither shall be born
In house nor in hell,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall."

Nowadays no inconsiderable portion of these Advent days is, perforce, given over by most people to the purchasing of their Christmas presents for their friends and relatives. For these be the days when the shops make the most tempting display of their wares and are thronged by buyers, all anxious to select their gifts, but puzzled what to choose for this or that one whom they desire to remember. This holiday shopping is often as much of a penance, in consequence of the crowds which jostle and incommode one, as a pleasure; so that it can hardly be said to contravene the spirit wherein the Church would have us keep the Advent season, a spirit of blended joy and sadness, as shown by the fact that although she omits the Gloria from the Advent Mass, she says the Allelulia, in anticipation of the great gladness that will come to the world when the days of Advent end with the coming of Christmas morning.

CATHOLIC PLAYERS.

It is gratifying to read, in an article by Rev. John Talbot Smith, of the number of leading actors and actresses on the American stage who are Catholics, and who follow their duties as Catholics in spite of the many difficulties that beset their paths during the season. Margaret Anglin, who came into prominence in Richard Mansfield's production of "Cyrano de Bergerac," and now leading lady of the Empire Theatre forces: Grace George, starring under the management of her husband, W. A. Brady; Ethel Barrymore, the charming young actress, now playing in "Sister Kate"—the gifted daughter of a gifted mother. Blanche Walsh, who first made a name for herself in Marie Wainwright's company, and now touring as an independent star. Madame Modjeska, whom we know and love so well for her splendid delineations. Then there are James O'Neil, Frederick Paulding, in stock work; Wilton Lackaye, Fritz Williams, Brandon Tynan, Edward Harrigan, John T. Kelly, Dan Sully and Joseph Murphy, not to enumerate a number of others who are playing here, there and everywhere with our stock companies.

Humility and Courage.

God cares nothing for your miserable little failings; He can blow them all away; but He does care for the humility which can see them, and be sorry for them, and the courage which rises up and goes to Him after all. If you commit the same fault 50 times in one day, and 50 times you rise up and go to Him with confidence, that will give God real glory.

IN AND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

NOTABLE CATHOLIC PROGRESS.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Beirut, November 16.

The season is drawing nigh when the thoughts of all Christians are centered upon the sacred scenes of Bethlehem when Christ the Saviour was born. With more than usual interest, then, will your readers be willing to hear something of the Bethlehem of to-day.

Some few weeks since the papers announced the passing away of the Rev. Anthony Belloni, whom Catholic pilgrims to the Grotto of the Nativity will remember as the zealous priest who for years past has looked after the little orphans in Bethlehem. In the year 1859, shortly after his ordination to the priesthood, he was appointed professor in the Seminary of Beitgallat. While thus engaged he was made the recipient of a considerable sum of money from the hands of the distinguished English Catholic Lord Bute, with which he was able to buy some property about twelve miles from Jerusalem, upon which he erected a school for boys in which they were taught not only their religion and the ordinary branches, but also the practical work of farming. Father Belloni realized that there was another pressing necessity—some training school wherein the more capable scholars might receive such instructions as would fit them to undertake the work of instructing the children in the small towns. In many of these the poverty and the scarcity of our own people prevented them from giving to their children under Catholic auspices the educational advantages that American and English Protestants were able to offer. Nearby to the spring where tradition says St. Philip baptized the Ethiopian servant of Queen Candace, on a beautiful spot on the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, this good priest acquired another piece of land, and in one of those intervals when the Turkish authorities relaxed their severe vigilance he constructed a school in which were to be trained those pupils who showed more than usual aptitude for agricultural studies. None of your readers who have ever visited the Holy Land or who may do so in the future will forget the site of this school, Cremizan, situated on the crest of hills from which the Crusaders of old, after many journeyings and much warfare, caught their first glimpse of the Holy City. The inhabitants of this part of the country have nothing to depend upon but a few vines and fruit trees. Owing to neglect of ages consequent upon the misrule of the Ottoman, this fertile soil had taken upon itself the appearance of a desert, but the tears shed by these poor people at news of Dom Belloni's death showed that they recognized that he it was who had caused their children to give these hills the beauty and fruitfulness of the ancient days. His work here has not only brought food and comfort to the natives of this historic spot, but it has drawn large numbers of schismatics into the Church. Another monument of the zeal of the canon was the building of the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at a distance of only a few yards from the cave in which the Divine Infant was born. And into this church come several times during the day the little ones from the adjoining orphan asylum, which likewise owes its existence to this same holy servant of God and over which he presided for many years. Notwithstanding the toil and hard sacrifices with which his life was filled, we feel that some recompense was his even here below, for he died surrounded by his orphans within a stone's throw of the spot where "they wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and placed Him in a manger."

OUR CHIEF ESTABLISHMENTS.

The following resume of our chief Catholic establishments in and about Jerusalem may be of interest to your readers, showing as it does remarkable progress during the past fifteen years.

The Franciscan Fathers, who during the last decade of years have built several large churches in various places throughout Palestine, have now almost completed a building on the site known as "The Flagellation." This, of course, is in addition to the fine hospice known as the Casa Nuova, which during its brief existence has harbored thousands of pilgrims, many of them gratis.

The visit of the German Emperor resulted, as your readers know, in the presentation to German Catholics of an expensive little piece of land near the Kedron, familiarly called "La Dormition" of the Blessed Virgin. The German Dominicans now occupy a fine convent on this site and have made several additions to the famous sanctuary.

The French Dominicans are at present putting the finishing touches to a convent situated on one of the sacred hills to the east of Jerusalem, traditionally known as the "Mount of the Scandal."

The Catholic German Society of Cologne are building, just outside the Damascus Gate, a large hospice wherein pilgrims may find lodging and food and where orphan children of German parentage will find a home.

A new wing is now being added to the Austrian hospice, which is conducted by the Sisters of St. Charles.

During the first week of October the Christian Brothers opened a new school at Nazareth, and on one of the charming hills that overlook the scenes of Christ's childhood Don Bosco's Salesian Fathers are building a fine orphanage.

In Bethlehem the Sisters of Charity have about completed a hospital which is not only faultless from a medical standpoint, but which reveals a genuine artist in its architect.

The Religious of Marie Reparatrice now possess a fine convent, and their new church was dedicated last summer.

Upon Mount Olivet the Benedictine Sisters have bought a small piece of ground which has been enclosed, and here admidst the sacred scenes of our Lord's agony they will sing His praises and implore that His Sacred Blood be not shed in vain.

Within ten minutes' walk from the Dominican convent the Carmelites are found in their monastery, which of late has been considerably enlarged, and a few hundred yards to the north of these the "White Fathers" have begun to build. The "Ladies of Sion" have just had the happiness to see their new sanctuary consecrated, and a few weeks since the Passionist Fathers celebrated the first Mass in their new convent at Bethany.

And so it seems that the arid soil is beginning to bloom with the choicest flowers of Christianity. I. C. T. S

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS DAY OF DAYS BRIEFLY TOLD.

Now, let us try to understand what Christmas Day means to us. Every Catholic child who knows his catechism will tell you that Christmas Day is the anniversary of the day on which Jesus Christ was born in the city of Bethlehem. And what is Jesus Christ? The same Catholic child will tell you that Jesus Christ is the Eternal Son of God, true God of true God, born of the Eternal Father before all ages. This Babe that is here in the manger is the Creator of the universe. The sun shines at His bidding, the stars in there courses move at His command. "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him. All things were made by Him, and without Him was made nothing." And now He becomes incarnate. He takes upon Him a human body and a human soul in the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In this union there results no confusion of natures; nevertheless, whilst observing the distinction in natures, this union constitutes but one Personality—Jesus Christ, the God-Man. The acts and utterances, then, of this Personality are the acts and utterances of God.

All this, of course, is a profound mystery. But a mystery, whilst it is above reason, does not contradict reason. The world is full of mysteries. The world itself is a mystery. It is wonderful, then, that the Creator of the world, if it was His blessed will to make Himself visible, should appear to us in a manner agreeable to Himself? Is not God able to do what He wills? And, since He has the power, who dares say that He did not so will? But the reason of the Son of God coming into this world in the form of man is not unknown to us. He became incarnate in order to redeem us in humility, to rebuke the proud; He comes in poverty as a reproach to those whose hearts are immersed in riches. He comes in the spirit of obedience. His one aspiration is; "Father, not My will but Thine be done." His one desire is to do His Father's business. The Eternal Father, looking down in complacency from Heaven, cries to this lower world of ours; "This is My beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased, Hear ye Him!"

COMMON SENSE AND THE BIBLE.

"The theory that the Bible is 'perfect' does not necessarily involve the conclusion that all parts of it are of equal value for all purposes," says the Watchman (Baptist) of this city. "We are to use common sense in this matter as well as in others." But because the Catholic Church uses this common sense, and does not insist on placing a Bible in the hands of everybody, large and small, educated and uneducated, the more unintelligent of our non-Catholic friends think that she is tooth-and-nail opposed to the Bible under any circumstances. Of course this is ridiculous. The Church has common sense. She knows that a Bible in the hands of some people would be as dangerous, if used for certain purposes, as an ignited canon-cracker in the hands of a baby. There is nothing, except the teaching of the Church, to prevent people at the present day as in the days of the apostles from wrestling Scripture from its true meaning to their own moral and spiritual destruction. A goodly part of the Bible is no meat for babes. The Church, like the wise mother who has preserved this Book, discriminates between those who are fitted to read it with reverence in its entirety and those who read from mere curiosity, or to bolster up certain mistaken theories of their own. We are glad to note that Protestants are coming to recognize this common sense view.

Of course there is this essential difference between the Protestant and the Catholic reader of the Bible: For the former the Bible is the rule of faith and this, too, as interpreted by himself. It is for this purpose Protestants read the Bible and urge Catholics to read it. The Catholic reads for edification, instruction, to confirm the faith he has learned elsewhere, to become acquainted with God's merciful dealings with men, to find a spur to good living and right thinking. Leo XIII. and other Popes exhort to this reading.

In a discussion of this subject it is also essential to remember that Catholics discriminate between the Catholic version of the Bible and Protestant versions.

"In The Name of God."

Francis Nagent in the Forum, of Salem, reminds us that a great deal of the history of the world is to be found in the memorable phrases of those who have made history. Then he gives a number of the striking sentences attributed to leaders in the worlds affairs, on important occasions, and says:

"No phrase however great can surpass the words of the Apostle of Temperance, 'Here goes in the name of God.' One of the most notable events recorded in the history of Ireland is the starting of the temperance movement in Cork by Fr. Mathew. Sixty-five years ago that great and holy priest, sighing over the intoxication of the people of the southern capital, and anxious to be their friend as well as their Father, concluded that there was but one hope for them, and that was the creation of a temperance crusade. Father Mathew took his pen in hand and uttered the memorable phrase, 'Here goes in the name of God.'"

NEWMAN'S RESERVE.

One of the most hopeful signs of Catholicism in this country is the enthusiasm felt by the generation which is now growing up for the writings of Cardinal Newman. His is a name to conjure by; his an authority to invoke. Though he published the bulk of his best work more than forty years ago, his sermons and essays are still found to be rich in quotable material. So true is this, indeed, that it would be hard to cite an actual controversy, among the few that save our wits from going utterly to rust in these days, on which his views would not be strangely pertinent, if not decisively to the point. If one were asked to cite, we will not say the most learned, but the most inspiring, English-speaking apologist of our time, he would, in seven cases out of ten, and, perhaps, ottener, feel impelled to reply with the name of Newman. That is all the more remarkable when one recalls the fact that the great Oratorian never aspired to be an apologist at all. His services to the cause of orthodoxy were, as he himself modestly described them, occasional rather than deliberately systematic. His finest thoughts were thrown off in the way of sermons and lectures. He wrote no full treatise as a Catholic; for of course the *Apologia*, in spite of its intensely personal note and its austere literary grace, depicts but a fragment of the man, and is moreover a narrative in justification, and not an exposition. The Grammar of Assent, too, which might fairly be instanced as a bold attempt to map out new highways through the twilight land that lies between reason and faith, is a sketch after all, and not a finished study. And yet Newman remains the one master-apologist for all English-speaking Catholics in this age, because he is a force rather than a voice. It is the spell of his temperament rather than the influence of his logic that holds the Anglo Saxon world in fief to-day.

American Catholics of this generations who lived somewhat beyond reach of the controversies which revealed Newman's power to his friends, are apt to be disturbed when they learn, as they do from time to time, that a giant of his capabilities was not always suffered to proffer his services under conditions that would have made them most valuable to the Church at large. He was misjudged, he was misdenoted, long before Manning ever employed Mgr. Talbot to instill doubt into the bosom of Pius IX. During the strained conditions of things that prevailed everywhere throughout the continent for a decade previous to the opening of the Vatican Council, Dr. Newman's instinct was to withdraw into retirement, while the instinct of his quondam followers and friends was to drag him out into the light and set him boldly before the world as the champion of a new order which was viewed in many quarters with dismay, though the simplest of us can see now how wonderfully it betokened peace.

It was under the influence of such a stress that Dr. Newman wrote the series of letters published only recently in the Month in an article to which we called the attention of our readers recently. Father Coleridge was Dr. Newman's friend; he sympathized, too, with many of his ideas, particularly with those that bore upon the attitude of intelligent friendliness to be maintained by educated Catholics towards the influential non-Catholic world in countries like Northern Germany and England. How little he succeeded in really interesting the Birmingham recluse the letters now in print make pathetically clear. To put the matter plainly, Newman would have no active part in the venture. He would give advice; perhaps an article or two; but little more. His reasons for holding thus negatively aloof are curiously of a piece with that strange *hauteur* of intellect which those who are familiar with the "Sermons" will recognize as eminently characteristic of him in his more spiricual moods from youth to old age. The many are always perverse in their judgments; their standards are low; their criticism is false and loud:—that is how he seems to argue. "If your periodical," he writes to Father Coleridge, "is to pay, if it is to have influence, it must have readers—who are they to be? Catholics are not a reading set—but if they do read it, what do you want to do with them? To be their organ? If so, against whom?" *Catholics are not a reading set!* That was Newman's judgment of us in the early sixties, observe. Can it be contended that we have changed in the interim? Let those who would too confidently affirm it read the reflections of the present Editor of the Month on the temporary demise of the Pilot.

On the subject of criticism his forecast is, if possible, more pessimistic still; for he writes:

"Recollect, you are sure to have a strong muster of influential Catholics, whose one business it is, not to consider whether you have an aim, or what it is, or whether it is important, but to criticise what is done in and for itself, and that in the most effectual way they can."

And he adds further on:

"It is impossible to write anything really effective without the risk of mistakes."

There we appear to have a clue to what some would call the secret and half-proud spirit of irritation than seems to quiver keenly beneath all that urbane untroubled wording. Did Dr. Newman resent the ecclesiastical machinery for censorship? He is not afraid to reveal his mind on the subject to his Jesuit friend. Censorship, he seems to imply, will prove a more effectual drag-weight upon originality than the apathy of a non-subscribing, non-reading public is likely to do; for it is likely, he adds, "especially if formal and searching," to issue in "compositions which have lost all their edge." Even on the larger questions of historical controversy, where Catholic scholars, it might be contended, would be compelled to paint the awkward fact in its original ugliness, leaving to apologists the problem of re-adjusting the disturbed views of the illiterate and only half-educated, the great thinker is not one whit more encouraging.

Nothing could be better than an Historical Review—but who would bear it? Unless one doctored all one's facts one should be thought a bad Catholic.

We have shifted our point of view very noticeably since those words were written. For, after all, it is a mere matter of policy, and not a question of principle, that is involved in querulous utterances of that sort. With writers like Pastor and Denifle, Thurston, Pollen and Battifol we have made a departure from the supposed conservatism of forty years ago. Would the great Cardinal write so contemptuously if he were alive to-day. We very much doubt it. He himself hints somewhere that it is almost as dangerous to be inexpedient as it is to be unsound. Many things have altered in the schools since Leo XIII. first turned his attention to Catholic studies.

On the other hand nothing could be more seasonable in the present state of general culture among Catholics in America than a remark like this:

"As secular power, rank and wealth are great human means of promoting Catholicism, so especially in this democratic age is intellect. * * * A first-rate journal, then, of which the staple was science, art, literature, politics, etc., would be worth more to the Catholic cause than half a dozen noblemen, or even than a millionaire."

Has it not been our tendency here to make more of wealth and social position than of the one thing without which, humanly speaking, neither wealth nor social position can ever save us from deterioration? Is a cultivated man of brains worth more to the Church in the eyes of the well-to-do Catholic in America than half a dozen noblemen or a single millionaire? The figures and their opposed ratios, remember, are Newman's. Was it the prophet or the irionist in him that sicklied o'er the juxta-position with so pale a cast of rebuke?

We regret that the limits at our disposal in these columns will not allow us to multiply our illustrations. The article is on file in the Public Library; and every open-hearted disciple who turns to it will grant that we have chanced upon a group of sayings which reveal the great master in an interesting and most pertinent phase of mind.—Providence Visitor.

DANIEL O'CONNELL AND HIS RANK AS AN ORATOR.

In a brief summary of the history of Ireland, printed in the New York Evening Post, Mr. Goldwin Smith sums up his opinion of Daniel O'Connell in a few lines. Mr. Smith sees nothing good in the great Liberator. His ability is merely address and cunning; he is coarse, violent, always full of abuse and vituperation; even his eloquence is spoken of slightingly and with contempt. This shows how far prejudice and strong feeling may carry a man who wishes to be thought an accurate and dispassionate historian. Surely so black, so totally one-sided a picture as that drawn by Mr. Smith can never deceive any man of sense into believing O'Connell to be such a man as he describes him. Even amateurs in the study of human nature know that so unrelieved and unqualified an adventurer as he paints in this passage could never have made the impression upon his people that O'Connell made upon his fellow-countrymen.

Though Goldwin Smith would have us believe that there was nothing good in Daniel O'Connell, Wendell Phillips, the great Abolitionist, praises the Liberator as a man and a patriot. Speaking of O'Connell as an orator, here is what Phillips said:

"Any reference to O'Connell that omitted his eloquence would be painting Wellington in the House of Lords without mention of Torres Vedras or Waterloo.

"Broadly considered, his eloquence has never been equalled in modern times, certainly not in English speech. Do you thing I am partial? I will vouch John Randolph of Roanoke, the Virginian slaveholder, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he hated a Yankee, himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed: 'This is the man, these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day.' I think he was right. I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate; I know the eloquence that lay hid in the iron logic of Calhoun; I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had. It has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the ocean. But I think all of them together never surpassed, and no one of them ever equalled O'Connell. Nature intended him for our Demosthenes. Never since the great Greek has she sent forth any one so lavishly gifted as a tribune of the people. In the first place, he had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, massive like that of Jupiter. . . . . There was something majestic in his presence before he spoke; and he added to it what Weber had not, what Clay might have lent—grace. Lithe as a boy at seventy, every attitude a picture, every gesture a grace, he was still all nature: nothing but nature seemed to speak all over him. Then he had a voice that covered the gamut. The majesty of his indignation, fitly uttered in tones of superhuman, power, made him able to 'indict' a nation, in spite of Burke's protest.

"I heard him once say: 'I send my voice across the Atlantic, careering like the thunderstorm against the breeze, to tell the slaveholder of the Carolinas that God's thunderbolts are hot, and to remind the bondman that the dawn of his redemption is already breaking.' You seemed to hear the tones come echoing back to London from the Rocky Mountains. Then, with the slightest possible Irish brogue, he would tell a story, while all Exeter Hall shook with laughter. The next moment, tears in his voice like a Scotch song, five thousand men wept. And all the while no effort. He seemed only breathing.

'As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up, and paint them blue.'

"We used to say of Webster, 'This is a great effort;' of Everett, 'it is a beautiful effort; but you never used the word 'effort' in speaking of O'Connell. It provoked you that he would not make an effort. And this wonderful power, it was not a thunderstorm; he flanked you with his wit, he surprised you out of yourself; you were conquered before you knew it. His marvelous voice, its almost incredible power and sweetness, Balwer has well described:

'Once to my sight that giant form was given,
Walled by wide air, and roofed by boundless heaven.
Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
And wave on wave rolled into space away.
Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
Aven to the centre of the hosts around;
And, as I thought, rose the sonorous swell.
As from some church tower swings the silvery bell
Aloft, and clear, from airy tide to tide
I glided easy as a bird may glide.
Even to the verge of that vast audience sent,
It played with each wild passion as it went;
Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled,
And sobs or laughter answered as it willed.'

"Webster could awe a senate, Everett charm a college, and Choate cheat a jury: Clay could magnetize the million, and Corwin led them captive O'Connell was Clay, Corwin, Choate Everrett and Webster in one. Before the courts logic; at the bar of the senate, unanswerable and dignified; on the platform, grace, wit and pathos; before the masses, a whole man. Carlyle says: 'He is God's own anointed king, whose single word melts all wills into his.' This describes O'Connell. Emerson says: 'There is no true eloquence, unless there is a man behind the speech.' Daniel O'Connell was listened to, because all England and all Ireland knew that there was a man behind the speech—one who could be neither bought, bullied nor cheated. He held the masses free, but willing subjects in his hand."

Wendell Philips, who heard Daniel O'Connell, says that he was an orator. Goldwin Smith, who never heard him, says that he was not.

THE QUESTION-BOX ANSWERS.

BY REV. BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C. S. P. NEW YORK.

Catholic Book Exchange.

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When a young man begins to call his pleasures by their proper names he has made the first step in conquering them. —Mrs. Wharton.

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Matter intended for publication should be mailed in time to reach London not later than Monday morning. Please do not send us poetry.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

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

To 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, DEC. 19, 1903.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.

In connection with the terrible fire in the Ottawa University we regret to notice that another death has resulted, Rev. Father Fulham having succumbed to the terrible injuries that he received. His death is a great loss to the Oblate Order, as he was a young man of great promise.

We believe it is the intention of the corporation of the City of Ottawa to make a liberal donation to aid in the work of reconstructing this great seat of learning. We sincerely trust that the Dominion Government and the Local Legislature will likewise come to its aid. The University of Ottawa has done much for the country, and now, in the time of its misfortune, it would be an act of simple justice for the Governments to act liberally. When the Toronto University was destroyed by fire, generous donations of this character were the order of the day, and we trust that a like spirit will prevail on the present occasion.

"GUARD THE SCHOOLS."

A new school law for Toronto comes into operation at the close of the present year whereby the whole Public educational system of the city will be brought under the control of one Board of Education.

Under this new law, the Separate School Board has power to appoint two members who will have votes on all matters relating to the Collegiate Institutes, Technical schools, etc., but not on questions which regard the management of the Public schools.

We could hardly suppose that any one should object to this arrangement, as Catholics as well as Protestants are taxed for the maintenance of the Collegiate and other Institutions, and are entitled in all justice to adequate representation on the Educational Board, and none but the most narrow-minded bigots could object to such representation.

The Toronto Telegram, of which Mr. J. Ross Robertson, ex-M. P. for one of the Toronto's is publisher, makes such an objection, in its issue of December 4th. Under the alarming heading "Guard the Schools," it makes an inflammatory appeal to the electors of the city to vote against all candidates for the School Board who do not "offer some satisfactory guarantee that they will keep out of intrigues that would tend to admit representatives of the Separate School Board to any share in the control of the Public schools."

The Catholics of Toronto took no part in demanding the union of the School Boards. They did not ask for nor did they want to be thrown into contact with the Board of Public School Trustees. The amalgamation which has been effected took place solely because the Public School Board clamored for it; but it now appears from the Telegram's article that some at least of the agitators adopted this course in the hope that in the melee of a change in the School Law affecting the city, the Catholic representation on the Collegiate Institute Board would be quietly got rid of. These agitators have been disappointed, and the Toronto Telegram, as their mouthpiece, raises covertly a religious cry in order that the Catholics of the city, in the face of a decidedly hostile majority on the Board of Education, may not be able to exercise their due influence in educational matters. We say that this is done covertly; for the Telegram does not openly state its designs. Its aim is professedly to prevent Catholics from "*controlling* the Public schools," but elsewhere in the same article the cat is so far let out of the bag that we can see its claws and teeth. We are told that "the Separate School Board with two votes in its control might make a chairman, and the chairman might reward the appointed members from the Separate School Board with rulings that would enable them to run the High Schools at least to suit themselves."

It is acknowledged, also, that the two Catholics to be appointed to the School Board will be "a hopeless minority" of the whole Board, and that they "will be no more numerous in the new Board of Education than they were in the High School Board."

What is the trouble, then? It is lest it should so happen that the votes of the two Catholic representatives should decide the election of a chairman or any other matter when the Protestant members are so equally divided that the votes of the two Catholic members will decide the question.

This state of affairs is inseparable from representative institutions which are fairly conducted; but the Telegram wishes to nullify the intention of the Legislature by raising a no-Popery cry during the election of Trustees.

Is there any justification for this disreputable course? The Telegram asserts thot the presence of Catholics on the High School Board raised "wrangles" which disfigured its proceedings, and that two (Catholic) members of that Board "raised issues which enabled the supposed terrors of the Catholic vote to be shaken over the heads of the High School Board, and virtually enabled the minority to dictate to the majority."

This is sheer nonsense. The two Catholic members under the circumstances would not constitute the minority. They would be simply part, and only a small part of the majority, and if Catholics were not represented on the Board at all, it is true the Protestant majority of the people of Toronto would be represented, but a majority of such a Board would represent only a majority of a majority, who might easily re-represent but a small minority—say but a few votes more than one fourth of the people. This is just the state of things the Telegram aims at—a state which would disfranchise the Catholics altogether.

As the Protestant people of Toronto have succeeded in gaining the point at which they aimed, that the Public schools shall be under the same management with the High schools or the Collegiate Institutes, they must accept the conditions under which they have attained their purpose, one of which is that the chairman who presides over all the deliberations shall be elected by the representatives of all tax-payers who contribute toward the maintenance of the schools.

It is well-known that Toronto is a decidedly Conservative city; and it was the Conservative party of Ontario which in years gone by conducted the provincial elections in three successive campaigns under the no-Popery banner, with one of the actual Chief Justices for Ontario for its leader. On each successive occasions the party lost the election more ignominiously than ever before.

We do not doubt that there is still much of the old leaven of bigotry existing in Toronto as well as elsewhere, and there are journals which interest themselves in stirring it up to vitality whenever they have an opportunity. Among the second rate organs of the party the Toronto Telegram stands in a fairly prominent position. Are we to infer that the no-Popery flag, which has for a number of years been consigned to the dark chambers of oblivion, is to be brought out again in order to introduce political and religious issues into the school as well as the parliamentary elections? If this is what is intended, we shall know how to act under the circumstances.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD has carefully stood aloof from all merely political polemics, and will continue to do so; but it will not hesitate to sound the note of alarm when it sees indications that the no-Popery banner is to be raised again, and we warn the electors of Ontario that if that banner is to be set to the breeze now under the fallacious pretence of "guarding the Public schools," the consequences may be more far-reaching than those who raise it anticipate. If the ball be once set rolling in the direction indicated by the Toronto Telegram, there is no knowing what magnitude it may attain.

The wrangles on the High School Board, referred to by the Toronto Telegram, were not caused by the Catholic members of the Board. These members rightly protested against the arbitrary conduct of a majority on the Board who tabooed a Catholic teacher who was reported to be the most suitable of all the applicants for a position under the Board, and if similar circumstances should arise again, the Catholic members of the new Board should again assert themselves as they did faithfully, though fruitlessly on that occasion.

There is no danger that the small Catholic representation on the new School Board will override the decisive Protestant majority of 12 to 2 and they have no wish to do so. The danger is altogether the other way, and we do not hesitate to say that the Catholic representatives should sound the trumpet "to arms" should a similar occasion arise. They would fall short of their duty if they should neglect to do so.

There is not the least danger that the Catholic members will seek to control the Public schools, as they will not have even a minority vote on questions which concern the Public schools. The note of alarm sounded by the Telegram arises out of sheer bigotry with ulterior designs in view.

MR. JOHN REDMOND'S SALE OF HIS ESTATE.

Any plea on which the enemies of Ireland can found an argument to show that the people of Ireland have not the ability to legislate for themselves is seized upon as a Godsend, for it is made a basis for the assertion that the people of Ireland are not deserving of the Home Rule which they have so persistently demanded.

The recent sale of Mr. John Redmond's Wexford estates does not come under the designation of a want of legislative ability; but if it could be shown that he has proved to be as grasping a landlord as any who have hitherto oppressed the people, and who have been denounced for imposing on their tenantry heavier burdens than they could bear, the inevitable inference would be that some who have posed as Irish patriots, having the cause of Ireland at heart, were in reality not deserving of the confidence which has been given them.

The justice of the Irish cause does not depend upon the fidelity of any one man. Hence, even if it could be shown that Mr. Redmond, who has been for years and is still the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party had undue confidence placed in him, the justice of the Irish demand would not be any the less strong. But we are pleased to be able to say that the charges of oppression and greed brought against Mr. Redmond have no foundation, in fact, notwithstanding that Mr. Timothy M. Healy said in a speech delivered at Dundalk, that Mr. Redmond is getting by far too much for his land, and advised him to discontinue the sale on the present terms. Mr. Healy said that if Mr. Redmond does not follow this advice, "the story of the sale of his land will re-echo throughout Ireland, and stink in the nostrils of Irish tenant farmers."

There are, of course, some differences of opinion regarding what is the intrinsic value of land in general, and there may be such differences in the specific case of Mr. Redmond's estates.

Some Nationalists believed that not more than eighteen years' purchase should be paid the landlords of Ireland, while others have thought that the evils of landlordism would be cheaply got rid of at 53 or 25 years purchase. At all events, the present land law has so arranged that considerably less than twenty five years' purchase will be required as the average price at which Irish landlordism will be got rid of, and part of that amount will be paid by the Government itself in order to put an end to the evil.

Mr. Redmond's estates come under three different classes termed first term and second term rents, and non-judicial rents which were not fixed by the courts, for the reason that they were never entered for judicial action.

The prices which Mr. Redmond is to obtain on these three species of property are respectively twenty-three years', twenty-four and a half years', and eighteen and a half years' purchase. He has, besides, of his own accord, wiped out two years of arrears amounting to $20,000. Furthermore, the rentals have been reduced on the three classes of property by 20, 25 and 40 per cent. respectively so that the actual amount to be received by him is very much below the amount provided under the Land Act, while the terms of repayment have been extended to sixty-eight and a half years under the same Act, and the interest is reduced from the 4 per cent. required under the Ashbourne Act to 3¼ per cent. These conditions are not, of course, attributable directly to Mr. Redmond. They are, nevertheless, an essential part of the agreement, and are in a sense partially attributable to him, as it was the Nationalist agitation which brought about the Land Purchase Act. Thus, if Mr. Redmond had sold his land under the Ashbourne Act, the tenants would have had to pay much more than they will now need to do.

Mr. John O'Callaghan, the National Secretary of the Irish League of America, speaking recently on this subject, in vindication of Mr. Redmond, remarked that some persons do not regard the extended period of repayment as any great benefit to the Irish farmer. In reply to this he points out that if the farmer wishes to pay off his debt earlier, he is at liberty to do so, if he can. To this we may add that the liberty to choose between two alternatives is itself an advantage, as sometimes one course is preferable and sometimes another, according to the varied circumstances of the cases in point.

Our inference is that Mr. Redmond has acted not only fairly, but even generously with his tenantry.

ORIGINAL SIN AND ITS REMEDIES.

J. J., Strathroy, Ont., asks us regarding the Catholic doctrine of the necessity of Baptism to salvation, and wishes to know if it can be reconciled with the attributes of justice and mercy which belong essentially to Almighty God, that unbaptized infants should be condemned to the everlasting punishment of hell for a fault which is in no way attributable to them, viz., the disobedience of our first parents in eating the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge, as related in Genesis ii. 17.

We must inform our correspondent, in the first place, that it is not the teaching of the Catholic Church that children who die without Baptism are condemned to everlasting punishment, or to any actual punishment whatsoever. They are, indeed, excluded from heaven and the beatific vision of Almighty God, because they have not fulfilled the conditions laid down by our Lord Jesus Christ for admission to His Kingdom: "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." (St. Jno. iii. 5.) It should be noticed that the expression "a man" here signifies any human being or person, as the Greek original gospel uses the word *tis* which has this meaning, being not limited to any age or sex.

It was the teaching of Calvin that non-elect children are condemned to eternal punishment, being so predestined to damnation; but Catholics generally hold that they lose God and the happiness of heaven, but are not punished further. They thus resemble children who have never seen their mothers, and (probably) feel the loss of God the less for this reason.

Other passages of Holy Scripture might be cited to show that original sin is transmitted from our first parents to the human race, and that in Adam we have all sinned. We shall refer to only one passage on this point wherein this is stated clearly, viz., Rom. v. 12-21.

But is it not an injustice to deprive unbaptized children of heaven for the sin committed by Adam?

It would be an injustice to deprive these children of what is due to them by nature; but salvation is due by *grace*, not by *nature*. It is a favor from God—a supernatural gift from God—that is a free gift above nature.

Adam was the head of the human race, and we are bound to him as children to a parent, or a branch to a tree, and through the sin of Adam we lose whatever human nature itself deserves to lose on account of sin. Thus by the disobedience of our first parents, they forfeited for themselves and for all their children the sanctifying grace which God had bestowed upon the human race from the beginning.

God's justice was appeased in regard to the sin of our first parents by the wonderful atonement made by our Lord Jesus Christ Who took upon Himself all human infirmities that He might atone for the sins of mankind. The Justice of the adorable Trinity in insisting upon adequate atonement is thus made manifest and His mercy is also vindicated and manifested in that same atonement. By Baptism, children are restored, not by their own act, but through the faith of their parents, to the inheritance which they forfeited by the sin of our first parents. Thus in the whole mystery of original sin and its remedy through our Redeemer, the justice and mercy of God, instead of being voided, are made glorious, and the words of the royal prophet David are verified:

"Mercy and Truth have met each other: Justice and Peace have kissed. The Lord will give Goodness. . . . Justice shall walk before Him."

The Strathcona, Alta, Plaindealer, in its issue of December 4th states that "the haste with which the United States government has recognized Panama as an independent republic and justifies her action through Secretary Hay, brands it as guilty of the rankest hypocrisy and as a reviver of the long since exploded Jesuitical doctrine that the end justifies the means." Scholars now a days admit that the Jesnits never taught that the end justified the means. We must therefore conclude that the editor of the Plaindealer is not a scholar.

There never was an idea started that woke men up out of their stupid indifference but its originator was spoken of as a crank.—O. W. Holmes.

MORE PERSECUTION IN FRANCE.

Premier Combes of France is again on the warpath against the Religious Orders who are engaged in the work of education. Down to the present, his warfare was against the Orders which had not been authorized, but now he has practically announced his intention to close the Schools taught by the authorized orders.

It was already seen that the plea that the Communities he suppressed were not authorized and were therefore deserving of the summary suppression to which they were subjected, for when seventy five orders applied for authorization, it was denied to them all amid insult superadded to injury, when the matter came up to be acted upon by the Chamber of Deputies. The mockery of authorization is now more evident than ever since the Premier is at present preparing to close 3500 schools which are taught by authorized orders.

By order of the Government, the Prefects of the Departments examined how many of the schools now in operation could be supplanted at once by godless secular schools. The reports of the Prefects are to the effect that 1900 of these schools can be closed, as there are teachers and buildings available to take the places of the Religious teachers and their schools, whereas 1600 schools cannot be replaced immediately. It is, therefore, understood that the 1900 will be closed, and the remaining 1600 will be allowed to remain in operation for a time until everything is made ready so that they may be closed likewise.

The reports of the Prefects are to be submitted to the Chamber of Deputies, that action may be taken at once on a Bill to provide for the discontinuance of teaching by the authorized Orders, and as there is a servile majority in the Chamber which will sustain the Government in any act of barbarity which it may see fit to perform, the closing of the 1,900 schools may be expected by the end of the current month.

Religion has been persecuted by the French Government before now, and was afterward gladly restored in order to save the country from "race suicide" and ruin; and we have no doubt that history will repeat itself, though we expect the reaction to come from the outraged people of France at the next elections, rather than from the present Atheistic rulers of the nation, but unless the ravages of Atheistic teaching be quickly stopped, it is to be feared that the country will be greatly demoralized before the time of retribution comes.

THE DREYFUS CASE AGAIN.

The Dreyfus case, which has already been the cause of much excitement in France, and in which party feeling had an opportunity to display itself to an intense degree, is likely to be reopened once more, though it is not to be expected that there will be the same amount of high feeling exhibited as was previously shown in the matter.

The Jewish influence in France is powerful owing to the wealth of many Jews who feel it to be a slur on their nationality that Dreyfus, who was a captain in the army, and a Jew, was found guilty of treasonable correspondence with a foreign country, which is known to be Germany. The accusation was to the effect that the military secrets of France were made known to the foreign Government by Dreyfus.

The ex-captain was deprived of his position in the army, and condemned by court martial to a long imprisonment in the penal settlement at Devil's Island, a French possession near the South American coast. He was set free after a revision of the trial at Rennes, though the justice of the sentence was reaffirmed, and he was not restored to his military position. It was thought that he had suffered sufficiently, as the sentence was a severe one, and had been secured owing to the fact that forged documents had been used against him in his trial.

His Jewish friends are not satisfied with the result, and wish the accused to be reinstated in the favor of the French people. As these friends are for the most part earnest supporters of the present Government of France, they have been again able to secure a new investigation into the circumstances, in the hope that he will be completely exonerated if a new trial be granted.

The Government has granted a Commission to investigate whether or not a new trial should be granted, and the Commission has completed the examinations of documents bearing upon the case. The official report will be ready in few days, and will be submitted to the Ministers of War and Justice, after which the Government will decide whether or not a new trial shall be granted.

The conclusions reached by the governmental commission have not yet been made public, but it is the general belief that a revision of the trial will be recommended, and that the Government will accede to the recommendation.

It might be supposed that after the three trials to which the ex-captain has been subjected, the Government would not deem it either necessary or expedient to grant a fourth, but the Jewish influence is exceedingly powerful, and it has been sufficient to induce the Government to yield to its persistent solicitations in regard to the disagreeable matter.

The delays which have occurred are highly favorable to the accused ex-captain, at the present moment, as many of the witnesses who were examined before are dead, and others are out of the country. If a new trial be granted, and the former verdict be set aside, the public generally will still be hardly convinced of the innocence of the accused. However, it is to be hoped that the matter will be settled once for all time, and in such a way that the case shall never more be brought up to disturb the peace of the country.

One source of trouble has been so far, that there was part of the evidence kept from the public owing to the fear that it might disturb the peaceful relations at present existing between France and Germany. For this very cause, the public can never know in its completeness the evidence on which Dreyfus was convicted, and there will be room for opposite opinions in regard to the case.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

The New York Apostolate gave a mission at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Port Jervis, N. Y., recently, and it was a more than ordinarily enthusiastic mission. The men, who are largely trainmen and engineers, made great sacrifices to attend the services. During this mission was noticed a fact that frequently occurs, but it is more frequently over-looked viz. how the virtues of honesty and sincerity attract the non-Catholic. Many of them fancy that these virtues are overlooked, in fact unheeded by Catholics. Hence, when they hear Catholics urged and commanded to be sincere, honest, and just in their dealings with their fellowmen, they lose much of the stony prejudice and dislike which they formerely bore against the Church and Catholics, and consequently better prepare themselves for the claims of the Church of Christ. There may be some foundation for this striking prejudice. If so, it would be well for those who offer it to observe how far-reaching and how serious an obstacle and stumbling-block become their dishonest and unjust dealing.

At this mission a "Mason," when he heard how insulting to God was a rash and unjust oath, felt his offence toward God and his disloyalty to the Church, and renounced his allegiance to that body. There were eight converts at this mission, and a class of ten were left in preparation.

At the next mission, given at St. Joseph's Church, Yonkers, N. Y., the very first night found the Church crowded. There were twelve converts at this mission. When we return here for the non Catholic missions we hope for a large harvest of souls.

At St. Michael's Flushing, L. L., there were four converts received.—The Missionary.

THE WORST PITFALL.

Two grave, quiet-looking men stood on the steps of a big house in Washington some years ago. They were watching four bright children get into a cart and drive down the street, throwing back kisses and "good-bye" to papa and papa's friend, the General.

The younger man, the father, was General Phil. Sheridan—"Fighting Phil," as he was called in those days. The General, the old friend, said:

"Phil, how do you manage your little army of four?"

"Don't manage; they are mischievous soldiers, but what good comrades! All the good there is in me they bring out. Their little mother is a wonderful woman, and worth a regiment of officers, John. I often think that pitfalls are in waiting for my small brave soldiers, all through life. I wish I could always help them over.

"Phil, if you could choose for your little son from all the temptations which will beset him the one most to be feared, what would it be?"

General Sheridan leaned his head against the doorway, and said soberly:

"It would be the curse of strong drink. Boys are not saints. We are all self-willed, strong willed, maybe full of courage and thrift and push and kindness and charity, but woe to the man or boy who becomes a slave of liquor! One of my brave soldier boys on the field, when he gave me his message to his mother, if he should be killed: 'Tell her I have kept my promise to her. Not one "drink" have I ever tasted.' The boy was killed. I carried the message with my own lips to the mother. She said: "General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city."

For Night Workers.

The example of Rev. Luke Evers of New York, who secured permission from Rome for a Mass at 2 o'clock in the morning for the benefit of newspaper people and other night workers, has been followed by Archbishop Quigley of Chicago, who has decided to have an early morning service on Sunday at one of the down town churches.

More Sisters Removed.

By a summary decree, the French Government has removed all religious Sisters who were employed as nurses in the naval hospitals.

THE CARDINAL ON THE SWEATSHOP.

STIRRING APPEAL IN BEHALF OF A CLASS OF PERSONS WHO ARE OVERWORKED AND UNDERPAID.

Baltimore, December 7.

A scathing arraignment of sweatshops and their unscrupulous proprietors and an eloquent appeal for the betterment of the condition of the unfortunate sweatshop workers were the salient features of Cardinal Gibbons' regular monthly sermon at the High Mass at the Cathedral yesterday morning. The Cardinal took as his text the words, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The cathedral was crowded at the services. The Cardinal said in part:

"We are social beings; we were created to live in society. No man is sufficient unto himself. We are all mutually and reciprocally dependent on one another. As an injury to one organ involves a shock to the entire human system, so should the community at large feel a practical sympathy for their fellow-beings in any grievance by which they may be oppressed.

"My purpose to-day, dear brethren, is not to commend to you indiscriminate charity, but my aim is to set before you a special class of persons in this city that you may help to improve their condition, to redress their grievances and enable them to earn by their industry and honesy a comfortable livelihood. To come to the point, there is a class of persons in Baltimore and in other large cities who are employed by proprietors of large clothing establishments. Some of these workers are employed in the stores and others make garments in their own houses and bring them to the establishments. Many of these workers, men and women, are compelled to toil in sweatshops, of which there are eighteen in one section of the city, which are contracted in space and poorly lighted and ventilated. They are overworked and underpaid. After a careful investigatfon I have discovered that after laboring six days, from ten to twelve hours a day, their weekly compensation amounts to 6 or $8. And with this pittance they have to pay for house rent, food and clothing and other expenses incident to family life. They are living on starving wages. The result is that in a few years they become incapacitated for work.

REBUKE TO EXTORTIONERS.

"There is something radically wrong in our social and economic condition when the employer becomes suddenly rich and the toiler with the utmost thrift and economy, can scarcely keep the wolf from the door. Oh! how scathing is the language in which St. James rebuke these extortioners: 'Behold the hire of your laborers which by fraud has been kept back by you crieth, and the cry of them hath entered into the ears of the God of Sabbaoth."

"These toilers ask for no alms. All they demand is to obtain living wages for the work they perform. They appeal to you and the public for compassion and consideration. They are our flesh and blood.

HOW TO AID OPPRESSED.

"You will ask: 'How can we help them? How can we redress their grievances? You may not be able to aid them directly, but you can do so indirectly in various ways. You can agitate the question. By agitation the air is stirred, the sky is cleared and healthy discussion is provoked. You thus arouse public attention to their pressing grievances. You invoke popular sympathy; you lift the veil so that one-half of the world can see how the other half lives.

"You may appeal to the conscience and humanity to the employers themselves, who may be disposed to repair a wrong when their attention is called to the situation. And surely a little reflection would enable them to realize that they would derive more substantial happiness from the contentment and gratification of their workers than from the money which is hoarded in their safes. The burglar may rob him of the treasure in his coffers, but cannot rob him of the gratitude he feels for doing good.

"If they are deaf to your expostulations, you can have recourse to more drastic measures. Thank God! there are in Baltimore some clothing houses that treat their employes with justice and charity. In making your purchases you can discriminate in favor of these establisments. You will thus exercise a moral pressure of the oppressors by appealing to their self-interest.

"You can encourage and co operate with an excellent society existing here and elsewhere. This society is called the Consumers' League. It is composed of prominent ladies zealous in works of charity and has already accomplished a great deal in inproving the conditions of the opressed toilers and establishing happier and juster relations between them and their employers.

YOU ARE YOUR BROTHER'S KEEPER.

"But perhaps you would say: 'Why should I concern myself about other people's affairs? I have my own business to attend to. Am I my brother's keeper?' These were the words of Cain, the first murderer. What would have become of you and me if Christ the Lord had said: 'Am I my brother's keeper?' We would be groping to day in the darkness of idolatry and infidelity. What would have become of society if the Apostles had said: 'Are we our brother's keeper?" If they had returned to their homes and closed their mouths after the death of their Master we would be deprived to-day of the priceless blessings of Christian civilization. I say you are, you ought to be, your brother's keeper. You cannot, indeed, like the Saviour, give sight to the blind or hearing to the deaf, but you can work miracles of grace and mercy by relieving the distress of your suffering brethren. And never do you approach nearer to God than when you alleviate the sorrows of others by bringing sunshine to hearts darkened by clouds of adversity For as St. James tells us, 'Religion, pure and undefiled before God the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless, and widows in their tribulation and to keep oneself unspotted from the world.'"

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP.

CATHOLICS SHOULD TAKE PART IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Bishop Casartelli of Salford, England, makes this edifying suggestion: "Apart from mere party politics, there are vast fields of action for the general good—in matters social, municipal, philanthropic, educational, artistic, literary—in which we may exercise the powers we enjoy. We live under a complex system of self-government, having control of nearly all matters that tend to the well-being and prosperity of the people at large. And it is not merely that we should take our due part as electors in the various forms of local self-government, but it is of the greatest importance that those amongst us who have sufficient means and opportunities should be willing to give, not so much their material wealth, but, what is, after all, far more valuable their time and their work in the service of the common weal. Such service is rendered on city and borough councils, or urban and parish councils, boards of guardians, education committees, committees of hospitals, museums, libraries, art galleries, as well as in the magistracy of the peace. We cannot but feel that it would be a good thing if some of our younger men—not out of a spirit of vulgar vanity, but out of what may be styled a spirit of just civic ambition—would strive to render this service for the benefit of both the Church and the commonwealth. Of course, this often involves some sacrifice, particularly of valuable time; but it is precisely such a generous sacrifice that both the Church and the country may well look for from good Catholics, who certainly ought to be always model citizens."

OCCASIONS OF SIN.

The following passage from a pastoral of the Bishop of Newport, England, is peculiarly timely:

"There are those," says the Bishop, "who will not profess the creed of the libertine, but will refuse to renounce the frequentation of places, the company of persons and the reading of books, which are plainly and experimently dangerous occasions of sin These occasions occur under pretext, sometimes of amusement and sometimes of friendship. The following principle may here be laid down: If a thing is a grievous sin we commit a grievous sin by exposing ourselves to the strong temptation of committing it. There are practically no exceptions of this rule for the large majority of persons. Next a thing that is a grievous sin to do, it is a grievous sin to desire, and even to dwell upon the thought. And, finally, no excuse of friendship, relationship, or company can make a thing not to be a sin which would be a sin under other circumstances.

"It is wrong to read books and newspapers which tend to excite the passions. No doubt it is very difficult, under our modern conditions, to choose what to read, and to avoid all that is objectionable. But sin is sin in spite of such difficulty. Therefore, the effort has to be made, and the self-restraint and self-denial to be practised. Parents have a most serious duty not to allow books and newspapers indiscriminately in the house. Tradespeople are bound not to sell what is really bad. Young men and women must be determined to avoid what is corrupting, and must absolutely give up what they find by experience has led them into the sins of thought and desire. Again, there are in every town amusements that are productive of evil.

"The fact is—and it cannot be stated too plainly—that the world does not recognize as wrong many actions, imaginations, desires, and situations which the Catholic Church teaches to be grievously sinful. Hence it is quite possible that in ordinary forms of amusements—such as theatricals, variety entertainments, dances, and some kinds of games—there may be grievous harm. The same may be said of company-seeking with or without a view to marriage. It is well known how strict an older generation was on these matters—and with good reason. It is certain that no pretense of custom, of altered times, of modern ideas, can make a thing lawful which is wrong in itself.—The Guidon.

Left a Fortune to Become a Catholic.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, N. Y., speaking at the recent golden jubilee of the diocese of Newark, N.J., of James Roosevelt Bayley, its first Bishop, says:

"Very few men knew Dr. Bayley as well as Monsignor Doane and myself, and we are the only ones now living who can speak of him as he was. He was a true gentleman, an educated man of good family, and he loved the poor and always worked for their betterment. He was a Catholic in mind, walk, talk and in every fibre of his body. He sacrificed a fortune of $100,000 by joining our faith, because he believed in heart and soul it was the only true faith. He believed in education, and brought the Sisters of Charity here to teach the young children. He established Seton Hall College to educate young men for the priesthood, and St. Elizabeth's Convent for educating young women as Sisters to teach your daughters."

School for Catechists.

Under the auspices of Archbishop Farley, the New York Normal Training school for Catechists has opened its third year at St. Rose's Settlement, 257 East Seventy first street. This is the work being promoted by Miss Marion Gurney and other well known women of that city.

The object of the school is to train young men and young women desirous of teaching Christian doctrine in various parts of that city. A special effort is made to impart to mothers a thorough knowledge of Christian belief, that they in turn may impart it to their children. Queries concerning any point of religion are answered. The course of study covers a period of two years—the junior year embracing the elements of pedagogy, the senior taking up Christian doctrine and Bible study subjects.

REST.

To step out of self-life into Christ-life; to lie still and let Him lift you out of it; to fold your hands close, and hide your face upon the hem of His robe; to let Him lay His cooling, soothing, healing hands upon your soul, and draw all the hurry and fever from its veins; to realize that you are not a mighty messenger, an important worker of His, full of care and responsibility, but only a little child with a Father's gentle bidding to heed and fulfill; to lay your busy plans and ambitions confidently in His hands, as the child brings its broken toys at its mother's call; to serve Him by waiting; to praise Him by saying, "Holy, holy, holy," a single note of praise, as do the seraphims of the heavens if that be His will; to cease to hurry so that you lose sight of His face; to learn to follow Him and not run ahead of orders; to cease to live in self, and for self, and to live in Him and for Him; to love His honor more than your own; to be a clear and facile medium for His life-tide to shine and glow through—this is consecration, and rest. —The Guidon.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE AND ITS LESSONS.

Montreal True Witness.

The Hon R. W. Scott, Secretary of State, and Mrs. Scott have just celebrated the golden jubilee of their wedding day. Owing to the fact of Mrs Scott's being an invalid it was a family celebration only but they had the happiness of having all their children and grandchildren with them on the auspicious occasion, and received many tokens of congratulations and good wishes from a large circle of friends.

Mr. Scott was born in Prescott, on the 24th of February, 1825. His father, the late W. J. Scott, M.D. belonged to an old Irish family, resident in the County of Clare, and his mother Sarah Ann Macdonell, came of a race of staunch Catholics, who came to Canada in order to seek that religious liberty denied them in their own land. Mrs. Scott was born in Dublin in the year 1833—daughter of the late John Heron—the eldest of a family who were gifted with great musical talent and who for many years, charmed the English-speaking world on both sides of the Atlantic, with their exquisite voices, and particularly in their rendering of Irish ballads.

Mr. Scott visited Ottawa as early as 1846 (it was then Bytown) and finally se tled there in 1848; he has therefore seen the marvellous growth of the small town, and its development into a large and prosperous city. He was Mayor in 1852 and was first elected member of the Canadian Legislature in 1857. From Confederation (1867) to November, 1873, Mr. Scott was a member of the Ontario Legislature. In 1871 he was elected Speaker by a unanimous vote. He was subsequently Commissioner of Crown Lands in the Blake and Mowat administration. In January, 1874, was appointed Secretary of State in the administration of the late Alexander Mackenzie. From 1878 to 1896 Mr. Scott was leader of the Opposition in the Senate, and on the formation of the present administration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier was again appointed Secretary of State.

In the year 1863 Mr Scott had the satisfaction of carrying through Parliament a measure placing the Separate school system of Ontario on an acceptable and permanent basis. The Bill was first introduced in the session of 1861 but met with such determined opposition that little progress could be made. In the session of 1862 the Bill improved and extended was the first public bill introduced, yet owing to the factious resistence that met the measure at every stage it had to be again dropped though it had passed the second reading stage.

In the following year, 1863 after numerous divisions on the several amendments, proposed with the object of weakening its efficiency had been voted down, the bill was finally carried through, both branches of Parliament to the great satisfaction of the Catholic minority of the province. Among the many assurances of approval received by Mr. Scott during his advocacy in the measure, the following are interesting as showing the warm appreciation by the Catholic Hierarchy of Mr Scott's successful efforts in placing the Catholic schools of Ontario on a sound and permanent basis.

Toronto, March 18

My dear Mr. Scott:—"I now heartily thank you for your noble efforts to settle finally our school difficulty. I do hope that your bill will become law, and exonerate us from the very disagreeable, difficult duty of fighting a religious battle on the political arena of the hustings.

Please to accept my dear Sir, the expression of my high esteem and regard."

Yours sincerely,
JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH.
Bishop of Toronto.

Bishop's Palace,
Kingston, 24th April, 1863.

My dear Mr. Scott—Allow me to congratulate you on the great success of your Separate School Bill

Had an adverse majority prevented the passage of your bill, even then you would have had an undoubted right to the love and gratitude of every Catholic parent who is desirous of procuring for his children the inestimable blessings of a religious education.

Now that God has been pleased to bless your honest endeavors, and crown with full success your persevering labors, you will be long remembered by a grateful people as the friend of true education, and your name will be handed down as that of the successful advocate of the parents' right to have his children educated and instructed in accordance with the dictates of his conscience.

Thanking you for this signal service rendered to the Church and to society,

I remain,
My dear Mr. Scott,
Very sincerely and gratefully yours,
E. J.
Bishop of Kingston.

After the bill had been finally passed through both Houses the following telegram was received from the Bishop of Toronto:

Montreal Telegraph Company,
Quebec, May 6, 1863.

By Telegraph from Toronto.

To R. W. Scott, M. P.,

Please accept assurance of perpetual gratitude of Catholics of Canada.

BISHOP LYNCH.

In the year 1878, Mr. Scott carried through Parliament the Canada Temperance Act which proved a good workable measure in those districts where there was a strong public sentiment supporting it.

The act has for many years been in force in twenty-five counties in the Maritime Provinces, and in two counties in Manitoba. In the year 1881 Mr Scott received the following letter of approval from the late Cardinal Manning:—

Archbishop's House.

Westminister, S. W., April 12 1881.

My dear Mr. Scott;—I thank you much for the papers you have sent me showing your successful progress in the Temperance Legislation. We owe you our hearty thanks for the example of the Dominion has more weight in the Mother Country than any other part of the Empire. We are making way slowly, because much hinde ed by burning questions which take precedence; but we have gained much. Thank God the League of the Cross is spreading and saving many.

May God strengthen you in defending Catholic education. What Pius IX used to call "the anti social and anti-Christian revolution" is aiming full at religious schools. Society without religion will raise a generation without faith, and the roots of the Christian world be cut through. Believe me.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) H. E
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Mr. Scott has followed closely the life of the Catholic Church in Ottawa during the last half century. He was present at the consecration of the first Bishop of Bytown, in 1848—the saintly Mgr. Guigues—of whom he was an intimate friend, and we may add, a great admirer. He read the address of welcome to the present Archbishop when in the year 1874 he was appointed to the diocese, and also had the privilege of reading the congratulatory address presented to him on the occasion of his silver jubilee in 1899. Mr. Scott has been intimately connected with more than one parish in Ottawa; he saw the beginnings of St. Patrick's parish and lent important aid in the erection of its church in the earlier years before the edifice had assumed its present handsome proportions and appearance. For many years Mr. Scott took an active interest in the success of the Ottawa University and was able to obtain for the institution important amendments to the original charter.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

FREE OF DEBT AND THE MORTGAGE DESTROYED. HOLY ROSARY CHURCH, WYOMING, ENJOYS THIS DISTINCTION.

The financial statement given by Father Gnam on Sunday last to his Wyoming congregation evinced such approval that, barring the sanctity of the place, a demonstrative applause should have resulted. "All is now our own," said Father Gnam as he referred to the group of buildings which form the villa that so majestically crowns "Rosary Hill." With gospel book in one hand and a semi-decayed parchment in the other the Reverend Father approached the railing and disclosed the good news. Visibly clasped in his hand was the discharged mortgage that had been absorbing for years the hard-earned proceeds of socials, entertainments, etc. Honest struggle for penny and dollar, combined with the sacrifices of the poor and the generosity of those more blessed with earthly goods, the burden of debt is now removed and the gilded cross that surmounts Holy Rosary church seems to look bolder heavenward to offer God a free home in the modest parish of Wyoming. Thus Wyoming people justly point with pride to the results of their years of sacrifice—a splendid parochial residence equipped with all modern improvements, parish driving sheds, barn and well preserved cemetery. The church, whose beauty is all within is fittingly styled a gem. Metallic ceiling, delicately decorated, fresco'ed walls lined with large gothic stations at once inspire devotion, while rich statuary of the Carli manufacture rest beneath towering canopies in white and gold. The altar covered with turrets and pinnacles reaches the sanctuary ceiling decorated with angelic figures, and presents a glowing appearance with its profuse gas illuminations. Though nothing seems wanting it is, we understand, the intention of Father Gnam to build a Reliquary in his church upon which he will expose to the devotion of his people the two hundred and sixteen relics of the olden saints, which he brought with him from Rome, all bearing the "sigillum Ecclesiae" seal of authenticity. Among this number is a fibre of wood of the true cross, a fragment of the veil worn by the Blessed Virgin, a shred of the tunic of St. Joseph and numerous particles of bones of confessors and martyrs. At the close of Father Gnam's pleasing report the Te Deum was chanted and congratulations between pastor and people were cheerfully reciprocated.

FATHER BRADY'S FEAST DAY.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception, which everywhere is celebrated with all the splendor of the ceremonial in the Catholic Church, had special interest this year for the members of the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians, Wallaceburg, for on that day twenty-one years ago the Reverend M. J. Brady, pastor of the church, was ordained a priest.

The devoted parishioners realized that the grandest tribute they could offer to their esteemed and much beloved priest was to come in large numbers to the Holy Table.

Father Devlin, S. J. who with Father O'Bryan, S. J., had just furnished a two weeks' Mission in Windsor, came to lend his assistance. Confessions were heard until late Monday night by Fathers Brady and Devlin, as well as on Tuesday morning, and although the Feast occurred on a week day, it was gratifying to note the hundreds who received Holy Communion at 5:30 and as many again at Solemn High Mass at 10:30.

The organist and director of the choir, Miss Minnie Dunlop may be well congratulated on the success of the musical portion of the Mass. Farmer's Mass was well rendered by the well-trained voices which composse the choir of the church. But on this occasion nearly one hundred of the pupils of the Separate school had been specially prepared by their teachers, Mr. T. N. Leigh, the Principal, and Miss Alice Scanlan and rendered a beautiful hymn for the occasion. The well known Basilian Father Chalandard who had been a Professor of Father Brady during some years of his college career in St Michael's, Toronto, came to honor by his presence his distinguished pupil and rendered at the Offertory Gounod's "Ave Maria."

The celebrant of the Mass was Reverend Father Brady, for whom many were the fervent prayers offered by his people that he might enjoy yet a long career to continue the grand work which he has marked already his priestly life during the past twenty-one years.

The sermon preached by Rev. Father Devlin was followed by the closest attention and the visible emotion produced on the congregation by his eloquent and heartfelt references to his reverend and dear friend showed how every word found a responsive chord in the hearts of his hearers. In the opening of his discourse he dwelt at some length on the grand doctrine of the Immaculate Conception which this year particularly, when they were preparing for the fiftieth anniversary of the definition of the Dogma, would call for many an eloquent reference. He then entered on another subject which he knew had for his hearers special interest. He recalled the dignity of the priesthood, the great powers which God had vested in him, alluding especially to the powers at the altar and in the confessional. None realized more than the priest his responsibilities and how much every priest required more than ordinary assistance from on High. It was surely then a subject of the deepest consolation to the heart of a priest on an occasion like this to see the splendid representation at the Holy Table. Much as he appreciated the many other kind offerings sent to him by friends on this occasion he felt that he was authorized to state that none could be more acceptable than this spiritual bouquet presented in the church. The preacher said that the parish priest was like an "Alter Christus," had to be the friend of all in his parish—of rich and poor—but if there was to be any favoritism with him it was to be for the poor in this world's goods for the sick and the sinner. Like the Good Shepherd he was never too weary in seeking after the erring. The priest by his office was also bound to be a prudent administrator and zealous about the temporal as well as spiritual interests of the church. The vivid description which the preacher gave of the priest in his dealings and relations with the people was realistic for them of their beloved pastor. Father Devlin remarked that he wished to guard against any word that might appear flattery. He simply had given his ideal of the good and zealous priest and left to them to pronounce whether they would be willing to give a lease of power as their pastor to Father Brady for many years to come.

We might add that Father Brady was made the recipient of many pleasing gifts on his feast day.

OBITUARY.

MISS AGNES MCFADDEN, MCKILLOP.

The dark wings of sorrow descended on many a heart when it was announced that Agnes, youngest daughter of Mr Thomas McFadden, had died at her father's residence in McKillop, on Tuesday Dec. 1st.

When we say "swift to its close, ebbs out Life's little day" we feel as though the words are applicable to the sweet young life so quickly terminated. On Sunday, Nov 29th, her rich voice sang God's praises with the St. Columban choir, while in four days hence the choir mournfully chanted her own sad Requiem as her lifeless remains were slowly borne to the main altar once more reminding us that "in the midst of life we are in death." Although Miss McFadden's illness was of short duration, she suffered excruciating pain which was borne with Christian fortitude. During her illness Rev. Father McKeon administered to her the last sacraments of her holy religion, and as the Angelus bell tolled out its strains upon the evening air from the tower of St. Columban's church, she calmly breathed forth her pure soul, comforted by all the consolations which Holy Mother Church imparts to her dying children. Miss McFadden had only attained the age of nineteen years—years which were spent in holy preparation for her Divine Redeemer's call. She was an accomplished young lady, being a talented vocalist, and was a member of the St. Columban church choir. Upto summer vacation she attended the Ursuline Academy, Chatham, where she won the esteem and affection of mistresses and classmates alike and now numerous will be their prayers wafted to God's Holy Throne for the repose of her immortal soul. Of a most gentle and amiable disposition, Agnes had an influence of sympathy over all with whom she came in contact, and many were the friends who shed a tear for her and came to offer solace to the bereaved family for one so dearly cherished. On Thursday morning, Dec. 3rd a large concourse of sorrowing friends followed the remains to St. Columban's church where Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Albert McKeon, P. P. and during his pathetic sermon sobs arose from the bosoms of the immense congregation in sincere sorrow for a truly kind and obedient child, a devoted sister and a cherished friend. After Mass, the casket, which was borne by six cousins of the deceased, Messrs. Thos Frank and Wm Ryan, McKillop, Jas. Ryan, Walton, and John and Jas. Hourn, Stratford) was taken to St. Columban's cemetery, beneath which sacred sods all that was mortal of Agnes was tenderly laid to rest. Let it be our earnest prayer that having served God faithfully in this vale of tears we may meet face to face in the presence of our God that dear one not dead—only gone before.

We mingle our falling tears with those of her bereaved parents and sisters. The sad and sudden parting from one so dearly cherished fills full their cup of sorrow. We will pray for them knowing it is the truest consolance for a sorrow so deep as theirs and we can rest assured our dear Lord will not leave the friends of His Sacred Heart unrewarded for the painful sacrifice He has asked of them. Truly the cross is hard to bear, but knowing that our loved one shines among the angels we should cast aside our grief, and rejoice at the accomplishment of God's holy will. We will be consoled and say with the poet

There is no death. What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the Life Elysian
Whose portal we call death

Requiescant in pace.

MR WM BRIODY, LAKE ROAD, SOUTHWOLD.

On the 25th of November there passed away William, eldest son of Mr. Bernard Briody, one of the most highly respected residents of Elgin Co., in the thirty eight year of his age. Deceased had been apparently in good health till the Saturday previous. His death, therefore, was wholly unexpected and has cast a gloom over the whole community which he edified by his gentleness of character. He was, however well and happily prepared, having received all the rites of Holy Church from his pastor, Rev. Father O'Neil, on the very morning of his death. From a purely human point of view it is a sad task to reflect upon the demise of those we cherish and esteem. Sad, very sad indeed, is the thought that a good and faithful son has been taken from a family where so many hearts made him the centre of their love. But our thoughts must rise above the grave—must ascend to that happy and eternal resting place beyond the skies. His good deeds and good works have gone before him, and we trust he will now receive the reward of a sincere and practical Christian life.

The funeral, which took place on Saturday, was largely attended. It proceeded to the church of the Holy Angels, St Thomas where a Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father West. After Mass Rev. Father O'Neil preached a very impressive sermon in which he spoke of the beautiful and edifying resignation of deceased last hour for which he was so well strengthened and consoled by the last sacraments.

Interment took place at St Thomas cemetery.

To mourn his loss he leaves his father, three sisters and four brothers.

The family have the most heartfelt sympathy of the entire community. They are stricken with grief. One more vacant place is in that home. Within the course of sixteen months three has Death knocked at the door and claimed one of the inmates.

May his soul rest in peace!

ELIZABETH J. KEARNEY.

Once more has the angel of death visited our midst this time having visited the home of Mr. Patrick Kearney and taken from loving parents, brothers and sisters a cherished one in the person of their daughter Elizabeth, who died on November 2nd, despite the loving care and untiring efforts of those devoted parents brothers and sisters. She had been a bright and intelligent little girl until about four years ago when she contracted a cold which developed into Sciatic Rheumatism, which baffled the skill of physicians and for which there seemed to be no cure.

Sadly shall we miss our loved one from her accustomed place which never more shall be filled with our youngest child and pet, but are consoled with the thought that she, by yielding up her pure young life, has merited a place more fitting for one whose life, as her pastor the Rev Father Brennan who attended her during her long illness, said, was a beautiful preparation for death which was testified at the hour of her death, her last breath was given with a prayer on her lips to her Creator Whom she loved so well.

The funeral which was largely attended took place on Wednesday morning to St. Mary's Church where Requiem High Mass was sung by Rev Father Brennan at the conclusion of which the Rev. Father made some feeling references on the exemplary life of deceased.

She was borne to the grave by six of her cousins. There are left to mourn the loss of a loving daughter and sister, her father and mother four brothers and two sisters namely; William, of Goderich; John G T R, of Stratford, and Mrs Thomas Teahen of Downie; also James Michael and Anna, at home.

May she rest in peace!

MR LOUIS LACHAPELLE VICTORIA HARBOR.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we announce the death of Louis Lachapelle, which took place at Victoria Harbor, on Oct. 23. The deceased was born in Virginia Ont. Since coming to this town in April 4 1900 he had endeared himself to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. During his short illness Rev Father Barcelo, P. P., visited him and administered all the consolations of our holy religion. Rev Father O'Neil and other kind friends were assiduous in their attention during his last days. The funeral, which took place from his father's residence at 9 a. m. October 26, to St. Anthony's church, Virginia, where Rev Father Clyne, pastor, celebrated a Requiem Mass for the repose of the departed soul. There is left to mourn the loss of a loving father, his wife and two children.

May his soul rest in peace!

MRS PATRICK SHIERAN, READ.

That grim reaper death has once more visited this settlement and claimed for its victim Mary, beloved wife of Patrick Shieran, who departed this life on Monday Nov 30th at the age of forty seven years. Deceased was a daughter of the late John Walsh of Read and was married to her now sorrowing husband some thirteen years ago. He, with one sister, Mrs Gilsher of Minto North Dakota, and two brothers David and Michael, of Read are left to mourn the loss of a loving wife and a kind and affectionate sister. Her funeral was held on Wednesday and was one of the largest that ever came to St. Charles church. The Rev. Father McCarthy celebrated a Requiem High Mass, after which the remains were interred in the family plot in the adjoining cemetery. The pall bearers were Messrs Patrick Tighe, Martin Condon, Patrick Mullins, John Enright, Bernard M Dermott and Patrick Farrell. The bereaved husband and friends have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

May her soul rest in peace!

MR. DENIS O'BRIEN, DOURO

The people of Douro were shocked beyond measure on Tuesday, Nov. 17, when the news came of the unexpected death of Mr Denis O'Brien of that parish. Deceased had been subject for some time to a mild form of kidney trouble, but had been apparently in good health until a few weeks previous to his death when he was attacked by violent pains. On the advice of his physician he entered St. Joseph's Hospital, Peterborough, for medical treatment. While here he appeared to improve until the day before his death when a sudden complication set in, under which he rapidly sank. On Tuesday evening after the last rites of Holy Mother Church had been administered, surrounded by the members of his family who were able to be present he breathed his last.

Deceased was born in the parish of Douro in the year 1840. Here his life was spent in the pursuit of his calling—farming. Mr. O'Brien is survived by his wife and six children. They are: Sister Benedict of Good Shepherds, Toronto; Katie of Rochester; Denis of North Dakota; Thomas, Lillian and Mary on the homestead; and a half brother, Mr. Frank Cleary of Buffalo; four other members of the family have already gone to their reward. Though life he was honored and respected by all who knew him for his fidelity to Holy Mother Church and for his integrity of purpose. In him Douro loses a devout, practical Catholic, and a respected citizen; and his family a devoted husband and kind father. The funeral which was one of the largest ever in Douro, took place on Friday. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Father Kielty, parish priest. Thus closed an exemplary life. To the bereaved relatives we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

May his soul rest in peace!

MR. JOHN STACK PEEL TP

On Sunday evening Nov. 15, the occurred in Peel township about two miles from Arthur, one of those sad and unexpected deaths which, on account of the great void they create in the family circle, and because of their sudden and startling nature, cause a shock that is keenly felt in every community in which they are known to occur.

John Stack, the subject of this obituary was a native of Arthur township a descendant and worthy representative of one of the oldest and most highly respected pioneer families of that township. Of a robust build and a healthy constitution far above the average, he, however, contracted a cold last winter which developed into a bronchial ailment. Although this was more or less troublesome at times it was not at all expected that it would in the near future at least become the cause of the sudden fatality which terminated a very valuable life.

On the evening above mentioned, while feeling as well as usual after having partaken of his evening meal, he went out to go to the barn. He had not taken many steps from the door when he was attacked with a violent hemorrhage. His wife hearing his call instantly went to his aid and with some help had him borne to an easy chair, where he breathed his last in a very short space of time.

The funeral—nearly a mile in length—took place on the following Tuesday to St. John's church, Arthur, where a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Father Doherty, who also delivered a very touching and impressive funeral sermon on the occasion. After Mass two sisters of the deceased belonging to the Order of the Sisters of St. Joseph having arrived by the noon train from Hamilton, the funeral procession, led by the brother members of the deceased of Branch 47 C. M. B. A., wended its way to the Catholic cemetery, about a mile distant, where all that was mortal of a loving husband, a kind, frugal and industrious father—in a word, an exemplary Catholic—and a highly appreciated member of the community in which he lived, was laid peacefully to rest.

Deceased was about forty-five years of age, and leaves a sadly bereaved wife and nine children, varying in ages from infancy upwards, to mourn his loss.

Mr. Stack was a valued subscriber to the CATHOLIC RECORD for a number of years. Death took place without scarcely a moment's warning; but the life of the deceased was a constant preparation for the final summons. We ask our readers to kindly remember him in their prayers. R. I. P.

PATRICK WHELIHAN, ST. MARY'S.

On Sunday, Nov. 29th, Mr. Patrick Whelihan, one of the oldest and most respected of St. Mary's citizens was called to his reward, after an illness of little more than a week. The interment was delayed until Thursday, Dec. 3rd, awaiting the arrival of a son, Vincent from Texas

To understand the loss sustained by the town and surrounding country in the death of this gentleman, it was but necessary to glance through the church, filled to its utmost capacity with representatives of every denomination, gathered to assist at the last sad rites, which were of a most solemn character. Everything possible was done by his loving pastor to honor the revered dead. Solemn High Mass of Requiem was offered up with Rev. Fathers Brennan as celebrant, Egan of London, as deacon, and Russell of Stratford, as sub deacon. An exceedingly impressive sermon suitable to the occasion was preached by Rev. Father McMenamin of Biddulph who before commencing remarked that not having personally known the deceased, he had before him in this immense congregation of all creeds and nationalities, the proof that he had been both loved and respected.

The pastor, Rev. Father Brennan, added a most touching tribute to his memory, referring in a forcible manner to the example his life had been to the parish, and of the loss to him not alone as a parishioner, but as a personal friend, and in offering his sympathy to the sorrowing family he expressed his confidence in the fact that he up whose shoulders the father's mantle should fall, would ever honor his memory by following faithfully in the footsteps of so worthy a sire.

The remains, borne to the funeral carriage by his five sons and a cousin, were followed to their last resting place by a cortege numbering nearly one hundred teams, and now all that was mortal of good, faithful Patrick Whelihan, lies beside his beloved partner in life, who predeceased him by nine years.

Five sons and five daughters survive him, two of the latter being members of the Community of the Sacred Heart. The eldest daughter Mrs Hanover, and the second, Mrs. Kehoe, died a few years ago, the former leaving six, and the latter three children. Mr. Whelihan occupied the position of Registrar of South Perth for over thirty years, and more than twenty years he sat on the Collegiate Institute Board, whose members attended the funeral in a body, and who out of respect for their colleague closed the school for the day.

Among many from a distance who were present at the funeral were Sheriff Hossie, Mr. Islington, K. C., Messrs. Walsh and Coughlin, Mr. and Mrs. McGarvey, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Long of Stratford, Sheriff and Mrs. Brady of Woodstock, Mrs. Lannen of Toledo, O; Mrs. Heenan of Lucan, and many others whose names were not learned. R. I. P.

MRS. CATHERINE DOYLE CLANDEBOYE ONT

An old and highly respected resident of this place passed to her reward after a long and painful illness borne with Christian patience and resignation. Death took place at St. Joseph's Hospital in this city.

Mrs Doyle was the widow of the late James Doyle and mother of the late John Doyle, of St. Thomas Thaddeus of Eagle, Tex., and Patrick of Clandeboye. There are left to mourn the loss of a truly noble Christian mother two sons and two daughters and one sister—Mathias J. on the homestead; James F. of London; Mrs. Wm Rowland, of Centralia, Mrs. Thomas Rowland, of Mount Carmel; Mrs. M. Wall, of Hamilton, Ont.

Deceased was born in Cahir, Co Tipperary, Ireland, seventy six years ago. She came to this country in '48, settling in McGillivrary a few years later, where she resided up to the time of her last illness. Her husband predeceased her by two years and nine months. Her remains were brought to the old home. The funeral took place on Monday, Nov. 23 to St. Peter's church where Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Scanlan, who paid a high tribute of respect to her memory. Her remains were laid to rest in the family plot.

The following gentlemen acted as pall bearers: Messrs. Timothy Coughlin, Mount Carmel; James Doyle, Brinsley; Joseph McHargy, Clandeboye; Denis Farmer Centralia; Edward Ryan, Centralia; Anthony O'Dwyer, Clandeboye.

May her soul rest in peace!

Sacred Heart Review.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

CCLXXX.

The Advance makes it the second leading point of the Roman Catholic system, on account of which it thinks we ought not to be interested in a Pope, that he has a right to decide everywhere in the Church what shall be taught and what shall not.

I confess I can not understand this at all. One would suppose that the greater a man's power, the more he would be an object of interest, adverse or friendly, according to his use of power. We are not the less interested in John Wesley, but the more, because he controlled absolutely the teaching of early Methodism. And yet Methodism, even now, is but a small body compared with the Catholic Church. If we took the estimate of the late Eugene Lawrence, whose intense hatred of Catholicity rendered him a somewhat uncertain authority, and maintained, with him, that there are probably not more than a hundred million real Roman Catholics in the world, even then Methodism would only be about one-fifth as numerous. If we take the usual Protestant estimates, Methodism, at most, is not more than one-tenth as numerous. I confess that this reasoning of the Advance strikes me as extraordinarily curious.

It seems to me that the editor, for his own purposes, might have done better to take the opposite tack, and contend that we ought not to be much interested in the Papacy on account of the sharp limitations of its power in the Church, especially over her teaching.

By a formal Brief Pius IX. has approved the statement, that the Pope's teaching power is limited by the Scriptures, by original Tradition, by the Catholic Creeds, by the unanimous consent of the Fathers, wherever this is found, by the unanimous consent of the Episcopate that a certain point is divinely revealed, and by every doctrinal decision of former Popes and œcumenical councils. Certainly all these accumulated limitations do not seem to leave a very dangerous option to the Pope over what may be taught and what not.

It is true, we Protestants maintain that the Church, especially the Pope, has defined some doctrines which we do not find in original Tradition. For instance, it is said (I know nothing about it at first hand) that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin did not appear in the Church until the eighth century, although it is allowed that Mohammed taught it early in the seventh.

Whatever anyone may think of this, it is certain that the definition of 1854 did not come out of the Pope's own head. No definition was ever less arbitrarily independent of the course of doctrinal development. By a series of disciplinary enactments, the liberty of publicly opposing this opinion had been more and more restrained, until, as I understand, long before 1854 no one was allowed to teach against it except the Dominicans, and they only in scholastic disputations, not from the pulpit.

Therefore the action of Pius IX. in 1854, which moreover was sustained by several hundred bishops present, simply brought to a definite conclusion a matter that had practically been the belief of the Church for many generations, not to say centuries. Nobody, surely, imagines that it was morally competent for Pius IX. to have given an opposite decision, and to have made it a matter of conscience for Catholic pastors throughout the Church to declare from their pulpits that the Blessed Virgin was *not* immaculately conceived. This would be equal to Dr. Littledale's exquisite absurdity, that since 1870 the Roman Catholic Church never knows, from day to day, what singular crotchet may be sprung upon her at any time as an article of faith by a Pope that might happen to have taken a fancy to it. As if corporate opinion, in a body that has any history, and any historical sense, ever was, or ever could be, dealt with in such a fashion! The strongest contentions of the Old Catholics against Papal Infallibility do not approach such an absurdity. As if, moreover, the abstract possibility—not the practical probability—was not allowed for in the Canon Law, that a Pope might become a public heretic, and as if provision had not been made, in such a lamentable and extraordinary case, for setting him aside! Besides, how is it conceivable that a sane human mind—and Dr. Döllinger says there has never been any other in the Roman chair—once made the organ of faith, could possibly set itself officially against the traditions of so ancient and vast a body, and one permeated by such a strength of spiritual forces as the Roman Catholic Church? We may imagine, indeed, a singular case of abdiction from interior dissent, but such action as should involve the necessity of declaring the Holy Chair vacant is something over which it is safe to say that Catholic Bishops and priests and laymen are not accustomed to lose a moment's rest.

It is true, we shall find in Catholic theologies—for instance, in Lehmkuhl's Theologia Moralis—long lists of propositions condemned by the Holy See. Here is a wide field for the exercise of the teaching power of the Papacy, chiefly, it is true, in the way of restraint. Many of these propositions, it is true, are such as most Protestants hold, but a large proportion of them are such as are equally abhorrent to us and to Rome. Our arrears of dissatisfaction with the teaching of the Papacy ought to suffer a large abatement in contemplating the long catalogues of evil teachings condemned by the Apostolic See. Take for instance, the decree *Sanctissimus Dominus Noster*, of March 2, 1679, drawn up by Innocent XI. in his capacity of Prefect of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition. Here we have a series of sixty-five propositions of false morality, to maintain which incurs excommunication. We have in this an exemplification of the teaching power of the Papacy well worthy of the interest even of the Advance. This decree shows the devoutness and austere morality of this admirable Pope, and well agrees with the judgment of Herzog-Plitt, and few more nearly ideal characters have ever sat in the chair of Peter.

Yet so little does the Protestant world in general know of this decree, that it has been possible, without fear of exposure, for Lansing to present the twenty-sixth proposition, commending false oaths as innocent if covered with some slight reservations, as being the doctrine of Innocent XI. himself! Here is solemn condemnation openly turned into solemn commendation! Here is not a perversion, but an absolute inversion of the words of a holy man. Setting aside serious and candid controversy on both sides, in the higher ranks of scholarship, and coming down to the innumerable calumnies to which the malice and voluntary ignorance of average Protestantism subjects the Roman Church, we may fairly surmise that here we have the crown and climax of such calumny.

Yet such Protestant papers as the Advance, in their singular position that we ought not to be interested in the Popes because their power over human belief is so great, have never, I may safely venture to say, once been conscious of their obligation to put down this race of evil slanderers. Do they wish to know enough of papal teachings to be able to put them down? Many of them, doubtless, do not, but I do not think so ill of the Advance. Its curiously combined exaggeration of the papal power to teach and assumption of lofty indifference to an eminent teacher does not come of any wish to give an advantage to destructive slander merely, but from pharisaical contempt of a great Italian who was not so happy as to rejoice in the beneficent illumination of American Congregationalism.

Is this abominable falsehood devised out of Lansing's own brain? I hardly think so. There is not enough of his shallow nature to be capable of so bold a venture of utter wickedness. He has doubtless picked up the lie from somebody worse than himself, taking good care, in his evil delight, to evade a call to verification. And then he may boast that a very much greater man than himself, the eminent Lutheran divine, Chemnitz, at the time of the Council of Trent, circulated among his brethren a list of abominable Anabaptist opinions, which Cardinal Hosius had cited at the Council, as a specimen of the teachings of a Cardinal-Legate! Here are a great man and an exceedingly little man, living three hundred and fifty years apart, but bound together in one confederacy of calumnious wickedness.

Really I think, for the clearing of our own skirts, that papal history is worth considerable attention, even from this Congregational Chief Rabbi of Chicago.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

Andover, Mass.

THE ANGELIC SALUTATION.

Having briefly reviewed the various petitions of the Our Father we next come to the consideration of that other most excellent prayer, the angelic salutation, or as it is most familiarly called, the Hail Mary. From these opening words the prayer derives its name. They are a part of the salutation addressed by the angel Gabriel to the Blessed Virgin Mary when announcing to her the incarnation of the Son of God. By its recital we express our joy over this momentous event to mankind and plead that the Mother of God might intercede with her Divine Son for us poor sinners.

As will be recalled, the prayer is made up of three parts. The first is, as we have said, the salutation of the angel Gabriel when announcing to the Blessed Virgin the mystery of the incarnation. That is, announcing that she was to become the mother of Jesus Christ, the Second Person of the Most Blessed Trinity. These words were, "Hail Mary, full of grace, our Lord is with thee." The second part is that which St. Elizabeth, inspired by the Holy Spirit, addressed to the Blessed Virgin when the latter visited her, namely, "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." The third part, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death," is the work of the Church. Nestorius and his followers having denied that the Blessed Virgin Mary was the Mother of God, the Church added this part in condemnation of that denial.

A further analysis of the first part discloses to us an expression of joy in the salutation of the angel. By the words "full of grace" is meant that the Virgin Mary had been granted an abundance of grace above all other creatures. Because she was to be the mother of Him Who is the Author of all grace, not only was she free from the stain of sin throughout her life but also in her very conception. How fitting that she who was to give to the world its Redeemer should have been preserved from all sin. The purest of all pure creatures, how proper to hail her full of grace.

Yet it is in the closing words of the angel's salutation that we discern her plentitude of grace. Therein is disclosed the profoundest of mysteries, the incarnation; "Our Lord is with thee." Full of grace indeed. Wonder of wonders. God, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, condescends to take flesh of the Virgin Mary. He becoming her Son, she becoming the Mother of God. The incarnation of the Son of God. Meditation worthy of men and angels. Prayer of most powerful efficacy. Yet how many fail of its benefits because failing in its utterance or repeating it in thoughtless, distracted fashion.—Church Progress.

If parents would make home more pleasant for their boys and girls, the children would love home more, and the streets and sinful amusements less.

Do not despise your situation; in it you must act, suffer and conquer. From every point on earth we are equally near to Heaven and to the infinite.—Amiel.

FIVE-MINUTES SERMON.

Fourth Sunday of Advent.

CRITICISING OUR PASTORS.

"Therefore judge not before the time." (I. Cor. iv. 5)

These words, my dear brethren, were addressed to those who judged and criticised God's ministers. We need them at this day as much if not more than those to whom they were written. It would have been better for many to have kept them in mind at all times. By them we are prohibited from judging and criticising God's ministers.

Why are we prohibited? Because by doing so we offend God, we impede the work of God in our part of the Church, we injure seriously our own souls.

How do we offend God when we judge and criticise His ministers? By meddling with God's business. Those in authority over us, our rectors and priests, are what they are and where they are by God's appointment. Therefore, to judge and criticise them is to put ourselves in God's place, to assume to ourselves God's authority. God alone and those appointed by Him to judge them are the only persons on earth who have a right to judge the ministers of God. To these alone are they responsible. We offend God, therefore, and frequently offend Him gravely, when we judge His ministers, and thereby practically question the wisdom and providence of God in calling them to their several stations. How do we impede the work of God in our part of the Church? If the members of our part of the Church do not think, act, and speak alike, they cannot be of one mind, as St. Paul tells the faithful to be. They cannot work together in harmony and in peace. If we do not work together in our own parish, the work of God that we have to do by all working together not only our own fault, cease entirely or drag on but very slowly.

How does the judging and criticising of God's ministers injure our own souls?

It makes us discontented, lukewarm, indifferent, unwilling, and finally rebellious. We are commanded by God to do His work in this parish, to do it faithfully and well. If we get into such a state of mind we will not do this, and God's work cannot go on. He who continues in this state of mind separates himself from the unity of the faith, which every one must preserve or lose his soul. We become a scandal to our neighbors, many of whom we make like to ourselves by means of our bad example.

What must we do, therefore, my dear brethren, to keep from offending God in this manner — from impeding His work in our parish, and to keep our souls from so sad a fate? This we must do. Be of one mind with those in authority over us. Stop judging and criticising them. Let our motive be to please God in all we do. God's work in this parish is all arranged for us, those He desires to do it are already appointed for that very purpose. All we have to do is to sustain, encourage, and push that work in the way God wills, evidently, it shall be carried on. There is but one way it can go on. If we push it on in that way success is certain. If we oppose all will fail through our fault. He who encourages and advances God's work in his parish as laid out for him, makes a record in this world for himself, and upon the books of God, to be opened on the day of judgment, a record eternal in heaven. He who opposes finds out the work of God here a success, but he that has had no part in it, has nothing to show for himself to God or man. He is left out in the cold through his own fault.

Finally, remove from you the religious tramps who neglect their own business to attend to, criticise, and judge God's ministers and God's affairs. We must regard even the little we can do for God as a great privilege and inestimable. Let us thank God that we are permitted to have a part in what is done for Him, for it is our greatest glory that we are permitted to serve Him at all. "Therefore judge not before the time." Leave judging and criticising to God, who reserves all judgment to Himself, particularly the judging of His ministers.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

THAT HE WHO LOVETH GOD RELISH HIM ABOVE ALL THINGS AND IN ALL THINGS.

Behold, my God and my All! What would I have more, and what greater happiness can I desire?

O savoury and sweet word! but to him who loveth the Word, not the world nor the things that are in the world.

My God and my All! Enough is said to him, who understandeth; and it is delightful to him, who loveth to repeat it often.

For, when Thou art present, all things yield delight; but, when Thou art absent, all things are loathsome.

Thou givest tranquillity to the heart, and great peace and pleasant joy.

Thou makest us think well of all, and praise Thee in all things; nor can anything without Thee afford any lasting pleasure; but to make it agreeable and relishing, Thy grace must be present, and it must be seasoned with the seasoning of Thy wisdom.

If you would advance in true holiness, you must aim steadily at perfection in little things.—Abbe Guillore.

THE FOUNT OF LIVING WATERS.

How oft the weary traveler, parched and fevered, seeks a spring at which he may quench his burning thirst, but none is found, and overcome by repeated disappointments, he falls at last under his burden and lays him down to die.

How oft the serious, earnest high-minded man seeks the noble generous-hearted ideal that he fain would have as the companion of his travels through life and the philosopher and friend to whom he might submit all his plans and by whose judgment all his efforts would be directed, but vain is his search. These are the aspirations of the soul, and God alone can satisfy them. Life's journey is wearisome and true friendship rare. "Life is a warfare and men are troublesome consolers," says Job and experience proves the truth of both assertions. "I have sought rest in all things," exclaimed St. Augustine, "but in Thee alone have I found it, O Lord." It is only in God we can find true peace, rest and happiness. It is through grace He becomes for us all we crave. It is at the fount of his ever-flowing precious Blood that He quenches the thirst of the fainting heart and renews the strength of the dying soul. It is by giving us His own Divine Self that we have that friend we long for and that guide we need.

His precious blood is the fount of living waters at which we drink as often as we seek His grace in prayer; and His precious blood is the life and light we bring to our souls as often as we receive Holy Communion.

God loves us infinitely, and wishes to give constant proof of it. He has made Himself the companion of our exile in the Blessed Sacrament, and He will bless, comfort and console us as often as we go to Him there, "Come to me all ye that labor and are heavy burdened, and I will refresh you." "Take my yoke on you, for my yoke is sweet and my burden light." "Take up your cross and come, follow me, and you will find rest in your soul!"

How unwise, not to say ungrateful, to turn a deaf ear to Our Lord's loving invitation. He knows that we must be only wretched and miserable without the refreshment He can give us through grace; that we must only faint and die on the wayside unless aided and sustained by Him. He knows that we must be lonely and lost, and go astray and be destroyed unless He be for us that wise and faithful friend who accompanies us on our journey and directs and guides our steps through life's tangled paths, to bring us safely from this dark and sinful world to the Father's home beyond the clouds. And so He reasons with us, entreats us, lovingly coaxes us, yea, threatens us, if need be, in order that we may turn to Him and receive of that peace He would give—not as the world giveth, as He says, but a real, true and lasting peace—peace with God, peace with ourselves.

Is it not this refreshment that the world needs? Is it not this peace and rest that men are crying for? Is it not this bosom friend and helpful, wise companionship that every soul feels the need of? And all this is had in God, and brought to us through His precious blood; constantly bedewing us through grace and given us in all fullness when God gives Himself, body, soul and divinity in every worthy Holy Communion. Let us, therefore, be cheered and arise to a new and invincible spirit in God through His precious blood, for in it is our only consolation, our true life, our real peace and joy here, and is the forerunner of the endless peace, joy and rest of eternity.—Bishop Colton in Union and Times.

We are more jealous of frivolous accomplishments with brilliant success than of the most estimable qualities without. Johnson envied Garrick, whom he despised, and ridiculed Goldsmith, whom he loved.—Hazlitt.

A well-bred woman man easily and effectually promote the most useful and elegant conversation without speaking a word. The modes of speech are scarcely more variable than the modes of silence.—Blair.

Seek Their Aid.

The members of the Church Suffering are in the position of power. Greatly can they aid us by their intercession. This we should frequently seek, especially at the opening and closing of the day. As "it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead," we should never forget them. When released from their sufferings and become members of the Church Triumphant they will not be forgetful of us. And as the most pleasing homage to God is the Sacrifice of the Mass, we should have it frequently offered for the souls departed.

Every one deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all others for him to bear; but they are so simply because they are the very ones he most needs. —Mrs. L. M. Childs.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

While it is profoundly true that God leads us into temptation, He does not lead us into all temptation. Into some we lead ourselves. But when one wilfully makes a choice of circumstances or actions that are hostile to the higher life of himself or of others, he simply places himself at the mercy of the forces of evil. Compromise is fatal. There is no possible security outside the pathway of God's guidance.

Success.

Success is not for him of folded hands,
Sitting with slothful limbs beside Life's gate;
Yielding his strength to Pleasure's silken bands.
With Ease and Idleness for bride and mate.
Nor yet is it for him who takes each hour
And robs it of such joy as it may hold—
Then slumbers by the Path that leads to Power.
Till age creeps on him thus and finds him old
But rather is Success for him who comes
Full of high Purpose and with Soul elate;
Strong set to riddle out Life's tangled sums—
And passes thus through Work's wide open gate.
Putting aside the weakening foible—Ease;
Passing his slumbering Brother on the way;
Treading beneath his feet the Lures that please—
To stand at last where Night gives place to Day!

—E. CARL LITSEY.

Force as a Success-Factor.

More people fail from lack of force than from lack of education or opportunity. A man may be well educated, or brilliant and yet, for lack of force, be a complete failure in his vocation. A man or woman may succeed without education, but not without force, without capital, but not without energy.

How to be Popular.

Show a helpful spirit toward everybody, and a willingness always to lend a hand. Everyone despises a man or woman who is always thinking of self.

Be generous. The world loves a magnanimous soul. Large-heartedness is always popular.

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

Do not remember injuries. Always manifest a forebearing, forgiving spirit.

Be cheerful. The sunny man is wanted everywhere. All doors fly open to him; he needs no introduction.

Be considerate of the rights of others. Never monopolize conversation. To listen well is as great an art as to talk well.—Success.

The Lack of Reserve.

"He had no reserve." How often we hear this expression on 'Change or in the street when a firm has failed or when a business man has been pushed to the wall! It would make a fitting epitaph for the grave of many a failure. A man without reserve is like a condemned, leaky vessel. On a calm day it can be towed from port to port, but it would be utterly helpless in a storm.

Many fail from lack of reserve of education, of early training, of solid, ingrained habit. Others fail from lack of reserve of savings, of capital. Many have gone down from the lack of character reserve, of health reserve, of friendship reserve. It pays to store up reserve of every kind, to be prepared for every emergency. Too exhausting effort, too extravagant expenditure, too reckless daring, or too much reliance on unknown factors leaves no margin of reserve, so that a slip would mean a certain fall.

An Indispensable Business Quality.

Doctor Chalmers used to say that in the dynamics of human affairs two qualities are essential to greatness—power and promptitude. The former is often the fruit of the latter. A man or woman who is impressed with the value of time will make every minute count to such purpose that his or her life will inevitably bear the stamp of power.

It is a rare thing to find a really successful man who has not strongly developed a habit of promptness. A man who is constantly missing his train, who is almost invariably late in keeping appointments, and who is habitually behind time in meeting his bills, or his paper at the bank, creates a distrust in the minds of those who have dealings with him. He may be honest and his intentions may be all right, but we all know that a certain unmentionable place is paved with good intentions. The whole structure of the business world rests on the cardinal principle of promptness, and a man who is not prompt in meeting his engagements can not be relied upon, no matter how well he means. Honesty of purpose alone will not compensate for tardiness.

Many young men have failed of promotion or lost good positions because of this fault. With the late Cornelius Vanderbilt want of punctuality was an unpardonable sin. He once made an appointment with a young man who had solicited his aid in securing a position, telling him to call at his office on a certain day at 10 o'clock in the morning, and that he would go with him to the President of the railroad who had a vacancy on his clerical staff. The young man called on the day appointed, but twenty minutes after the hour named. Mr. Vanderbilt was not in his office. He had gone to attend a meeting. A few days later the young man succeeded in again seeing him, and, on being asked why he did not keep his appointment, replied, "Why, Mr. Vanderbilt, I was here at 10:20." "But the appointment was at 10 o'clock," he was reminded. "Oh, I know that," was the flippant reply, "but I did not think fifteen or twenty minutes would make any difference. "Indeed," said Mr. Vanderbilt, sternly, "you will find that punctuality in keeping appointments does make a great deal of difference. In this instance your lack of promptness has deprived you of the place you desired, for the appointment was made on the very day upon which you were to meet me. Furthermore, let me tell you, young man, that you have no right to consider twenty minutes of my time of so little value that I can afford to wait for you. Why, sir, I managed to keep two other appointments of importance within that time."

There is no more desirable business qualification than punctuality, and no other so indispensable to a man of affairs, or to any one who would save his own time and that of others. Napoleon once invited his marshals to dine with him, but, as they did not arrive at the moment appointed, he began to eat without them. They came in just as he was rising from the table. "Gentlemen," said he, "dinner is now over, and we will immediately proceed to business."

We may ruin ourselves by dilatoriness in keeping appointments, but we have no right to waste the time of others who, perhaps at great inconvenience, have kept to the letter their engagements to meet us at certain times. "If a man has no regard for the time of other men," said Horace Greeley, "why should he have for their money? What is the difference between taking a man's hour and taking his $5.

The habit of promptness, like all other habits, is due very largely to environment and early training. It is the boy who says "Wait a while," when his mother wants anything done, who puts off his school work until the last minute, who delays an errand until he has finished his play, and who never does anything without being told, that comes in just a little too late for the opportunities in life that were waiting to be grasped and made the most of by those who had prepared themselves for them.

A person who is punctual to the minute with everything he does practically doubles his time. Napoleon said that he beat the Austrians because they did not know the value of five minutes. "Every moment lost," he used to say, "gives an opportunity for misfortune."

Promptness begets confidence. The reputation of being always on time is a very enviable one, and the youth who has attained it possesess, as a rule, the qualities that mark forceful men.—Success.

A Business Question.

More and more the temperance question is coming to be regarded in the light of a business question, and many who might not remain sober for their souls' sake are compelled to face the problem of how to keep on drinking and at the same time hold their jobs. This is putting temperance on rather a low plane, but it is something that must be considered, and if it works for good we well may welcome that view of the matter. The following article from the Watchman discusses temperance from that standpoint:

"In any discussion of the habitual use of alcoholic stimulants we should not overlook the force that makes for rigid self-restraint, if not for total abstinence, in the disposition of those who furnish employment for labor to insist that those who receive their wages shall practice the strictest temperance. We have little sympathy with some of the exactions of employers, but there is no manner of doubt that the individual employer or the corporation has an imprescriptible right to demand that those who do its work by the use of its instruments of production shall have brains unfuddled by the use of intoxicants.

"Indeed, in some kinds of public service the public itself has a right to demand that employees shall be brought under this rule. A half drunken motor man on a trolley car, a befuddled engineer of a railway train may easily imperil the lives and property of hundreds of persons. There is no other way, and the wonder is that the public itself has so long been indifferent to the exercise of its undoubted rights in these regards. But the employers of labor have been aroused to their own interests, and to-day it is practically impossible for a drinking man to secure employment on a first class railroad, or in a well paid position in many of the best industrial and commercial concerns.

"Men may quarrel with these facts as they like, but they are simply facts, and those who choose to butt their heads against them will discover that they are dealing with a condition and not with a theory.

"And these facts point unmistakably to one conclusion. The man who is addicted to drink is tremendously handicapped in the competitions of modern life. His connections, his knowledge, his skill may be fatally discounted by this habit, and, however high he rises with it, he would have achieved a larger success without it.

"This is a course of thought that is bound to have great weight with all sensible young men. They are perfectly well aware that to-day the opportunities for getting on in the world are not quite what they were twenty-five or thirty years ago. No matter what the partisan defenders of the new organization of our industries may say, a lad of to-day does not have the chance that his father had. The openings are proportionately fewer, the competitions for those are sharper. It is well worth a young man's while to prepare himself for his life work in the very best way. He is wise to practice the sharpest self denial for the sake of acquiring the best technical and practical equipment. Young men realize this and they are willing to pay the cost. The question now comes whether they are going to nullify these choice values, and practically offset most of what they have done by acquring a habit that closes and bolts the doors of opportunity."

The least act of pure love is more precious in God's sight than a whole ocean of charitable works and contributions which are mixed up and debased by worldy fashion, excitement.

The Handmaid and the Parent.

Hail, thou vessel of pure gold, made to hold the manna that came down from heaven, the sweet food of our souls, even Christ! So exclaims St. Germanus, in his homily; and St. John Chrysostom cries: She is at once the handmaid and the parent of God, at once virgin and mother.

Remember, Mother, throned in heaven's splendor,
Thou never on this earth hath it been said
That any heart which sought thy pity tender
Was left uncomforted.
Oh plead with Him Who on thy breast was cherished,
Sweet sharer in the world's Redemption Pain!
Oh, let it not be said that I have perished,
Where none came yet in vain!

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE CLEAN TONGUE.

Now is the time for our boys and girls to think about forming good resolutions. Among other things they should promise the Divine Infant to be clean of speech. This is not merely a pledge against the "manly" sin of swearing; it is the seal of holy purity, the safeguard of the spotless soul. For words are not only the predecessors of deeds; they are often deeds in themselves evil or good according to the will of the speaker.

What a wonderful power is speech! Sight, hearing, taste and feeling are senses which may be exerted without the concurrence of the mind, but speech comes only at our command. Shall we order it on vile duty? Shall we insult the Holy Ghost by debasing His precious gift.

An infant has every sense but the sense of speech. He is two years upon the earth before he can master even its rudiments. Many more years of training at home and at school teach the child to use his speech correctly. Grammar the science of language, puts every word in its proper place for him, and reading, which is but printed speech brings to him the choicest words of the world's great thinkers. All this careful preparation is made in order to enable him to speak judiciously and to write his words in such a manner that he need never be ashamed of them.

How can he, then, after this rich cultivation of his richest gift, drag it through the slime of impurity and infect himself and others with blasphemy and corruption? St. Alphonsus Liguori says that one ugly word spoken in conversation, even in jest may be the cause of scandal and of thousands of sins, and Bishop Cramer beautifully writes: "The flower of holy purity, descended from the far-off country of Heaven, Jesus our Lord brought down upon this earth and planted in the flower garden of His Holy Church. Alas! in the world this heavenly-born plant is menaced by a thousand dangers. Woe to it if in the sanctuary of the home dangers are also lying in wait for it. In the Christian home a holy discipline reigns in conversation. No double meaning, no indecent word is permitted; unbecoming jokes are unknown; unbecoming things and occurrences are never spoken of. Such conversation, sinful in itself, is the ruin of those who speak it and those who listen. There is no doubt that the cause of perdition was laid by indecent conversations and jokes in the souls of thousands that are now wallowing in the strife of vice. Yes, and in the lost souls of uncounted thousands in hell!

A wealthy man, who was also a Christian and a scholar had the misfortune to lose all his means when he was far advanced in life. As his education remained with him, however, he was able to secure a clerkship, which at least kept the wolf from the door. He had always been truly benevolent, and in his new and humbler sphere he still found opportunities for doing good. Part of his duties involved an account of drayage, and more than a hundred wagon drivers were obliged to report to him every day.

Men who drive horses are notably profane, and these teamsters were no exception to the rule. Their conversation shocked the clean-souled old gentleman, and he urged them to have more respect for God and for themselves. Needless to say he was laughed at for his pains. One morning a driver greeted him teasingly with an oath, taking the name of our Lord in vain. The old clerk dropped on his knees and lifted his eyes to Heaven.

"May the holy name of the Redeemer be blessed for ever!" he cried. The man gazed at him in astonishment, and as he rose handed him his report. The clerk refused to take it. "Not until you repeat what I have just said," he declared, firmly. Time was precious, and a long line of men waited. Those nearest grew impatient as the first driver hesitated.

"Say it, say it man! It won't hurt you and it will save time," advised one. Thus adjured, the profane one grumblingly uttered the little prayer, saw his report entered and left, shaking his fist at "old pious face" and promising to get even. The good clerk took the same effective method with every one of the men thereafter. Complaints were made to the superintendent that C—was delaying business with his "crankiness." The chief official investigated the matter and, instead of blaming, highly commended the old clerk's action.

All this made the men more cautious; it seemed ridiculous to follow an oath with a prayer, and so by dropping one they made the other unnecessary. Gradually blasphemy and vile words were no long uttered in the presence of C—, and better still, the offenders grew ashamed of themselves and found it convenient to use clean speech everywhere. When the good old clerk died he had no more sincere mourners than the rough men whose tongues he had purified forever.

Those who would guard their royal gift of speech must begin by refusing to listen to anything contrary to the spirit of purity and reverence, be the speaker ever so funny. The devil is the prince of jesters. Sometimes he puts his peculiar wit into foolish tongues; sometimes it is to be found in "popular" books; wherever it may be it must be shunned, so that it can never be repeated by hearer or reader.

The fable of the two maidens, one of whom dropped pearls as she spoke, while the other's speech issued toads and serpents, clearly illustrates the difference between language clean and unclean. The tongue, "the sacred interpreter of human thought," must not become the trumpet of the evil one. Better be dumb than vile-spoken, yet how the poor mutes envy us our power of speech! Ah, if they could speak they would find so many good words to utter!

Lest our boys and girls should ever be tempted to sully their tongues in any mistaken spirit of fun or daring, they must pray to the Holy Spirit for help to keep their promise to be forever clean of speech.—Standard and Times.

THE GOSPEL OF INDUSTRY IN IRELAND.

Father Finlay writes an account of the work of the men who have been associated with him the past thirteen years in saving Ireland by its industries. His narrative reads like an epic from a commercial age; the pathos of every sad situation relieved by a story of profit which means the salvation of the national spirit in that country.

"Two years ago," he writes, "I was invited by a priest in the parish of Dramore, County Tyrone, to establish a society for lace-making among the girls of his parish. On a Sunday evening in September I met the parishioners, after evening devotions, in an open space outside the church. I explained to them the constitution of a cooperative society, undertook, if they would form a society, to carry their application for teachers to the Department of Agriculture and Tethnical Instruction, and to supply them with designs and provide a market for their products through a lace agency with which I was connected. At the close of the meeting two hundred girls enrolled themselves as shareholders in the new society. In a month they were at work under skilfull teachers. Three months later they sent their first consignment of lace to the agency. Its quality was so good that the buyers found it fit for the London and Paris markets, and sent them a cheque for $400. By the end of the year they had sold lace to the value of $5,000; this year their work will have brought them about $15,000. Some months since I was invited by this society to attend a festivity which celebrated the opening of a new workroom provided by the girls themselves, and capable of accommodating two hundred workers. They did me the honor of presenting me with an illuminated address—gratifying no doubt as a personal compliment, but infinitely more gratifying for one statement which it contained—this to wit: that since the foundation of the society not one girl had emigrated from the parish. Previously the parish had furnished a contingent of from fifty to sixty girls to the bands of emigrants which left the district about Easter time."

SHOULD BE REBUKED.

Some time ago there appeared in the local daily press the advertisement of a certain patent medicine which bore on its face the stamp of fraudulent representation. More than that it was a shock to Catholic sentiment and a libel on our Catholic Sisterhood. The advertisement in question gave the supposed picture of Sister Beatrix, a member of the Sisters of Charity in New York City, who most strongly recommended the medicine.

The fraud was plainly apparent because of the fact that the cut showed the headdress of another Order of Sisters. As the residence address accompanied Sister Beatrix's name we indicted a letter to her to verify our convictions of the fraud before openly condemning the same. After an absence of four weeks the letter came back to us. We have preserved it as a curio of the lying advertiser. From the post-office notations with which it is marked it must have been presented at every convent in New York City. But no such person could be found.

Such degrading methods to secure the money of Catholics should be severely rebuked. Every Catholic only too well knows that members of our religious Orders of women shrink from such publicity. No money could purchase their consent to be paraded in such fashion. Yet some Catholics no doubt were caught by the advertising trickery of this degrading deception.

During the week the same bogus cut of a Sister again appeared, but no address accompanied the recommendation. It is the same fraud, however, and we warn Catholics against becoming a party to it by giving out their money in the way of even sending for a free trial bottle. If they have proper consideration for the habit of their Sisters and this degrading of the same they will rebuke the proprietors by declaiming against the outrage and curtailing the sale of the medicine wherever they can. Those guilty of the affront will then learn that such advertising is resented. And as they find it unprofitable it will be discontinued. The reappearance of the advertisement proves that it must have deceived some Catholics. If the Catholic press would enter general warning to its readers there can be no doubt that the proprietors will receive the proper rebuke.—Church Progress.

Don't Worry.

Read over the maxims of the "Don't Worry Club" and keep a few of them for your own use. Here are some of the best of them:

Don't start nervously when a child makes a noise or breaks a dish—keep your worry for broken bones.

Don't exhaust all your reserve force over petty cares. Each time that one loses control of herself, her nerves, her temper, she loses just a little nervous force, just a little physicial well being, and moves a fraction of an inch further on in the path that leads to premature old age.

Don't work when you are not in a condition to do so.

Don't fret and don't worry are the most healthful of maxims.

Human hope is a lark whose feet are tied to the ground.

RULE OF LIFE.

After Garcia Moreno, president of the Catholic Republic of Ecuador, was assassinated by Freemason emissaries, a small and well-used copy of the Following of Christ was found on his person. On one of the fly-leaves was found his daily rule of life in his own handwriting. It is herewith appended for the purpose of showing that, no matter how exalted a man's station may be, or engrossing his duties, he can always find time for the consecration of the higher interests of his soul. Where the will is, the way will be forthcoming. Moreover, this rule of the martyred president is refreshing, healthy reading at a time when the business of politics is drawing so many away from even the slightest consideration of spiritual matters.

The biographers of Garia Moreno informs us that he scrupulously observed this rule for many years—that, in fact, it was immediately after performing his religious devotions in the Cathedral that he was stricken down by the knives of the assassins. We commend the rule to our readers:

"Every morning I will make meditation, and will pray particularly for the virtue of humility. Each day I will hear Mass, recite the Rosary, and read, besides, a chapter of the Imitation, this rule of life. I will endeavor always to keep myself in the presence of God, particularly during conversation, lest I may speak useless words. I will say every hour: 'I am worse than a demon, and deserve that hell should be my portion.' When tempted, I will say: 'What shall I think of all this at my last hour?' I will never speak of myself, except to avow my faults. To make every effort, by the thought of Jesus and Mary, to restrain my natural inclinations. To be patient and amiable, even with there who bore me; never to speak evil of my enemies. I will shun all familiarities, even the most innocent, as prudence requires. I will never devote more than an hour a day to amusement, and then, as a rule, not before 8 o'clock in the evening."

CHRIST'S LAST WORDS.

That our Divine Redeemer spoke eight different times from the Cross, is placed beyond doubt by the Gospel narrative.

He first spoke when, as recorded by St. Luke, He prayed for His executioners: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." (Luke 23:34). He spoke the second time, when He said to the repentant thief: "Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." (Luke 23:43). He spoke next to His blessed Mother, saying to her: "Woman behold thy son." (John 19:16). Fourthly, He addressed the disciple, and said to him: "Behold thy mother." (John 19:27). Fifthly, He cried out with a loud voice: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!" (Matt. 27:46). He spoke the sixth time when He said: "I thirst." (John 19:28). His seventh word was: "It is consummated." (Ibid). Finally, again crying out with a loud voice, He said: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." (Luke 23:46).

This was the eighth and last time that our Lord Jesus Christ spoke on the Cross.

FROM WHITE RIVER.

The concert given under the auspices of the Altar Society in aid of the building fund of the Church of St. John Baptist, at White River, was a decided success financially as well as socially. A handsome sum was realized and much credit is due the committee in charge for the splendid treat provided Mr. J. J. Barker was chairman, and Mr Cranley, Sec.-Treas. To these gentlemen much thanks is due as well as to Miss Green whose arduous duties as chairman of talent committee were so well performed. Mrs. Arthur Maloney assisted very acceptably. Mrs J. J. Barker was musical directoress and was as usual a grand success.

The local talent was ably assisted by Miss Josephine McGrath of Brechin, whose rendition of two numbers brought down the house. Her costume of white crepe de chene was very pretty and becoming. Mr. James Stone of Sault Ste Marie gave a solo in his usual splendid style and received quite an ovation. Mrs. J. J. Barker, always a favorite, was in splendid voice. Mr. J. J. Barker, too received his customary thundering applause. Mr Maloney's solo was very fine and was greatly appreciated. The dialogue formed one of the most pleasing numbers. Special mention must be made of Mrs. Maloney whose interpretation of the part of "Bridget" was without a fault; while Miss Green who took the part of Mrs. Morgan, proved herself a born actress.

The presentation of the watch to Master Joseph Sheehan was an interesting feature. Rev. Father Lafebvre presided

Below is the programme

PROGRAMME.

Chorus—"All Hail"..... Glee Club.

Reading—Selected..... Mr. T. Enright.

Song—"Valley of Kenmore"..... Mr. Barker

Trio—"Medley"..... Messrs. Dupuis, Smith and Stone

Reading—"Selected"..... Mr. McDougall

Solo—"Tit For Tat"..... Miss McGrath.

Reading—Selected..... Miss Dupuis.

Solo—"Perhaps"..... Mrs. Barker.

Tableau—"Three Graces"..... Intermission. Watch Presentation.

Dialogue—"Bridget's Investment."..... Solo..... Mr. Maloney.

Reading..... Mr. T. Enright.

Solo..... Miss McGrath.

Quartette—"Opera"..... Messrs. Dupuis and Barker, Mrs Barker and Miss McGrath.

Sketch—"Comedy"..... Messrs. Jas F. Stone and Chas. Smith

Tableau and Chorus—"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

"God Save King Edward VII"

THE D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE

There was a good attendance at the regular meeting on Dec 1st.

Developments in the Panama Republic were noted. Trade is the moving spirit of this age.

With pride we note the steady growth of Canada in trade and commerce. Recent statistics on these matters are very encouraging.

At our next meeting we shall pay special attention to such religious and military organizations of the middle ages as the Good Templars, the Knights of the Cross and the Knights of St. John. A book bearing directly on this subject is "The Knights of the Cross" by the author of "Quo Vadis." The scene is laid in Poland, and the book is really powerful. Everyone should read it at least once in a life time.

"Joyce Josayln, Sinner," by Mary Sarsfield Gilmour of New York has appeared as a serial in the Catholic World. It is now being printed in book form and will shortly appear on the library shelves. It is a story which appeals particularly to women and more so to those living in the United States than to Canadian women. It impresses upon readers the sacredness of the marriage tie. "What God has joined together let no man put asunder."

Instead of the regular literary work of the evening Mr. McGillivray read a paper on Shakespeare. In the course of his remarks Mr McGillivray drew attention to the style of theatrical performance patronized and evidently enjoyed by even the most cultured, at the present time life seems so strenuous that people no longer enjoy tragedy. They seem to require something more restful But the comedy that pleases is not of the order of Shakespeare's. Mr. White of the Ottawa Normal School, will deliver the next lecture on Dec. 14th. B. DOWDALL.

C. M. B. A.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 70, of Milomay, held Nov 26th, 1903 the following resolution of condolence was moved by Bro. Peter Lane, and seconded by Bro. Charles Sewurter, and unanimously adopted:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His Infinite wisdom to remove by death the mother and mother-in-law of our esteemed Bros. J. F., J. D., and Richard Schnett and Taos. Godfrey, be it therefore

Resolved, that we, the members of Branch No. 70, hereby express our heartfelt sorrow for the loss our worthy Brothers have sustained and to extend to them our most sincere sympathy and condolence. Also be it

Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes of this meeting and a copy be presented to Bros. Schnett and Godfrey, and inserted in the official organ of the C. M. B. A. and The CATHOLIC RECORD.

GEORGE HERRINGER Rec. Sec.

NEW BOOKS.

Divine Grace, a series of instructions arranged according to the Baltimore Catechism; an aid to teachers and preachers, edited by Rev. Edmund J. Wirth, Ph. D., D. D. Published by Benziger Bros. Price, $1.50.

"Visits to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament," by the author of "Avis Spirituels," from the French by Grace McAuliff. With imprimatur of the Archbishop of New York. Cloth 75 cents. Published by Benziger Bros., New York.

"Saint Cuthbert's," by J. E. Copus, S. J. (Cuthbert), author of "Harry Russell a Rockland College Boy" (With Frontispiece). Issued by Benziger Bros., New York. Price 35 cents. This is a charming story, and we heartily recommend it to our young readers.

"Studies on the Gospel" by Vincent Rose, O. P., professor in the University of Fribourg. An authorized English version by Robert Fraser, D. D., Domes to Prelate of His Holiness Pope Pius X. Publishers, Longmans Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London, England, New York and Bombay.

"Hearts of Gold," by J. Ethor. Illustrated. P. P. 234. Price $1.25. Published by Benziger Bros., New York.

A SUCCESSFUL BAZAAR.

At the bazaar held in Victoria Road, 1st, 2nd and 3rd of Dec. ticket No. 1913 drew the watch bought by Mrs. Con. Sullivan, of Digby. The piano drape was drawn by Miss Edna McKay, Lindsay, and the wedding cake by Miss Polly Healy, Carden. Owing to the kindness of our many friends abroad and the noble efforts of the ladies at home, together with the handsome donation of Mr. R. J. Mackenzie, of Winnipeg, the proceeds realized $500.

The clergy present were: Venerable D. J. Casey, Lindsay; Rev. Father Brotherton, Downeyville; Rev. Father O'Leary, Kinmount. Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Peterborough.

SUCCESSFUL SEPARATE SCHOOL PUPILS.

AT ST. PETER'S

Wednesday, Dec. 9, was a happy day for the pupils of St. Peter's and St. Mary's schools, under the charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, in this city. It was the occasion of the presentation of prizes to the pupils who were successful in passing the entrance examination and who were regular attendants at Sunday school. The schools presented a particularly pleasing appearance, being nicely ornamented with flowers and ferns. The blackboards were ornamented with various painted scrolls and also contained the names of the generous donors and the successful students.

In St. Peter's school, the following programme was well rendered, the accompaniste on the organ being one of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Song—"In the Sweet By and By"..... Chorus by the Pupils.

Hymn—"A Flower of Grace"..... Chorus by the Pupils."

Instrumental Selection..... Coriese Orchestra.

Song—"Auld Lang Syne at School"..... Chorus by the Pupils.

Words of Thanks..... By Mary Logiudice for the Pupils.

His Lordship the Bishop was present as were also Fathers Aylward, Egan, Dunn and Emery; Senator Coffey, Inspector Powers, Messrs. F. Pocock, T. J. Murphy, H. P. Sharpe and Hickey. A number of the parents of the pupils were also in attendance.

The following is the prize list:

Gold medal presented by the Bishop for good conduct, application and regular attendance was awarded to Miss May Cox, and the following prizes were awarded the pupils who succeeded in passing the High School Entrance Examinations.

Dromgole medal, gift of Mr. J. Dromgole to the pupil obtaining the highest marks at the Entrance Examination, won by Miss Alice Moore.

Highest marks in literature, gold medal, presented by Mr. R. M Burns, equally merited by Misses Rose Quinn and Rose Self. won by Rose Self. Senator Coffey awarded beautiful rosary beads to Miss Quinn.

Highest marks in arithmetic, a gold medal, gift of Mr. Hickey, won by Master John Brennan.

A pair of beautiful rosary beads, gift of Rev. M. J. Tiernan, P. P., of Mount Carmel, awarded to Leo Reilly and Hedwidge Girard each for grammar and drawing respectively.

Dr. W. J. Tillman's prizes were won by Charles Binks, Campbell Gleeson and Blanche Moore.

Mr. P. Pocock's prize was merited by Alfred Tasherean.

Mr. Albert Girard's prize for physiology, won by Sarah Sherlock.

Prize for application given by the Sisters of St Joseph won by Louise Chaffer.

Mr. O Sullivan's prize was merited by Pearl Mahoney.

Prize for history awarded to Arthur O'Leary

Prize for composition awarded to Charles Rutter.

The following pupils were also awarded prizes for regular attendance at Sunday school: Aenie Connelly, Josephine Morkin, Mary Magallin Ethel McPherson, Mercedes McGuire, Rose Self, Leo Reilly, Hedwidge Girard, May Cox, Chas. Binks, Rose Quinn, Arthur O'Leary, Pearl Mahoney, Amy Turner, Campbell Gleeson, Louisa Chaffar, Chas. Rutter, May Boles, Nellie Phelan.

The prizes were presented by the Bishop, the names of the winners being read aloud by Rev. Father Egan, Superintendent of the schools.

The programme being concluded His Lordship spoke a few warm words of commendation to the successful pupils and encouraged those who did not gain the prizes this time to renewed efforts in the future, assuring them that their reward, too, would surely come in time. Short and appropriate addresses were also given by Mr. P. Pocock, Hon. Thos. Coffey, Mr Power, (Separate school inspector), and Mr. T. J. Murphy. A charming instrumental selection, by former pupils, composing the Coriese Orchestra, concluded the programme at St. Peter's.

AT ST. MARY'S.

Later on in the afternoon the Bishop, the Cathedral clergy and the lay gentlemen who were present at St. Peter's prize presentation, assembled at St. Mary's for a similar purpose. Here they were joined by the pastor, Father McKeon, and treated to a pleasing programme.

The opening number was a song of welcome, in which the girls sang soprano accompanied by the boys, who sang seconds. Then came a song, "The Cricket on the Hearth," which was followed by "Our Appeal for Sympathy." The programme then closed by the singing of the hymn, "Alma Redemptoris," in which the parts, alto, soprano and tenor, were taken by the pupils. Then followed a little address delivered by Willie Flannagan in behalf of the pupils, expressing their gratitude to those who donated the beautiful rewards.

Prizes were presented as follows:

The "Murphy medal" presented every year by Mr. T. J. Murphy, barrister, was awarded to Jas. Condrick as winner of highest marks in the Separate school at Entrance Examinations last July.

His Lordship's gold medal, for Christian doctrine, awarded to John Jamieson.

Rev. Father McKeon's gold medal, for general proficiency, awarded to Mary Flynn.

Mr. Leon Godfrau presented a beautiful silver medal for arithmetic, which was awarded to John Bowers.

There were many handsomely bound volumes, the works of Longfellow, Whittier, Moore and other of the latest works in history and poetry. These were the gifts of Mr. H. Dignan, Mr. W. McPhillips, Mr. Sharpe, Mr. J. P. Flynn, besides other prizes given by the Separate School Board.

Prize for highest marks in history—Frank Garceau; in reading, Olive Harding; in literature, Victor Pudney; for diligence, Willie Flynn; for diligence, Florence Barter, for arithmetic, first, Maggie Corrigan; second, Will Loughlin; for general proficiency, first, Blanche McMorgan; for general proficiency, third, Mary Welsh; for Christian doctrine, Verona White; for Christian doctrine, Helen Losch; for spelling, first, Tena Avare; second, Eddie Smith; for geography, Mamie McLaren; for application, Clotilde McGillivray, for application, Charles Graham.

DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.

The new church at Kenilworth was blessed and dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus by His Lordship Bishop Dowling of Hamilton on Sunday, the 6th Dec. The Bishop was assisted by Very Rev. Dean O'Connell, P. P. of Mount Forest; Revs. J. P. Holden, Chancellor of the Diocese; T. J. Haydon, P. P. Drayton; and the pastor D. F. Kehoe. High Mass was celebrated by the Dean. After the first gospel the Bishop, with his usual eloquence, spoke for an hour on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and again at the close he congratulated all concerned on the beautiful church that had just reached completion. Fifteen hundred people were present in the church.

Bishop Dowling formed the new parish of Kenilworth last April from a portion of the parishes of Mount Forest and Arthur, with Rev. D. F. Kehoe as its pastor and since that time a church, presbytery, sheds and stables have been erected at an expense aggregating something in the neighborhood of $25,000, with only a trifle still to be paid.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON.

London, Dec. 17.—Grain, per cental—Wheat per cental, $1 30; oats 80 to 85c.; corn, 90 to 1 00; barley, 85 to 88; peas, $1 00 to $1.50; buckwheat 90c to $1.10; rye, 90 to 95c.

Dairy produce. Eggs, per dozen, wholesale, 22 to 26c; eggs, per dozen, retail, 28 to 30c; butter best roll, 18 to 20c; butter best crock, 16 to 19c; butter, creamery, 21 to 28c; honey, strained 7½ to 9c; honey, in comb 10 to 12c.

Meat—Pork per cwt., $6 50 to $7 00; pork, by the lb. 8 to 9c.; beef, by the quarter $4.00 to $6 00; veal, $7.00 to $8; mutton, $5 to $6; lamb, per pound, 8 to 10c.

Poultry—Spring chickens, per pair, 50 to 80; live chickens, per pair, 40 to 60; spring ducks, per pair, 75c to $1.10; turkeys, dressed, per lb. 13 to 15c.; turkeys, live per lb. 11½ to 13; geese, per lb 8 to 9c.

Farm Produce.—Hay, $5.50 to $8.00; straw per ton, $5.00.

Live Stock—Live hogs $4.50 to $4 60; pigs, pair, $3.00 to $4 50; stags per cwt. $2.00 to $2 12½; sows, $3.50 to $3 75; fat cattle, $3.75 to $4.10.

TORONTO

Toronto Dec. 10.—Wheat—Ontario Fall wheat dull and unchanged; No. 2 red, white and mixed are quoted at 76c for milling; spring is quiet and steady at 73c for No. 1 east, and 74c for No. 2, east; goose is dull at 70c for No. 2, east; Manitoba No. 1 hard is nominal at 88½c on track, lake ports; other grades are steady: No. 1 northern is quoted at 85½c; No. 2 northern at 83½c and No. 3 northern at 79½c on track, lake ports; milling in transit price for each grade is 6c more. Corn—Canadian is quoted at 40c cars west; American is steady to firmer; old crop is quoted at 56c for No. 2 yellow is quoted at 55½c; No. 3 yellow at 54½c to 55½ and No. 3 mixed at 53½c to 54c and No. 3 white at 52c, in car lots on the track, Toronto; new corn is quoted at 50½ to 51c for No 3 yellow and 49½ to 50c for easy No 1 white are quoted 1 38 low; 37½c middle freights, and 27½c high freights. No. 2 white are quoted at 61c, barley—Dull and is quiet and easy; at 61c. No. 2 is quoted at 40c middle freights; No. 3 extra is quoted at 38c.

MONTREAL

Montreal, Dec. 7. — Grain—Peas, 71½c to 72c afloat here; rye, 53c east, 58 afloat here; buckwheat 52c afloat; oats, No. 2, 34c to 34½ in store, No. 3 1c less; flaxseed, $1.15 on track, here; No. 3 barley 50c.

Flour—Manitoba patents, $4 60 to $4.80; seconds $4 30 to $4 50; Ontario straight rollers, $3 90 to $4 in bags $1 85 to $1 95; patents, $4 to $4.25 extra, $1 65 to $1.70; rolled oats, $1.30 per bag, $3 80 per bbl.

Feed—Ontario bran in bulk, $17.50 to $18 50; shorts, $20; to $21; Manitoba bran, in bags, $18; shorts, $20

Beans—Choice primes, $1 50 to $1.55 per bushel, $1 40 to $1.50 in car lots.

Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, $19.50 to $20; light short cut, $18 to $18.50; American short cut clear, $17 to $17.50; American fat backs, $18 to $18.50; compound lard, 8c; Canadian lard, 8c to 8½c; kettle rendered, 10½c; hams 11½c to 13c; bacon, 11c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, $7 25; country dressed hogs, $6.50; dressed Chatham hogs in car lots, $6 25 to $6 40; live hogs, 5c to 5½.

Eggs—Candled selected, 24c to 25c, and straight receipts, 20c to 21c; Montreal limed, 18c to 19c; refrigerator, 16c to 18c.

Cheese—Ontario, 10½ to 10¾c; townships, 10½c to 10¾; Quebec, November, 10c.

Butter—Townships creamery, 20½c; Quebec, 20c; Western dairy, 16c to 16½c; Western rolls, 17 to 17½c.

Live Stock Markets.

EAST BUFFALO.

East Buffalo Dec. 17. — Cattle — Receipts, 400 head; dull and easier; prime steers, $5.60 $5 50; butchers, $3 50 to $4.65; heifers, $3 to $4 25; cows, $2 25 to $3.60; bulls, $2.50 to $3 75; stockers and feeders, $2 50 to $3 65. Veals—Receipts, 80 head; steady; $5 to $7.50. Hogs—Receipts, 5,200 head; active; 5c to 10c higher; heavy and mixed $4 80 to $4 85; Yorkers $4 75 to $4 82½; pigs, $4 75 to $4 85; mostly $4 80; roughs, $4. to $4 25; stags, $3 to $3 75. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 8,000 head; firm; yearlings, 25c higher; lambs $4 50 to $5; yearlings $4.50 to $4 75; wethers, $4 to $4 25; ewes, $3.40 to $3 65; sheep, mixed, $4 50 to $3 75.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Dec. 17.—The market for butchers was steady. We quote:—Best butchers' 1 050 to 1,150 lbs $4.40 $4 50; fair to good butchers', $3 90 to $4.20; medium to fair $3 40 to $3.85; common, $2 75 to $3.25; rough and inferior steers and heifers, $2.25 to $3.

The situation in cows was unchanged. We quote:—Export cows, 1,250 to 1 350 lbs. $3 to $3.50; butchers' cows, $2.50 to $3, and canners $1.30 $1.70 per cwt.

Buying in feeders and stockers was light on limited offerings. We quote:—Feeders, 1,100 lbs, $3.80 to $4; feeders, 900 to 1 100 lbs, $3.50 to $4; feeders, 800 to 900 lbs, $3 25 to $3 35; stockers, 650 to 750 lbs, $2.50 to $3; stock calves, 400 lbs up $2 50 to $2.75 per cwt.

The market for sheep was unchanged. Quotations follow:—Export ewes $3.5 to $3.40; bucks, $2.50 to $2 75; lambs $3 50 to $4.10 per cwt; culls, $2 to $3.50 each; calves, $3.50 to $5.50 per cwt, and $2 to $10 each.

Hogs were unchanged. We quote:—Selects, 160 to 200 lbs. of good bacon quality, off cars, $4.75; fats and lights, $4.50; sows, $3.50 to $3.75 per cwt; stags, $2 to $3 each.

BOOKS.

For sale at the Catholic Record Office London, Ont. postpaid.

THE SACRAMENTS OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH—By Rev. A. A Lumbing, Ll. D., author of "Masses for the Dead," "Mixed Marriages," etc. Price 35c. Cloth..... 66

THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE—A novel. By Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P., of Doneraile, Ireland, author of "My New Curate," etc..... 1 60

VISITS TO JESUS IN THE TABERNACLE—Hours and half hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. With a novena to the Holy Ghost, and devotions for Mass, Holy Communion, etc. By Rev. Francis Xavier Lasance, author of "Manual of the Holy Eucharist." Black satin cloth, red edges..... 1 25
Same, limp leather, gilt top, red edges..... 1 00

ESPIRITU SANTO—By Henrietta Dana Skinner. "This story of a love faithful unto death" can hardly be praised too highly. Its tone is exquisitely modulated and refined, its technique is good. It is novel in the best sense. There is no dull sermonizing, but there is the true Catholic life shrewdly observed and persuasively set forth."—Ave Maria. Price..... 1 25

MY NEW CURATE—A story gathered from the stray leaves of an old diary. By Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P., Doneraile (diocese of Cloyne), Ireland. Price..... 1 50

NEW TESTAMENT.—The only existing edition with large legible type, printed from new plates. Black satin cloth, round corners, red edges. Price, post paid..... 80

PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS—It contains reflections for very day in the year. The book was compiled from "Butler's Lives" and other approved sources. Edited by John Gilmary Shea, LL. D. With a beautiful frontispiece of the Holy Family and nearly 400 other illustrations. Bound in extra cloth Price, prepaid..... 1 50

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SPIRITUAL PEPPER AND SALT. A new book for conversions. Just the book to give to a non-Catholic friend. Highly recommended by many Bishops and Priests. By Rev. William Stang, D. D., Superior of the Providence Apostolate. Price, paper..... 35
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have been and are the subject of discussion and controversy. Paper..... 50
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FAITH OF OUR FATHERS—By Cardinal Gibbons. In this book the Cardinal presents his views on religion devoting most of his space to those points which

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TEACHERS WANTED

FOR S. S. NO. 2, MEDONTE, FOR YEAR 1904. State salary, experience, certificate with testimonials. Address, John P. Fitzgerald, Sec. School Board, Mount St. Louis, Ont. 1309-5.

ABLE IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH TO take charge of a Catholic school after New Years, 1904. Salary $300 at least. Cheap board. Rev. J. C. St. Amant, Sec. Treas., Pine Wood, Ont. 1310 tf

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO 1, Osgoode, a second class teacher, one with some years' experience preferred. Salary $275. Apply to James O'Leary, Bray's Crossing. 1313 3

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school Section No 10, Normanby, male or female. Duties to commence on Jan 4th, 1904. Applicants state salary and experience. John Hawkins, Ayton, Ont. 1313 3

WANTED EXPERIENCED MALE TEACHer holding second class certificate for S.S. No. 2 Brudenell. Applicants state salary, and references. Duties to begin Jan. 4, 1904. M. H. Costello, Sec. 1313-1

MALE OR FEMALE TEACHER HOLDING a second class certificate and qualified to teach French, wanted for Separate school section No. 15 St. Raphael's, Glengarry County, Ontario. Duties to commence on the opening of the January term 1904. Applicants will state salary and experience and apply to James Bain, Sec., St. Raphael's West, Ontario. 1313 2

TEACHER WANTED FOR ROMAN CATHolic Separate school section 4, Raleigh for the year 1904. Duties to begin January 4. This is a small section, average attendance about ten. Good brick school conveniently located. Applicants please state salary expected and recommendations and qualifications to M. Gleason, Fletcher, Ont. 1311-3

A MALE TEACHER FOR INDUSTRIAL school Qu'Appelle, Assa., N. W. T., Rev. J. Hugouard, Lebret, Assa., N. W. T. 1312-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR CATHOLIC Separate School Section No. 2 Township of Maidstone, Essex County, Ont. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1904. Attendance small. School is conveniently situated four miles from Essex Station, M. C. R. Apply, stating salary, experience, with testimonials, etc. Address, Ed. McPharlin, Woodslee, P. O., Ont. 1312 3

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. 1 RUTHERford. Male or female, (Catholic preferred) first or second class certificate as a Public School teacher. Duties to begin after Christmas holidays. Good reference. State salary and experience. Apply at once to P. R. Lamarsadine, Sec. School Board, Killarney P. O., Ont. 1312 2.