

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS: QUESTIONS OF THE DAY, BY VERY REV. ALEX. MACDONALD, D. D., V. G.

A few years ago Dr. Maurice Francis Egan said, if we remember aright, that one reason why men did not read works pertaining to religion was that there were so few of them in English worthy of attention. We have, it is true, books of a sentimental character—translations from the French—and the productions of our own pious, but imaginative writers. But it is well not to harbor the thought that all the works indited by Gaelic pens are altogether beneath English mentality. The Dominican Monsiebr, Monsiebr D'Hulst, would, we dare say, find favor with those who are averse to legend and rhapsody. And we should not forget that the books at which we cavil betimes were written under other skies than our own, and for a people whose mode of religious expression was not measured and iced. It is all in the point of view.

Then again the poor man who is wandering in a bookless desert should consort for a while with Cardinals Newman and Manning. Father Dalgarin's works are a mine of richness, and Father Tyrrell can feed both mind and heart. Now we have Dr. Macdonald, who gives us the garnered wisdom of years. A devout priest and ripe scholar, he is acknowledged by competent critics as a champion of approved progress in the field of Catholic doctrine. Simple and direct are his books, but what a world of toil they represent! We have lingered over some of his paragraphs and wondered at the preparation and patient study they revealed. A man who sees but one side of a question is a ready writer, as a rule, and cooks; the man who sees all sides of a question thinks much before putting his thoughts on paper, and is dogmatic only when he is on ground as solid as the eternal hills. The former touches but the outside of a question, but the latter goes straight to the heart of it. Dr. Macdonald looks at questions from many view-points and buttresses it with quotations and authorities which have intrinsic merit. We venture to say that he has had these books in mind for years. They have grown up with him. They are, indeed, testimony to a devotion to Sacred Science, and they are also beyond question proofs of a many-sided erudition which is as edifying as it is instructive. And in our opinion Dr. Macdonald has won his spurs as one of the ablest of Catholic writers of the present day. He affects no tricks of speech, hankers after no novelties, and, as befits a man who has sat for years at the feet of the Angelic Doctor, presents truth clearly and simply. We do not wish to pose as a prophet, but we hazard the assertion that before Dr. Macdonald lays down his pen his name will be known and honored by English-speaking Catholics. Even now there are few, we ween, who would care to tilt against him, and men who know whereof they speak place him on a level with Dr. Lambert. There may be writers who have a greater store of knowledge, but there is not one, with the exception of Dr. Lambert, who has the analytical power and luminous exposition which are stamped on his pages. Our advice to those who are wary of words of commendation is to read him and judge for themselves. We can assure them that the books contain no padding, no crude fancies, no coddling of authorities, no undue regard for traditional opinions, but facts and principles co-ordinated and set forth by a trained intellect.

It is said betimes, too, that such books are heavy and dry. As they deal, however, with subjects which have interested, and will always interest, the world, we cannot see that the foregoing remark is apposite. We do not mean to say that a fiction-drenched mind will appreciate Dr. Macdonald. Nor do we imply that they who follow after vacuous twaddlers will listen to a man who has something to say. But that is their fault and misfortune. Mayhap their taste was formed in households whose reading was confined to the newspaper of the yellow brand, to the magazine and "sporting" prints. It is certain that many a young man is more at home with the records of ball-players and pugilists than with anything else. And it is just as certain that many of them never open a book pertaining to relig-

ion. We understand that with verbal trash, euhro parties, etc.—it instruments wherewith to develop a shallow and trifling generation—they have no time to spare. But there is a place and a time for everything. Minstrels and story-tellers and gaves have their uses, but it were a pity to let them absorb all our time.

Again, the policy of reading only what we can understand readily enfeebles the intellect. Here, as in everything else, effort makes for development. We do not suppose that the Parisians who thronged to the debates of the Middle Ages understood them as well as the University men, but their attendance there stimulated them to intellectual activity. They were not told that "it was over their heads." That dictum was reserved for other days when a great prelate, Archbishop Ireland, was forced to say that he was tempted to yield to pessimism when he read in so many souls indifference and inertia and heard of the trifles with which soldiers of truth busy themselves. Some educators, as was pointed out by Dr. Brownson, take too much pains to eliminate all that savors of labor on the part of the student. Hence it is that many students who have pattered with the "ologies" and literary chit-chat of English literature discover when they begin to grapple with the world that their intellect is in an anaemic condition. But Dr. Brownson goes on to say: "If the first books given to children were such as would require an effort on their part to understand them, and the same rule followed all through, the mind would be more exercised and thereby strengthened to think and to judge."

Dr. Macdonald's books will exercise the mind and strengthen our intellectual vision and soothe our anxieties and nourish us with the food of solid doctrine. For the cleric they contain matter for many sermons. To all they can give "that fuller knowledge of our belief, and as far as may be that clearer understanding of the mysteries of the faith which Augustine and other Fathers praised and labored to attain and which the Vatican Synod itself decreed to be very fruitful." Surely the books which enable us to cherish our heritage of truth more intelligently are worthy of attention. The author puts his matter within small compass, writes tersely and meets difficulties squarely. In a word, Canadians should be proud of Dr. Macdonald, and should manifest it by giving his works the greatest circulation possible.

In "The Sacrifice of the Mass" the author throws new light on the fact that the Holy Mass is identically the same Sacrifice once offered in the Last Supper and on Calvary. It is needless for us to remind our readers of the importance of being able to give reasons for our faith in this mystery of love.

The author gives us the true idea of sacrifice, notes the difference between gifts and sacrifice, and traces the history of the sacrificial idea of the Mass from Apostolic times to the present day.

Touching the Mass, Dr. Macdonald says two things are of faith as defined by the Council of Trent: (1) that it is a sacrifice in the true and proper sense of the word; (2) that it is essentially the same as the Sacrifice of the Cross, the only difference being in the manner of offering. It is not enough to account for the Mass being a true and proper sacrifice. . . . There is question, therefore, of determining not merely what makes the Mass to be a sacrifice, but that which is of far more vital moment, what makes it to be one and the same with the Sacrifice of Calvary. He tells us what is the intrinsic and formal constituent of the Mass as a sacrifice. He shows how the action inaugurated by the High Priest at the Last Supper, the Passion consummated by the death of the Victim on Calvary, coalesce into the one sacrifice of the New Law.

"And that Death thus renewed in mystery still operates in the Mass, and continues to produce in the souls of believers its sacrificial fruits, and makes every altar a Calvary, not only because the Action of the Mass is the same as the Action which brought about the Death of the Cross; but because, though undergone but once, that Death has an everlasting power of sanctifying; and because to him who takes in the whole course of time at one glance, that death is an ever present fact. Thus are the Cross and its commemoration, without any hazard to reason and consistency, one and the same sacrifice; outwardly indeed and to the senses wholly different; inwardly, to the eye of faith and in the sight of the Eternal, one and the same."

In "The Questions of the Day" we have an important paper on the Biblical question, the Virgin Birth,

Mary ever a Virgin, The Assumption of the Virgin Mary, Bridging the Grave. Luck of space prevents us from noting the book in detail. Suffice it to say that it is one more proof of the sturdy scholarship of the Anglican scholar. Dr. Macdonald's books should be in every library, and on the premium lists of every college and convent.

The books are published by the Christian Press Association Publishing Co., New York.

### HOW THE FAITH DIED OUT IN WALES.

Very Rev. Canon Richards.

When at the Reformation the old clergy were dispossessed to make way for strangers, the Welsh people clung to the old faith and the old tradition with tenacity like to that with which they still cling to the old language. In their churches they no longer heard the familiar voices of the old pastors speaking to them of the old truths in the old tongue, they missed them at the altar, in the pulpit, in the confessional, in their homes, in their schools, and repelled by the cold formality, the want of sympathy, the unintelligible speech of the men who had replaced them, abandoned the churches, and held meetings in their homes, reciting the old prayers, singing the old hymns, cherishing the old books, and thus the earliest form of Dissent in Wales was a protest of the people in favor of the old faith against the new; and thus the first Dissenters were Roman Catholics. And so they remained for generations, and they would have remained to this day, like their Celtic cousins in Ireland; Roman Catholic, but for one cause: viz., the priesthood were exterminated by the sack and the gibbet, till at length the Welsh mountains and valleys knew their footprints no more, and sacrifice ceased from the impoverished altar and there were none to break the Bread of Life and the word of truth to them. And thus the old faith died. But it lingered long in men's hearts and memories, nor was the chasm that separated the Welsh people from the old church ever bridged over by the new. When at length at the beginning of the last century, men of new-born zeal and love for souls came and stirred up the land by the vigor and earnestness of their preaching, they found an ignorant, but a religious minded people, ready to embrace any doctrine which came on persuasive lips, clothed in their own speech; and yet even at that date, two hundred years after the Reformation, the new preachers found a people that still retained many of the practices of the old religion—a people that rested on their foreheads the Sign of the Cross, that still sang the legend in honor of the Virgin Mother of God; that knelt on the fresh sod of a lost one's grave to breathe a prayer for the departed soul, and, most touching of all that bent the knee in the churches in reverence of a Sacred Presence that once had dwelt on the dismantled altars, in days when they were in very deed the houses of God. These were but empty forms that had lost for the most part their meaning but they betokened a religious sentiment which soon passed into new forms and new beliefs, till at length Dissent assumed the aspect and grew into the vast proportions of today.

### A GAELIC PRIEST AND HIS ISLAND PARISH.

Mary Bronson Hart tells us in a recent issue of the Boston Transcript, that when Miss Amy Murray, a singer of Gaelic folk songs, determined, last summer, to go seriously in pursuit of these lyrics, she was directed to go to Father Alan McDonald, on the little island of Eriskay, in the Outer Hebrides, as the one man in all the world best able to aid her. Miss Murray did so, and was greeted by the good priest most cordially. Six weeks she was installed in the priests' house at Eriskay, and the people brought over to her in their old songs, brought over, and their organs are indulging in just now.—New York Freeman's Journal.

### A LIFELONG FIDELITY TO MASS UNDER DIFFICULTY.

In the "God's acre" of a small town in the Midlands, England, are the graves side by side of a brother and sister. Owing to circumstances which they could not change, they had lived seven miles from a church, and yet never had been absent from Sunday Mass. From childhood to old age, summer and winter alike, had they gladly tramped, every Sunday morning their fourteen miles, seven in and seven out, to hear Holy Mass. Moreover, every first Sunday of the month they walked in fasting, and they break their fast till half way back on the road home, when sitting down beside a spring, they would eat the bread they had brought with them from home, and drink from the bubbling spring. A few hundred yards from their halting place was a Protestant nobleman's house; and they always prayed as they passed by, for the conversion of the family to the Catholic Faith. The years came and went, and the answer to the prayers came, as come it always will to prayer. For the aged couple, brother and sister, have gone to their reward; the once Protestant nobleman's family is now Catholic, and a beautiful Catholic church has been built within a stone's throw of the spot where the good Catholic old man and woman were wont to break the fast after Holy Communion.

### FRANCE MASONIC VAPORINGS.

The organs of French Freemasonry frankly declare that the fight between the Catholic church and Freemasonry will be a fight to a finish. They regard the separation of church and State as only a beginning that will be followed up by more drastic measures. La Lanterne, a Masonic organ, thus outlines the anti-Catholic programme: "The war between the Republic and the Roman theocracy can only end by annihilation. One or the other of the combatants must disappear. Yes, we intend to destroy utterly by law the last vestiges of the privileges accorded to the church, just as we also intend by propaganda and by political and social influence to fight against the church so long as she survives. It is absurd to hope, we shall not say for a reconciliation, but even for a truce. Whether the clericals accept the present law, or defy it, we shall go on fighting them mercilessly. There can be no doubt that if the church refuses to submit to the decrees of the legislature she will facilitate what we have undertaken to do: the decisive struggle that will enable us to get rid of her altogether." This is very plain talk. It fore shadows what is in store for the church of France. Her enemies in the country have stripped for what they believe will be the final contest between them and the one great spiritual force that must be overcome before they can carry out their avowed purpose of Christianizing the French people. There can be no misunderstanding of the motives back of the anti-Catholic legislation of the last four years. Its aim is not simply to impede the church in the carrying out of her divine mission. It is to make that mission impossible in a land which at one time held the foremost place among Catholic nations. The Masonic organ we have quoted above declares that it is to be a war of extermination. In other words, either the church or the anti-Christian organization that has got possession of the government will have to surrender. We are told there is not room for both in France. Of course the church in the twentieth century, as in all the centuries that have come and gone since she came into existence, possesses an invisible strength that her enemies are utterly incapable of appreciating at its true value. She may be harassed for some time to come in a land that she Christianized and civilized, but she never will be conquered. The promise of Christ to be with her to the consummation of all time will not fail. She has survived greater perils than those now confronting her in France, and therefore she will not be dinned by such vaporings as the Masonic judges and their organs are indulging in just now.—New York Freeman's Journal.

than six feet tall, with the carriage of a chief, this unpriestly looking priest in tweeds was the true shepherd of a flock of two thousand souls; for his parish stretched over two islands, South Uist as well as Eriskay. And not an emergency but Father Allan would be called in! Not a soul could pass on either island without his offices. Many a time they would meet him with, 'Douzal couldn't die till you got here.' And perhaps before the last rites were performed for Dougal a hard pressed messenger would summon him miles away. And the tired priest must make all haste to get there before the beds were burning. For the smoke from the seaweed bed borne out and lighted before the house gives faithful warning in Eriskay of the passing of a soul.

"In time of epidemic Father Allan would say, 'I'd be sorry for the man that had to walk with me these days.' In storm and shine his signal fire would be seen on the shore between the islands, 'the priest was wanting over,' in the fishing boat with the great brown sail.

The struggle told. At forty-six he had spent his life, and his people laid him to rest, filling his grave little by little with their empty hands. 'Poor Father,' said they, 'he broke his heart.' 'But they meant it literally. He was not heart-broken. He was the happiest man,' says Miss Murray, 'that I ever knew.'—Sacred Heart Review.

### ST. ANTONIO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

Three years ago the Oblate Fathers opened, in San Antonio, Texas, a Seminary for the training of their own subjects and of such ecclesiastical students as the Right Rev. Bishops might confide to their care.

Since its establishment a fair and steadily increasing number of students have registered; but not so many as we had reason to expect in view of the exceptional advantages offered.

In many seminaries there are young men whose health is not equal to their courage or to the exigencies of a rigorous climate. These are obliged, in consequence, either to discontinue their studies or to pursue them under great difficulties; they cannot do justice to themselves or to their professors; the little they do attain further injures their health, and it sometimes happens that after three or four years they leave the seminary with imperfect education and impaired constitutions.

Could such students be transferred, in good time, to a benign and salubrious climate, could they prosecute their studies, for example in the dry, bracing atmosphere of South-western Texas, they would doubtless recover their health and vigor and be able to continue their studies without interruption. We have, in fact, had many examples of this in our Seminary, among students who were sent here from various dioceses of the North and East.

San Antonio is deservedly famous throughout the country, as a health resort. The Seminary buildings are located on an elevated plateau, known as "Laurel Heights," one of the most healthy and desirable sites in and around the City.

Students desiring to spend the vacation months in Texas may do so at the summer home of our community, situated on a ranch near the Rio Grande, where they may enjoy such recreations as riding, hunting, swimming, fishing and other outdoor exercises.

In connection with the Seminary, and offering the same advantages, is St. Anthony's College and Apostolic School opened in September last, for young boys desiring to take a classical course.

In bringing the Seminary and Apostolic College to the notice of the Bishops and Directors of Seminaries the Oblate Fathers believe that these establishments offer very exceptional advantages, the use of which will not only be of considerable assistance to many worthy young men, but redound also to the material benefit of the Church at large. And in inviting you to avail yourself of their offered services in favor of your students, they ask you, at the same time, to accept the assurance of their grateful appreciation of your patronage.

A. ANTOINE, O. M. I. Sup.

### A PROTESTANT MINISTER ON THE PROTESTANTISM OF TO-DAY.

The Rev. Charles Edward Stowe, son of the late Harriet Beecher Stowe, and pastor of the Central Square Congregational Church at Bridgeport, deprecates the condition of Protestantism to-day. He says there are in England and America one hundred and twenty-five different Protestant sects, exclusive of the various kinds of Baptists and thirteen kinds of Wesleyan Methodists.

"Protestantism," he says, "is a kind of modern Cerberus, with one hundred and twenty-five heads all barking discordantly, and is like the mob of Ephesus. Thoughtful Christians looking on and beholding with sadness this confusion worse confounded can not fail to ask: 'Did our Lord Jesus Christ come in this world to establish this jumble of debating societies, or a church of the living God capable of making itself felt as a pillar and a ground of the faith?'"

UNREST IN PROTESTANTISM.

The Rev. Mr. Stowe says that there is great unrest and hunger in the Protestant world to-day that refuses to be allayed by the chattering of critical parquets, or the buzzing of esthetic gadflies. He describes the insignificance of the Plymouth Colony in numbers and material wealth, and says: "How then account for the stupendous influence which this tiny commonwealth has exerted and still exerts on the history of mankind? There is one, and only one, possible answer to this question: It was their devotion to the invisible, the eternal, the moral order of the universe, the glory of God! They endured, and yet endure, as seeing Him Who is invisible! All the history of mankind for them centered about His cradle and His cross, and for them there were none of these unusual benefits and privileges, which we enjoy in this enlightened age, of being illuminated by the dark wisdom of the blind mules and bats of a goddess, Christless scholarship that burrows in the holy ground of Sinai and Calvary alike, finding there only common dirt."

Emerson remarks in his "Sovereignty of Ethics": 'Father would cut his hand off sooner than write these against the Pope if he suspected he was bringing on with all his might the pale negations of Boston Unitarianism.' In the same spirit, and with the same limitations with which Mr. Emerson's remarks are to be understood by discriminating readers, I say that our Puritan Fathers never would have made the break that they did with Catholic Christianity could they have foreseen as a result thereof the Christless, moribund, frigid, fruitless Protestantism that can contribute neither warmth, life, inspiration nor power to lift us above the weight and weariness of sin."

Mr. Stowe is thankful that this is not

### tree of all Protestantism.

"But, alas!" he says, "it is only too true that the heavenly city, which our Puritan Fathers yearned for, and sought with prayers and tears, has become to many of their Christless descendants a frigid city of ice palaces, built of pale negations, cold, cheerless, shining in a pale winter sun with an evanescent glitter of a doubtful and unsubstantial intellectual worth."

The full, rich, glorious Christ of Catholic Christianity has been dragged from His throne by these 'advanced thinkers' (God save the mark!) and reduced to beggary. A pale, bloodless, emaciated Syrian ghost, he still dimly haunts the icy corridors of this twentieth century Protestantism, from which the doom of his final exclusion has been already spoken.

TRAINING TO THE CHURCH OF GOD.

Then in their boundless arrogance and self assertion they turn upon those of us who still cry with Thomas before the Risen One, 'My Lord and my God,' and tell us that there is no middle ground between their own vague and sterile rationalism and the Roman Catholic church. If this be so, then for me most gratefully and lovingly I turn to the church of Rome as a homeless, homeless wanderer to a home in a continuing city.

"We are hungry for God, yes, for the living God, and hence so restless and dissatisfied. The husk of life's fruit is growing thicker, and its meat thinner and dryer every day for the vast majority of our people. In many and important respects, life was brighter in the so-called 'Dark Ages' than it is to-day. The seamless robe of Christ is rent into hideous fragments and trampled in the dirt."

MR. STOWE'S TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The foregoing arraignment of the Protestantism of to-day by this Congregationalist minister is a striking contrast to the following poem, "The Ancient Church of Rome," which appeared from his pen recently in the Hartford Times, and in which he pays a fine tribute to the Catholic church:

As I pass Tiberis' banks  
Thee I see, O Sea of Rome,  
So looms above earth's chance and change  
The Ancient Church of Rome.

Majestic 'gainst the sunset sky  
The Titan mountain stands,  
Frowning while ocean giants die  
Upon its flaming sands.

So bold against the lurid past,  
Yet stands the Church of Rome,  
Unchanged when all is changing fast—  
The storm tossed pilgrim's home.

O'erwhelmed by the barbarian hosts  
The Earth City fell,  
But laid on her rude conquerors  
The magic of her spell.

Thus facing countless future years,  
And ages yet unborn,  
Rome rises o'er all haunting fears,  
And dreads no coming storm.

### GOLDWIN SMITH.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, who writes letters to the New York Sun, is a fair specimen of the latter day agnostic. He reads the scriptures with a view of finding all the fault with them he can. He has, of course, drunk too deeply of the fountains of wisdom to give credence to what his less cultivated fellow-men cherish as the dearest hope to them in life. He is a scientist, too, and for that reason sees more clearly than most men the deep gulf between religion and the conclusions of chemistry and physics and geology and astronomy.

Like all other agnostics, moreover, Mr. Smith never has either the brief or the inclination to show us just where and for what reason the scriptures should be put side by side with the myths of the Greeks and Romans, or in what particular science sets itself against religion. He contents himself merely with stating that it is so, and imagines, doubtless, that enough has been said.

Like all other agnostics, also, he has made himself adept in their art of getting rid of objections who ask unpleasant questions. A wave of the hand, an epithet of the by-way, an appeal to some immortal expression of Loggia is supposed to settle forever the old comparisons or "my orthodox friends." When taken to task for an erroneous statement regarding Church history Mr. Goldwin huris back such shibboleths as "St. Bartholomew's Day" or the "Spanish Inquisition." When galled in scientific matters Mr. Smith regales us with a nauseating list of materialistic speculators. From science to scripture, from scripture back to science, from history to myth and from myth back again to history the cunning quarry dodges in and out until breathless from exertion and impatient of the williness of the game, and despairing of ever bringing him to bay, one by one "my orthodox friends" retire from the chase and leave the fox free in the woods.

Mr. Smith has been writing so long for the New York Sun that we could hardly make ourselves believe we were reading the reliques of Dana if Mr. Smith's name were not written on some page thereon in "bold caps." With all that, however, he has already said all that he is capable of saying. That reservoir of human wisdom has run dry; even the reserve supply has long since been exhausted. So that we wonder the public still finds delight in looking at the mouldering walls of an antiquated cistern. If "my orthodox friends" would only leave Mr. Smith alone he would soon be covered out of sight by the greensward.—Providence Visitor.

### Sin is an offense against God. It is the creature setting itself up against its Creator. And this comes from pride. O what can we be proud? All our gifts are from God, but how often have we used them to offend Him!

Sin is an offense against God. It is the creature setting itself up against its Creator. And this comes from pride. O what can we be proud? All our gifts are from God, but how often have we used them to offend Him!







changed, although she was not wont to pay such respect to my powers of persuasion.

"Well, well, cousin, and you think best, I will even see and speak to this stranger," she said with a most captivating smile.

The Englishman was surprised, I perceived, and in some degree disconcerted, at finding himself confronted by so stately a demoiselle, when he had expected to behold a schoolgirl.

"I crave your pardon, young mistress," said the Englishman, "in that I have come to you upon a distressful errand. You have been made acquainted with my nature?"

"Then I will spare you the rehearsal of formalities. Suffice to say, in accordance with the arrangement between my Lord Admiral Sir William Phipps and his Excellency Governor Frontenac, I am come to bid you, an English maiden cast by the fortunes of war, among the people of New France, to make ready to return to your kindred folk in the Kingdom of England, and to the Majesty that you will be safely conveyed thither in care of the wife of one of the exchanged prisoners, by the British fleet under the command of the Lord Admiral."

Having suffered him to conclude her speech without interruption—an ordeal for her impetuosity—my little lady now involuntarily vouchsafed me another surprise. Instead of meeting his demand with the outward show of scorn I expected, she replied with composure and self-possession.

"Fair mistress," he replied with another bow, and a look of admiration for which, respectful as it was, I could have throttled him—"Fair mistress your speech does honor to the steadfast nature which bespeaks you to be indeed of the English race. King Louis might well be loath to lose, and his Majesty of England account it well to gain, so loyal a subject."

"Where had the fellow learned his trick of compliment? I had not thought, out of the lands of the Sun King, there was so much politeness and grace of speech. Notwithstanding I pleased me little enough, because Mademoiselle Barbe took all his fine sayings with the most complacent air."

"Oh, it is not altogether a matter of allegiance," she began, "but—why, all that I love is here."

"Ah, yes, the ties of affection," he responded, as though with a sympathetic understanding. "Yet you will be happy in the prospect of a reunion with your kindred. And then there will be the charm of seeing a new country, and visiting the settlements of the south—the fine town of New York. Will you not be seated? At least it will not come amiss to you to hear something in regard to the country of your birth."

Fascinated by the nonce, Barbe sank down upon a chair, and dropping into another beside her, he discoursed long, both of the natural beauties and the many attractions of the province south of us, while I sat sulking and fuming in a corner, thinking that any moment Mademoiselle Barbe would come sweeping out, for it was the hour when he was wont to go down to the Palace of the Intendant to preside over the doings of the Council—"Monsieur lieutenant," he repeated in a tone of good-natured half-jesting irony, "I promised your chief, Sir William Phipps, to do everything possible to facilitate the return to their homes of any English who might be found in this province, and I have kept my pledge. But, Lord of all Canada as I am, and Supreme Representative of King Louis in the Western World, I never presumed to consider it within my power to move a woman from her true home. Nor do I think, if rumor speaks true of his experiences, would your valiant Admiral have the hardihood to attempt it. If this demoiselle wills not to go, she will not, and there's the end of it."

He laughed lightly, and then continued with gravity: "In all seriousness, although I would let it be known that she is free to go if she so please, the

agreement was never meant to cover this case. The demoiselle has been from her infancy the legally adopted daughter of Francois Guyon and his good wife. Tell your Admiral I would give up Quebec itself rather than deliver over to his government, against her wish, this daughter of New France. Moreover, she is no longer a child, but almost a young woman of marriageable age, and she has declared it to be her intention to take a husband in Quebec. A woman in my merry where she lists, lieutenant, if her parents select not otherwise; and, since she becomes by law of the nationality of her spouse, I may say, monsieur, I see small chance of your transforming into a British subject this most wilful demoiselle."

Thus, with a polished and urbane sarcasm, he dismissed the disconcerted envoy.

As the latter passed Barbe on his way out, however, he said to her in a low tone, with a respectful obeisance: "Farewell, sweet mistress; in your choice I wish you all content and happiness. Nevertheless a Bostonian you are, and a Bostonian you will discover yourself to be some day. Perchance that day lies in the far distant future, but come it will. Farewell."

For answer, Barbe gave him an incredulous smile and shook her pretty head.

"Sir, we English hope to make you another visit in the spring," he added to me.

"Remember, mademoiselle, you are to take a husband in Quebec," said his Excellency, with smiling graciousness.

"Now, Nora," Constance Faraday's voice had in it a distinct note of impatience as she paused on the threshold of the kitchen door, "remember, on no account am I to be disturbed. Mr. Faraday's gone for the day, so there will be no lunch worth the name of getting. This serial has to be finished."

Nora wrung a cloth out of some hot water preparatory to polishing the tea kettle. Her row as she gazed at her a look of amusement by his military escort, crossing the Place d'Armes, on his way to the deliberations of the Council.

"Bless her," cried the girl, "she wants to come to me. Let me have her just a minute, and you come in and I'll get you a glass of milk. The mistress won't object to that."

"The young woman gave up the baby and sank wearily into the hall chair. "The baby is so heavy," she said, smiling faintly. "And I had to hurry to get ready. The sun is hot, too. And, closing her eyes, Nora saw two big tears rolling down her pale cheek. She wanted to see the mistress more than any of them others," thought the girl, shrewdly. Then her warm Irish heart came to the rescue. With the baby in her arms, she looked down at the slight young figure, "I'll do it," she thought.

"Since you want to see the mistress so bad, I'll tell her," said Nora, "even at the risk of losing my own job."

"No, no, don't," cried the young woman. "Doed and I will, too," stouly returned Nora. "Sure I tried to hold out against you, but who could with such a baby? Not the likes of me, any way. Wait here; I won't be gone a minute."

people may abuse editors all they like, but they're dear, good, comforting beings with their encouraging words and their cheques. Bless 'em all. Now for my story."

Concentrating her thoughts, her pen began to fly, and in a moment the only sound in the room was the steady tick of the pretty bronze clock she had bought herself out of one of her last cheques.

Below, Nora, unlike most maids, kept busy at her work. "Because the mistress leaves me to myself is no excuse for me slighting things," she would tell herself. "I ought to be doing the work all the better. Having her upstairs all the time is, after all, a deal more agreeable than being nagged at, the way some girls are."

Suddenly the bell pealed long and shrilly through the quiet house. Nora rose from her scrubbing. "Sure now, is it a peddler or one of them crazy creatures with the writin' fever?" she soliloquized. "Comin' pesterin' the mistress; had 'cess to 'em. Not one of 'em shall enter the door this day, or I'm a liar."

She dried her hands, then went reluctantly to the door. A young woman stood on the wide stone steps, very young, and very pale and very slender. She wore a simple gingham dress a trifle faded, and a plain hat under which curled ripe golden tendrils of beautiful hair. In her arms she held a baby—a fat, laughing, healthy little creature with great brown eyes and a small, red, kissable mouth, as fresh as the dewdrop.

"Monsieur, I trust we shall have the honor of meeting you before that time," I answered with as significant a courtesy.

When he was gone, too overcome with emotion to find words of thanks for the Governor, impulsively caught the hand of Comte Frontenac and kissed it.

"Remember, mademoiselle, you are to take a husband in Quebec," said his Excellency, with smiling graciousness.

"There's nothing left for me then but to go," she answered, with a quiver in her voice.

"Bless her," cried the girl, "she wants to come to me. Let me have her just a minute, and you come in and I'll get you a glass of milk. The mistress won't object to that."

"The young woman gave up the baby and sank wearily into the hall chair. "The baby is so heavy," she said, smiling faintly. "And I had to hurry to get ready. The sun is hot, too. And, closing her eyes, Nora saw two big tears rolling down her pale cheek. She wanted to see the mistress more than any of them others," thought the girl, shrewdly. Then her warm Irish heart came to the rescue. With the baby in her arms, she looked down at the slight young figure, "I'll do it," she thought.

"Since you want to see the mistress so bad, I'll tell her," said Nora, "even at the risk of losing my own job."

Constance looked straight into the adoring gaze of a pair of soft gray eyes.

"This is Mrs. Faraday?"

"Yes."

The young woman flushed more than ever. "My name is Agnes Gatewood," she added, bravely, "and I've read your stories. I love them so I thought perhaps you'd pardon me for troubling you; and—the fact is, I've been writing something myself and I want you to see it. I read it to Will—Will is my husband. He likes it, but I'm afraid he is prejudiced, so I've come to you. Won't you—will you please read it and tell me if I shall go on or stop? We are poor, very poor, Will and I, and if I can help him—"

The young pathetic voice broke again, and Constance's reserve melted. "You poor child," she cried, "don't tremble so. Here, take this chair and give me your story."

Por—well, she and Jack knew something of that. The long struggle of her early married life still bore its scars. On her own inadmissible courage, talent and energy had lifted them out of it.

She stretched out her hand for the roll of manuscript. "Take the chair," she said. "How long is it? Ah, a short story."

She smoothed out the pages and began, expecting to find the usual lot of nothingness it had been her fortune to have had hitherto thrust upon her, but before she had read a dozen lines she had detected in it that vital spark that so many times kindles the fire of genius. Here was talent, plenty of it, for the whole story glowed with spirit and with action, interspersed here and there with rare, exquisite touches, and with technique really faultless. In all her experience as a literary worker or as a literary lion this was the first time she had come across anything like this.

She read it through to the end. She looked up. "And you—you wrote this?" she cried, her face aglow.

"Yes." The young woman had clasped her hands tightly together, for the tension had been great. "Is it—is it worth anything?"

"Anything?" The authoress rose, she repeated. "Do you want to know what I think?" she demanded.

"Yes, oh, yes!"

"Well, my dear child, you have written a wonderful story," and with a swift, bright smile, "if you persevere and work hard you may be able to help your Will a great deal. Remember, you are starting out to serve a stern mistress, this Miss of yours. There must be no lagging, no neglect. You must cherish her, woo her, follow where she leads. The way will not always be smooth, sometimes the thorns will pierce, the sharp stings cut, but on the heights, ah! there will come the bursts of sunlight. Do you understand me, child? Are you brave enough, strong enough, to enter the ranks?"

"Yes, yes." The younger woman seized the elder one's hand and dropped her face upon it. "How I love you for this! Only a miracle; for this hope. Do you think I mind work or anything if some time I can reach up only to you. And do you think that I can ever, ever earn money? We are so very, very poor."

"I am sure of it," said the elder woman, still smiling. "I—I would not mislead you. Leave me the story. I'll edit it for you; then we will start it out in the meantime write more. There, there, child, don't cry. If I did not detect in you that divine essence existing only in the souls of those born to write, I would not say so. You have it, and you may thank God for it. But, come, did not Nora say there was a baby? I must see it."

Constance Faraday took a step forward, but the younger woman had fallen, and was kissing sobbingly the hem of her gown—Susan Hubbard Martin, in The Family Friend.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Approved Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, with interest and attention.

THE POPE'S WHITE BOOK ON THE ABOLITION OF THE CONCORDAT. The assertions made by M. Combes in the French Chamber of Deputies to the effect that Pope Pius X. and his predecessor Leo XIII. had forced the French government into the course pursued by it in bringing on the separation of church from state, are probably part of the reasons which have induced the Holy Father to publish a white-book in which all the correspondence which has passed between the Vatican and the French government on the subject is made public.

The Concordat contains no such conditions, though the French organic articles laid down this as a principle to be observed. These articles, tacked on to the Concordat by Napoleon the First, after the Concordat was agreed upon, were never accepted by any Pope, so that they could not be regarded as of any binding force.

citizen ought to have been perfectly free, as it is of the essence of a Republic that every man should be free to hold his own opinions, and to express them. The government then should be such that it should have the confidence of a majority of a people thus freely expressing their opinions and wishes.

It was a disgraceful act to expel from the country the religious orders who could not be accused of any further crime than that they were educating successfully the children of the nation, and were caring for the sick and infirm in their hospitals, and its wounded or dying soldiers on every battlefield.

It is fully expected that the Pope's white-book will show that Bishops were never absolutely named by the State, and that the Concordat gave no power to name them, as M. Combes claimed the right to do.

A SCRIPTURAL EXEGESIS. SUBSCRIBER of Langan, B. C., requests us to give an explanation of what is meant by the word "Wisdom" in the 8th chapter of the Book of Proverbs, and also to explain the beautiful verses from 22 to the end of the same chapter, stating also to whom they are to be applied.

CHRISTIAN UNION. So far as the joint committee of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches, which met recently in Toronto is concerned, the difficulties in the way of union between these denominations appear to be quite surmountable, notwithstanding the serious misgivings of some members even of the committee itself.

IRELAND'S PROSPECTS. The Government of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman is now in full control at Westminster, and from its constitution it may be reasonably anticipated that the day when Ireland will enjoy Home Rule, for which she has been so strenuously contending since before the granting of Catholic Emancipation, will soon arrive.

A LARGER UNION PROPOSED. The Rev. Dr. Campbell, of St. Gabriel's Presbyterian church, Montreal, is said to be not pleased with the manner in which the negotiations for the union of the three denominations, Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists, have been carried on, and on Sunday, Dec. 1, he preached against it on the ground that Anglicans and Baptists should have been invited to participate, so as to effect an ideal union if possible.

giving, and from all eternity to contemplate the children of men as creatures made for God, to enjoy happiness with God the Father forever, and that I should be numbered even as one of the children of men for the redemption of the human race.

But commentators also remark that there is much in this lesson which is also applicable to the Blessed Virgin. The great theologian Suarez says: "The mother is joined with her Son even in the divine work of election."

Mary was the predestined Mother of God, and was thus in a sense present when God the Father prepared the heavens and the earth, the waters and the dry land for the great work of redemption through the incarnation of Christ, and His sufferings and death.

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He believes also that the negotiations have been carried too far without consulting the main bodies of believers in the three churches, and asserts that many of their adherents regard what has been done with considerable apprehension and concern. At all events, this, he says, is the case with many Presbyterians.

and that Paul and Barnabas, as they passed through Derbe, Lystra and other cities "ordained priests (Protestant version, elders) in every church." The original Greek word used by the evangelist, and translated "ordained" is *choirotonoo* which is to choose by imposing hands. Ordination was therefore given by the imposition of the hands of the Apostles, or by those who, like Barnabas, had been commissioned to this office by the Apostles.

Titus also was "a bishop," was placed by St. Paul in Crete "to set in order the things that are wanting, and to ordain priests in every city, as I (Paul) appointed thee." (Titus i. 5-7) It is, therefore, evident that priests and Bishops require a mission from the Apostles, just as the Apostles received their mission from Christ, according to the words of Christ, St. Paul:

Reading between the lines this is an acknowledgment that, when the Confession of Faith and Form of church government were written, the ministers had taken the office of the ministry on themselves on the plea of the exigencies of the case, without the necessary ordination; and had thus begun by violating the first paragraph of the "Doctrinal part of the ordination of ministers which says:

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these ministers of the church are to have successors when they die, and this manner of succession he declares to have been laid down by the Apostles. St. Irenaeus, of about A. D. 170, states that "St. Paul convoked at Miletus the Bishops and presbyters (priests) who were from Ephesus and other neighboring cities and testified to them many things."

Timothy was ordained by St. Paul by the imposition of hands (2 Tim. i. 6) and grace to fulfil his office was thereby given him. We learn the same thing from 1 Tim. iv. 14.

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Henry Campbell-Bannerman has set his Lordship aside in the construction of his Cabinet, as being distasteful to the Irish Nationalists, while such undoubted friends of Ireland as Messrs. John Morley, Henry Asquith and John Burns have been assigned to prominent positions in it. The Government as constituted is in fact the most friendly to Ireland which has been formed since Mr. W. E. Gladstone's Cabinet brought in its celebrated Home Rule Bill which was passed by the House of Commons but rejected by the Lords.

It is generally believed that there is an understanding between John Redmond and the leader of the Government that a Home Rule Bill will be brought in by degrees, a large measure of Home Rule in local affairs being brought in at first by the Government so as to meet the most pressing needs of Ireland, with the ultimate view of giving Ireland such autonomy as Canada and Australia possess, when the people of England shall be sufficiently educated to the point of understanding that the Irish party do not stand at the disintegration of the Empire, but only such a measure of autonomy as will secure to the people of Ireland the right to govern themselves in all local matters.

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braced in the same body. At least these other churches ought in my judgment to be invited to share in the negotiations, and if they refused to take part, or if it were found that no reason could be given for their refusal to do so, the right thing would have been done in aiming at the ideal union, and the responsibility for failure would have to be borne by those found to be in fault."

Undoubtedly the reasoning is good that if the union of three denominations is a good thing, that of five would be better. But this does not make the lesser good an evil. It may be the case that the differences between Anglicans and Baptists and the other three denominations are not to be so readily bridged over as those between the three denominations which are working for unity. This Baptists have already declared, so far as they have been heard from on the subject, that they are not willing to put into the background their distinctive doctrines of adult baptism only, and all baptism by immersion. The Church of England has also given out its terms on which alone they could entertain the thought of union, and these include an admission that ordinations are valid only when made by Bishops. These terms the Presbyterians of the United States investigated some years ago in General Assembly, and the conclusion was reached almost if not quite unanimously, that a union on such a basis was not to be thought of. It would be an admission that for over three centuries the Presbyterian clergy have been guilty of a sacrilege in assuming the ministry without proper authority. It would be an admission that all their clergy should be ordained by Bishops in order that their ministry should be made valid, and that they were usurpers so far as they had assumed ministerial functions.

In our estimation, we deem that the three denominations have acted wisely enough from a worldly point of view in consolidating, or rather in attempting to consolidate themselves. The larger union is less practicable than that which is now under consideration, and it will be time enough to consider the greater union after the lesser one shall be an accomplished fact. At all events, even in the proposed union, some doctrines have been sacrificed. It will be time enough to sacrifice others when the lesser union shall prove to be a success; for it is still in the doubtful stage.

**DR. WM. OSLER ON DEATH AND THE FUTURE LIFE.**

Dr. William Osler, formerly of Baltimore, but now of the faculty of Oxford University, has surprised the world by the expression of opinions which run counter to the general belief, especially of Christians.

A recent book issued by him says that "death-bed visions, believed in by thousands, and of which there are scores of supposed authentic records, are plain nonsense." Moreover, he supports his declaration by five hundred death-bed observations of his own, which, as he asserts, "prove absolutely that such reported visions are untrus. In all these cases there was suffering, fear and other emotion, but no thought of the future."

The doctor adds: "As a rule, man dies as he has lived, uninfluenced practically by the thought of a future life. I have careful records of about five hundred death-beds, studied particularly with reference to the modes of death, and the sensations of the dying. Ninety suffered bodily pain and distress of some sort or another; eleven showed mental apprehension, two positive terror; one expressed spiritual exaltation; one bitter remorse. The great majority gave no sign one way or the other. Like their birth, their death was a sleep and a forgetting. The preacher (the sacred book of Ecclesiastes, iii., 19) was right in this matter. Man hath no pre-eminence over the beast. As one dieth, so dieth the other."

In the book of the Acts of the Apostles vi. and vii. we have an account of the election of Stephen the deacon, "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. . . full of grace and fortitude, who did great wonders and miracles among the people of Judea; and when the opponents of the Christian religion suborned false witnesses to testify that he had spoken 'blasphemies against Moses and against God' so that he was condemned to death, 'he being full of the Holy Ghost, saw the heavens opened, and beheld the glory of God and Jesus standing at the right hand of God.'"

This was certainly a miraculous vision of God and the glory of heaven. It is a bold assertion to say that this and similar visions at the moment of death are plain nonsense. Such visions of heavenly things have been seen by holy souls at times, both during life and at the approach of death, but we are not surprised when an agnostic of the Bob Ingersoll type disputes their reality, however strongly they may be attested. Such visions appeared to Jacob on his death-bed when he described in prophetic words the future of his twelve sons gathered by his bedside, and in the course of ecclesiastical history the visions of Anne Catharine Emmerich, which revealed to her the whole course of the sufferings of Christ

on the way to Calvary, may be regarded as a certainty. But at least Dr. Osler would have been more prudent if, occupying his present position in a University which was originally built by a king full of faith, over a thousand years ago, he had respected Christian traditions, and had at least left untouched the history of religion as related in the Bible, even if he had closed his ears against the lessons of ecclesiastical history.

Dr. Osler, besides denying these visions, stated that men die as they live. It is within the experience of every Catholic priest that persons who have lived in forgetfulness of God have died full of love for God, and have yearned to be with Him. Against this testimony the doctor says he has made careful observations of five hundred persons on their death-beds. We say that his sphere of observations has been very limited, and they do not justify his conclusion that all reported death-bed visions are falsehoods, and people who die simply die in suffering or fear, or perhaps in listlessness, but quite uninfluenced by the thought of a future life.

Of such a life and death as that of St. Francis Xavier, we presume Dr. Osler had no experience. St. Francis lived in constant communion with God, and in the midst of a fever so violent that he could take no nourishment he frequently lifted his eyes to heaven and at other times fixed them on his crucifix, and shed tears of joy that he should soon be with God. His last words were: "In thee, O Lord I have hoped; I shall not be confounded forever." He communed with God to the last moment of life.

Dr. Osler declares very dogmatically on the authority of his having observed closely the deaths of five hundred persons, probably worldly people for the most part, that such a death as that of St. Francis is a fiction, but there were many witnesses to these facts. The doctor also says that people die as they live, without thought of a future life. But it is within the experience of every Catholic priest that persons who have lived in forgetfulness of God have frequently died full of love for God, and penitent on account of their careless lives, and have yearned to be with God. Others who have led pious lives frequently desire, like the great St. Paul, "to be dissolved and to be with Christ. We do not deny that some die in suffering or fear, some in remorse or listlessness, without thought of a future life, but the Christian death in hope of a happy and glorious resurrection is frequently witnessed. The words of Wisdom are frequently verified (Wis. iii., 14):

"But the souls of the just are in the hand of God; and the torment of death shall not touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die; and their departure was taken for misery; and their going away from us for utter destruction; but they are in peace. And though they suffered torments, their hope is full of immortality."

The doctor quotes "the preacher" as being of his opinion: "Man hath no pre-eminence over the beast: as one dieth, so dieth the other." (Ecclesiastes iii., 19.)

"The preacher" is here evidently speaking of man's earthly life only. Man breathes and lives as beasts do also, and man and beasts die: "Of earth they were made and to earth they return." But the same sacred writer tells us of the difference between man and beast, and between the just and the unjust on the day of judgment:

"Rejoice, therefore, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart be in that which is good in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thy eyes, and know that for all these God will bring thee into judgment. Remove anger from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh, for youth and pleasure are vain. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. . . . Before the dust return into its earth, from whence it was, and the spirit return to God who gave it. . . . Fear God and keep His commandments: for this is all man. And all things that are done, God will bring into judgment for every error, whether it be good or evil." (Chapters xi and xii.)

Dr. Osler is undoubtedly eminent as a medical man, but he is evidently not a safe guide in regard to things spiritual. "ACROSS WIDEST AMERICA." The substance of various articles which appeared in The Month and the Canadian Messenger, written by the eminent Jesuit, Father Devine, can now be had in more permanent shape, being lately issued in book form bearing the above title. The volume now at hand is profusely illustrated and printed in clear type on featherweight paper, richly bound in cloth and artistically gilt. Forty-four half-tone engravings illustrate three hundred pages of interesting matter. Just the sort of book for presentation purposes. Price \$1.25; postage 12 cents extra. As the number of copies printed is limited, orders will not be received after this edition is exhausted. For sale at The Canadian Messenger, 301 Vimont Ave., Montreal.

**MARK FAGAN.**

Irish Catholics have reason to feel proud of the large number of their race who have risen to prominent positions in the United States. To our mind there comes at the moment Patrick Collins, late Mayor of Boston, and Judge Danne, Mayor of Chicago. With great pleasure we add another to the list, Mark Fagan, Mayor of Jersey City, N. J. A poor Irish emigrant not yet in his teens, Mark landed on the shores of America. His parents were so poor that a veritable struggle for life was their experience. He spent a very short time in school, then sold papers, and when grown to manhood engaged in business. What an admirable Irish mother Mark must have had! He grew up with the strictest regard for honesty. His administration has created an entirely new system in secular affairs in Jersey City. Elected as a Republican, the bosses of that party thought they could easily manage Mark and so carry out their wishes. In this they were very much mistaken, for Mark was an honest man. At the second election an effort was made to defeat him. He appealed to the whole people and was triumphantly elected. And the same story was repeated again and again. There is a likelihood, too, that Mark Fagan will for many years to come remain Mayor of Jersey City. Corporations sought his political aid because he made them pay their fair share of taxes. Before his assumption of the office of mayor that burden fell unjustly on the shoulders of humbler people. Surely Mark Fagan is a bright example for many Irish boys, both in Canada and the United States! He is an example for the wild, wayward fellows who embark in "ways that are dark and tricks that are mean." We trust Mark's life will prove a lesson to the small number of Irishmen who have brought disgrace upon their race and their faith by identifying themselves with business transactions in public and commercial life which are a direct violation of the moral law. We append the following extract from the life of Mark Fagan as it appears in the January number of McClure's Magazine. The whole article is well worth studying:

"You must have been tempted often in the four years you have been in office. Have you ever been offered a bribe?"

"Only once, but that was by a man sent by somebody else. He didn't know what he was doing, and I didn't blame him so much as I did those who sent him."

"But the subtle temptations, how did you resist them?"

"I have a way," he said, again.

"This time I pressed him for it; he evaded the point, and I urged that if he knew a way, and a good way to resist political temptations, others should know of it."

**PRAYS DAILY.**

He was most uncomfortable. "It's a good way," he said, looking down. Then looking up, he almost whispered: "I pray. When I take an oath of office I speak it slowly. I say each word, thinking how it is an oath, and afterward I pray for strength to keep it."

"A silent prayer?"

"Yes."

"And that helps? Against the daily temptations, too?"

"Yes, but I—every morning when I go to the city hall, I ask that I may be given to recognize temptations when they come to me, and—to resist them. And at each night, I go over every act and I give thanks if I have done no injury to any man."

"Well, what do you get out of serving others, Mr. Mayor? Try to tell me that truly."

He did try. "I am getting to be a better man. You know I'm a Catholic."

"Yes, and some people say Catholics are against the public schools. Why have you done so much for them?"

He was surprised. "I am mayor of all the people, and the schools are good for the people."

"Well, you were saying that you are a Catholic—"

**GOES TO CONFESION.**

"Yes, and I go to confession very often. I try to have less to confess each time and I find that I have. Gradually, I am getting to be a better man. What I told you about having men that were unfair to me, shows. Some of them were very unfair; from having them I've got so that I don't feel anything but sorry for them, that they can't understand how I'm trying to be right and just to everybody. Maybe some day I'll be able to like them."

"Like them also! What is it, Mr. Mayor, altruism or selfishness? Is it love for your neighbor or the fear of God that moves you?"

He thought long and hard, and then he was "afraid it was the fear of God."

"What is your favorite book, Mr. Mayor?"

"The Imitation of Christ.' Did you ever read it? I read a little in it, anywhere, every day."

"I wouldn't tell Jimmy Connolly, nor 'Bob' Davis, nor Sam Dickson, nor to their faces in Jersey City; I'd rather write than speak it anywhere in this hard, selfish world of ours; but I do believe I understand Mark Fagan, how he makes men believe in him, why he wants to: The man is a Christian, a literal Christian; no mere member of a church, but a follower of Christ; no patron of organized charities, but a giver of kindness, sympathy, love. Like a disciple, he has carried 'the greatest of these'—love—out into the streets, through the rail-

road yards, up to the doors of the homes and factories where he has knocked, offering only service, honest and true, even in public office. And that is why he is the marvel of a "Christian" community in the year of our Lord, 1905.

**FRATERNAL CHARITABLETY.**

And to be true, that is how and why Mark some day, will make his Jersey City "pretty." This gentleman has found a way to solve his problems, and ours, graft, railroad rates and the tariff. There may be other ways, but, verily, if we loved our neighbor as ourselves, we would not then betray and rob and bribe him. Impracticable? It does sound so—I wonder why?—to Christ, sure. And maybe we are wrong; but Christ was right. Certainly Mark Fagan has proven that they Christianity of Christ—not as the scholars "interpret" it, but as the Nazarene taught it, and as you and I and the mayor of Jersey City can understand it—Christianity, pure and simple, is the force among men and a happiness. Anyhow, this is all there is to the mystery of Mark Fagan: this is what he means.

**CLERGY AND MONEY.**

A PRIEST'S VIEW OF A MUCH DISCUSSED MATTER.

The Catholic Standard and Times. A friend writes from a large Eastern city: "I know a couple of converts in this parish who have given up the faith largely because they heard nothing in the Church but money, money and overlying money."

The money question will always be an acute one, so long as the support of religion depends upon the voluntary contributions of the people. It cannot well help being so. I do not believe, however, that it is an acute question for the right kind of Catholics. It is the wrong kind—those who wish to escape the financial obligations imposed upon them—who make it so. I am well aware that this is a matter in which many people are easily scandalized. I am willing to concede, too, that in some instances this "talking money" from the pulpit has been somewhat overdone. It is patent, however, to the most limited intelligence that a certain amount of it is absolutely necessary, and no priest directly engaged in parish work can well escape it.

When I was a student of theology, the subject was never permitted to forget. That was the great injury to religion this money question was causing, and the necessity of prudence and self sacrifice in dealing with it. Our professors of theology are all theorists, and none of them had been brought into actual contact with the practical workings of a parish.

They proceeded on two assumptions, both of which I have since discovered to be unfounded. One was that priests were too prone to harp upon money matters to the exclusion of other and more important subjects, and the other was that the great majority of the faithful are willing to do their duty in matters bearing upon the financial well-being of the parish. I have found the real facts in the case to be almost the reverse. I have found a large percent of our people so ready and eager to enjoy the benefits of religion without making the pecuniary sacrifices which religion inevitably entails; and I have found at the same time that priests as a class abhor the duty which is forced upon them of treating money matters from the pulpit. I think, too, that it can be truly said that no class of men in the world would care as little for money as do American priests. I have often thought that many of them, because of this indifference, are too easily imposed upon. The majority of them, to my certain knowledge, are positively poor. The salary paid them in the different dioceses of the country is not calculated to aid in piling up riches. In the smaller parishes it is frequently not sufficient for the ordinary needs, but priestly pride and a reluctance to talk money prevent them from making their wants known. If the average priest he would be forced to undergo in matters pertaining to this ever acute money question, I assert that the church of God would be sadly in need of ministers.

**CHEAP CHRISTIANITY.**

The older a priest grows the less patience he has with that class of Catholics known in the common parlance of the country as bad payers, or by the more significant and more opprobrious title "dead beats." They are, as a rule, the most censorious and the most exacting. They are the first to insist that everything in connection with the church be kept in the best possible shape; that it be well lighted, heated and ventilated, and that it be an eminently respectable place of worship. They insist, at the same time, that the priest be a gentleman, a scholar and a saint, and especially the latter, for saints have acquired the reputation for living on meagre annual allowances. It is this more or less intangible element known as "gall" which confronts the priest at every step in his dealings with this common brand of cheap Christianity, and which makes him lose patience and occasionally give public utterance to unpalatable truths.

All that the church asks and expects is that people contribute according to their means; no more, no less. Yet if it ever becomes a question between the soul of a penurious person and his money she solemnly adjures him to keep his money and save his soul, i. e., if such a soul can be saved, which is, to say the least very doubtful.

I do not wish to be understood as condoning abuses and apologizing for pious gifts or pious grafters. So long as priests are clothed with human frailty, so long will abuses exist amongst them. If eleven out of every twelve be faithful, they will be doing as well as the apostles did and a great deal better than the average ran of Christians. Amongst priests themselves there is a deep and traditional contempt for the priest in whose soul it savors too much of the treason of the faithless apostle, and is wholly incompatible with the high ideals of the cler-

ical state. Cardinal Manning says somewhere that a priest's will without charity is the saddest testimony as to the character of his life. The priest with out charity and consideration for the poor is an anomaly. Thanks be to God he is so rare that the species may be said to be practically extinct.

It is not the poor, however, who are bad payers. It is the well-to-do, and sometimes the wealthy. The poor have always done their share and more than their share in this country. It is to them that much of the credit must be given for the material progress which the Church has made.

Once upon a time the Anglicans of Dublin assembled to formulate plans for the erection of a great national cathedral, and after many plans had been proposed and rejected, chiefly because those present were unwilling to go down deep enough into their own pockets, Dean Swift arose and, with fine sarcasm, suggested that they let the Papists build it with their pennies and then confiscate it. The great dean merely gave expression to a striking historical truth. In the past, as at present, it is the pennies of the poor rather than the pounds of the rich upon which the Church has had to rely.

**CATHOLIC THEOLOGIAN'S REPLY TO MR. GOLDWIN SMITH.**

To the Editor of the New York Sun:

Sir—It would be hardly fair to allow Mr. Goldwin Smith's recent broadside against Christianity to go without an answer. It is true there is nothing original in what he has written, for he is simply repeating what the German rationalists, Haeckel and Harmaek, have said before him; nor does he add anything to the value of their gratuitous assumptions.

"Thus he writes: 'Christianity was in its origin a moral, not a dogmatic, revelation. In its great manifesto, the Sermon on the Mount, there is not a word of dogma. This statement is incorrect. Christianity is based on the divine fact, essentially dogmatic, that on Christmas Day there came into the world the Incarnate God, Jesus Christ, having a divine and a human nature, but only one, a divine personality. This is the dogma that lies behind the Sermon on the Mount and gives it its value. Without that preceding and fundamental dogma the Sermon on the Mount would be only the discourse of a mere philosopher like Aristotle or Plato.'"

Again Mr. Smith says: "Nor is there anything really dogmatic in the epistles of St. Paul." This is also incorrect for the dogma of original sin is so clearly expressed in the epistle to the Romans, and the dogma of the Resurrection of Christ is so often stated in St. Paul's epistles that Mr. Smith must be a man of courage to contradict without proof the interpretation of all the great commentators.

"Dogma makes its first appearance in the fourth Gospel" is another assertion of the illustrious controversialist, who forgot that in Matthew, chapter xxv., verse 35, Jesus, solemnly interrogated by the High Priest, declared himself to be the Son of God for which declaration He was condemned to death as guilty of blasphemy (Mark, xiv., 62). These Gospels antedate the fourth. Enough. A theological kindergarten would be necessary for a sceptic who says that the work of the fourth Gospel is "the work of an Alexandrian Jew." Mr. Smith, in making this assertion, shows that he is not well posted in the Bible and Biblical criticism, and cannot have read the able refutation of this rationalist theory by Italian and German scholars within the past few years.

From Biblical lore Mr. Smith skips to church history; and here again he is in error. He says: "Then the church having been identified with the State, and that State being the Byzantine despotism." The Catholic church was never identified with the Byzantine despotism. The Pope was never Emperor, and the Emperor never Pope. The union of church and state does not mean their identification. Mr. Smith is not always careful of his words; he meant "united," but he wrote "identified." The "United States" are not the "identified States."

Again: "We have Popes instigating the Norman to the conquest of England and Ireland in the interest of the faith." But as every one knows, England and Ireland had the faith in perfection long before the Norman invasion. In what book of poems does Mr. Smith study history?

Again: "The Inquisition with its autos da fe." There were two inquisitions, the Roman Inquisition, a spiritual tribunal which still exists, and which never had an auto da fe, and the Spanish Inquisition, a political institution, of which De Maistre, one of Mr. Smith's literary favorites, gives an excellent account. A true scholar is always precise in his statements.

I would respectfully suggest that Mr. Smith read De Maistre's letters on the Spanish Inquisition; and the files of the *Civiltà Cattolica* for the past two years for Biblical information. Of course, the *Civiltà* is a Jesuit publication, and Mr. Smith does not like "Jesuitism"; perhaps because when a Jesuit writes history he is accustomed to quote original documents; and when he writes theology he is logical and conscientious in distinguishing the different meanings of words and of things so as to be exact and truthful.

**HENRY A. BRANN, D. D.,**  
Rector of St. Agnes' Church,  
New York, Dec. 14.

It takes two to make a beautiful object. The eye of the beholder is every bit as indispensable as the hand of the artist. The artist does his work—the beholder must do his. They are collaborators. Each must be the other's equal; and they must also be like each other—with the likeness of opposites, of complements. Art, in short, is entirely a matter of reciprocity. The kind of beauty that jumps at you is the kind you and by getting heartily tired before it isn't really beauty at all—it is only an approximation to beauty—it may be only a simulacrum of it.—Henry Harland, in "The Cardinal's Snuff Box."

**Ashamed of her Skin**

Now proud of the complexion "Fruit-a-tives" gave her.

Bad complexions are all too common among women. The skin becomes sallow—pimples and blotches break out. Then women try lotions and creams and "beautifiers" which really injure the skin. They never think of constipation and bad digestion—sick kidneys or torpid liver—as the CAUSE.

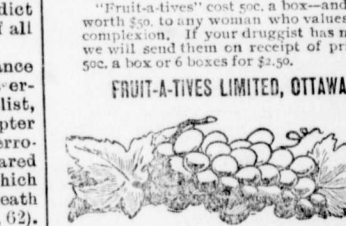
"I was a martyr to that distressing complexional condition—and had a dreadful complexion, sallow in the extreme and black under the eyes. Last May, I was advised to try 'Fruit-a-tives.' Before I had finished the first box, the constipation was relieved. My complexion began to clear up again, all the sallowness disappeared, and the black circles under my eyes were absent. Since then, I have continued to improve and now my complexion is as clear as when I was a young girl. To all persons suffering from constipation and indigestion, and particularly those with bad complexions, I would strongly advise them to try 'Fruit-a-tives'."—

**Fruit-a-tives**

or Fruit Liver Tablets  
strike right at the root of the trouble. The skin helps to dispose of the waste of the body. When the bowels don't move regularly—when the kidneys are clogged—the blood carries the poisons, which the bowels and kidneys won't pass off, to the skin. The pores of the skin become clogged with this poison and the complexion becomes grey or sallow—or irritated and inflamed—and pimples and blotches are the natural result of the poisoned blood.

"Fruit-a-tives" correct faulty digestion and make the bowels move regularly. They act directly on the kidneys—and open the millions of tiny pores of the skin by stimulating and strengthening the glands. This insures all the waste of the system being removed as nature intended. It insures pure, rich blood—and who ever heard of a bad complexion where the blood was rich and pure?

"Fruit-a-tives" cost 50c a box—and are worth 50c. To any woman who is ashamed of her complexion, if your druggist has none, we will send them on receipt of price—50c a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50.



**HOW LIGHT THE BURDEN IF WE ONLY THINK.**

You have noticed have you not, the strange distinction made by many between commercial advantage and religious duty? For the acquisition of wealth, men will labor night and day if they are adding to their worldly possessions. To that one purpose we see them slaving. Wasting their energies in its wild pursuit and shattering beyond medical skill their constitutions in its attainment. Yet we hear no complaints.

But how different when it is a question of discharging a religious duty. This has become a secondary consideration. Worship of God is now a matter of convenience and not infrequently is nothing more than a cloak for mercenary ambitions. And, worse still there are signs justifying the opinion that the commercial spirit of the day has not only crept into the pew, but has also crowded itself into the pulpit. How otherwise are we to interpret the "call" of the Protestant minister? In such an atmosphere, and under such influences it is not surprising that we sometimes hear Catholics complain that it is hard to live up to the requirements of their faith. They have become saturated with the spirit of the times and of their surroundings. Their complaint is not true, because Christ has said: "My yoke is sweet and My burden is light."

How light, indeed, the burden, if we only think. No professing Christian, and certainly no Catholic, will find cause for such complaint if a thought is given to the price of our redemption. Think of the Agony in the Garden; the Scourging at the Pillar; the Crowning with thorns; the Carrying of the Cross to Calvary and the Nailing of Lord upon it.

Such was the price of man's redemption. What is there in the life of man to compare with it? Who can think of these things and complain about the hardships of religious duty, which is nothing more than an infinitesimal return, but a rigid obligation? Who would exchange it voluntarily or otherwise, for the vastest store of worldly treasure that human energies could accumulate. Certainly not the honest follower of Christ. Surely not the Catholic. How light, indeed, the burden, then, of all, if they only think!—Church Progress.

When the doom is given, and we are all brought up above, there shall we clearly see by God the secrets which are now hidden from us. And then shall none of us be stirred to say in anything: "Lord, if it had been thus, it had been well." But we shall all say with one voice: "Lord, blessed be Thou, for it is thus: thus it is well. And now we see verily that all things are done as it was Thine ordinance before anything was made."



**Sacred Heart Review  
 THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.**

**BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.  
 OCCLXXXVII.**

We have seen, in answer to the Republican correspondent's charge against the medieval Popes, of having, from time to time, "promoted war," that while this accusation is certainly not without a considerable warrant of fact, it is not lawful, in a polemical essay, to advance it while completely omitting all reference to the many wars encouraged by these earlier Popes in encouragement of absolute necessities of self-defense, Roman, Italian, or European. Still less is it warrantable to take no account of the large encouragement given by the Popes to international peace by adjudications of singular uprightness and wisdom.

In this utter omission of the faintest reference to the brighter side of the medieval Papacy in its encouragement of the cause of peace, this writer has made himself guilty of a distinct and flagrant contrivance of immorality.

What moral right, moreover, have men who stand no higher as historians than he or I, to use so confident a tone of condemnation towards the Catholic church—say from Hildebrand down—without taking account of Frederic Harrison's magnificent description of the Middle Ages, a man who is even farther from Christianity than the correspondent himself, since he refuses even to acknowledge the existence of God? It is true he has transferred to his Positivist deity, Humanity, a wealth of religious feeling, of which our present writer betrays no sign.

How, again, can this writer excuse himself for describing the Catholic church and the Papacy as destitute of very nearly every feature of goodness in view of what is said by Professor James Bryce, a true and most unimpassioned historian, and a Presbyterian, that no temptation of the wild Middle Ages could ever persuade the Catholic church to lower the purity of her moral standard?

Of course Bryce does not mean that the medieval, or the modern, Popes, or bishops, or priests, have commonly reached the height of their own ideal. No priesthood does that, and no laity. He means that, into whatever deflection from their standard the functionaries of the Catholic church may have been more or less betrayed by passion or interest, the Catholic priesthood remained the unflinching exponent of the doctrines of Christian faith, purity, benevolence and righteousness.

As some one says, the Papacy retained the reverence of men, after the great Council reforms, because it was seen that the office constrained the man, and that the man had very little power to constrain the office away from its high place as the chief champion and very often a shining illustration of the imperial authority, in a person whose Christian excellence. Even Alexander VI is not accused of having, in his teachings, endeavored to dislocate the Christian standard by a hair's breadth. Indeed, he takes repeated occasion to extol St. Bernard's elevated discourses, and only put him out of the way at last because, as Bishop Creighton says, the Pope seemed on the point of bringing down the French a second time upon Italy. As the Bishop of London says, the controversy between the two was not moral, but political.

As to the present church, no one will dispute that Joseph McCabe is a man of more than common parts, and as he has abandoned the church and Christianity, and has become an atheist of the most thoroughgoing kind, he certainly has no motive of interest to praise the system which he has deserted. Yet he describes the Catholic church as the great spring of Christian forces in the world. It is true, he betrays half a hope that she may yet be defeated by Atheism, or by Free Love, or by something else odious to all Christians. However, like Roman, although more respectfully, he acknowledges that, perhaps the victory may redound to his former Church after all. I do not remember that he thinks it necessary to take any account of Protestantism. Within his old church he seems to put the Jesuits the highest, although he mildly complains that they are rather hard to work with.

Among men who firmly believe in God, and who firmly maintain the perfection of Christ, it would be hard to find a less ecclesiastical writer than Mr. William D. Howells. Indeed, I believe he does not even go to church. Moreover, he has expressed very explicitly his distaste for Catholic worship, which, agreeing with the Breviary of Paul the Fourth's time, he seems to think much in need of simplification. He also complains that the Cardinals do not win to their high dignity until they begin to be shriveled by age, and so fall short of that nobility of appearance which Professor Edwards A. Park has noted as characteristic of the Catholic Episcopate. Yet Howells describes the Catholic church as the greatest association for doing good in the world. He plainly does not know the Roman See as that synagogue of Satan which this correspondent supposes, which in view of his thorough knowledge of Italy, personal and historical, seems to make the correspondent show a good deal like a fool, except, indeed, as the mendaciousness of passionate malice is, in one point of view, somewhat above the level of mere fatuity.

Coming down again from the elder to the modern Catholic church, which we may view as dating from the great Catholic Reformation, and place the transition not far from 1550, we have remarked that the Popes did undoubtedly encourage the Catholics to make war on Protestantism, and that they were quite in their right in doing so, inasmuch as Protestantism was fully bent on exterminating the Catholic religion, having done so by the strong hand throughout the North, and throughout the greater part of Germany, and doing its best to carry out its aim in France by massacre, arson and outrage (outrage on female honor in the name of a purer gospel!) and hoping to carry the day by the contagion of proselytism where it had not yet the strength for the use of the sword. What conception would

the Popes have shown of their office if they had not encouraged Catholic Europe, especially in the Latin lands, to self defense against this tremendously disintegrating force?

Nevertheless, as we have remarked, the immediate interference of the Popes in the fearful struggle between the two religions seems to have done little to aggravate it. Could some hostile force have kept the cardinals apart from a conclave and so held the supreme See vacant, say for fifty years, the struggle between the two systems, in various lands, would doubtless have gone on all the same. As we have seen, Elizabeth and her buccanniers would unquestionably have compelled Philip, especially after the execution of Mary, to attempt her overthrow, above all now that she had taken, with that characteristic perfidiousness which Fronde is quite as distinct in setting forth as any one else, to reprehending the Dutch insurgents and assisting them at the same time. For that struggle whose calamitous issue determined the ruin of Spain, the gloomy King needed little encouragement, and received little assistance, from Rome. Sixtus V. was a wise man, and seems to have had an instinct that the conquest of Great Britain from abroad was then beyond the range of possibility.

We have spoken of the long conflict in the Netherlands, with which Rome had very little to do. Motley turns our attention continually to Madrid, but I cannot remember that he has much to say about Italy. The Papacy granted the bulls requested by Philip for the new bishoprics, and the new form of the Holy Office, but does not seem to have been much of a moving force in the struggle. For Alva's atrocities it is Philip who is responsible, as for the equal atrocities of the English lieutenants in Ireland it is Elizabeth who is responsible. Her Archbishop seems neither to have impelled her nor to have withheld her.

As to the intermitting struggles, from 1520 to 1548, which finally cost Germany more than half her population, and Bohemia almost three-fourths of hers, they were mainly indigenous. True, towards the climax, the Jesuits had a powerful influence, but the Protestants would have said that here it was the Black Pope, not the White, who gave the impulse to resist the steady southward aggressions of the Protestant confessions upon the possessions and the worship of the Catholic Church.

After having read Ranke, Schiller, Trench, Gardiner and Jaussen (the latter twice over) I need not be ashamed to own that I am hopelessly confused as to the cause and character of each vicissitude of the German struggle, for Professor Gardiner himself declares that we have a legend of the Thirty Years' War, but as yet no history. How much ambition, how much greed, how much anarchical resistance of the princes to the imperial authority, are points which Gardiner was content to leave to another generation. Certainly the burden of these events rests but lightly on the head of Rome.

France, England and Scotland, deserve some special attention.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK,  
Andover, Mass.

**BLESSED VIRGIN'S INFLUENCE  
 ON DOMESTIC LIFE.**

Of the sentiments which in all ages have distinguished the gentlemen from the churl, the first is that of reverence for womanhood, which, even through all the cruelties of the middle ages, developed itself with increasing power until the thirteenth century, and became consummated in the imagination of the Madonna, which ruled over all the highest arts and purest thoughts of that age.

To the common non Catholic mind the dignities ascribed to the Madonna have always been a violent offense. They are one of the parts of the Catholic faith open to reasonable dispute and least comprehensive by the average realist and materialist temper of the Reformation.

But after the most careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend of the influences of Catholicity for good and evil, I am persuaded that the honor paid to the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. I do not enter into any question as to the truth or the fallacy of the ideas. I no more wish to defend the historical or theological position of the Madonna than that of St. Michael or St. Christopher; but I am certain that to the habit of reverent belief in, and contemplation of the character ascribed to the heavenly hierarchies we must ascribe the highest results yet achieved in human nature.

There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties and comfort to the sorrest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfillment of the assured prophecy of the Israelite maiden: "He that is mighty hath magnified me; and holy is His name." —John Ruskin.

**LACK OF MORAL COURAGE.**

There is no denying that our surroundings exert a great influence upon our lives. In early years this influence is most noticeable, but all through life our actions, and even our views, are modified by those with whom we associate. "Evil communications corrupt good manners" is a truth that has fastened upon of its point since it was first enunciated.

We see it exemplified every day in the lives of Catholics in non Catholic communities. There are sturdy Catholics who are never ashamed or afraid to do what is right, no matter what others may say or think. But, unfortunately, there are also the weak, spineless Catholics, who fear to offend

the susceptibilities of their non Catholic friends, and fall in a duty rather than be thought odd. They are the ones who are continually giving bad example to their non-Catholic neighbors. They yield to customs and practices that are anything but Catholic because they obtain them among non-Catholics. They adapt themselves to their environment by giving up all that their Catholic ancestors suffered for. Did they but know it their non Catholic friends would despise them for their lack of moral courage. There is nothing so despicable as cowardice, and the Catholic who fears to profess his religion and live up to its requirements is rightly regarded by all as a coward.

It is sometimes charitably supposed that ignorance is responsible for that most pitiable creature, the non-practical Catholic. Undoubtedly ignorance is often an excuse that may be pleaded in excuse. Lack of moral courage is responsible for much of the disregard of the laws of the Church. The courageous person is always admirer, though we may not always hold the same opinion, but the coward who fails in his duty out of human respect is looked down upon by all.—Omaha True Voice.

**FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.**

First Sunday after Epiphany.

JESUS TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE.

And not finding Him, they returned into Jerusalem, seeking Him.

The Gospel of to-day tells us, my brethren, how our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph lost Jesus on their way home from Jerusalem, where they had gone with Him to keep the feast of the pasch, and how in great distress they returned to the city in search of Him. What fears and anxieties must have filled their minds as they thought of the many enemies which He had among the rulers of the people, jealous of His promised kingdom, and of the harm which they would try to do Him if they recognized Him for the child whom Herod had sought to destroy! And how perplexed Mary and Joseph must have been that He who had hitherto saved himself by their protection should at this tender age abandon them and remove himself from their care! Had they not shown enough love and care for Him? Had they proved themselves unworthy of Him? Surely it could not be His purpose so young to begin His great work. Would He not at least have told them if such had been His plan?

No, our Lord did not propose to begin His mission then, for, though He was indeed God, He was also born a child, and that mission was not a child's. But He did wish to show them that His great work even then filled His heart and soul, that the fire of love for us, which brought Him to the cross, was consuming Him even in childhood.

"Did you not even," He said to them when they found Him, "that I murmur about My Father's business?" "How is it that you sought Me?" "You might have known," He seems to say, "that, if I were not with you, you must be in the temple speaking to My people of My Father's business."

He also wished to give them an opportunity of merit by showing the love of God which filled their souls too. For their grief was not the common grief of parents who have lost a child, great as that trouble is. It was the loss of the Divine Presence which affected them beyond measure. God had been with them for all those years as never with anyone else, and now he had left them; they could not tell why or for how long. They would not have spared Him for an hour, even to their kinsfolk and friends, with whom they thought He was, except for charity; and now He had left them, perhaps for the rest of their lives, which were worth nothing without Him.

Would that we loved God, my brethren, as they loved Him; that He were the light and consolation of our lives, as He was of theirs! Let us think of this as we reflect on that search for and anguish in that weary search for His visible presence of Him whose grace was after all, always in their souls. How is it with us? Would we care for this presence which they so bitterly missed? Would it not, perhaps, even be a painful restraint? Do we care, as it is, to be near Jesus? Is His presence in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar a consolation to us? We reverse that real Presence of our Lord, but do we love it? If so, why do we not seek it more?

Do we even care for His presence by grace in our souls, which they always had in its fullness, and never dimmed by the shadow of sin? To lose that, had it been possible, would have been a thousand deaths to them; what is it to us? How easily do we lose that grace; how little do we care to regain it!

O! let us at least imitate our Blessed Mother and her Holy Spouse as far as this. If we do not love to be with Jesus as they did, let us at least seek to have Him with us by His grace. If we have lost Him, let us seek Him, and not be weary till we find Him; let us not rest till He comes again to our souls, never to leave them again.

Men, it would seem, are holding strange revelry with Justice those times. It is a central sentiment in almost every public utterance, yet it is the man who endeavors to be just who receives the severest condemnation.

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**THE HOLY NAME.**

On Sunday, January 14, will be celebrated in all the churches of the world the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. At that name, the Scripture tells us, every knee shall bend, in heaven, on earth, and in hell. And history will prove that by the omnipotent name of Jesus the Heavenly Father is glorified unto the uttermost parts of the universe. Long before the appearance of man upon the earth, the power of the name of Jesus had been tested in heaven. Spiritual angels, brilliant in intellect, and mighty in invisible strength, had rebelled and refused to submit to the majesty of the Holy Name of Jesus. The heavens trembled with the battle of conflicting spirits until, at the will of the Almighty, the rebel host were banished forever from the halls of paradise. And the name of Jesus was glorified in heaven before the Cherubim and Seraphim.

It was the name of Jesus, also, that induced the Blessed Virgin to become the mother of God, and the co-redeemer of the world. Without her consent the redemption of man would not have been possible, nor could the Almighty have sufficed to wash away the sins of man had not Mary consented to be the mother of Jesus. At the mention of that name, however, when the angel Gabriel had assured her that it was by the power of the Holy Ghost that she should conceive and bring forth Him who was to be called Emmanuel, Mary bowed her head and said: "Be it done unto me according to thy word."

It was the name of Jesus, also, that wrought the prodigies in the Holy Land and the streets of Jerusalem to the hidden recesses of Galilee. By the power of that name the infirm were restored to health, sight was showered upon the blind, hearing restored to the deaf, soundness to the lame, and the dead were given back to life again. "And if, I be lifted up, will draw all things to Myself." So on the day of the crucifixion all Jerusalem was attracted to Calvary. The Roman Governor, the chief priests, the Scribes and Pharisees, the Jewish populace, the stranger in the Holy City, were witnesses that Christ was to be lifted up in order to draw all things to Himself. And first were drawn the powers of physical nature. The sun obscured its light to signify that with His death Jesus had taken away the light of the world. The earth trembled to make manifest that the Creator and Conservator had removed the order and harmony from the universe. The rocks were rent and the devils were let loose upon the earth to prove that virtue and justice had departed with the dying God. The dead appeared so many to assure them that happiness had been snatched from heaven and buried in the tomb with the crucified Jesus. And on Easter morning even before the rise of the sun the stone was rolled away from the sepulchre and Jesus appeared radiant in the fullness of His divinity to bring back to earth and heaven the peace and glory that had disappeared with Him.

It was the name of Jesus that converted the twelve poor fishermen into Apostles ready to lay down their lives for the spread of His doctrine. East and West and North and South they made their way and overturned the huts of the poor and the palaces of kings. The name of Jesus appeared to Constantine and great empires were won away from their ancestral traditions and converted and made strong in Christianity. New kingdoms arose upon the ruins of barbarism; and to every one the name of Jesus gave power and civilization. And the streets and hills over which Jesus was dragged and put to death have in the succeeding centuries been worn away by the knees of the millions of pilgrims who have made the ground fertile with their kisses.

To-day, as it is in that sacred name of Jesus that the world lives and has its being, and in which the hopes for the perpetuity of civilization and righteousness are made confident. Grave errors are spread over the earth; the evil spirits are abroad in the darkness, men are crying out in anguish at the signs of the times. Perhaps a great storm is gathering to break forth upon the human race. The thunder, certainly, have been heard very near; and the lightning flashes have already destroyed much that was holy and noble. But there is no fear for the church. She is the Ark of the Firmament, built by the Carpenter's Son, and against her wind and the waves shall not prevail. The name of Jesus is the powerful magnet that is drawing and keeping men in the church, and the societies instituted and called by that name are a most potent factor for the safety and preservation of Faith. Thus while darkness settles the light of the Holy Name of Jesus is still shining and guiding His church, and is honored everywhere, in heaven, on earth, and in hell.—Providence Visitor.

**TO PREACH TO PROTESTANTS.**

At the lectures given in the Apostolic Mission House which the Paulists have founded near the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., to train priests for non Catholic mission work twenty-six students, already ordained, are now in attendance. "It will not take many years," says Father Doyle, "before we shall have two or three hundred of those well-trained missionaries sent among the non Catholic people of this country, telling them what the Catholic church teaches and persuading them that their highest spiritual interests are dependent on her saving grace."

But what can even 300 missionaries accomplish towards the conversion of 60,000,000 people? Will not multitudes of these die before they have the true gospel preached to them? Does it not lie on us all to take part in this crusade of grace by means of prayer, good example, of contribution to the expenses of the missions, of some plain books scattered far and wide, and of personal interest in the conversion of some of our neighbors?—Catholic Union and Times.

Friends are rare, for the good reason that men are not common.—Abbe Roux



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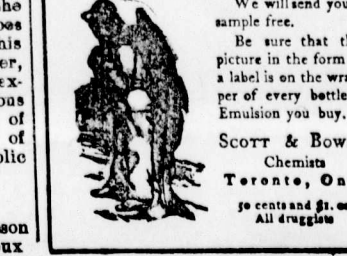
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Friends are rare, for the good reason that men are not common.—Abbe Roux

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**CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.**

As to "Throwing up the job."

Some boys and young men will deserve the title "quitters." When they leave school and go to work they meet with many unpleasant experiences, and instead of sticking right to their work and overcoming the obstacles which present themselves, they grow weak and disheartened, and "throw up their job," as the saying is.

"Throwing up their job" is a great habit with some people. They seem to have no backbone, no "stick-to-it-iveness." Or they are so hot headed, so impetuous, so sensitive, that they can not bear a rebuke from one in authority, but, on receiving it, at once answer back, hotly and hastily, and "throw up their jobs." It is not difficult to find boys and young men who have a long record of jobs which they have held for a while and then left because of some petty trouble. They are "quitters," and, in a sense, failures. Every time they resign a position they weaken their calibre. Each resignation makes it more difficult for them to hold the next job they get. By and-by they have no strength of character left, and nobody wants them no matter how cheaply they offer their services.

Of course there are times when to other course is open to a young man of character and spirit than immediate resignation. But these cases are few, and, generally speaking, it is better for a young man to resist the temptation which comes so often when things go wrong, to get mad and resign.

We saw something from the U. S. General Wynne on this subject the other day which we think good enough to merit the attention of every youthful worker whether in office or factory. Mr. Wynne said he had a set of rules for resigning.

"I framed them up years ago," said he, "when I was in the newspaper business, and I have used them ever since. I have resigned often since then, always in the way prescribed by these rules. Perhaps they will be of service to you. Here they are:

"Rule 1. After receiving the last straw don't do anything for two hours. Above all, don't write anything.

"Rule 2. At the expiration of two hours, write your resignation and make it as hot as you can. Believe your feelings and say everything you have been penning up in your breast. Scorch the scoundrel.

"Rule 3. Then go home.

"Rule 4. The next morning, immediately upon arising, read over your resignation and tear it up.

"Rule 5. Go to work at the usual hour.

"Take a copy of them," concluded Mr. Wynne, "and you will find that they are absolutely essential to any man who expects to resign frequently and still continue to rise in the world."

We think our Catholic boys and young men whose parents have worked hard for them, should take this set of rules to heart, and should try to keep on working when tempted to grow disgusted with their positions. Life is not all sunshine; everybody has to endure rebuffs and corrections, and these are few employers who have the time or the inclination to let their employees know how they appreciate them. Nevertheless it is the employee's business to keep on working, conscious that before God he is doing the duty of his state of life, and confident that even in a worldly way he is strengthening himself by holding his temper in subjection.

If you want to resign your place do it in the way suggested by Mr. Wynne. This is an excellent way to "throw up your job." It will ease your mind and insure you steady work.—Sacred Heart Review.

tracted a great deal of attention. Mr. Matthews was not a Catholic, and although having the example of a good, pious wife before him for twenty years, he could never be persuaded to look into the doctrines of the Catholic church, even for his own gratification, and only accompanied his wife to church occasionally "for the look of the thing," as he himself said.

To-day the solemnity of the scene, the venerable priest, the marble altar decked with flowers, the red robed acolytes, the whole sanctuary lit up by the beautiful stained glass windows all around impressed him as it had never done before, and he was still pondering over the closing words of the prelate on the way down the avenue.

"Do you believe what you have just heard, Annette?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes, Herbert, and to prove what I say, I would willingly sacrifice Bert for your conversion, dear."

"Sacrifice our only child? Do you mean that, Annette?"

"I do," was the simple answer.

"Do let me go, mother; I'm sixteen and fully able to take care of myself, and anyhow Jack will look after me. Just think what fun it'll be. Three weeks of camp life on that dandy little lake! Just to think of it makes me feel like hollering."

"I know it would be fun, Bert, but there are many dangers which you never having been camping, know nothing about. The lakes although beautiful are treacherous and you don't know what might you might be visited by some strange animal."

"That's just like mothers, imagining all sorts of dangers. Ten boys together ought to be able to take care of each other. I'll promise I won't go on the lake alone, won't stay out after dark, will write to you every day, tell you what kind of messes we fellows have been able to concoct, and—oh! everything if you'll only let me go, mother dear."

"Well, we'll see what dad says about it."

"You dear old motherkins," cried the boy, hugging her frantically. For he knew well that the fight was won when it was left for "dad."

The above conversation took place about two weeks after the foregoing emphatic words of the preacher, and resulted in Bert's joining his friends for their outing in the Adirondacks.

Just two weeks from the day he left the only child of these idealizing parents was brought home very ill with typhoid fever, contracted by drinking water from a mountain brook which did not run very freely. God only knows the grief that stricken mother during all those weeks while her darling lay so sick upstairs. But she was a true Christian, and suffered the cross sent her with true Christian fortitude. The first night the boy was home her husband asked:

"Do you remember what you said coming home from church a few months ago?"

"Yes, dear," was the reply, and there the conversation dropped.

The disease was a treacherous one and had to run its course, the doctor said. It was during one of these weeks of waiting that Father D—, an old friend of the family, was surprised one day to have Mr. Matthews visit him and request to be instructed in the religion of his wife and son, "not that I promise to become a Catholic, but just that something prompted me to come to you to-day and ask you that question."

That his request was willingly complied with is needless to say. Regularly after this on certain days of the week you could find Mr. Matthews in deep discussion with his instructor over the mysteries of our holy religion.

One day during one of these visits Mr. Matthews received a message from his office summoning his home immediately, as his son was worse. He left at once, boarded a train, told the conductor at what station to let him off, and then became oblivious to all his surroundings—deep in thought. When he arrived at home his wife met him in their sumptuously furnished library. The crisis in the disease was reached. Would Bert live or die was now the grave question, and she thought he should be notified at once.

"Annette, do you remember the words of the preacher, 'Faith is the greatest of God's gifts and no sacrifice is too great to obtain it,' and what you promised on the way down the avenue?"

"Yes, dear, very distinctly."

"And do you still promise it?"

"I most certainly do."

"God has evidently been pleased with your sacrifice, Annette, for I believe most firmly."

"Oh, my God, I thank Thee! No one will ever know how glad I am, Herbert dear!"

"Come, then, let us pray together that since God has tried you, and you have not been found wanting, He may still see best to spare us our Bert."

After six hours of weary watching and praying a change came for the best. The boy was saved.—L. A. D. in the Rosary.

**MUST I PROFESS THE TRUE RELIGION**

By Rev. B. J. Olen, S. J.

In the preceding lectures it has been tacitly assumed that there rests upon every human being the obligation of proferring some sort of religion. That such an assumption is perfectly legitimate follows necessarily from the fact of creation. Man, as a creature, depends wholly upon God, his Creator, and right reason demands that he should make due acknowledgment of this dependence. Such an acknowledgment, however, can make only when he freely subjects his intellect and will to the sovereign authority of God, and in consequence of this subjection, brings his life into harmony with God's law. Now, this free submission to God, which finds practical expression in a life of virtue and worship, is the very essence of religion. Hence the physical necessity which demands that he should make due acknowledgment of this dependence upon God, which obliges him to make religion an essential part of his life.

This matter is so evident that it cannot be called in question by anyone who admits the fact of creation. In practice men often neglect all religious observances, even as they ignore their God and Creator, but the moment reason is brought to bear upon such lives, they stand revealed as so many moral monstrosities, begotten of ignorance and passion. As man comes from God, so must he tend to God, and the obligation which binds him to proceed in his Godward journey is the way of religion.

Furthermore, as the fact of creation makes the practice of religion a moral necessity, so, too, is it the ultimate reason whence flows man's obligation to profess a particular form of religion. God, as Creator, has a right, not only to demand worship, but to determine the kind and form of that worship. (His is the true, and His must be the fruit thereof.) God's dominion over man is absolute, extending itself not only to man's being, but to his actions as well. Consequently, if He chooses to be worshipped in any particular manner it is not for man to demur, but to render a prompt obedience, even though he might, for reasons of his own, be more strongly attracted to other forms of divine worship.

Now, in a previous lecture it has been shown to evidence, that God has proposed to the world, a definite form of religion. He has manifested through His own Son what man must believe and what they must do. "Teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," was Christ's mission to His Apostles. So solemn did He make the obligation of receiving said teaching that He threatened eternal damnation to every one who should turn a deaf ear to the doctrine thus proposed. Nor did He leave room for any exception, whereby men might consider themselves exempt from said obligation. He clearly foresaw all the difficulties that might bar men's way to the true religion, yet these difficulties He set entirely aside. "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." Whoso, in matters of religion, is influenced by temporal considerations, even though they be of so sacred a character as is the love of father and mother, can have no part with Christ—cannot belong to the household of God. Conversion to the faith may involve financial ruin, loss of social prestige, yes the sacrifice of life itself, yet it matters not; the moment a person recognizes the true religion, his course lies clearly before him—he must leave all and follow Christ. In this matter Christ knows no compromise. "If thy right eye scandalize thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee." This is a direction that applies no less to those who are converts than to those who are born in the faith, and on occasions to sin. By making a man "guilty of hell fire."

The obligation, therefore, of embracing the true religion is absolute—it is identical with the obligation of obeying God rather than man.

Again, as it has been demonstrated in the last lecture that the one true religion, established by Christ, is found in the Catholic Church alone, it necessarily follows that all are in duty bound to profess the Catholic religion. This is an unavoidable conclusion of the foregoing discussion. We may look at the matter from what viewpoint we please, we can never get rid of the fact that the Catholic Church alone correspond to the portrait which the God-Man has left us of His own Church as recorded in the Gospel. She alone has that unity of faith and oneness of doctrine which Christ Himself has made the proof of His own divine mission. Hence if there rests upon all the true faith, they must needs, in order to comply with that obligation, become members of the Catholic Church.

Of course, it will be objected, that this is all more or less theoretical. Taking men as they are, it is safe to say that the majority of them never advert to the claims of the one true religion, and so the obligation of embracing it is practically non-existent. There is some truth in this objection, yet it fails of its purpose. The principle reason why people do not advert to the claims of the one true religion is their culpable indifference to these claims. They are so immersed in the things of sense that they have lost sight of the super-sensible and the supernatural. Against their better judgment they busy themselves exclusively with temporal interests and in the order of their minds they are "of the earth, earthy." The light of faith is withheld from their minds because they refuse to follow the light of reason. In many cases this may be, indeed, owing to the unconscious influence of early prejudices, but in many more it has its final explanation in that religious indifference of which the world to-day is sick unto death; and this indifference does not cancel men's responsibility. In their own hearts men know well enough that they must "seek first the kingdom of heaven and its justice; and they know well enough that the God of truth cannot be indifferent to the religious beliefs and practices of His own creatures.

Hence if they do not advert to the claims of the true religion, that want of advertence must to a large measure be laid at their own door.

That it is chiefly indifference which keeps men from finding and embracing the true faith may perhaps be more clearly inferred from a few practical considerations. It may be that for one reason or another a person has not yet advanced farthly in his religious views than simply to admit the existence of a personal God, to Whom he is accountable; yet if he take a reasonable interest in the matter of religion he will not long remain in this vague and undefined mental condition. There is always present in his heart a secret longing to know more about God, and this longing soon gives rise to the thought that God may have manifested Himself more fully and clearly than is possible through the creature of His hands. He begins to suspect that special revelation may have taken place, which brings man near to his God. This suspicion gains in force when he considers that vast multitudes of the world's wisest and best men positively affirm and defend such a revelation, and are ready at any moment to seal their faith with their hearts' best blood. And that not only men of the present day, but men belonging to every age, reacting back as far as history can unseal the distant past. Here Reason stops in and points to the fact that God does not reveal Himself to mankind without implying the positive command that all endeavor, to the best of their power, to attain to a full knowledge of that revelation. If at this juncture he be sincere and earnest in his search after truth he will humbly seek instruction from books and people who are qualified to solve the doubts that have arisen in his mind. As a result of this inquiry he will sooner or later become convinced of the truth, and through God's grace will join the Church out of which there is no salvation. On the other hand if he be indifferent, he will, like Pilate of old, ask flippantly: "What is truth?" and then go his way without waiting for an answer; and the last state of that man will be worse than the first, because, like his prototype, he will in the end condemn the just one without a hearing.

Similarly if the person in question were indeed a believing Christian, yet belonged to one of the numerous sects, which took their rise in the sixteenth century or later, he would if earnestly solicitous about the truth, become in course of time a member of the one true Church. It may be that for some time he is in perfectly good faith about the truth of his religion, but if he considers the matter lightly, or if he later doubts will carefully, sooner or later doubts will arise in his mind. The very fact that his religion can be no manner of explanation be traced back to the time of Christ, is alone reason enough to condemn it as an innovation. Then if he considers the person who started it, and reflects how little they had in common with the Apostles, whom Christ commissioned to preach the Gospel to every creature, his migrating only gather additional force. Finally when he realizes, as he certainly will, that there are scores of his own denomination who believe precisely the same points of doctrine, in spite of the evident fact that truth is one and cannot be at variance with itself, he must, and with the grace of God will, recognize it as his solemn duty to inquire seriously, whether his religion is the true one; or whether perhaps the one true religion is not more likely to be found in the Church where all are united in faith, even as were the Apostles, when the Pentecostal fires were showered down upon the earth. Once arrived at this state of mind, he is bound in conscience to seek further enlightenment. If he is sincerely desirous of learning the truth, as he needs must be, he will consult those whose position enables them to point the way to the true Church; he will have recourse to fervent prayer for light, and in the end, he will return to the fold from which his forefathers strayed in an evil hour. On the other hand if he be indifferent about the matter he will endeavor to quiet his conscience by maintaining that "one religion is about as good as another," that "it matters not what a man believes, provided he be a good man after his own fashion"; and so he will shut out the light of truth, until on the great day of universal revelation it will finally break in upon him in all its terrible brightness, but only to show him the magnitude of the guilt which he incurred when he hardened his heart against the voice of God.

The theory, therefore, that the obligation of embracing the true religion, which is so clear in the abstract, finds but little application in the concrete, is wholly without foundation. It can, indeed, not be denied that many non-Catholics are in good faith about the truth of their own religion; but neither can it be denied that there are many more with whom that true faith is impossible. There are still men and women whom deep-rooted prejudices, resulting from nearly four centuries of the grossest calumnies against the true Church, have so effectually blinded to the light of truth, that they are not responsible before God; yet the number of such persons is daily diminishing; prejudice is fast making room for in difference, and out of their own mouth. It is the obligation to embrace the true religion, therefore, is involved a second duty, namely, to safeguard the true faith when once found. This duty is of equal importance with the first, and of its very nature extends itself also to such as have always professed the true religion. The person who exposes himself to the danger of a losing his God given faith is guilty of a most grievous sin. Hence the reading of irreligious and heretical books; frequent and intimate association with persons of professedly heretodox views, and more than all, unnecessary presence at false religious practices, though not with a view of participating in the same, must be



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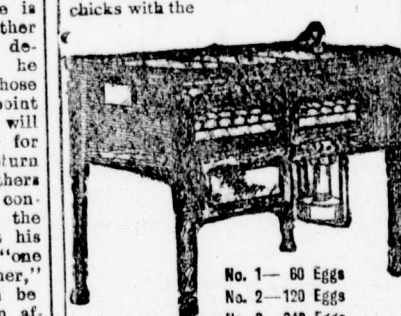
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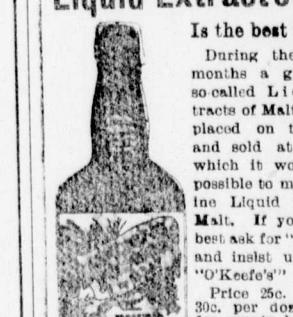
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**An Echo of Newman.**

"During his visit in Sicily," writes the Round correspondent of the London Tablet, "the Archbishop of Westminster took part in the rejoicings at Palermo for the silver jubilee of St. Gennaro. He made a pilgrimage also to Castrogiovanni, 'unibillions Siciliens,' which will be less interesting to English Catholics than its antiquity and its origin dates back to pre-historic times), than from its connection with Newman. In 1833 John Henry Newman arrived in Castrogiovanni on the back of a Sicilian mule. Almost immediately after he was stricken with a severe fever through which he was nursed by his faithful Neapolitan servant Gennaro. 'Perhaps the most striking episode in his whole stay there,' says Sladon, 'was while he was recovering from the fever, when he put his head under the clothes to escape the church bells, and the people regarded the heretic, who afterwards became a Cardinal of their own Church, as a devil tormented by the sounds of Christian worship.'

**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.**

**THE GIFT OF FAITH.**

"Faith is one of the greatest of God's gifts, and no sacrifice is too great to obtain it." Such were the words uttered by a stately, white haired priest from the pulpit in the grand old Cathedral in N—, which so deeply impressed themselves upon many of the congregation. It was last Mass, "the fashionable Mass," somebody had named it, due to the fact that so many of the aristocracy of the large city were represented at it, and as this well-dressed crowd passed slowly down the aisle one could easily see by the thoughtful look on many of their faces that those last words of the preacher had called forth more than a passing thought from them. Noticeable among these was a very handsome gentleman, who supported a lady on his arm, whose perfect although serious features at-



