

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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RENE VILATTE.

Rene Vilatte has turned up again this time as a "recanter." The old humbug has played a great many roles in life, and in fact you "never know what he'll be up to next." He has, as many a worthier man, promised to do better for the future, and we sincerely hope that the old gentleman's strength may be proof against temptation. We do not, however, believe in advertising him or in chronicling his recantation as something to be wondered at and for which to rejoice. Put him into a monastery—keep him at his prayers and teach him, what he has not known, that silence is golden.

Bishop Messner says that entirely too much attention is given to this conversion. After all, who is Vilatte? No genius, no leader of men, no brilliant mind, no great man, possessing not even an elementary clerical education. His conversion is no greater gain for the Catholic Church than that of any other poor sinner, the gain of an immortal soul redeemed by Christ.

What is his following? A Roman paper stated last week that he had some 50,000 followers in the United States. Whatever the number of Independent Poles may be they certainly are not Vilatte's followers since they got the so-called Bishops of their own nationality. Of French or Belgians he never at any time had a round one-hundred families.

CLERICAL AND LAY EDITORS.

The editor of the New World of Chicago has some strange utterances on clerical and lay editors. We have read the article carefully, and came to the conclusion that he thought the destinies of a journal devoted to an independent consideration of broad general issues and current topics should be guided by a layman; and one dealing with religious and moral questions should be in the hands of a clerical editor.

We do not believe for one moment that a Catholic paper should be a budget of pious platitudes or a compendium of sermons or moral disquisitions. We fall to see, however, why a journal such as referred to cannot be edited by a priest. One need not be an active politician to understand political questions, or to be in the whirl and rush of the world to give a solution to social problems. The one thing necessary is the knowledge of sound principles, and this, it seems to us, comes more easily to the clerical than to the lay editor.

We have no intention of belittling the efforts of many noble editors of our time, and we do not forget that the names of McMaster and Hickey are names not writ in water on the pages of the history of Catholic journalism.

FATHER HECKER.

In reply to a correspondent who wishes to know something about Father Hecker, we beg to state that he was born in New York in 1819. He was obliged to leave school at an early age, but his ambition and desire for knowledge urged him always to increase his meagre store of learning. He was a singularly earnest lad with a taste for social questions, which was in after years shown more plainly by his efforts to improve the condition of the working classes. Later on he came under the influence of Brownson, who advised him to seek his fortune with Nathaniel Hawthorne and the other inmates of Brook Farm. Soon, however, he left that community of delightful though eccentric individuals and became a Catholic in 1844. He entered the Redemptorist novitiate, and was ordained priest in 1848. Somehow or other he differed from his superiors, and, with unbounded confidence in his own judgment, decided he was right, and resolved to leave them, and to found a community which should be the reflex of his ideas. Thus we have the Paulists—a band of ecclesiastical sharpshooters who have rendered much valuable service to the Church. But Father Hecker was no half-converted Protestant, as the Abbe Maignen would have us think. He was zealous for the salvation of souls, and a priest of spotless character. We do not think the works which have come from his pen are of permanent value, but they

breathe a spirit of earnestness and manifest a desire to have all enjoy the peace of mind and heart of the author.

OUR BOYS.

One very serious charge that can be brought against some parents is that the boys are taken from school at too early an age and are consequently doomed in all probability to be hewers of wood and carriers of water, to serve and to slave in Poverty's shabbiest livery during their lives.

Why not give them an opportunity to acquire knowledge that may prevent them from being thrust into the mass where everyone is fighting for a living? We know of some who do make sacrifices for their children; but we know also of others—and they are in the majority—who are content to walk in the rut traced out for them by ignorant sloth and who transmit to their offspring the heritage of either a stolid indifference to anything that can ameliorate their condition or a cowardice that restrains them from making the best of themselves. It seems to us that many of the boys who leave school just as their minds are being opened out could, without much suffering to the family, be kept at their books a few years more. It would necessitate a less expensive dress for the girls, a curtailment of entertainments, etc., but this will not be grudged by sensible parents. Our standing as a social power depends upon our education, and social power in this work-a-day world counts for much. We do not wish to appear pessimistic, but we cannot help thinking, when we see the crowds of half-trained youths, their growing indifference to their eternal interests and their sudden apathy with regard to things temporal, that a serious danger menaces us. It is very well to say that a young lad energetic and determined will always succeed. He may make an invaluable book-keeper to a syndicate or may possibly employ a book-keeper, but he is the exception. The rule is that a man's success depends on his start in life. Give him the tools to fashion his life, and he will meet with some measure of success; send him empty-handed and he will be found away in the rear, broken upon the wheel of labor. It may be necessary sometime—but it is the saddest thing on earth—the spectacle of a keen-witted boy plunged, just as the dormant faculties of the soul are springing up into life, into a factory or shop, to see and to hear nothing and to have his energies and talents assigned to unprofitable waste.

But some parents are half Bourbons—they learn nothing and they forget everything. They forget that the days of persecution are over, and that, with our opportunities for self-improvement, and with the every-day object lesson of the paramount influence of intelligence, they are, in depriving their children of more than a rudimentary education, condemning them, so far as this life goes, to the lowest places.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Many of our readers will be grieved to hear that the distinguished historian, Rev. Father Bridgett, C. S. R., has passed to his reward. Like so many other converts, he rendered valuable service to the Church by his accurate exposition of her teaching and by portraying them eloquently and practically in a truly Catholic life. He has gone from the sphere of worldly work, but he will speak to them who loved and admired him, from the many works which have come from his pen.

The letter of the Holy Father on "Americanism" has stilled the storm of controversy. While it was raging, many bitter words were spoken, and many charges, as false as they were groundless, were proffered against men who love their faith beyond aught else in the world; but the luminous words of Leo have dispelled the darkness of re-ordination and silenced the tongue of the partizan. It seemed to outsiders there were two parties amongst our cousins. Little men championed one side or the other, and found an echo in their friends. But we were mistaken. It was simply a case of a man dabbling in a language of which he had, to say the least, an imperfect knowledge. The one thing the letter has shown is that loyalty and submission to the Church are not on the

wane. From every quarter came cries of joy over this late pronouncement of the Holy Father because he alone has the power to guide and to govern and to protect us from error. "Americanism," meaning certain characteristics of government, etc., may be talked about *ad nauseam*, but "Americanism" in a religious sense has, if it ever existed, passed away forever.

And the loyalty manifested will have an effect upon those outside the fold, who imagined that a revolution was brewing. It brings up before us the words of St. Irenaeus: "For to this church on account of its more powerful principality it behoves every Church to come—that is, the faithful everywhere." It reminds us of St. Jerome, who declared that "whosoever gathereth not with the successor of St. Peter scattereth," and of St. Augustine, who, when he received from Rome the confirmation of the Acts of the Council against the Pelagians uttered the famous words, "The case is decided: would that once for all error would cease;" and of the Bishop of Ravenna writing to Eutyches, "We exhort thee, honored brother, to attend obediently to what has been written by the most blessed Pope of the city of Rome; for blessed Peter who lives and presides in his own chair gives to those who seek it the truth of faith."

CLERICAL CULPABILITY.

The neglect of the observance of Sunday is only one of many indications of the decay of religious faith among the people of this country. There is a notable loss of spiritual fervor everywhere. The ministers tell us that it is harder than ever to rouse enthusiasm among their flocks—even the most energetic revivalists frequently fall to do so—and that the evangelistic efforts of the churches in recent years have been very largely without adequate results. The complaints are loud and they are universal. The ministers in large cities like Chicago and in the smaller towns of Connecticut have the same sad story to tell. There seems to be creeping over the land a sort of moral paralysis, which they are powerless to arrest.

This state of things is accounted for in various ways. The laity say it is largely the fault of the clergy—that the ministers have no salt in them; and the clergy declare that they are doing all in their power to stem the tide of immorality and infidelity—that lay folk are to blame for the spiritual sloth that has come over the churches.

There was a meeting of clergymen last week in the Nutmeg State, the object of which was to inquire into the causes of this moral decadence, and to discuss the subject, "What the Ministers Can Do to Bring about a Spiritual Awakening." We have felt much interest in the work of this conference. The members were all frank and fervent, as the reports of their addresses go to show. The Rev. Mr. Richard said that the people have hazy ideas about sin; the Rev. Magee Pratt recalled his own early experience, when he had a loathing of sin as a result of a belief in hell-fire; another minister declared that nowadays people did not realize what was meant by the loss of a soul; still another (the Rev. W. A. Carr) contended that there was a great deal of fault to be found with prevalent preaching. "The clergy," he said, "should preach repentance, faith in Christ, and kindred subjects." He thought the work should begin in Lent. We think Brother Carr hit the nail squarely on the head. The reason why men do not go to church is because they have lost religious faith, which it is the business of ministers of the Gospel to stir up. They are powerless to do this unless their own faith is lively. It is useless for a clergyman who lives luxuriously to preach repentance. A sermon on the happiness of heaven is without effect from a pastor who is known to be very much attached to the pleasures of earth. If, as Brother Richard said, the people have hazy ideas about sin, it is because the ministers who preach to them are so theologically confused of themselves. Methodist ministers consider it a sin to use tobacco, but many of them seem to have no scruple about reviling the Catholic faith. We praise the clergy of the Methodist denomination for their spirit of mortification, but they should not lose sight of divine precepts in following human traditions. They ought to know that it were better for all the ministers that ever lived to smoke everlastingly than that even one should only once, knowingly, bear false witness against the truth that is in Christ.

The clergy have two serious faults which they ought to acknowledge and correct; and, as Brother Carr said, now is the time to begin. In the first place, they ought to cultivate consistency. When the daily walk and conversation of a religious guide are in nowise different from those of the ungodly, when he is distinguished from worldlylings only by the cut of his coat or of his hair, the righteous blush for shame and "the wicked man

hardeneth his face." (Prov., xxi., 29.) There is a rude sense of logic among the people, and respect for the cloth is always lessened when a parson who is piling up a bank account exhorts his people to lay up treasures in heaven; or when a minister whose hands are never extended except with palms upward preaches to poor people on the omnipotence of loving-kindness; or yet again when a sermon on the art of always rejoicing is delivered by one who is always bemoaning the faults and failings of lay people.

Clergymen cannot be too firmly persuaded that their power for good depends upon the example they set to their people and the zeal with which they exercise their high calling. A minister of the Gospel who shows greater interest in things political or athletic than in things ascetical; who is conspicuous where he ought not to appear, and often absent where duty calls him; who does what he exhorts the laity not to do; whose preaching in any particular is at variance with his practice,—such a minister can not command popular respect, and ought not to complain when his salary falls short, or his exhortations fail to rouse either sleepers or sinners.

Daniel Webster once said of the clergymen of his day: "If they would return to the simplicity of the Gospel, there would not be so much complaint of the decline of true religion. Many ministers take their text from Paul and preach from the newspapers. When they do so, I prefer to enjoy my own thoughts rather than to listen. I want my pastor to come to me in the spirit of the Gospel, saying: 'You are mortal; your probation is brief; your work must be done speedily. You are immortal, too; you are hastening to the bar of God; the Judge even now standeth at the door.' When I am thus admonished I have no disposition either to muse or to sleep." Mr. Webster expressed a sentiment that was probably general at the time; it is certainly general now.

We share the opinion of the New York Sun, that if clergymen would give people essential religion instead of sentimental and unphilosophical philanthropy, the churches would be unable to hold one-half of those who would rush to them to hear the Word of life. We are convinced also that if in the preparation of their sermons preachers were to read the religious editorials that appear occasionally in our metropolitan luminary, their discourses would be all the more popular, practical and persuasive.—Ave Maria.

HOW TO BEAR PERSECUTION.

Patience and Forbearance After the Model of Christ.—Sermon by His Eminence.

Baltimore Mirror.

Cardinal Gibbons preached on Sunday last at the cathedral upon the Gospel of the day, which stated how Christ was accused of using the powers of evil to cast out devils. His Eminence said in part:

"Christ set an example for all men to follow in going about and doing good works, certainly without the hope of reward. He relieved the miseries of the suffering, gave sight to the blind and restored speech and hearing to the dumb and deaf. In the face of all this it is, to say the least, peculiar that He should be jeered at by the very people He was helping when, exercising His supernatural powers, He cast out devils.

"We have the testimony of the Apostles that the high priests and Pharisees were forever dogging Him in the hope of hearing a word or seeing Him do something that would give them cause to bring Him to trial. They scorned and jeered Him, but were ever watchful for some overt act. Not discovering any, they were at length compelled to prefer trumped up charges.

"Christ did not come into the world to disarrange the existing order of things, He proclaimed His creed: 'Render unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's.' He counseled peace, preached the Gospel of morality and minded His own business. Though He had no thought but to do good to all men, either spiritually or physically, these calumniators imputed all manner of vile things against Him, and their spite was satisfied only by the sight of His blood.

"The Master's course teaches us a lesson which should be taken to heart. Even while they persecuted Him He prayed for them. 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!' he cried on Mount Calvary. But He did not let their words and acts interfere with His work, for He continued to the end to teach and heal and pray, while a weaker man would have given up in despair. He violated the traditions by healing the sick on the Sabbath—a monstrous crime in the eyes of the Pharisees—and He also went on casting out devils.

"We are all followers of Christ, and we must make up our minds that we cannot get along in this world without occasionally feeling the sting of calumny. The more upright your life and the more steadfast you are to the principles of religion, or to the business—be it what it may—the greater will be the calumnies and slanders of the envious. A small, mean man takes great delight in attacking the promi-

nent, that some of their glory may be temporarily reflected on him.

"Now it is well to consider how we shall act when thus attacked. The easiest and safest way is to take no notice, avoid losing your peace of mind, and above all, pray for the slanderers. It is heroic, I will admit, but it was an innovation of Christ, and in following in His footsteps you cannot go far wrong. Your peace of mind is of as much value to you as the jewels and money you so securely guard. Why not, therefore, bar out those calumnies and slanders and not let every little tale disturb you? The words of men are fleeting; the judgment of God is final and just. Rest content in this knowledge.

"All men are liable to be misrepresented. Even Paul was the victim of the tales of the envious, not only among the heathens but also among the Christians. He bore his trials with saintly fortitude. He did not grow angry; he did not cry out from the house tops his innocence. He rested his case on the knowledge of God's justice.

"It was Shakespeare, I believe, who said, 'Conscience makes cowards of us all,' but I believe that the fear of public censure makes greater cowards of us than conscience. Would that conscience had more place in our daily life! When the calumniator assails you and your conscience tells you the charges are false, remember that this same still voice may remind you of other misdeeds unknown to men, but known to God.

"God in His wisdom may often permit us to be unjustly assailed in order to rouse within us the spirit of religion and humanity, and to cause us to listen offener to conscience. Make it a rule of life, my brethren, always to disregard the unjust censures of men, but tune your ears to the faintest whisper of conscience."

THE FIRST SORROW OF THE BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD.

The prophecy of St. Simeon, though it did not lay bare to her for the first time, brought formally before her, for her acceptance, manifold dispositions of God regarding Jesus, herself and us sinners.

These dispositions were by no means such as a Mother's heart would naturally have desired. They involved terrible sacrifices. . . . Into these dispositions, and with the most perfect intelligence of them which a creature could have, she entered heroically. . . . With us, generosity in spiritual things is often to be measured by the degree to which the virtue forces its way. But it was not so with our Blessed Lady. . . . There was no conflict in her will; there could have been, but there was not.

But let us now consider the lessons which this first dolor teaches to ourselves. It was a life long unhappiness. . . . Almost every heart on earth is a sanctuary of secret sorrow. . . . Now what is to be done with this lifelong sorrow? Let Our Lady teach us out of the depths of her first dolor. . . . She had no suffering which was dissociated from the Passion of Jesus. We can make our sorrows in a measure like hers by continually uniting them to the sorrows of our dearest Lord. If our sorrow comes from sin, of course it cannot be like Mary's sorrows; but it can be just as easily, just as acceptably united with the Passion of Our Lord. He will not despise the offerings. The fact of our griefs being a consequence of sin need not even increase the measure of our grieving. Happy they, and true sons, whom Our Father punishes in this life. Like Mary, we must be loving, sweet and patient with those who cause us any unhappiness, and, laying our head with unrestrained and unashamed tears on Our Lord's Bosom, let us think quietly of God and heaven. . . . Let us look our great sorrow in the face, and say to it, 'You have made up your mind not to part with me till I go down to the grave; be, then, a second Guardian Angel to me; be a shadow of God, hindering the heat and glare of the world from drying up the fountains of prayer within my heart.' All of us, even if we have not a life-long sorrow, have a guardian Angel of this description. . . . With confidence, then, we may seek the Mother of Sorrows, and ask her to be the Mother of our sorrow. Jesus has a special love for the unhappy. The longest day has its evening, the hardest work its ending, and the sharpest pain its contented and everlasting rest.—'The Foot of the Cross' (Father F. W. Faber).

THE ABBE KLEIN'S RETRACTATION.

The Pope's letter on "Americanism" has elicited many protestations of submission and loyalty to the Holy See, but none more gratifying than that of the French priest, whose small knowledge of the English language led him into error. Our readers will be glad to learn that the Osservatore Romano publishes a letter to the Pope from the Abbe Klein, author of the French edition of "The Life of Father Hecker," declaring adherence without reserve to the Pope's views expressed in his letter to Cardinal Gibbons, announcing the suppression of the sale of the book and

adding that he rejects without exception or reservation the errors in the book the Pope condemns.—American Herald.

A DEVOTION FOR PASSIONTIDE.

While it is far from obvious that Christians of our day stand less in need than did their predecessors in other centuries of the salutary discipline of fasting and mortification, it is clearly manifest that the old-time severity of Lenten practices has of late years become notably mitigated. For one reason or another—wise and just reasons, we may not doubt—the Church has in many countries relaxed the stringency of her former precepts on this point; and in actual practice, the number of Catholics duly exempted nowadays from fasting is perhaps greater than the aggregate of those who still incur that obligation. Possibly also there are a few Catholics who constitute themselves their own judges as to the question whether they are bound to fast or are exempted from so doing. Concerning these last, it is needless to say that they arrogate to themselves a right, an authority, which is distinctly not theirs. One's pastor or confessor is the proper judge to determine whether in our particular case the general law to fast holds or ceases to apply; and it is rash, to say no more, to dispense with his opinion thereon.

In any case, the holy season of Lent is still, in the mind and intent of the Church, a time of unusual penance, additional prayer, and multiplied mortifications; and if, in compassion for the weakness of some of her children, she excuses them from the Lenten fast, it is, nevertheless, her purpose and wish that, instead of fasting, they substitute some other form of penance—some prayers of supererogation, some pious practice of devotion. Perhaps no better or more congruous devotion for the approaching Passiontide can be commended to such Catholics—or, for that matter, to all Catholics—than the Stations or Way of the Cross.

While the erection of the Fourteen Stations, or pictures representing the sorrowful journey of our Divine Lord to Golgotha, is never omitted now in the case of any new church or chapel, it is doubtful whether the mass of the congregation attending such church or chapel make it a practice to "go around the Stations" at all as frequently as is desirable. Without taking a pessimistic view of our latter-day Catholicity, or becoming an immoderate praiser of the past, one may perhaps question whether this special devotion is as generally practised at present as it was some few decades ago. It is just possible that, in the multitude of new devotions that have sprung up, the Way of the Cross has been to some extent lost sight of.

If so, it is assuredly a misfortune; for, if we except attendance at Holy Mass and the reception of the sacraments, it is difficult to specify a more salutary practice of piety. Quite apart from the many Indulgences, partial and plenary, with which the Stations are applicable to the holy souls in purgatory as well as to the individual follower of Our Lord's sorrowful way—can one overestimate the advantages accruing to the Christian soul from the meditation on the various phases of Christ's Passion which the performance of this exercise presupposes?

Making full allowance for whatever pious exaggeration there may be in the opinion of Blosius, that "to think devoutly of the Passion, even for a short time, is a more profitable and meritorious work than to fast on bread and water, to give oneself the discipline till the blood comes, and to recite the entire Psalms," we can not deny that such thinking or meditating must be both an effectual extant of genuine contrition for past transgressions and a potent preservative against future lapses. If pride and sensuality be the fruitful sources of all our sins, where else do both ignoble passions stand so thoroughly convicted of criminality and folly as before the Stations that represent the God-Man in the profoundest depths of humiliation and in the most cruel straits of mental and physical suffering?

What more vivid lesson can be given to one who is puffed up with self-conceit than the spectacle of our Divine Redeemer abject, despised, hated, calumniated, and abandoned by all! What more effective means for vanquishing the manifold temptations of the flesh can be imagined than the contemplation of that same Redeemer stripped naked, scourged unto blood, beaten and bruised, crowned with thorns, nailed to the ignominious cross, and crucified as a common malefactor! Works of penance and mortification there are of many kinds and of varying degrees of efficacy; but few—very few—penitential practices are more productive of beneficial results, direct and indirect, than is the pious custom of daily making the Way of the Cross—or, as the old people say, "going around the Stations."—Ave Maria.

Truth walks slowly and even then some people can't keep up with it.

In proportion as Mary's power with God exceeds that of all the saints, so is she, in the same proportion, our most loving advocate, and the one who is the most solicitous for our welfare.—St. Bonaventura.

THE PRE-REFORMATION CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Rev. D. M. Barrett, O. S. B., in American Catholic Quarterly Review.

PART I.—CONTINUED.

The Cluniac Benedictine abbey Paisley, founded in 1164 by Walter Fitz-Alan, High Steward of Scotland and ancestor of the House of Stuart was remarkable for the striking beauty of its situation, as well as for the splendid adornments of its buildings. It stood on a level near the edge of the waters of the little river Cart, in a valley of undulating, wooded slopes and hills. The abbey precincts were enclosed by a wall of dressed stone, wards of a mile in length. They consisted of spacious gardens and orchards and even a park for fallow deer. The wall was adorned with carved statues and shields bearing coats of arms. A niche was enshrined the image of Our Lady; beneath it was inscribed: "Hac nos vade via, nisi dixeris Ave Maria, Sit semper sine via, qui tunc dicit Ave."

A stately gate house led to the rustic buildings. The church was situated at the western end by a door in a fine Early English arch, and the north through a deep porch, mounted by a chamber known as the transe. This latter was the ordinary entrance. The porch, way room was a common feature in the mediaeval churches. Many parochial rites, as the commencement of the marriage ceremony and of the baptism of infants were performed there.

The church measured nearly 220 feet in length. Its graceful pointed arches were supported by clustered piers and a richly carved triforium ran along the aisles. The choir was longer than the nave—not an uncommon feature in the Cluniac churches; it contained a choir for twenty-six monks; these had been provided by Abbot Tarvas in 1164. The same devout Abbot procured great brass book-stands, the chandeliers of chased silver, and the beautiful "ernac"—the stielist in aid Skolud and the maist crotle"—as well as rich hangings of cloth of gold and silver to decorate the sanctuary on festival days. In the south transept was an elaborately carved chancel where the body of St. Mirin, one of the ancient missionaries of the country, in a gorgeous shrine, and was an object of devotion to numerous pilgrims. In its external adornments, also, the fine church was very striking. A central tower and steeple rose to a height of 350 feet. Such was Paisley in its glory—a worthy House of God which the daily choral office celebrated its praise.

Other religious orders could boast buildings no less magnificent than those of the monks. Jedburgh, belonging to the Black Canons, Dryburgh, the White Canons, were gems of a nature. Many of the churches of the friars, too, were famed for their beauty. That of the Observantines at Edinburgh was so magnificent that a foreign friar, Cornelius, could have persuaded to take possession of the city required by his rule. It was the intervention of the Pope to his scruples. The Franciscan Church at Haddington was known as "Light of Lothian," from the lamps which illuminated its beautiful windows by night. It was in the decorated style, and measured 210 feet in length.

Collegiate and parish churches were often built with great magnificence. The stately church of St. Edinburgh's glory, escaped almost unscathed—as regards its exterior—frenzy of fanatical reformers. The most barbaric splendor of the exteriorly carved Roslin chapel, near Edinburgh, is preserved. Such buildings would have been meaningless had the worship for they had been erected been in grandeur. That this was the case is evident from the inventory of vestments and church furniture extant. Aberdeen Cathedral possesses less than thirty six copes, of ten were of cloth of gold, and other ten velvet. It had also three sets of High Mass vestments, plentiful supply of hangings and adornments. Holyrood Abbey boasted of various crosses, candlesticks, missals, and processions, vestments. The same might doubt be affirmed of all the great cathedrals and ministers.

With regard to the splendor ritual observed within them, it is able to gain an insight as to its ceremonial of England and other countries. It may perhaps bring the subject home more closely if we describe in detail the celebration some solemn feast as a worshippers see it carried out in Glasgow cathedral in the sixteenth century. Glasgow selected as being one of the cathedrals in which the Sarum rite was followed. That rite, different many details from the Roman, to Catholics are now accustomed, introduced as Glasgow by Bishop in the twelfth century, and served there up to the Reformation. A visitor to St. Mungo's on the day of the feast in question will witness the crowd of laity who through the entrance of the Archbishop's canons. The festival pealing of the bell announces the approach of the procession and soon a stately procession only opened for such occasions came up the nave to the jubilation of organ and singers. Officials led the way. One bore the archiepiscopal cross, the carry maces of solid silver. Canons in their choral dress of red and furred hood surround the

FLOWERS AT FUNERALS.

Protest Against the Pagan Custom of Showering Bloom Upon the Dead.

From the New Zealand Tablet.

Folly at the graveside has taken various shapes at various times. The old method of feasting and gorging over the body of the dead has long and is dying hard. As far back as the days of Josephus the funeral feasts of the Jews were so burdensome that they frequently reduced the heirs of the deceased to beggary. The old-time Irish "wake" was a survival of an evil custom. Baked meats are to this hour associated in the minds of a large class of English poor with a "slap up funeral." Said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Potter in the old country story: "O'd Wilson killed his pig early this year, didn't he?" "Well," replied Mrs. Potter, "don't you know that he expected his wife's funeral in October and he wants to get the hams ready." This silly feasting is simply a barbarous exhibition of the foolish pride that glories in an hour's vulgar display of seeming wealth. There is neither common sense nor Christian feeling in it. There is quite as little in the present cumbersome display of flowers at funerals. It has its source in the same idea. Its ultimate object is the same. In this country the lavish expenditure has been stamped out as far as Catholics are concerned. A crusade has been started against the practice in Australia by the venerable Bishop of Maitland. This fashion of flowers," said Dr. Murray, "is a worldly pomp which is getting into very great abuse, and on and after the first day of January next no flowers will be permitted to enter the church with a coffin, and no priest will assist at funerals where this unbecoming custom of flowers is adopted. The clergy, of course, could not interfere with people in their own homes. They have, however, authority over the church and over the consecrated ground of God's acre and are determined there will be no flowers permitted to enter either of these places in connection with funerals after the first day of the New Year."

The custom of showering bloom upon the dead is a pagan one. The stately Roman Senator or his dame left the stage of life surrounded by flowers—like a smiling modern prima donna making her best bow at the close of her finest bravura. They went out in triumph—like conquerors, laden with crowns and garlands. The Roman custom came from the Greeks, who embalmed their dead as best they could, and for seven long days kept them on exhibition, clad in white garments, their foreheads adorned with garlands and their resting-place gaily bedecked with flowers. Flowers are described as "nature's smiles—symbols essentially of sweetness and brightness." They are as out of time with a place of weeping as a step dance or a clown in baggy breeches at a funeral. Canon Moser—an authority upon this subject—writes: "The dominant note of the Christian death is fear and supplication, an acknowledgment of the awful rigors of God's inscrutable justice, tempered with confidence in the merits of His dolorous passion. So long as the Church is not certain that her children have arrived in heaven's gate she has not the heart to rejoice. And therefore it is that flowers—nature's symbols of joy—at modern interments are in flagrant contradiction with the spirit of the liturgy."

The united testimony of writers bears witness to the fact that even in the dawn of the Christian Church flowers or wreaths never played a part in the ceremonies of interment. And so long as the spirit of Catholic liturgy was observed no flowers appeared at funerals. The old pagan custom was the evil days of the French Revolution, when the bodies of the infidel Voltaire and of the bloodthirsty Jacobin, Marat, were consigned to the Pantheon adorned with flowers.

"Another aspect of this custom," says Canon Moser, "which should condemn it is that these flowers are associated with and are supposed to suggest the thought that the dead one is already happy. It amounts to canonization. In civil funerals the conviction that the defunct is already in glory is expressed in most of the discourses made at the grave. Purgatory does not exist. No need of prayers, no need of Masses. One does not pray for those in heaven—and then the expense has been already so considerable. A new theology is invented, from which all idea of the dead meat giving relief to their souls is buried beneath masses of bloom. And for this very reason the custom we are speaking about seems to us to be radically anti-Christian. Let us be children of the Church. Affection, legitimate sorrow, respect for the dead will not suffer for it.

Again we say let the cemeteries be well kept—let graves be made as beautiful as you like—but at funerals let the spirit of the ecclesiastical ritual be followed.

Almost in Despair. "My wife suffered with pain and distress from an affection of the throat caused by impure blood. She was almost in despair of ever obtaining a cure, but finally procured a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking six bottles of this medicine she was completely cured." JOHN WICKHAM, Galt, Ontario.

That distress after eating is prevented by one or two Hood's Pills. They don't grip. The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

Toronto Firemen Testify. Mr. McCartney, Lombard Street Fire Hall, Toronto, dated March 4th, 1897, states: "An subject to very painful conditions of coughiness and other troubles resulting therefrom, but I am glad to say that I have found a perfect remedy in Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. I trust this may be of benefit to others."

where Ruth, all aglow with delight, awaited him.

"Accept my best wishes for your future happiness," said he; "the present is all your own."

She looked at him with satisfaction. His dress was the usual neat-fitting citizen's costume, his hair had been cut and his beard trimmed. Florian, and his pale, was very much himself again.

"I conclude from your appearance," said Ruth, "that conscience has again decided against a solitary life for you."

"It is settled," he said; "I am still to remain in the political world—more of the time here; as it may need in New York."

"You are very sad over it. Have you forgotten my VIA MEDIA? I flattered myself you would act on that immediately."

"How gladly would I, if it rested only with myself! But, Ruth, put yourself in my place. You know the motive I had in deserting France. I have no outrage that would send me to the feet of one I have so wronged to ask a great favor."

"How is it ever to be done?" said Ruth. "France has forgiven you, will have no other but you, waits for you, weeps for you. She is not bold enough, and you are excessively humble. This will never do. There should be no groveling, yet I cannot see how you can avoid it if you will not speak for yourself."

He was silent for a few moments.

"It would be a great happiness for me," he said, "to have the support and sympathy of one so tenderly loved. Yet you know her bringing up. I told her everything that awaits me and those who attach themselves to my fortunes. How can I ask her to banish herself to Solitary Island?"

"It might be hard enough, but heartache and luxury are not always preferable to a handsome villa and content on the island."

"You leave me no way of escape," he said.

"I am laying a snare for you. Do you know that I have been over-board? I wrote to your father. I told her everything as I knew it. I asked her if the past could not be mended in the only way that it could be. She wrote to me a very brief letter! What do you think it said?"

He waited for her to answer her own question. "Read it," she said placing it in his hands. It contained but a single sentence.

"Tell him he may come."

"Thank God," said Florian with a sigh. "You are a happy man, Florian."

"I feel so much of it to you, Ruth," he replied gratefully.

They went out on the veranda, where the priest and Paul sat talking. Both gentlemen shook hands with him in silence, and the conversation drifted into commonplace matters. The marble shaft bearing Linda's name was visible from the house. The calm waters of the river lay placid in the moonlight. It was an hour of great rest for these four persons, whose saddest memories were connected with the scene before them. Although they were full of joy at the happy ending of so many difficulties, the remembrance of what had happened chastened that joy severely, and if they saw before them a pleasant future, it was made so only by the hope that, no matter what fortune befell them, God would never permit them to wander from His fold. Life is hard enough, and death bitter, but when sin takes hold of both there is no sorrow can surpass them.

THE END.

TOBACCO AND THE SECTS.

I don't understand what is said about the use of tobacco in one of the New and Roman sects. What has tobacco got to do with the inconsistency of the sects? Please explain. —J. C. Lestonia, Ohio.

We can not explain. It would be useless to attempt it. Certain things are inexplicable in so far as to say. The connection in this case is inconceivable to some minds, though it may not appear so to others. John Bright could not discover the slightest source of pleasurable in the discourses of our distinguished countryman, Artemus Ward; and even went so far as to intimate that the humoristic lecturer at times made statements that could not be substantiated. To most persons Mr. Ward's lectures were highly enjoyable, and the eminent Englishman was the only one that ever accused him of unveracity. After hearing Mr. Ward speak in London, John Bright committed himself in these words: "I must say I can not see what people find to enjoy in his lectures. The information is meagre, and is presented in a desultory, disconnected manner. In fact, I can not help seriously questioning some of his statements."—Ave Maria.

THE DUTIES OF GOD-FATHERS AND GOD-MOTHERS.

God-fathers and God-mothers are strictly bound to exercise a constant vigilance over their spiritual children, and carefully to instruct them in the maxims of a Christian life, that they may approve themselves through life such as their sponsors promised they should be when they were baptized.

They promise to be the teachers and guardians of the children, whose respective god-fathers and godmothers they become, and are responsible for their religious instruction: "I most earnestly admonish you, men and women," says St. Augustine, "who have become sponsors, to consider that you stood as sureties before God, for those whose sponsors you have undertaken to become." Hence parents should be very choice in the selection of sponsors for their children, and not ask unworthy persons out of friendship for worldly considerations. This sacred trust should be confided only to sterling Catholics, who are willing to discharge its duties with fidelity.—American Herald.

CHAPTER XXVI. TRUE HEARTS.

Clayburgh was completely upset, as a native expressed it, by the publication of the bans of marriage between Paul Rosseter and Ruth Pendleton. It had "reckoned" on her remaining an old maid; it "admired" what the Squire would do now; it "astounded" its astonishment over and over for two weeks, at the time of which the marriage was accomplished in white satin and tulle, and a great part of the town assisted in the festivities. Parker C. Lynch, as Peter Carter was now known, was ex-officio the master of the feast. In full morning-dress, and well-dressed to perfection, this erratic representative of the finest blood of Ireland was a fine-looking gentleman on the model of an English squire, and, when he posed or walked under the wide eyes of the assembly, showed that he had not forgotten his earlier training. The Squire could not restrain his astonishment or refuse his admiration. In his suit of armor he was as stiff as a post; growled and swore secretly at intervals and looked anxiously for the opportunity to steal away and disappear.

"Where did you get the knack of wearing this confounded rig?" he said to Peter. "Can you see those tails of mine? I feel like a swallow. I don't know what minute I am going to fly."

"You're a ground swallow," replied Peter, with a grin and a drinking-gesture. "You're cavernous, Squire. Fein ye look well for an old country buck that knows so little, and ye carry the odd garment neatly."

"How do you manage to do it?" said the Squire, who seemed to be in a quandary.

"It was born there," Peter said—the coat I mean. I had it on when I was born. I'd notice the shape of my legs? You can never wear a swallow-tail unless you are shaped so."

The Squire looked down mournfully at a fearful waste of thighbone and flesh on his particular person.

"I must look awful," he said sadly. "Couldn't we get away, Peter, and get rid of these legs?"

Not the least distinguished of the guests was Mrs. Back and her minister, as fashionless in costume as of old. The good lady had been somewhat left in the shade since the discovery of Florian's real parentage, and her vanity had received a deep wound in being cut off so abruptly from her former position. Mrs. Back alone could have told her severe disappointment at not having been the Princess Linda, and her ravings over the possibility of Mrs. Winifred having put Linda in her place. These weaknesses Sara kept from the world in general, but she was not quite a mother in furs. Five blooming and clever children clung on occasions to her voluminous skirts, and her matronly figure, with its still coquettish movements, was almost charming. Her faith was wholly dead. She never was troubled with a single pang of conscience on which she had been fed, nor with a single scruple as to her apostasy. In being liberal enough to consider Catholics on a par with Episcopalians and in despising the sects she considered herself doctrinally safe. She seized upon the Squire at a most critical moment. Peter had just winked at him knowingly and then disappeared into the upper rooms.

"Aren't you happy, Squire?" buzzed Sara in his ears. "Who would have thought, knowing as we do, all that has happened, that this day would ever have come? Who is Mr. Rosseter? Such a fascinating man! How is it that he wasn't gobbled up by a handsome woman than our Ruth?"

"Because in New York, where there aren't any women," said the sarcastic Squire, "he didn't see any one handsome. If he had come to Clayburgh first, where the women area thick as sardines, Ruth wouldn't have had a chance."

The two old gentlemen finally made themselves comfortable in the kitchen attic, as became barbarians fond of undress uniforms, cards, and punch. Once the Squire felt a mystery in the air, and expostulated with Ruth.

"Why isn't Florian here?" he asked. "The man with the gizzard," said Peter. "Give him time," replied Ruth. "These great men don't come and go as we common people do."

"Common people! I'm sheriff of the county!"

"And I represent the Trustees," said Peter.

"Don't be quarrelsome. When Florian comes you shall see and hear him."

"What's all this running about for?"

"I thank you for your visit, Ruth. In a little while I can decide, if I have not already decided. Squire, not another word, or I stay here forever."

Pendleton savagely that few words and a speedy departure were two important points in Ruth's programme, and for a wonder he tucked his daughter under his arm and, with a brief farewell, led her down to the boat.

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"And I represent the Trustees," said Peter.

"Don't be quarrelsome. When Florian comes you shall see and hear him."

"What's all this running about for?"

"Now, papa, go away and be reasonable and don't punish you."

"Gimme my punishment now," urged the Squire, and, after pulling his whiskers, she dismissed him with a kiss. At twilight the guests were gone, and the Squire and Peter were peacefully sleeping off the effects of the day's excitement. The poet and his bride stood together on the veranda, facing the calm waters of the river, her head resting on his shoulder, and her deep eyes watching the stars in the cool, far-reaching sky.

"It is all over," she sighed, occasionally—all over. One effect of a steady life in these old villages is peculiar. The years seem as days. I am not ten days older in thought than when Linda used to come down that road—O my dear little princess! waving her hands and singing to me on any way off. All the nights like these seem as one, there have been so many of them."

"And there are to be so many of them," said the poet.

"Let us hope so, dear," said she. "With all the suffering and uncertainty in the past there has been more beauty in it than ugliness, more good than evil. Even poor Florian will find certain and unexpected rest to-night."

"There are two lights coming down the road, Ruth. It is time for Florian to be here."

"Do you meet them, and then send Florian up to the parlor," said she. "Tell him I would like to see him."

Peter Rosseter and Florian came up the steps and together, and the politician congratulated the poet where he stood. The three gentlemen seemed to be in perfect accord, and at ease with one another. Florian proceeded alone to the apartment

self out of sight. When you get your pious stroke and came to me to have it utilized, put in the market, so to speak, I'd have thought in this way: 'Here's a man as clever as Webster, a speaker, a wire-puller, a statesman; anybody who can do that every night would spoil the ears of the nation better than I am. Here's a man doing to get such a job. And I'd give it to you and send you out, if you did nothing less than educate young Papists to do as you did not, let me have the name of the dagger-point type of the boss Jesuit? I've heard and seen a great many fools in my time, but I put him down as the completest fool, but he was ever born."

It was an impressive speech and had a meaning which Florian seized upon quickly. The Squire had sent home like an arrow a thought which had not yet broken upon Florian's mental vision. When he described his speech to Ruth, in fear the Squire solemnly told her the effect which he had created, she forbade further visits to the island until the hermit had time to revolve the thought in his mind.

"You know Florian," she said to him—"how when you present him a new idea he thinks you think about it until he knows it to be the core. Let him think upon it for a week. It was such a very good idea."

"Wasn't it, now?" said the gleeful Squire. "I'd like to present him with one more, and that would be to let him ever, to present the second idea; and as a result of his visit and long talk with Florian Ruth was informed that the time was ripe for her interference. The Squire insisted on accompanying her. Ruth, who heard her heart, and who had concluded the final result to be: They could not keep from Florian the secret of their assault upon his determination to do penance as a solitary. Would the knowledge drive him to obstinacy? She did not know the extent of the change which had taken place in him. Florian opened the door for them.

"If your visitors are all as persistent as we are," said she, smiling, "you will not have much of your solitude." "I fear I am not to have much of it anyway," he replied, in such a tone as made it hard to tell his feelings. "Your father, here, has disturbed me on that point, and Peter Kongevin has almost settled it that I shall go out into the world and be a hermit."

"Which would be very hard for you, Florian," said Ruth, with a gentle sympathy that woke him at once, while the Squire was resolved into a thunder-cloud.

"Ruth, you tell me what to do," Florian said humbly, and submissively.

"It is easy enough to endure this solitude," she continued; "it may be beautiful to certain natures. But to be beautiful in a world so very trifle to love, makes the hard things easy and sweet. That would be your only consolation, Florian."

"It is this way with me, Ruth," he began eagerly, and making no account of the Squire's presence. "I have learned to love this life, as I never loved anything else in this world. You know why. And what I was is such a horror and shame to me that to return to its scenes is like death. Yet it seems to me and to your father, and to Peter, if you do not, to be used for the general good, merely to satisfy myself."

"And you ought not, that is true—"

"That's what I maintain—that's what I've maintained all over—otherwise you must write your name beside the boss Jesuits."

"Now, papa!" said Ruth, bringing the boiling volcano down to a harmless stream. "You ought not, Florian, if there would be no danger to yourself in holding a power which was to you so strong a temptation."

"I would take and hold it under protest," he replied confidently. "I value it more than a straw. I cannot resign it from myself as a hermit. I can but die. But she never lost her money."

"You say that to say to you, I'm groping. Can't you look and talk for me minute as used to, Florian?"

This appeal made no further impression on the hermit than to illuminate his pallid face with a smile. The Squire made a few more weak attempts upon the hermit's defenses, and then rushed in sudden and overpowering disgust for the door.

"I've got to think," said he, "and I can't do it looking at a corpse."

He did not hear Florian laugh as he banged the door—the first laugh that had passed his lips since the night of Vladimir's revelations. After an hour he returned and resumed his seat with determination written all over him.

"I must know the ins and outs of this thing," he said quietly; "and I'm going to put some questions as the sheriff of Jefferson County. What's to prevent me from jailing you?"

"Nothing," said Florian, "unless the consequences—jailing yourself!"

"Now, Florian, be reasonable and answer squarely. Have you thrown up politics for good and all?"

"I have."

"And you are going to live on this island for the next forty years or so?"

"With God's will, yes."

"I'm! that smacks of the Jesuits. What's the reason of all this, Florian? Did you get a pious stroke?"

"I suppose it was that," said Florian, meditating as if a new question had touched his soul.

"Is it in the Papist line, and somewhat like your father? I hoped you were working away from the Jesuits?"

A faint blush spread over Florian's face.

"I am nearer to the Jesuits than ever, but not as near as I could wish."

"So I thought," said the Squire, shaking his head—"so I thought. And I must say my opinion of the Jesuits is considerably smaller than it was an hour ago."

He reflected a few moments, and saw that Florian's curiosity was aroused.

"Had I been the boss of the Jesuit corporation," said he, aiming eyes and finger at Florian's reason, "I think I could have done a smarter bit of business than has been done in letting you bury your-

SOLITARY ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

By John Talbot Smith, author of "Brother Lazarus," "A Woman of Culture," "His Honor the Mayor," "Saranac," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

"Well, you'll know more after I get back, girl. Look at that island to—acres, hey? It's more trouble for a little two-acre mud-hole that is, than old Grindstone! Does the Pere know of this?"

"I told him, papa."

"Of course you did. You and he are always plotting and planning. He's a sneaky Jesuit, and I'll tell him so when I see him. And mark me, Ruth, don't let me hear of you or the priest visiting that boy without my permission. You're both free and independent, but by the shade of McKenzie I'm sheriff, and I'll make you both feel it if I'm disobeyed."

"We have not the faintest desire, papa," said Ruth meekly. "To see Florian, but we fear he is troubled, and we know that there is no one like his old friend to help him. Unless you permit it, we shall not go near him."

"You're a deep pair," said the distrustful Squire, shaking his head. "But I'm to be ahead of you, anyhow."

What he feared and distrusted he scarcely knew, but he was ready to maintain against all oppositions that Florian's proper place at any time was New York City. Not to be there, was in his eyes, dangerous for so prominent a politician. He shook hands with the hermit on entering the cabin, and sat down in a panic. This was the man who had bought the ticket weeks previous in Clayburgh station, but it surely was not Florian.

"What's happened, Florian?" he asked in a hushed, awed voice.

"I've changed my method of living," said Florian gravely.

"I should think you had," murmured the Squire feebly, "but I don't get the hang of this thing, somehow."

The hermit did not seem to care much for his dazed condition, as he made no effort to relieve it. The Squire shook off a tendency to faint with disgust.

"Florian," said he sternly, "I've sworn by you since you were born, because there was not a year nor an hour of your life that I couldn't put my hand down and say, 'He's just so. I can't do that now.' What's come over you? Why are we bewitching you? What has happened to you? Good God!" cried he in an excess of feeling, standing up to hit the table into fragments with his fist, "tell me something, or I'll think you've been dead and come back to life again."

THE PRE-REFORMATION CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Rev. D. M. Barrett, O. S. B., in American Catholic Quarterly Review.

PART I.—CONTINUED.

The Cluniac Benedictine abbey of Paisley, founded in 1164 by Walter Fitz-Alan, High Steward of Scotland, and ancestor of the House of Stuart, was remarkable for the striking beauty of its situation, as well as for the splendid adornments of its buildings. It stood on a level mead near the clear waters of the little river Cart, in view of undulating, wooded slopes and lofty hills. The abbey precincts were enclosed by a wall of dressed stone, up wards of a mile in length. They consisted of spacious gardens and orchards, and even a park for fallow deer. The wall was adorned with carved statues, and shields bearing coats of arms. In a niche was enshrined the image of Our Lady; beneath it was inscribed:

"Hac ne vade via, nisi dixeris Ave Maria. Sit semper sine ve, qui tibi dicit Ave." A stately gate house led to the monastic buildings. The church was entered at the western end by a door set in a fine Early English arch, and at the north through a deep porch, surmounted by a chamber known as a parvise. This latter was the ordinary entrance. The porch, we may remark, was a common feature in the mediæval churches. Many parochial rites, such as the commencement of the marriage ceremony and of the baptism of infants were performed there.

The church measured nearly 220 feet in length. Its graceful pointed arches were supported by clustered pillars, and a richly carved triforium ran over the aisles. The choir was longer than the nave—not an uncommon feature in the Cluniac churches; it contained stalls for twenty six monks; these had been provided by Abbot Tarvas in 1459. The same devout Abbot procured the great brass book-stand, the chandeliers of chased silver, and the beautiful tabernacle—the steeple in all Scotland and the most costly—as well as the rich hangings of cloth of gold and silver to decorate the sanctuary on festival days. In the south transept was an elaborately carved chapel, where the body of St. Mirin, one of the ancient missionaries of the country, lay in a gorgeous shrine, and was an object of devotion to numerous pilgrims. In its external adornments, also, this fine church was very striking. Its central tower and steeple rose to the height of 300 feet. Such was Paisley in its glory—a worthy House of God in which the daily choral office celebrated His praise.

Other religious orders could boast of buildings no less magnificent than those of the monks. Jedburgh, belonging to the Black Canons, Dryburgh to the White Canons, were gems of architecture. Many of the churches of the friars, too, were famed for their beauty. That of the Observantines at Edinburgh was so magnificent that a foreign friar, Cornelius, could hardly be persuaded to take possession of it, thinking it incompatible with the poverty required by his rule. It needed the intervention of the Pope to settle his scruples. The Franciscan Church at Haddington was known as the "Light of Lothian," from the costly lamps which illuminated its beautiful windows by night. It was in the decorated style, and measured 210 feet in length.

Collegiate and parish churches, also were often built with great magnificence. The stately church of St. Giles, Edinburgh's glory, escaped almost unscathed—as regards its exterior—the frenzy of fanatical reformers. The almost barbaric splendor of the exquisitely carved Roslin Chapel, near Edinburgh, is proverbial.

Such buildings would have been meaningless had the worship for which they had been erected been wanting in grandeur. That this was not the case is evident from the inventories of vestments and church furniture still extant. Aberdeen Cathedral possessed no less than thirty six copes, of which ten were of cloth of gold, and others of rich velvet. It had also thirteen full sets of High Mass vestments, and a plentiful supply of hangings and other adornments. Holyrood Abbey could boast of various crosses, candlesticks, censers, cruets, etc., of gold or silver, besides many precious chalices and vestments. The same might doubtless be affirmed of all the great cathedrals and ministers.

With regard to the splendor of the ritual observed within them, we are able to gain an insight as to its nature by comparing it with the contemporary ceremonial of England and other countries. It may perhaps bring the subject home more closely if we venture to describe in detail the celebration of some solemn feast as a worshipper would see it carried out in Glasgow cathedral in the sixteenth century. Glasgow is selected as being one of the Scottish cathedrals in which the Sarum Rite was followed. That rite, differing in many details from the Roman, to which Catholics are now accustomed, was introduced at Glasgow by Bishop Herbert in the twelfth century, and was observed there up to the Reformation.

A visitor to St. Mungo's on the eve of the feast in question will await, with the crowd of laity who throng the nave, the entrance of the Archbishops and canons. The festal pealing of the bells announces the approach of the prelate, and soon a stately procession sweeps through the great western entrance—only opened for such occasions—and passes up the nave to the jubilant welcome of organ and singers. Twelve officials lead the way. One bears aloft the archiepiscopal cross, the others carry maces of solid silver. Thirty canons in their choir dress of surplice and furred hood surround the Arch-

bishop, and a crowd of attendants bring up the rear. The brilliant throng passes through the gates of the choir, the "rulers of choir," or cantors, each robed in silken cope and bearing a silver staff of office, range themselves across the western end, near the beautiful Rood screen and the solemn evening song commences.

The canons, seated in their stalls on either side, join in the chanting with the help of the great choral books bound in white leather, which form part of the church's rich treasury. The altar, decked for the feast, is resplendent with magnificent silken frontal—perhaps that one "powdered with crowns of gold," or that "of red silk with ornamentation of flowers and leaves," which figure in the inventory of this cathedral; above the altar, in the silver pyx which hangs from the carved and gilded canopy of the "Sacrament House" by chains of precious metal, is the Blessed Sacrament, surrounded by ever burning lights. At the Magnificat two priests in copes jointly incense the High Altar; then, passing by opposite aisles down the church, offer the same act of honor to each of the twenty altars of the upper choir. Vespers ended, the prelate and his attendants depart in the same stately array with which they came.

But it is at the Pontifical Mass on the morning of the festival that the ceremonial is most impressive. Entering in the same state as for Vespers, the Archbishop and canons, together with the inferior clergy, prepare to take part in the solemn procession with which the rite commences. Soon the spectator sees it issuing from the great gates of the choir. Three clerics, clad in albs and silken tunics and walking abreast, bear aloft three richly chased processional crosses of precious metal. Acolytes, thurifers, attendants follow. Cantors in copes, deacons and subdeacons—five, or even seven of each—vested in tunics, canons wearing rich copes, follow in due order. The Archbishop in his precious mitre and cope, bearing his pastoral staff—his cross borne before him—forms the principal figure in this magnificent assemblage. Passing down the aisle, the procession makes the circuit of the vast church and returns to the choir. After the office of Terce has been sung the Mass begins. The cantors commence the solemn chant of the Introit as the celebrating prelate and his train of assisting ministers enter from the sacristy beyond the choir, clad in their vestments. With stately rhythm the august rite proceeds. Five deacons and as many subdeacons, and on the highest festivals seven of each order, take part in the function. During the Canon of the Mass the sanctuary presents a spectacle of imposing splendor. On the highest step of the altar is the Archbishop in his jewelled vestments, below him the long line of deacons, lower still the subdeacons; in the choir are canons in copes and clergy in surplices. It is a scene of magnificence such as the Catholic Church alone can furnish, and one which might be witnessed in many a cathedral of Scotland in Catholic ages.

The ceremonies of the Church, imposing as they were in themselves, were rendered doubly so by the assistance of kings and nobles with their vast trains of attendants. The power and authority of the Church was all the more impressed upon the minds of the faithful when the great ones of the earth, in common with the lowliest, had to bend the knee before the King of Kings. It was the delight of James IV. to assist at the canonical office in the choir of St. Mungo's, where he was privileged to occupy a stall as honorary canon. Edward I. of England, when staying in Glasgow, made more than one devout visit to the shrine of St. Mungo, in the beautiful undercroft of the cathedral. Edward III. spent at Melrose the Christmas festival of 1340, and assisted at the solemn offices celebrated by the monks. Many more examples may be found in history.

The splendor with which monarchs took part in religious celebrations may be imagined from the descriptions extant of the progress of James IV. on one of his numerous pilgrimages to the Shrine of St. Ninian in Galloway. When proceeding in state, with his queen, to offer thanks for the latter's delivery from the danger of death at the birth of her first child, the retinue was most imposing. The queen travelled in a sumptuous litter. Seventeen carriage horses were employed to convey her wardrobe and effects, and four more for those of the king. It may be remarked, in passing, that James made no less than fourteen pilgrimages to the same shrine between the years 1501 and 1512. He also made pilgrimages to the Isle of May and to St. Duthac's shrine at Tain in Ross shire.

But it was not as worshippers merely that kings and nobles proclaimed themselves humble sons of the Church. They loved to minister to her needs out of their worldly substance. Hence, such scanty records of the Religious Houses as survived the downfall of Religion give many instances of their generous benefactors. The munificence of King David I. has been already mentioned. Other monarchs were not slow in following his example in establishing foundations. William the Lion, Malcolm IV., Alexander II., Alexander III., Robert the Bruce, are conspicuous benefactors of the kind. Alexander II. was a munificent founder of monasteries for Dominicans, who owed to this liberal donor no less than eight of their houses—those of Edinburgh, Berwick, Ayr, Perth, Aberdeen, Elgin, Stirling and Inverness. Nobles imitated their sovereigns. Dryburgh Abbey was founded in 1141 by Hugh de Morville, Constable of Scotland; Crossraguel by Duncan, Earl of Carrick, in the twelfth century; Paisley, as we have seen, by Fitz-Alan, and so with others.

Benefactions continued to flow into the treasuries of Religious Houses from such sources all through their history, until in the sixteenth century,—our standpoint—the Abbey of Abroath could boast of an annual rental equivalent to \$50,000 (£10,000) of our money.

We may have given, some may think, undue prominence to the external splendor of fabric and ceremonial and the *et cetera* which resulted from the subserviency of kings and powerful nobles; but it is well to bear in mind that man's soul is reached through the senses, and that all this grandeur of form and beauty of worship were important factors in raising his thoughts to higher things than this present world, and keeping them in mind of the Supreme Being to whose honor it all tended. No Catholic will maintain that Scotland was benefited, either spiritually or aesthetically, by the wholesale hewing down of churches, battering of images and carvings, burning of vestments and stamping out of ritual.

Yet the Church of Scotland in the sixteenth century has something else to boast of beyond buildings and ritual. All throughout the ages she had been the generous patron of letters. Looking back to preceding centuries, the reader of history is struck by the fact that in Scotland was benefited, either by the learning of the times were esteemed unworthy of the warlike and chivalrous spirit of the aristocracy and universally abandoned to the Church.

If we glance at the list of men distinguished for any branch of learning in the earlier period of Scottish history, it will be evident that although the laity, as yet, despised letters, the clergy held them in high esteem then, even as they did in later ages. To begin with the twelfth century, Goderic, Bishop of St. Andrews, was an author of some note in his day. He wrote, among other works, "Meditations on the Psalter" and "Hymni de Sanctis." Another renowned scholar was David Scotus, a professor in the Scots monastery of Würzburg and historiographer to the Emperor Henry V. He wrote the "Iter Imperatorum," "De Regno Sotorum," etc. Adam, a Premonstratensian Canon, who left Scotland for a French monastery of his order, was another writer of the same period. One still more distinguished than those mentioned above was Richard of St. Victor, a native of Scotland, who became an inmate of the monastery of St. Victor, at Paris. John a Sacro Bosco, a Canon Regular of the monastery of Holywood, near Dumfries, was a distinguished scholar at the University of Paris at this period, and became professor of mathematics there. His writings were still in repute three centuries later.

In the following century Scotland could boast of Hugo Bentham, Bishop of Aberdeen (1272), who was renowned for his knowledge of canon law. In the same century we meet the name of Simon Taylor, a Scottish Dominican, who studied at Paris and afterwards returned to his native land, where he effected an important reform in Church music. Another noted Scot who flourished in the thirteenth century was the famous Duns Scotus, the *Doctor Subtilis* of the Franciscan Order. His favorite pupil, John Bassoll, another Scottish member of the same order, became professor of philosophy at Paris and afterwards studied theology and medicine at Rheims. Arnold Blair, a Benedictine monk of Dunfermline, who had studied at Paris, flourished at the end of the century. He was distinguished as a scholar, and wrote a life of Wallace, whom he served as chaplain.

The first Scottish historian, John Fordun, belongs to the next century. He was probably a chantry priest of Aberdeen, but scarcely anything is known of him beyond the fact that he was a Scottish ecclesiastic. His "Scotichronicon" was continued up to the middle of the fifteenth century by Walter Bower, the learned Abbot of Inchcolm, a House of regular Canons. Contemporary with Fordun was Andrew Wyntoun, Prior of St. Serf's Monastery, Lochleven. He wrote a metrical chronicle of Scotland, concerning which Tytler, the historian, remarks: "Where is the student who is an enthusiast in the history and antiquities of his country who would not rather read the quaint and homely descriptions of the Prior of Lochleven than the pages of modern writers where vigor, freshness and originality are so often sacrificed to insipid elegance?"

In the same fourteenth century flourished the Scottish poet, John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, who wrote a graphic and spirited poem describing the life and actions of the Bruce. "It is in every respect," says Tytler, "a remarkable production for so early an age as the middle of the fourteenth century, and contains many passages which, in the strength and purity of the language, in the measured fulness of the rhythm, and the richness of the imagery, are not inferior to Chaucer."

When we come to the beginning of the sixteenth century we find the roll of learned ecclesiastics considerably increased. Hector Boece, the well-known historian, a priest of learning and scholarship, studied at Paris, and

became the close friend of Erasmus. He was the first Principal of Aberdeen University. His brother, Arthur, was also a distinguished scholar, and possessed remarkable eloquence; he became a canon of Aberdeen. John Bellenden, Archdeacon of Moray, translated Boece's history from the Latin. He was also the author of a translation of Livy. John Major, at one time Vicar of Dunlop, Ayrshire, was another famous writer of the period; he became principal of St. Andrews. Florence Wilson, another Scottish priest who became an accomplished scholar, was a native of Elgin. He wrote, among other philosophical works, "Dialogues on Tranquillity of Mind." The works of this writer were remarkable for profound learning and grace of style. Gavin Douglas, the witty and learned Bishop of Dunkeld, besides composing many poetical works, was the first to translate Virgil into English. Dunbar, a native of Lothian, and priest of the diocese of St. Andrews, was also held in high esteem as a poet. "The genius of Dunbar and Gavin Douglas," says Sir Walter Scott, "is sufficient to illuminate whole centuries of ignorance." This list does not pretend to be exhaustive, but it is sufficient to show that Scotland was not behind her contemporaries in producing remarkable scholars; those scholars being found, almost without exception, amongst the clergy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS. Some of the "Idolators' Prayers Uttered by Catholics.

A Protestant entering a Catholic Church, no matter where it may be, sees fourteen paintings on the wall representing "The Way of the Cross"—that is, scenes from the journey made by the Redeemer from the judgment seat of Pilate to the hill of Calvary and the crucifixion there. At many, perhaps all, of them he sees devout Catholics kneeling and repeating prayers.

If this Protestant happens to be bigoted or ignorant, the comment is: "See the idolators praying to graven images." Suppose we see what the "idolators" are saying to "the graven images." The first of these "stations" represents Jesus after He had been scourged by Roman soldiers and crowned with thorns. The "idolator" is kneeling in front and says in part: "My adorable Jesus, it was not Pilate; no, it was my sins that condemned Thee to die I beseech Thee by the merits of this sorrowful journey to assist my soul in her journey to eternity."

At the second station, which represents Jesus carrying the cross, the "idolator" says in part: "I beseech Thee by the merits of the pain Thou didst suffer in carrying Thy cross to give me the necessary help to carry mine with perfect patience and resignation."

At the third station, when Jesus had fallen beneath the load of the cross, the "idolator" says: "My Jesus, it is not the weight of the cross, but of my sins, which has made Thee suffer so much pain."

And again at the eighth station, when Jesus said to the weeping women, "Weep not for Me, but for your children," this "idolator" says: "It is Thy love more than the fear of hell that causes me to weep for my sins."

At the eleventh station, when Jesus was nailed to the cross, the "idolator" says: "My Jesus, loaded with contempt, nail my heart to Thy feet that it may ever remain there, to love Thee and never quit Thee again. * * * Never permit me to offend Thee again. Grant that I may love Thee always, and then do with me what Thou wilt."

And so it is to the end of the fourteen stations, when Jesus died, was buried and rose again "to redeem the quick and the dead," and every one of these fourteen prayers ends, "And then do with me what Thou wilt."

Are these prayers of an idolator or of a devout believer in the Saviour of mankind?

No honest man can answer but one way, and we care only for the verdict of honest men.—From the Catholic Calendar, Washington.

Pills Made of Pine Needles Are becoming popular, owing to their medicinal effect upon catarrhal maladies. Catarrh of the eye is like a breath from the pine woods, and yet is a powerful microbe destroyer and germ killer. It is a certain cure for catarrh though until recently catarrh was considered incurable. It penetrates wherever air can go, and cleanses as by fire. You simply breathe it in—it does the rest. Send immediately for a free sample to N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

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IT HAS BECOME A NECESSITY TO appeal to the generosity of Catholics throughout Canada for the maintenance and development of our Indian Mission. The resources of our country are being rapidly exhausted, and the necessity of a vigorous policy imposed itself at the present moment, owing to the good dispositions of most of the pagan Indians and to the live competition we have to meet on the part of the sects. Persons hearing this call may communicate with the Archbishop of St. Boniface, or with the undersigned who has been specially charged with the promotion of this work. Our Missions may be assisted in the following manner: 1. Yearly subscriptions, ranging from \$5 to \$100. 2. Legacies by testament (payable to the Archbishop of St. Boniface). 3. Clothing, new or second hand, material for clothing, for use in the Indian schools. 4. Promise to clothe a child, either by furnishing material, or by paying \$1 a month in case of a girl, \$1.50 in case of a boy. 5. Devoting one's self to the education of Indian children by accepting the charge of day schools on Indian Reserves—a small salary attached. 6. Entering a Religious Order of men or women specially devoted to work among the Indians; e. g. for North Western Canada the Oblate Fathers, the Grey Nuns of Montreal, the Franciscan Nuns (Quebec), etc. Donations either in money or clothing should be addressed to His Grace Archbishop Langevin, D. D., St. Boniface, Man., or to Rev. G. Cahill, O. M. I., Rat Postage, Ont. C. Cahill, O. M. I., Indian Missionary.

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

London, Saturday, March 25, 1899

PASSING AWAY.

A visit to Toronto reminds us how transient life is after all—and how many dear friends have gone to their long account! And all of them were men whose lives were well spent, and who have left an honored name.

THE QUAKERS AND THE ORGAN.

The question of the "kist of whistles," which so long troubled the Presbyterians, has turned up in another quarter, that is, among the Michigan Quakers. At the town of Penn, so called after the famous William Penn, there is a large Quaker settlement.

PASSIONTIDE.

During the present and next week the Church celebrates Pascontide, which is devoted to the commemoration of the passion or sufferings of our Blessed Lord.

For three and a half years our Lord had gone through Jerusalem and various parts of Judea doing good, healing the sick, raising the dead to life, and preaching the gospel of salvation.

He obtained many devoted followers during this time, and even His enemies acknowledged that He did all things well. Among the people He was regarded as the prophet who had been expected to come for the redemption of their nation.

On Passion Sunday the enmity of the Jews culminated when Jesus reproached them for their slavery to sin, and exhorted them to repentance. They attempted to kill Him by stoning Him, but going through their midst, He escaped from them, and hid Himself for some days, that He might not meet death till the appointed time of the Passover, when the sacrifice of the Cross and of the Blessed Eucharist should take the place of the sacrifices of the Old Law.

On Palm Sunday Jesus again showed Himself, and was received as a king victoriously entering his capital. The

Jews had forgotten their hatred, remembering the many good deeds He had done among them. When He rode into Jerusalem sitting on an ass, therefore, the multitude met Him, casting their garments before Him, and bearing branches of palm and other trees to express their joy. It is in commemoration of this event that the Church blesses palm branches on Palm Sunday.

A few days more elapse, when again the same multitude clamors for the death of their Saviour, which takes place on Good Friday; but we will leave till our next issue our explanation of the mystery of that day and the rest of Holy Week.

Christians should be careful to overcome their fickleness in the service of Jesus. He should be loved and served consistently and constantly, otherwise we become sharers in the act of crucifying Our Lord. He died for our sins, thus showing His detestation of sin, and its enormity, so that as the Apostles tell us, when we sin we "crucify again the Son of God and make a mockery of Him."

MR. BALFOUR AND THE UNIVERSITY.

When Mr. Arthur Balfour wrote recently to his constituents that he is in favor of establishing a Roman Catholic University for Ireland he was careful to state that he was giving utterance to his personal views, and not voicing the known sentiments of the Government. As it was known, however, that Lord Salisbury is also desirous of doing some act of justice to the Catholics of Ireland, it is almost certain that this act of justice would be done if the Government were assured of sufficient support in establishing the University, which is so much needed. But it is now clear that there is no intention to carry out Mr. Balfour's proposition. The Orangemen have so plainly signified their determined opposition to any act of justice to Catholics that the Government is afraid to alienate them by establishing one Catholic University, while there are two Protestant institutions of the kind in full operation. The injustice of the situation is conceded, but the Orangemen do not want justice to be extended to Catholics under any circumstances. The situation shows that all the concessions made by the Government in the Local Government Bill will not suffice to remedy Ireland's grievances. Home Rule alone will give Ireland the opportunity to do justice to itself.

THE POPE'S ILLNESS.

We are pleased to be able to inform our readers, and they will be equally gratified to know, that the health of the Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. is much improved since the painful operation of removing the hematic cyst with which he was troubled was performed. It has been the custom of the Roman government press to represent the Holy Father to be constantly in a precarious condition, and to exaggerate the slightest symptoms of illness which he sometimes exhibited, and during his present illness these journals have followed their usual course. The Fanfulla and the Opinione have made themselves specially notorious by doing this, always laying great stress upon the Pope's weak condition whenever he is attacked by the least illness, and even they did this when his health was quite good. Of course, at his age, the Holy Father is naturally liable to attacks of weakness; nevertheless his energy is such as to excite surprise. He finds it tiresome to remain in bed, but his physicians do not now require him to do so, as his condition is quite satisfactory. He is able to walk about his room, and on St. Patrick's day he even occupied himself in arranging a small library, and setting in order some pictures in his study.

UNITARIANISM AT A STAND- STILL.

It has been frequently asserted that Unitarianism is making rapid progress, especially among the refined and cultured Protestant classes of England and America, Canada being included. If we are to judge from a recent article in the Boston Christian Register, the leading journal of that denomination, this is not at all the case.

Protestantism in general may be said to be tending to Unitarianism, the most fundamental doctrine of which sect is a denial of the Trinity of God, as a consequence of which the divinity of Christ is rejected, as well as the existence of the Holy Ghost. Thus the Second and Third Persons of the Blessed Trinity are not acknowledged.

Protestantism has not indeed advanced so far in this direction that there has been any formal pronouncement against the adorable Trinity, but it is well known that Rationalism has advanced greatly of late years among all its principal sects, and in this sense there is an approach towards Unitarianism. But the Christian Register admits that the Unitarians have not profited as a sect by this approach. On the contrary, the other sects, as a whole, are still not willing to admit the Unitarians, whom they do not regard as Christians, to any communion with them whatsoever.

The Register gives as a reason for the want of success in the propagation of Unitarianism, the fact that it has been passing through a period of "costly experimentation," and that "it has no equipment to teach or spread its doctrines thoroughly and effectively." It says, moreover, "This is not all. If we have been slow in getting ready for our work, the world has also been rather slow in its demand for us."

The reason given for the cold reception accorded to the Unitarian creed is a curious one. It is said that "If a man had invented a locomotive in the age of the Pharaohs, it would have fallen among the lost arts. Free people in millions were not ready to demand or pay for the services of railroads. So with religion, the new, more perfect and beautiful combination pre-supposes men and women who are in some measure ready to receive it. The truth is that cheap and easy religions match childish or barbarous forms of life. Our Unitarian religion is expensive, as befits the civilized man. Happy is the soul that knows our religion and loves it! Happy is he who is willing to pay its cost and to carry its light."

According to this theory, the true religion is not adapted to every age and to all conditions in life. It is suited only to the highly cultured nations, to the rich and powerful, while it leaves in the darkness of error in regard to the most important truths the vast bulk of the human race. The true religion is fitted indeed for an imaginary human race which has no frailties, no passions, no vices, but it is not suited to man as he is. It is needless to say that such a condition does not exist, and we may say will certainly never exist.

Christ has said that not those who are well but those who are sick need a physician, and for this reason He came to redeem and to show mercy to sinners—to men such as they are, with all their imperfections and weaknesses. It has always been the belief of Christians that He came from heaven to heal our wounds inflicted by sin and to raise us from the deplorable condition to which sin had reduced the whole human race. Unitarianism was established for quite a different purpose, according to its Boston organ. It was established to save those who are already perfect. It is clear, therefore, that it is a religion vastly different from the religion of Christ, and it is no wonder that those Protestants who still appreciate the need we have of a Redeemer refuse to acknowledge Unitarianism as a form of Christianity. Nevertheless it is certain that Unitarianism is as logically a result of private judgment as Evangelical Christianity, so-called, and it is more consistent than the latter, as it accepts the consequences of private interpretation even to the throwing of doubt upon or the actual denial of the Inspiration of Scripture. However, it is preferable from a Christian point of view that the sects should retain some semblance of the fundamental dogmas of revealed religion. We may, therefore, rejoice that Unitarianism is not drawing to itself many of the adherents of the other forms of Protestantism.

IS PRESBYTERIANISM DECAYING?

Within the past few weeks the Presbyterians of New York were in quite a flutter when it dawned upon them that Calvinism is falling into disfavor in that city. A few years ago Presbyterianism was in high favor there, but it has not grown with the growth of population, and even a number of churches have been closed for want of congregations to attend them. This process of closing the churches has been euphemistically called "consolidation." Meantime the Catholic churches are constantly increasing in number, and all are attended by crowds of devout worshippers of all classes, both rich and poor. This decay of Presbyterianism, it is now admitted, is not confined to New York, but extends to all the large cities.

In Detroit a banquet was held on the 14th inst., in the Russell House, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Presbyterian Alliance. But it is acknowledged that the object of the gathering was not for the purpose of congratulation on account of the progress of Presbyterianism.

ANOTHER ACT OF TURKISH INSOLENCE.

The bravado of the Turkish Sultan in the face of the most powerful Christian nations is one of the most strange characteristics of Turkish rule, yet it is a fact, to which it is impossible for us to close our eyes, that he actually does set all the Christian powers at defiance. It is but a few years since the whole array of European fleets made a threatening demonstration in front of Constantinople, to terrify the Sublime Porte into dealing more humanely with the Armenians, who were being massacred by wholesale. But the audacious Turk took the matter very serenely, and the massacres went on without interruption.

reporter of the Evening News that the principal object of the meeting was "to crack the whip above the heads of Presbyterians, and to urge them to a quicker gait."

"The truth is," continued this gentleman, "that Michigan Presbyterianism is in great danger of being completely outstripped in the religious race, if it continue at its present pace. This condition is true more particularly of Detroit. What is wanted and needed in this city is funds for more Churches. Then, the Presbyterian interests at the State University, and the Home Missions in the State demand support."

The meeting at the Russell House was intended for the purpose of counteracting the admitted decay which is being more and more noticed in the Presbyterianism of the State.

One of the methods by which it is hoped to boom Presbyterianism is to create a \$100,000 endowment fund for the Presbyterian Church of Fort Street. If this can be raised, it is believed that the interest will pay the current expenses of the church in perpetuity, independently of the voluntary offerings of the congregation, and thus there will be ensured a nucleus for Presbyterianism in the State.

This church has been losing slowly but surely by deaths and removals and by the secession of wealthy people to other denominations, and unless some decisive step be taken, it is said, the church must cease before many years elapse, to be self-supporting.

The Church which is thus represented to be in difficulty has made overtures to another Church of the city, the Central Presbyterian, for a union of the two, as a means of getting itself out of the trouble. In its application for union, the second Avenue Church explains that it is in serious financial difficulty, but that by a union a benefit may be made to result "to both societies" (congregations).

The Central Church considered the matter at a meeting held on the 15th inst. The Detroit Free Press reports that "the reading of the communication produced quite a sensation in the usually undemonstrative old Scotch church, and when the moderator asked what should be done with the communication, an old gentleman in the front row was heard to say in an undertone, "Put it in the waste basket, of course."

A motion, practically to carry out this suggestion was made and seconded, but the moderator held that the Church making the overture should be treated more courteously, and it was determined to appoint a committee to confer with the Second Avenue congregation.

Brotherly love does not appear to be paramount here in the presence of financial considerations.

One reason for this decline of Presbyterianism seems not to have been thought of by those who are interested in the present movement; but it has certainly a great influence in causing the decline: that is, the growing unpopularity of the doctrines of reprobation and predestination. Years ago, the Chicago Interior, the principal organ of Presbyterianism in the West, declared that not one-half of the laity believe in the doctrines of the Westminster Confession, and no doubt that journal is well acquainted with the facts.

In spite of this, the General Assembly, through a feeling of shame to make doctrinal changes, refuses to eliminate the objectionable doctrines. It is no wonder, therefore, that the people should resent the refusal to satisfy their aspirations for a creed more congenial to the general belief, not only of Presbyterians, but of all mankind. There is an incompatibility between these harsh doctrines and the natural and general belief of mankind in a God of mercy, and it is no wonder that the final result should be the decay of the system which holds to such doctrines.

THE SULTAN AND HIS GOVERNMENT ARE AWARE THAT AGAINST UNITED EUROPE THEY COULD NOT STAND MORE THAN A FEW DAYS, AND THIS LESSON HAS BEEN SEVERAL TIMES GIVEN IN THE WAY OF STRIPPING TURKEY OF MANY OF ITS PROVINCES.

The Sultan and his Government are aware that against United Europe they could not stand more than a few days, and this lesson has been several times given in the way of stripping Turkey of many of its provinces. The last war with Russia stripped the Turk of the Balkan provinces at one blow. Egypt and the Sudan are now practically provinces of the British Empire, notwithstanding the shadowy suzerainty of Turkey which is nominally recognized in Egypt. Crete has also been unceremoniously wrested from the grasp of the Turks, and a Christian protectorate has been established there. Nevertheless, owing to the petty jealousies of the European powers, the Sultan seems to have a confidence that he may defy them all under certain circumstances, and this being the case, he still retains his hold over the province of Epirus, which was wrested from Greece in the recent war with that little kingdom; and he has disregarded the protests of all Europe by so doing.

The latest defiant move of the Turkish Government is the closing of an orphanage instituted for the relief of distressed Armenian families. This institution was the result of British charity and philanthropy, and it has been supported by private subscriptions. Its closing is an act of insolence toward two great powers, which both may possibly resent. But how has Turkey been bold enough to take this aggressive step? The British Ambassador at Constantinople has protested against it, but so far no satisfaction has been given for the outrage. It is almost certain that the American Government will protest also. Will the Turkish authorities be bold enough to set both these protests at defiance?

It can scarcely be believed that Turkey should have taken such a step unless it had assurances from some great power that it would be supported therein, and it is hardly conceivable that any other European power than Russia would have given such assurances. It is still to be seen, however, whether active support would be given to Turkey by Russia in case of a refusal on Turkey's part to grant redress, if redress be resolutely demanded by the two powers which are immediately concerned. Surely the United States and Great Britain would be powerful enough to enforce their claim for redress, even if Russia were to back up Turkey in refusing to grant it.

It is possible, therefore, that the incident may lead to a combined attack on Turkey, though with the light we have had in the past, showing the backwardness of the Christian powers to enforce anything like a humane policy from the Porte, it is quite among the possibilities that the insult may be taken with a meekness and forbearance which neither of the two offended powers has been accustomed to manifest.

THE BRAGGADOCIO OF IMPUDENT INTOLERANCE.

The history of Orangism in Ireland, where it originated, is written in letters of blood, and Henry Grattan denounced it on the floor of the Irish Parliament House as a gang of bandits whose object was to exterminate Catholics. This work was attempted to be carried on in Ontario also by the same order, and its early history in the province is very much the counterpart of its doings in Ireland, with the exception that it has been unable under Canadian government to attain the political ascendancy at which it has aimed. It requires, therefore, no small amount of impudence for an Orange orator to speak as the "Right Worshipful Grand Master" of the Eastern Ontario Lodges used in his annual address at the session of that society, held in Port Hope on the 15th inst.

HE IS REPORTED TO HAVE SAID:

"Rome is ever busy to get control of the destinies of our Dominion. Her priests and Bishops, as their latest move, are undertaking to have the Coronation oath remodelled to suit the Pope. Orangemen and Protestants generally have never had to face a more formidable proposal than the one advanced by the Catholic Truth Society—a society more dangerous than even the Fenian Brotherhood, because they are opposed to violence, and seek by persuasion and flattery, mock frankness and professedly British loyalty to further the aims that their ancestors strove for with bomb and dagger."

Mr. Bradley thus attributes to Catholics the use of the instruments which his order has persistently employed, and he makes this appeal to Protestants generally in order to excite them to unite with the Orange societies of the Province to prevent the Catholic Truth Society from obtaining from the Parliament of Great Britain a revision of the insulting oath which the British Sovereign is at present expected to take on his or her accession to the throne.

In that oath the king or queen is obliged to denounce the Catholic religion as idolatrous. This shameful requirement was not repealed by the penal laws against Catholics, which were enforced down to 1829; but it is not to be supposed that Catholics will rest content until so degrading a law is wiped from the statute books. It is enough to state the case to show that such a law should not be tolerated to exist. Her Majesty, or any future sovereign of Great Britain, would not dare to make such an aspersion on the religion of the Buddhists and Mahometans of India and Egypt as she was obliged to cast upon her ten million Catholic subjects. We say unhesitatingly that the deliberate retention of such an oath would in conscience justify a cooling of loyalty, and if Catholics have remained loyal to the crown of England in the face of such an outrage it is because they are patient and forbearing, and not disposed to disturb the peace of the Empire. But we have the right to use every effort to have the disgraceful penal code removed, and this we will continue to do till our efforts are crowned with success, in spite of such threats as Mr. Bradley throws out. That such threats are used by Orange leaders, and approved and applauded by the rank and file of the order, is an evidence that Orangism has not lost any of its old virulence and intolerance, and that it should be discouraged by the citizens of free and self-governing Canada.

We have that confidence in the good sense and good-will of the Protestants of Canada that we are convinced that Mr. Bradley's appeal to them will be despised as it deserves. Only an organization begotten in hate and intolerance, and nurtured by a detestable oath to perpetuate the hatreds and dissensions of a bygone age, would think of putting an obstacle in the way of an honest and constitutional effort by a Catholic society to have the odious oath repealed.

John Bunyan tells us in his "Pilgrim's Progress" of a toothless and decrepit monster who, in spite of his infirmities, watches with malignant eye the Christian pilgrims who are journeying toward eternal life. This creature of Bunyan's fancy is the Pope, who, according to the author, has slain his multitudes of good Christians, but is now powerless to injure and can only manifest his spleen against those who pass by on the road to glory by scowling at them and loading them with reproaches.

There exists a monster such as the author describes, but he makes a mistake in regard to its name. It is Orangism, and not Pope, as Bunyan would have us believe. Many years ago Orangism was a power in Canada, wielding great influence in political affairs, but its day is past, and though it still indulges in a vast amount of bluster and braggadocio, this very fact that it needs to do so makes manifest its weakness.

Another braggart who gave vent to his spleen at the Grand Lodge session is Mr. F. M. Clarke, the Grand Secretary. In his report he speaks glowingly of the progress and prosperity of the British Empire as if it were the work of Orangism, and expresses his anticipation of the expected alliance of the Anglo-Saxon race in the near future as an event in the accomplishment of which Orangism will have played no small part!

The much talked of alliance between England and the United States here referred to may or may not become an accomplished fact. At present, notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject, it is a matter of grave doubt, but it is certain that Orangism is one of the most serious obstacles in the way of its accomplishment. Efforts have, indeed, been made to establish Orange societies across the border, and there are a few such in the large cities, but every one who has seen their attempts at public demonstrations know in how sickly a condition these organizations are. The people of the United States abominate them for their intolerance and anti-Americanism. The recent total collapse of Apaisism, which is a re-production of Orangism, is another proof that such organizations are not wanted under the Stars and Stripes.

Besides this, it is well known that one of the chief obstacles to cordiality between England and the United States is the harsh treatment which has been accorded to Ireland, and which is greatly attributable to Orangism and Orange influence. The liberty-loving Americans will never endure prescriptive societies like Orangism and Apaisism.

The Manitoba School Question is another matter regarding which Mr. Clarke makes quite a flourish of tomahawks. He complains bitterly that certain concessions have been made by the Government of Manitoba to the Catholics of that province restoring some of the educational rights which were taken away by the legislation of 1890. Our readers understand well the state of the Manitoba school question, and we need not enter upon any details of it here. It will be enough to say that the Orangemen have throughout been bitter opponents to the granting of the rights which are guaranteed under the Constitution, but we shall not cease to insist upon it that those rights be entirely restored. This is a question in which all the Catholics of the Dominion are interested, and 42 per cent. of the population are not to be treated with contumely for the sake of pleasing a few virulent bigots.

Mr. Clarke says: "We seek that which coercion failed to accomplish has been effected by the new Jesuit doctrine of sunny ways and conciliation—the doctrine of a new label on the bottle. There is no longer any use in disguising the fact that our politicians have been hoodwinked by the Jesuits, and our national school system has been shamefully sacrificed on the altar of political expediency."

We shall not dwell on the ignorance and absurdity displayed by the Grand Secretary in his assertion that the six dozen Jesuits who are in Canada, devoting themselves solely to the work of evangelization among both Indians and Whites, and to the teaching of the higher branches in their colleges throughout the Dominion, are engaged in political intrigues with so much success that they have obtained control of the Government. We only refer to Mr. Clarke's assertions to show that with all the boasting of himself and his Grand Master, these gentlemen are forced at least to admit the impotence of Orangism in its endeavors to prevent the progress of the Catholic Church.

A TALK WITH THE PARSON.

There is nothing new in the Iowa parson's attack on the Catholic Church; nothing that has not been better said, and as often refuted; but when fallacies and sophistries change their garb and appear under new guises it is well to look after them, and show that, though they have changed in appearance, they are essentially the same. We will therefore examine some of them that have been revamped by the Iowa parson.

Parson—"I cannot find in the New Testament that Christ ever founded His Church on anybody."

If you look at Matthew, Chapter 16, 16 to 18, you will find the following words: "Simon Peter answered and said: 'Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God. And Jesus answering said to him: Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father, Who is in Heaven. And I say to thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth it shall be bound also in Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth it shall be loosed also in Heaven.'"

Here is a most solemn promise to build His Church on Peter, and to give him the extraordinary power of binding and loosing. As a Christian you cannot think that this promise was not fulfilled.

Parson—"I cannot find that He ever organized any special or specific form of church government."

The fact that He built His Church is evidence sufficient that He gave it a special form of government by which it could act as His agent. He said that those who would not hear the Church were to be to His disciples as the heathen and publican. That is, they were to be looked upon as outside the Church—excommunicated. His followers, then, were obliged to hear the Church. But to be heard the Church must speak, render decisions, make laws. When, therefore, He required obedience to the decisions of the Church He referred to a body having from Him authority to determine questions in His name. This body was, therefore, organized and had a specific form and rule of action, for if not it could determine nothing—in other words, could not be heard. Appeal to it would be useless. But our Lord commanded appeal to be made to it in case of differences. Even in purely secular matters appeal to a court necessarily implies an organized court, for an unorganized court is no court at all, and can render no decision. Then the Church of Christ, to which He commanded appeals to be made, was an organized body, having a specific form of action and authority from its Founder to render decisions in His name. An appeal to the Supreme Court is an affirmation that there is a Supreme Court, and that it is specifically organized.

Parson—"He (Christ) left it (the form of church) to the men and women who loved and followed Him."

To use your phrase, we cannot find in the New Testament any statement to that effect. This may be owing to our ignorance of the Bible. You will, therefore, enlighten us by pointing out the text that says our Lord left the form of His Church to be determined

by Him... this... in... to... also... Church... His... I... a... we... the... won... spe... spe... for... est... as... put... Ch... It... fee... the... in... in... did... To... re... you... the... the... the... wa... the... wa... pos... Sta... Sta... cat... ist... the... spi... pri... Ch... ev... in... Ap... to... the... Ch... in... up... in... for... wo... in... vic... the... Ap... fa... se... the... sa... let... Ju... the... w... im... g... T... ro... the... iz... Ch... B... H... A... P... H... a... I... L... in... a... r... sh... h... the... form of His Church to be determined

FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

Palm Sunday. PERSEVERANCE.

"Hosanna to the Son of David." (Matt. 21, 9.) St. Matthew informs us in the gospel of today that when Jesus made His entrance into the royal city, the enthusiastic multitude of the Jewish people raised the glorious triumphal hymn of "Hosanna to the Son of David." This joyful acclamation ought to fill us with sadness when we reflect that our divine Saviour will hear from the same people on the Friday following the terrible cry of "Crucify Him." "Hosanna," and "Crucify Him." What contradictory sentiments! Who would imagine such inconsistency possible! But, alas! this occurred not only then, it takes place every day, and perhaps there are many of my hearers who have frequently been guilty of malice so great against our dear Lord that it cried to Heaven for vengeance. For, my dear Christians, what have you done, as often as, by the commission of a mortal sin, you rejected Jesus, and crucified Him anew? Have you not also faithlessly revoked the glorious Hosanna which arose in your heart at the reception of Holy Communion, and by your sinful deeds exchanged it for the fearful "Away with Him, crucify Him?"

What will it avail us to begin in the grace of God, if we do not persevere in it? Not the beginning but the end of life decides our fate. Judas began well—as a highly favored apostle of the Lord—but how did he end? As thief, liar, sacrilegious, traitor, suicide and reprobate of hell. On the other hand, St. Mary Magdalen, the good thief on the cross, millions of holy penitents, all these began as reprobate sinners, but they ended well, as elect children of God, and as glorious heirs of Heaven. And thus, my dear Christians, your former virtuous life, with all its eminent good works, will be as naught if you do not persevere and die in the grace and love of God. Though you lived four score years in sanctity and innocence as great as that of St. Aloysius, or even of Mary, the Queen of all saints, yet, if one moment before your death you would lose sanctifying grace by committing a grievous sin, were it only in thought, then were you; all your virtues, all your good works, would be useless, the crown of Heaven would be lost—irrevocably lost—and the fiery chains of hell would be your eternal portion. Of this our Saviour assures us in the gospel: "No man putting his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God" (Luke 9, 62), and St. John admonishes us in the Apocalypse: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." (Apoc. 2, 10)

Take away, therefore, perseverance, and what remains? All else is vain and useless: to no purpose were your struggles for virtue; to no purpose all your good works of piety, mortification and mercy; to no purpose so many sufferings endured. The heavenly inheritance is lost, eternal perdition alone remains.

O Perseverance! I may justly exclaim, you are the crown of all good; for without you, nothing can lead me to that which alone is good and desirable. O Perseverance! you are the narrow portal of life, which cannot be evaded, through which I must force myself, at whatever cost. O Perseverance! you are the pearl of all graces, since those who obtained you now dwell in the land of peace and happiness; they have crossed the threshold to our eternal home, in happy security; they rest from all struggles and sufferings; they have nothing more to fear from human frailty and weakness.

But, courage, my dearly beloved Christians! Let us not be disheartened. What our glorified brethren and sisters have done, we also, with good will, can accomplish. Let us cooperate faithfully with the grace which our Lord will abundantly grant us for our salvation. Let us fight the good fight, scrupulously avoid the dangers and occasions of sin, be diligent in prayer, in the reception of the sacraments, and mindful of our last end. Then, certainly, our merciful Lord, who has begun the good work in us, will also perfect it by means of all-availing grace. Then the God who in life was our helper in the struggles for virtue, will also in death, be our Saviour and Preserver. Then the just Rewarder, for whom, during life, we suffered and fought, will also in death give us the glorious, unfolding crown of victory, which He has promised to those who love Him. Amen.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

LISZT.

The Abbe Liszt was lovingly eccentric. Those who were passionately fond of his heavenly music often had great difficulty to persuade the master to exhibit his skill, for, like all truly great men, he abhorred "showing off." In his reminiscences, tells an amusing story of the old maestro. I was one of a very gay and pleasant dinner party given by an American lady, and the chatty writer, Liszt, and Senator Manicani, then octogenarian and a good bit more, were among the guests. After dinner, which had been a somewhat long and very merry one, an attempt was made to induce Liszt to go to the piano, which had been carefully introduced into the room and disguised by cloths into the innocent semblance of a sideboard. We all knew that the enterprise in hand was likely to be a difficult one, for the great musician was apt to be somewhat chary in responding to such impromptu calls upon him, and in fact he showed manifest signs of not being minded to comply with the entreaties of those around him, till Manicani said: "Maestro, will you go to the instrument if I beg you on my knees to do so?"

"I cannot answer for what might happen under such circumstances," said the old musician, shaking his flowing white locks, "for I never had a Senator on his knees before me."

No sooner were the words out of his lips than Manicani, not only a Senator, but one of the most illustrious of the Senate and with his eighty-five years still as playful as a boy, jumped up, ran around the table and with napkin in hand—I can see the venerable white, old heads now laughing into each other's eyes—plunged down on both knees before him. Liszt, placing his hand on the kneeling Senator's shoulder to help him in rising from his chair, went to the instrument without another word, and once there was not niggardly in the treat he gave us.

An American girl who studied in Germany years ago had the great privilege of becoming a pupil of Liszt. She said of him that he was then the most striking-looking man imaginable—tall and slight, with deep set eyes, shaggy eyebrows and long, iron-gray hair. He gave no paid lessons; he was much too grand for that! But if he had talent enough or pleased him, he let one come to him and play to him.

Never was there such a delightful teacher! and he is the first sympathetic one I've had. You feel so free with him, and he develops the very spirit of music in you. He doesn't keep nagging at you all the time, but he leaves you your own conception. Now and then he will make a criticism or play a passage, and with a few words give you enough to think of all the rest of your life. There is a delicate point to everything he says, as subtle as he is himself. He doesn't tell you anything about the technique. That you must work out for yourself. When I had finished the first movement of the sonata, Liszt, as he always does, said "Bravo!" Taking my seat, he made some little criticisms, and then told me to go on and play the rest of it. Now I only half knew the other movements, for the first one was so extremely difficult that it cost me all the labor I could give to prepare that. But playing to Liszt reminds me of trying to feed the elephant in the Zoological Garden with lumps of sugar. He disposes of whole movements as if they were nothing, and stretches out gravely for more! One of my fingers fortunately began to bleed, for I had practiced the skin off, and that gave me a good excuse for stopping. Whether he was pleased at this proof of industry I know not; but after looking at my finger and saying, "Oh!" very compassionately, he sat down and played the whole three last movements himself. That was a great deal, and showed off all his powers. It was the first time I had heard him, and I don't know which was the most extraordinary—the Scherzo, with its wonderful lightness and swiftness, the Adagio, with its depth and pathos, or the last movement, where the whole keyboard seemed to *domern und blitzen* (thunder and lightning)!

There is such a vividness about everything he plays that it does not seem as if it were mere music you were listening to, but it is as if he had called up a real, living form, and you saw it breathing before your face and eyes. It gives me almost a ghostly feeling to hear him, and it seems as if the air were peopled with spirits. Oh, he is a perfect wizard! It is as interesting to see him as it is to hear him, for his face changes with every modulation of his piece, and he looks exactly as he is playing. He has one element that is most captivating, and that is a sort of delicate and fitful mirth that keeps peering out at you here and there: It is most peculiar, and when he plays that way the most bewitching little expression comes over his face. It seems as if a little spirit of joy were playing hide-and-go-seek with you.

He is so overrun with people that I think it is a wonder he is civil to anybody, but he is the most amiable man I ever knew, though he can be dreadful, too, when he chooses, and he understands how to put people outside his door in as short a space of time as it can be done. I go to him three times a week. At home Liszt doesn't wear his long abbe's coat, but a short one, in which he looks much more artistic. His figure is remarkably slight, but his head is most imposing. He generally walks about and smokes and mutters (he can never be said to talk) and calls upon one or other of us to play.

From time to time he will sit down and play himself where a passage does not suit him, and when he is in good spirits he makes little jests all the time. His playing was a complete revelation to me and has given me an entirely new insight into music. You cannot conceive, without hearing him, how poetic he is or the thousand nuances that he can throw into the simplest thing, and he is equally great on all sides. From the zephyr to the tempest the whole scale is equally at his command.

But Liszt is not at all like a master, and cannot be treated like one. He is a monarch, and when he extends his loyal sceptre you can sit down and play to him. You never can ask him to play anything for you, no matter how much you're dying to hear it. If he is in the mood, he will play; if not, you must content yourself with a few remarks. You cannot even offer to play yourself. You lay your notes on the table, so he can see that you want to play, and sit down. He takes a turn up and down the room, looks at the music and if the piece interests him, he will call upon you. We bring the same piece to him but once, and but once play it through.

Liszt does such bewitching little things! The other day, for instance, Franlein Gaul was playing something to him, and in it were two runs, and after each run two staccato chords. She did them most beautifully and struck the chords immediately after. "No, no," said Liszt; "after you make a run you must wait a minute before you strike the chords, as if in admiration of your own performance. You must pause, as if to say, 'How nicely I did that!' Then he sat down and made a run himself, waited a second and then struck the two chords in the treble, saying as he did so, "Bravo," and then he played again, "Bravo," and positively it was as if the piano had softly applauded! That is the way he plays everything. It seems as if the piano were speaking with a human tongue—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The following account of how a poor Irish boy gained success with honor by his own efforts and ability will, we think, be of interest to readers of this department:

Not very many years ago Bourke Cockran, the famous speaker, and one of the most popular orators of the country, landed in New York a stranger, with only \$100 to start him in his career. He was a strong, healthy young Irishman, ambitious to be somebody and do something, and willing to work at any honorable business until able to gratify his higher aims. He was well educated, and of marked ability, and it was not his habit to be idle, then, when unknown, as it is now, when he is a man of national prominence; so he secured a place as a clerk in A. T. Stewart's store. A month later he became a teacher in a public school on Rutgers street, where he instructed in French, Latin, and history. Then he accepted an appointment as principal of a public school. But Bourke Cockran had selected his walk in life, and had commenced the study of law. All his evenings and spare moments were devoted to that which at once absorbed his attention. He bent his whole energy in this direction, with the concentration that has always marked him, and without which few succeed. On Saturdays, when his time was his own, he studied law in the office of the late Chauncey Schaffer. At length he gave up his place as principal, and for nearly a year lived on his savings, and studied. In 1876 he was admitted to the bar of New York. He was always possessed of a genial nature and a ready wit, and made friends quickly wherever he went, and it was not long before the young man found a chance to start on his public career.

The beginner's first case was in connection with the trial of five men, at White Plains, who were arraigned for selling liquor on Sunday. He defended four of them. Three of the four were acquitted, while the jurors disagreed in the case of the fourth. Frank Larkin of Sing Sing, who was then the leading criminal lawyer of Westchester county, defended the fifth, and lost the case.

In speaking of this his first success, Mr. Cockran described it as a combination of "work and fortuity, though a favorable circumstance. Looking back on it now," he continued, "it seems to me that the jurors were more or less affected by a desire to encourage a young man who was beginning. If that was their feeling, it certainly produced the desired result. Of course that trial gave me a confidence in myself that was of incalculable benefit."

His rise thenceforth was rapid. Establishing himself as a lawyer in New York city, where he has thousands of competitors, he was soon known as a man of great ability as an advocate, and of supreme eloquence as a speaker. It was only a short time until his practice was large and profitable, for he seldom if ever lost a case, and his faculty of speech, combined with his thorough study and knowledge of law, enabled him to make irresistible arguments in court. He gradually took a foremost place among the great lawyers of the metropolis, and his fame as an orator spread throughout the nation.

I asked Mr. Cockran to tell me something about his work, and the way in which he managed to achieve such immediate success, says William Dickinson in Success. He talked pleasantly. He is the same handsome man, with the same splendid physique and massive head as on the platform. The

voice alone was different. It was no longer the great melodious thunder- peal one hears when Cockran is delivering some great oration. Indeed, he spoke in such a low, quiet tone that I could hardly believe the voice could be the same.

"You are asking me a question," he continued, "that has been presented to me time and again, and one which I have never yet been able to answer satisfactorily. I think most men are more successful than they deserve to be. So far as I am concerned, that is certainly true. Generally speaking, however, success is the result, and the laudable result, of absorption in your work.

"No one truly ambitious will mind working to achieve his ambition. If I see a boy dissatisfied at having to wait and study before beginning active work, I make up my mind at once that that boy will not succeed when at length he does get started. Patience and arduous preparation are necessary to success."

"Mr. Cockran, do you think the average young man is persistent?" I asked.

"No; but if he is, he will succeed. I believe a man can qualify himself for any calling, and will be recognized. There are too many eyes on the lookout for him to remain undiscovered. There are thousands of this moment seeking qualified lawyers, doctors, bricklayers, pavers, drivers, and day laborers. Employers are as anxious to get good service, as workers to obtain good employment.

"The passport to success is merit; and in my judgment there is no other. You can give a young man but very little assistance toward the goal of his ambition. If he is in earnest, is persistent, self-reliant, he will succeed by his own merit, whether you assist him or not."

"I suppose you had no training in oratory, Mr. Cockran."

"Well, I can hardly say that I had. I think that is one gift that comes more naturally to a man than any other. I seldom write an address before delivering it; though when I have time, I prepare my speeches very carefully. I think them out very thoroughly beforehand, and then depend largely upon the inspiration of the moment for expression. That is the only way to produce an effect upon an audience. Let a man know what he wants to say, let him plan it out carefully beforehand, and go before the audience with plenty of words at his command, and the inspiration of the moment will tell what is the proper and telling form of expression. I am always unconscious of everything but my subject whenever I produce any good effect. Everything else sinks out of sight, and I think only of my topic and what I want to say."

"An audience must become one great mass to me before I feel that I am expressing myself forcibly. If I can distinguish any one face, I always fail to do anything worth mentioning. Unless I lose all consciousness of individuals, unless my audience becomes one being, as it were, which I see in a hazy way, and with which I talk as I would face to face with a friend, I can do nothing. Everything depends upon the circumstance of the moment in making a speech, and how I feel, and how the audience feels; and when a speaker is unable to read his auditors, he isn't likely to be successful. A speaker must know his audience; he must play upon it as one plays upon an instrument. He must know just how his hearers feel at each moment. How a speaker knows this I cannot tell. It is simply a feeling that comes somehow. In this way he can tell when his audience is no longer interested, long before there are any signs of it appearing to others; long before the moving and noise begin. There is some sign, some indescribable feeling, that warns him. It is a part of a speaker's art, given to him by nature."

"Mr. Cockran," I asked, "in preparing a speech, do you make notes?"

"Yes, occasionally; it is important to get an outline—the principal points impressed indelibly upon your mind, so that they are on the tip of your tongue. That is particularly necessary, when you have the platform to yourself, have no interruptions, and have no opportunity for a cue. But in debate it is a bad plan to have a speech prepared, though you should be conversant with the subject. You must speak on whatever point the debate turns upon. If you do not, you are hopelessly lost. People do not want irrelevant remarks, entirely foreign to the topic under discussion."

"I will not say," added Mr. Cockran in reply to a question as to his success, "that I have succeeded; but that I have been successful more than I deserved to be."

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BYRON'S PICTURE OF A CATHOLIC WOMAN.

St. Peter exhorted Christian women, converts to the faith, so to live "that if the husbands of any believe not the word they may be won without the word, by the conversation (that is, the conduct and manner of life) of the wives, considering your chaste conversation with fear." This holy awe was inspired by St. Cecilia to her heathen husband and his brother, who could not but exclaim: "Christ must be, indeed, the true God since He has chosen for Himself such a handmaid." St. Monica inspired her husband, St. Patricius, with a similar fear, which brought him at last to the faith. There are many such examples recorded in the lives of the saints, and renewed in the experience of our day.

But the most beautiful commentary we know of upon St. Peter's words has been written by Lord Byron, and that, too, quite unconsciously. The lines occur in a book so generally shunned by Catholics that they will be new to most. Moore has described the poem in question as "the most powerful, and in many respects, painful display of the versatility of genius that has ever been left for succeeding ages to wonder at and deplore." The strangest, though by no means the most deplorable, instance of Byron's versatility occurs near the end of the poem in the fifteenth canto. The noble poet has been describing at great length, and with more sarcasm than wit, the company gathered at an English nobleman's mansion, when all at once his tone changes, and he speaks of a young Catholic orphan, whom he calls Aurora Raby. The lines are as follows:

"Early in years, and yet more infantine in figure, she had something of sublime in eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs shine. All youth—but with an aspect beyond time; radiant and grave, as pitying man's decline. Mournful—but mournful of another's crime. She looked as if she sat by Eden's door. And grieved for those who could return no more."

"She was a Catholic, too, sincere, austere, As far as her own gentle heart allowed; And deem'd that fallen worship far more dear. Perhaps because 'twas fallen; her sires were proud Of deeds and days when they had fill'd the Of nations; and had never bent or bow'd To novel power; and as she was the last, She held their old faith and old feelings fast."

"She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew As seeking not to know it; silent, lone, As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew And kept her heart serene within its zone. There was awe in the homage which she drew. Her spirit seemed as seated on a throne Apart from the surrounding world, and In its own strength—most strange in one so young."

Can anyone doubt that this beautiful picture was drawn from life? Byron must have met a young Catholic lady who neither thought it necessary to conceal her religion nor to apologize for it by fast talk and worldly manners. She was a contrast to all around her, and the result was, not sneers of contempt, but respectful admiration. "Considering your chaste conversation with fear," said St. Peter. "There was awe in the homage which she drew," says Lord Byron.—N. Y. Herald.

FORTITUDE.

"I will glory in nothing but in my infirmities." (1st Cor. xii. 3.)

When the hand of God is laid upon us the first thing we are likely to do is to complain and to wonder why we are so much afflicted. We are in poverty, and we look with jealous eye on the rich and forget the saying of Our Lord, "How hardly shall the rich man enter the kingdom of heaven." God smites us with disease, and instead of bearing it with patience we murmur, and are very impatient of the restraint which it brings upon us, when, in deed, this very sickness may be God's own chosen means of helping us save our souls. That "the Lord doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men" we know full well. That He brings sorrow upon us and suffering we know, and that it is for our good we know also. He is no angry God sitting in judgment to punish us all the time. Sickness, loss of money, friends, and of all that is near and dear to us, is no sign at all that God dislikes us or is in any way angry with us. "For whom the Lord loveth He chastiseth, and He scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

St. Paul appreciated this so much that he could say "I glory in my infirmities"; and then he went on to describe his chastisements from the day he had been a Christian up to the time of his writing. And in spite of all his hardships, of all the base ingratitude with which he had been treated; in spite of perpetual bodily pain; in spite of temptations of Satan; he would glory in his infirmity. He knew that out of the proper submission of spirit to all this a man's soul is elevated to God, merit is gained and greater glory be merited to God.

And we, alas! how do we act to-day in similar circumstances? Which one of us has the strong, burning faith to rejoice when God tries him? The saints have praised God for all the afflictions He has put on them. We are called to be saints, and what have we done? We have complained. We have become angry. We have doubted the goodness of God. We have not said with Job the Patriarch, "Shall I receive good at the hands of

the Lord, and not receive evil also?" Our duty in this regard is plain, and so plain that St. Paul says, "If you do well and suffer for it, this is acceptable with God." For this renders us like to Him Who suffered for us, the just for the unjust. St. Francis of Assisi says that perfect joy consisted in being despised and ill-treated by men of the world.

Now, this treatment of the world which we receive, how do we bear it as a rule? Most men resent it. Most men will stand no ill treatment from their fellow-men. They talk big about their dignity. Yet the Psalmist says, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that Thou so regardest him?" Men speak of their being insulted and talk of apologies, and they insult God, and have not made the apology of a good confession. Men abuse us and slander us, and we seek revenge. Are we right? No; we are wrong. "Those who take the sword shall perish by the sword," saith our Lord to St. Peter. Let us say this: If men afflict me, or insult me, I will, after the example of my Divine Master, be silent. I will count it all joy to suffer for Him and for His name. But as for myself, I am a worm and no man, and if I must glory, let it be in my infirmities.—Sacred Heart Review.

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