

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXX.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1 1908

1528

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THE GENTLE ART OF "KNOCKING."

In the course of a long communication addressed to this office a writer thumps over oft repeated commonplaces ancient Catholic writers and journals. His is a melancholy story inspired mayhap by biliousness. We dare not to suggest a remedy, for men of this type avoid anything that might conduce to a healthy mind. They seem to be content to see things, which are not visible to others and to harp endlessly and monotonously on our shortcomings. Why, they ask, are books by Catholics so expensive. It is a pity that their craving for light and truth cannot be satisfied for nothing. But this grievance is due to either misinformation or ignorance. It is merely a "bluff," because the average book from the Catholic press is not a whit more expensive than the output of its secular competitor.

That Catholic writers are far inferior to others is a debatable question. They do not concoct smelly messes yolept problem novels, but some of them can and do write stories which leave no stain on the mind, and as interesting withal as any of their belated rivals. So let us be honest. Fiction, by the Catholic, is not at an exorbitant price. The Catholic Truth Societies' books cannot tax the resources of the most modest purse. Let us forswear jaundiced remarks and give to Catholics, if not the support that represents money, at least that which connotes sympathy with its aims and ambitions.

LEST WE FORGET.

It is to our mind not an inopportune time to reiterate that our politicians are not necessarily representative Catholics. When we speak of a Catholic we have in view one who obeys the Church, and manifests in his life the love and truth he claims to possess. A few honied words before an election should not make us a whetstone for the political razor. We should rather give our support to the non-Catholic of integrity than to the Catholic who is deficient in character. From the man who values the plaudits of his conscience more than the applause of the crowd, who is chary of promises and averse to questionable methods, we can get far more efficient service than from the gentleman whose policy is that of expediency, who does not promise as prodigally as John D. does not dollars to his Baptist University, and whose devices are frowned upon by the Church. If politicians must carry our banners their hands should be clean, their honor untarnished, their devotion to the Church above suspicion. If we cannot trust our wives and daughters to them, we must assuredly deny them any prominent part in the safeguarding of our interests.

We are not essaying the roll of amateur reformer, who is a nuisance, and whose efforts are futile to the verge of pathos. We merely point out that as we are not few in numbers and not unendowed with common-sense we should be an insuperable obstacle to the political progress of the gentlemen who are Catholics on occasion.

WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Deprecating the notion that the Church of England began with Henry VIII, the Bishop of London says that the Bishops of London have sat in Fulham Palace, without a break, for thirteen hundred years. But he forgets to add that between the bishops of pre-Reformation days and those of the English Church of the present day, there is no connection except that they occupy the same soil. The office of the Bishop of London is not the same as it was before Henry VIII. There is no link, either historical or organic, between them. He is not the successor of the pre-Reformation Bishop of London because he has not the same office and because his religious tenets are entirely and essentially different. Before Henry VIII, the English prelates obeyed the Pope "as their venerated Father whom the whole Catholic world has recognized as worthy of all love, while confiding to him the government of Christ's Church."

That the Headship of the Pope was admitted is beyond the pale of doubt.

AN AUTHORITY.

Professor Matland shows, in his History of English Law, that the whole legal procedure in pre-Reformation

times was marked by "stark papalism."

In History of Edward III, by J. Baker, p. 129, we find the following excerpt from a letter written by Edward to the Pope:

"If any evil suggestion to the contrary (his obedience) come to the ears of your Holiness, let it not be believed all the son who is concerned be heard before the Tribunal of your Holiness presiding over every creature which to deny is heresy."

Is this the belief of the Bishop of London of to-day? Does he echo the professions of loyalty to the Pope that fell from the lips of the prelates who sat in Fulham Palace before Henry VIII. His jurisdiction comes from the State: that of the pre-Reformation bishops from the Roman See. But what possible connection is there between a Bishop who, holding to the Thirty Nine Articles, believes that the Mass is a blasphemous and dangerous deceit, in two sacraments, etc., and the Catholic prelates who lived in the days when the English Church was free and not trammelled by the civil power.

But the Bishop of London is optimistic as to the future. To him it is unshaken by any shadow of evil portent, though others as spiritual-minded, if not as sanguine as he is, get small comfort out of the wrangling and dissension among the adherents of the modern Church of England, the little attention given to episcopal mandates, and the drift to Rome.

To the Bishop's declaration that "we stand for freedom of thought, freedom for study," we may say that his communion has stood for many things, and has, in a word, viewed with complacency incompatible opinions and teachings within its pale. That we do not exaggerate the case may be seen from the following words of Rev. Dr. Lee, written when he was Vicar of Lambeth: "For it is not perfectly true—would it were not!—that members of the Church of England—that is, all English men—may believe what they please and deny what they please? The Holy Scriptures may be inspired, or they may not. Baptism may convey grace, or it may not. The Eucharist may be regarded as a true sacrifice, or no sacrifice at all. The eternal punishment of the wicked may be accepted or rejected. The Apostolic Succession and the priesthood may be either fundamental doctrines or medieval superstitions."

A MATTER OF HISTORY.

The Bishop of London speaks of a great Bishop leading the barons of England, and presenting the Magna Charta to King John. And this king was forced by Innocent III. to do penance and to make good all damages he had done to the Church. More, on May 15, 1213, he knelt before the Legate Pandolph, at Dover, and surrendered his dominions into the hands of Innocent and received them back, promising to give allegiance to the Roman Pontiff and his successors.

The "great Bishop" Langton says that he made King John swear that he would do away with unjust laws and would recall good laws such as those of King Edward. It went hard with this imperious and ambitious ruler to submit, but the fact that he did is proof enough that an English King did not at that time dare to incur the anathema of the Holy Father, and that England was intensely Catholic. It is a far cry from King John to Queen Elizabeth, who told the Bishop of Ely that he was her delegate. "Proud prelate," she says, "I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement, but I would have you know that I who made you what you are, can unmake you, and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by God I will immediately unroof you." Even Mr. Proude admits that the Queen desires to dress up her Bishops as counterfeits of the Catholic hierarchy; and half in reverence, half in contempt, compel them to assume the name and character of a priesthood which both she and they know in their hearts to be an illusion and a dream.

THE SUCCESSOR.

The Bishop of London refers to the gift of a pulpit made from stones of Canterbury Cathedral, the shrine of St. Augustine. The Archbishopric of Canterbury is no longer the See of St. Augustine's successor. Canterbury Cathedral no longer bears witness to the faith that was treasured by so many generations before Henry VIII; it no longer teaches that the Pope is the Teacher and Guardian of sound doctrine, and with the Church of Rome on account of her more perfect headship, it is necessary that every Church,

that is, the faithful everywhere disparted, should agree. Our wish is that the non-Catholic may be enabled to see that St. Augustine's successor is not at Canterbury but in substance at Westminster in the person of the present Catholic Primate of England.

CATHOLIC TAXES FOR ROMAN CATHOLIC SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

For the benefit of Separate school trustees and supporters we give the result of an arbitration made by His Honor Judge Snider, in the city of Hamilton, concerning the errors made by certain officials in the employ of the City Council.

All city officials are paid by Catholics the same as by other citizens and we assume that the Hamilton officials are a fair sample of the officials in other parts of the Province and it is certain that every Separate School Board in Ontario should at once look into the finances and make sure that the taxes of all Catholic ratepayers are really secured for the benefit of the Separate schools to which they belong.

The arbitration was brought about as follows:

The friends and supporters of the Roman Catholic Separate schools in the city of Hamilton having experienced great difficulty in the collection of their rates and taxes in the past and it might be said that this difficulty has been in existence with reference to Separate schools ever since the Separate school laws in this province, the Separate school laws were favored with Separate school laws in this province, the Separate school laws or in the working of the machinery therein supplied for the collection of Separate schools, but the difficulty arose through the carelessness, errors of judgment or intentional errors on the part of the officials in the employ of the city of Hamilton who had in charge the task of collecting and appropriating the moneys which were levied and rated upon the Separate school supporters for the purpose of maintaining their schools.

Very many years ago it was contended by the late city solicitor and also by the late city clerk that unless a notice in writing was given by a Separate school supporter to the effect that he was a Roman Catholic and wished to support Separate schools he would be placed as a Public school supporter. This was even carried to such an extent that if the Separate school supporter who had already given notice in one block in the city when he was assessed in one year and should at the next year be living in the next block when the assessment was being made he would be placed as a Public school supporter. The present matter was referred to the assessor (who in many instances had been the assessor for many years and knew the rate payer well) being that he was not the same person who was assessed in the previous year. If, however, he saw fit to put down the Roman Catholic as a supporter of Separate schools and such notice was not available in the city clerk's office the city clerk took upon himself the duty of changing the assessment rolls and placing him as a supporter of Public schools. The Separate school supporters were obliged to strike an extra rate in order to maintain their schools and this was caused principally by reason of the school tax not going to the proper school boards for reasons herein before in part set forth.

The Hamilton Separate School Board being of opinion that their taxes were not all coming to them as a Public school supporter. The present matter was made by the city assessors, to go through the assessment rolls at great expense to themselves and find out, as they did, the numerous errors that were contained in the rolls, their only object in view was to obtain what justly belonged to them. Having ascertained the great number of mistakes and alterations hereinbefore referred to the Separate School Board went to the expense of obtaining new notices from the Separate school supporters and deposited them with the city clerk. This state of affairs continued for many years until the year 1907 when the Separate School Board seeing that were constantly losing money by the old method of affairs determined to investigate matters and they placed the matter of their school affairs and assessment and taxes in the hands of their solicitor, Mr. M. J. O'Reilly, K. C., who at once took matters up with the Mayor of Hamilton. The matters in dispute were referred by the Mayor to the city clerk and by the city clerk to the Finance Committee of the city of Hamilton, and by the Finance Committee referred to the City Council and by the City Council they were referred to the Judge of the County Court who arbitrated thereon and finally handed out his reward, a synopsis of which is here under written.

Under the judgment the Separate schools of Hamilton receive from the city almost \$5,000, of which they had been unjustly deprived. What is of much more importance, however, is that the law is once and for all clearly defined in the matter, as will be seen from the following synopsis:

SEPARATE SCHOOL TAXES.

In the recent arbitration between the Board of Trustees of the Roman Catholic Separate schools for the City

of Hamilton and the Municipal Corporation of the City of Hamilton the errors in assessing Roman Catholic Separate school supporters and in collecting the taxes therefrom were clearly shown and the law with reference to Roman Catholic Separate schools has been clearly and distinctly defined.

Under the Separate School Act, being R. S. O., Chapter 24, Section 43, it is provided that an index book shall be kept for the purpose of entering the names of Separate School Supporters. By Section 49 of the Separate School Act it is also provided as follows:

"The Assessor shall accept the statement of, or made on behalf of the rate payer by his authority, and not otherwise, that he is a Roman Catholic, as sufficient prima facie evidence for placing such person in the proper column of the Assessment Roll as a Separate school supporter, or if the Assessor knows personally any rate payer to be a Roman Catholic this shall also be sufficient for placing him in such last mentioned column."

By reason of the latter section it is clear that a Roman Catholic known to be such to the Assessor must be placed on the Assessment Roll as a Separate school supporter unless the Assessor give reasons to the contrary, and the contention is borne out and fortified by the Assessment Act of 1904, being 4, Edward 7, 1904, page 101, Section 27 of said act provides as follows:

"That where the entry in the index book kept under the Separate School Act does not show a rate payer to be a supporter of Separate schools the Assessor shall accept the statement of the rate payer or a statement made on his behalf, and by his authority and not otherwise, that he is a Roman Catholic as sufficient prima facie evidence for placing such person in the proper column of the Assessment Roll for Separate school supporters, or if the Assessor knows personally any rate payer to be a Roman Catholic this shall also be sufficient for placing him in such last mentioned column."

It is quite clear, therefore, that it would not be necessary that a notice should be given in order to entitle a rate payer to have his taxes go in support of Separate schools if he so desires them, and this was held by Chancellor Boyd and Mr. Justice Robertson in the case reported in 18 Ontario reports, at page 606, entitled "In the matter of Roman Catholic Separate schools." In that case several questions were referred to the High Court Judges above mentioned, and arguments thereon were made by Sir Charles Moss, now Chief Justice for the Court of Appeal for Ontario, and Dr. O'Sullivan, and the decision was handed out on the 23rd of December, 1899, upholding the contention stated above.

In the judgment delivered by Colin G. Snider, Esq., Senior County Judge of the County of Wentworth, to whom the present matter was referred, he finds "that a number of these incorrect assessments were caused partly by some of the assessors not searching the index book of these rates with sufficient care, partly to carelessness in comparing the assessment rolls with the assessor's field notes from which the rolls are made, and partly to the fact that the instructions given by the assessment commissioner to the assessors, was not in accordance with the law."

No Roman Catholic has been assessed as a supporter of Separate schools unless he had given notice in writing and that notice entered in the index book. No attention was paid to his request to be so assessed made to the assessor when making the assessment. If a man who had not given a notice in writing, by chance was, on request, put down by the assessor as a Separate school supporter the city clerk in making up the collector's roll made a practice of striking him off the Separate school list and putting him down as a Public school supporter. This course is not according to the Statute and the notices should be taken only as a guide and a verbal request of the rate-payer should be acted upon as well as the written notice.

The city clerk in all cases where the religion of a rate payer was given as a Roman Catholic in the assessment roll but who was not marked as a supporter either of the Separate or Public school puts every such rate payer down as a Public school supporter. The Separate School Act and the Assessment Act quite clearly make it the assessor's duty in every case where he has no special instructions as to which school to put down to accept the fact that a rate payer is a Roman Catholic as prima facie evidence that he is a Separate school supporter and it is his duty to put each such person in the Separate school list. If the assessor puts down no school but the letters "R. C." only, in my opinion the city clerk's duty is to act as the Assessor ought to have done but failed to do, that is, in the absence of instructions to the contrary, put each such person down in the Separate school tax column. There are a good many of such cases on the rolls."

It may be well said that the law is now settled on this point, and the fact of a rate payer being a Roman Catholic is sufficient without any other notice to be placed as a Separate school supporter. The duty is now cast upon, as it always has been, the assessor to show why such rate payer should not be placed as a Separate school supporter. Some instances have occurred where Roman Catholics were placed on the Assessment Roll as Protestants and supporters of Public schools, although they had originally sent in notices and stated their desire to be assessed as

Separate school supporters. Instances of this nature should be few, but it is one point which must be watched closely. For instance, cases have been shown where in the assessment roll the rate payer has been properly entered and recorded as a Roman Catholic Separate school supporter, but in the office of the clerk of the municipality in transcribing the name from the assessment roll to the collector's roll the change has been made and that rate payer has been put down as a Public school supporter. This also must be watched, but cases of this nature will be few now that the system of assessing Separate school supporters has been changed, and put on a proper footing; that is, to assess all Roman Catholics as Separate school supporters unless a reason to the contrary is shown.

HOW THE LAITY MAY CO-OPERATE.

In a recent sermon Cardinal Gibbons spoke of the way in which the early Christians—laymen as well as priests and Bishops—were apostles of the faith. He said:

"The primitive Christians aided the apostles not only by their edifying example, but also by their zealous co-operation. They were all missionaries on a limited scale. They were ever ready to give an account of the faith and the hope that were in them. The more enlightened lay converts, like Tertullian, Justin Martyr and Lactantius, vindicated the claims of Christianity by learned treatises. The merchant was a traveling missionary. Together with his wares, he brought a knowledge of Christ to the houses which he entered. The soldier preached Christ in the camp. The captive slave preached Him in the mines. The believing wife made known the Gospel to her unbelieving husband, and the believing husband to his unbelieving wife; and thus, as all nature silently though eloquently proclaims the existence and glory of God, so did the whole Christian family unite in magnifying the name and in proclaiming the divine mission of our Saviour Jesus Christ."

The Cardinal instanced this activity of the layman in the early Church as an example which should be followed by the Catholic layman of to-day. The Catholic laity should co-operate with the clergy in the work of making the Church of Christ better known and loved. He continued:

"But your faith should not only adorn your own person; it should also diffuse its heavenly perfume among those with whom you are thrown in family or social relations. We need your help. We have seen what valuable and efficient aid the primitive Christians rendered to the apostles in propagating the Gospel. And if the apostles, with all their piety, zeal and grace, could not have accomplished what they did without the help of the laity, how can we, ministers of the Gospel, who can not lay claim to their piety or zeal or eloquence, how can we hope to spread the light of the Gospel without your earnest concurrence?"

"How are you to co-operate with us? First by the open and manly profession of your faith, by 'being always ready to satisfy everyone that asketh you a reason for that hope that is in you.'"

"When you will cooperate that who differ in faith, by the right of expressing and maintaining their religious opinions, you must claim for yourselves the same privilege. You ask for nothing more. You will be content with nothing less. And surely if there is in this world anything of which you ought to be justly proud, it is this: That you are members of the religion of Christ. In the days of pagan Rome's imperial splendor, the Roman said with pride: 'I am a Roman citizen.' This was his noblest title. It was a title which even St. Paul claimed and vindicated when he was threatened with the ignominious punishment of scourging. The Roman was proud of the Republic because it was venerable in years, because of the vast extent of its domain, and because of the valor of its soldiers and the wisdom of its statesmen."

WE SHOULD GLORY IN THE CHURCH.

"And if the Roman was proud of being a Roman citizen, if you are proud of claiming the title of American citizen, how much more should you glory in being citizens of the republic of the Church."

"Do you seek for antiquity of origin? Nearly two thousand summers have already rolled over her head, and she is to-day as fresh and vigorous as when she issued from the cradle of Jerusalem. Time writes no wrinkles on her heavenly brow. She has seen the birth of every dynasty of Europe, and it is not impossible that she may witness the death of them all and chant their requiem."

"Do you seek for wide expanse of territory? Her spiritual dominion extends over the surface of the globe."

"Where will you find a wisdom comparable to that of her saints? There is a wisdom born not of man, but of God. And where will you find a heroism so sublime as that of her martyrs? There is a heroism not aroused by the sound of martial music or by the clash of arms on the battle field, or by a lust for fame, or by the emulation of comrades, but a heroism inspired by a love for God and their fellow beings."

"Above all, you can co-operate with us by the rectitude of your private lives and the influence of your example, 'having your conversation good among the Gentiles, that whereas they speak of you as evil doers, considering you by your good works, they may glorify in the day of visitation.' When God visits them by the light of His grace and removes from their eyes the scales of prejudice, your virtues will shine resplendent before them. 'Let your light then so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father Who is in Heaven.'"

SUBSTITUTE FOR RELIGION.

"Religious therapeutics," is the latest fad devised to cure life into the decaying Protestant sects. Two Episcopalian clergymen of Boston first tried the scheme last fall and now Bishop Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal church of Chicago has taken it up as an aid in church work. We are surprised that Mrs. Eddy is not out with an injunction to prevent infringement on her patent method of healing by suggestion—the so-called Christian Science.

Bishop Fallows is going to make cures of functional diseases as distinguished from organic—a distinction not recognized by Mrs. Eddy and her followers—a feature of his church. He is going to cure the body as well as the soul, or rather, the body instead of the soul. He says that he has had already thousands of applications for cures. "We don't doubt it, but we wonder how many of those who have applied care to begin the cure by putting their souls in order, and how many are more anxious about their souls than their bodies. It would be interesting too to know how many of them are suffering from diseases that are purely imaginary."

We are far from denying that the condition of the soul has an influence on that of the body or that functional diseases can be benefited through the soul. Catholics are frequent witnesses of the good effects that follow a worthy reception of the Sacraments. In many cases of grave illness these effects seem almost miraculous. A good conscience is frequently the best medicine.

But it is sad to see these attempts to substitute healing for real religion—to reduce theology to a science of health. Physical health is a good thing, but religion has to do primarily with higher things. "Religious therapeutics," as expounded by Bishop Fallows differs little from the un-Christian science and health of Mrs. Eddy. It is a sop thrown to the Cerebrus of modern craving for novelty and magical performances in place of religion. True Voice.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

It is currently reported that the Rev. Joseph T. Roche, LL. D., pastor of St. Mary's Church at Nebraska city, Neb., will succeed the late Rev. Thomas Judge as editor of the New World, the official organ of the archdiocese of Chicago.

It is rare that such extraordinary charity comes to light as that of the Right Rev. Bishop Spalding. For years no collection was taken up in the diocese of Peoria for the orphans. This year one was announced and then it developed that the gifted Bishop had been supporting his literary labors all the orphans of his diocese. Bishop Spalding's books make interesting reading; but every word he wrote will be autographed and sweetened by the memory of his wonderful charity to the orphans. His writings have now a new meaning for every human heart.

A roster of converts to the Church in this country, compiled by D. J. Scannell O'Neill, and published by E. Herder, St. Louis, had just been issued. It includes about 3,000 names. Of Protestant clergymen, 372 have gone over to Rome in this country, four of whom became prelates and 135 priests. Among army officers, 125 became Catholics; also 126 lawyers, 115 doctors and 86 occupying prominent official positions. Among authors, journalists and artists there were 206 converts.

The growth of the Catholic population within the Archdiocese of Chicago has made the creation of another diocese within that territory practically certain for some time. The new See will be at Rockford, Ill.

The chapel car which Bishop Hennessy has had in service in the diocese of Wichita, Kan., for the past eight months will be taken to North Dakota where it will visit new towns in Bishop Stanley's diocese. Bishop Hennessy returned last week from Chicago where he left the car for repairs preceding its trip.

At the marriage of John Kemper and Miss Anna Cook, both of Trenton, N. Y., the officiating priest was the Rev. Joseph Kemper, the father of the bridegroom. On the death of his wife in 1882, Father Kemper began his studies for the priesthood.

Rev. Charles L. Kearful, for nearly forty years a Catholic priest in Missouri and Kansas, has been notified by the state department at Washington that he is heir to a fortune of \$500,000 left by his uncle, Karl Kirkegold, a prominent wool merchant who died recently in Sidney, Australia. Father Kearful will start at once for Sidney to claim the estate, going by way of Rome, where he will visit the Pope. As he has a fortune of his own he intends to devote all of his inheritance to charity work in the St. Joseph diocese.

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REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R. PRES.

In the meantime Protestants, who would not see the fundamental principles of Christianity swept away, would do well to acquaint themselves with Modernism and its tendencies. When they have done that they will recognize that Pius X. in combating Modernism stands forth as the champion of Christianity. - N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

QUESTION BOX.

Question - If John Huss was burned at the stake, by order of the State, would not Luther meet the same fate? - J. B. Covington, Ky.

Answer - Luther's condemnation came a hundred years later than that of Huss. Germany had learned, probably during the interim that burning a heretic did not burn out heresy.

Question - Did not the Pope sanction the burning of John Huss? If not, could he not have prevented it?

Answer - None of the large claimants to the Papacy, who divided the obedience of Christendom at that time, was consulted about the burning of Huss. If one, or all three, had protested against his punishment it is not at all probable that the protest would have been heeded. Neither is it probable that John XXIII., or Gregory XII. or Benedict XIII., would have protested against the execution had they been present at Constance.

Question - Is it possible for priests to commit sin; if so, to what extent? Are they permitted to serve in the Church after they have committed sin?

Answer - It is possible for priests, Bishops and Popes even to commit sin, venial and mortal. If a priest were guilty of grievous sins, and if this came to the knowledge of his Bishop, the latter would take steps to prevent him from serving in the Church.

Question - Was Luther ever ordained a priest? Did he not advocate the marrying of priests?

Answer - Luther was a priest and monk. He advocated the marrying of priests both by precept and example.

Question - Who was the infallible head of the Church when there were three Popes at one and the same time?

Answer - There was never but one true Pope at any one time. He was the infallible head. There were at times anti-Popes and more than one claimed to be the Pope; but mere claimants are not legitimate Popes.

Question - Is Rome an eternal city; will it never be destroyed?

Answer - No, city is eternal. Rome is called "The Eternal City" by way of compliment; it is a poetic phrase, which is not meant to be taken literally.

Question - Why are convents so securely protected by high walls, surrounded by iron spear points? Is it to keep possible intruders out, or the inmates in?

Answer - They may serve both purposes; but high walls are built to keep inmates in only when the latter have been committed by police judges or parents to a reformatory, like that of the Good Shepherd. - Rev. W. S. Kress in Catholic Universe.

God seems to vouchsafe a truer vision of things to us as we grow older. Thoroughly we realize bio-steps in many things that we once regarded as evils.

Send 21 Red Cross War Bonds suitable for Boys' Knives up to 11 years. Give age and we will cut out points free. Add 25c. for postage. N. S. Southwick & Co., 4 Coote Block, London, Ontario.

By favor of the darkness Sara had managed to reach the atrium of the church, but she had to make a supreme effort to prevent herself screaming with horror as she gazed within. By the ruddy light of a jagged which outlined the forms of that internal circle on the walls of the temple, she saw that some men were struggling to raise a heavy cross, while others were weaving a crown with branches of brambles and sharpening on a stone enormous iron nails. A frightful idea passed through her mind; she recalled that her people had been accused more than once of mysterious crimes; she remembered dimly the terrible story of the Crucified Boy, which, until then, she had believed a gross calumny invented by the common folk to curse and malign the Hebrews. But there were no longer any doubts; the terrible instruments of martyrdom, and the ferocious executioners were waiting only for the victim.

Full of holy indignation, thrilled with nervous anger, and animated by the unquestionable faith in the True God whom her lover had revealed to her, Sara could not contain herself at the sight, and breaking out through the foliage that concealed her, she appeared suddenly on the threshold of the temple.

On seeing her the Jews gave a cry of surprise, and Daniel taking a step towards his daughter, in a threatening attitude, inquired in a hoarse voice: "What are you looking for, wretched one?"

"I have come," she replied, her voice firm with resolution, "to throw up against your infamous work; I have come to say to you that you shall wait in vain for the victim of the sacrifice, unless it is that you intend to stake in me your thirst for blood. The Christian whom you wait for will not come, because I have warned him of your schemes."

"Sara!" screamed the Jew, roaring with rage, "Sara! that is not true; you cannot have done us treachery up to the point of revealing our mysterious rites; and if it is the truth that you have revealed them, you are not my daughter."

"No; now I am not; I have found another Father - a Father all love for His own, a Father Whom you people crucified on a fearful cross, and Who died upon it to redeem us, opening to us the gates of heaven for eternity. No! I am no longer your daughter, because I am a Christian, and I am assumed of my origin."

At these words, pronounced with that entire energy which heaven puts alone in the mouths of the martyrs, Daniel, blind with fury threw himself upon the beautiful Hebrew, and bearing her to the earth and seizing her by the hair, he dragged her as if possessed by an evil spirit to the foot of the cross that appeared to open its fleshless arms to those around it.

"Here, I deliver her to you; do you justice on that infamous one that has sold her honor, her religion and her brethren."

On the following day, when the pealing of the Gloria on the cathedral bells came down the fresh breeze, and the worthy burghers of Toledo banded themselves in shooting crossbows at the slaves in judicious, just as they still do in some villages, Daniel opened up his little store as he was accustomed, and with the eternal smile on his lips saluted the passers-by without desisting for that from tapping on the anvil with his little iron hammer. But the shutters of Sara's mortal coil case did not open; nor did any eye see again the beautiful Hebrew reclining in her window seat with the colored tiles.

They relate that some years afterwards, a shepherd brought to the Archbishop a flower never seen till then, in which were all the implements of the Savior's martyrdom; a strange, mysterious blossom which had grown and weathered its stems among the broken-down walls of the church ruins.

They add that digging in the place in the endeavor to investigate the origin of the marvel, they found the skeleton of a woman, and with her buried the Divine Accessories as depicted in the flower.

Although never proven of whom it was, the skeleton was preserved for many years with special veneration in the monastery of San Pedro el Venero; and the flower which to-day is quite common, is called the Passion Rose - Fleming Banner, in Chicago News World, from the Spanish of Gus.avo Adolfo Baquer.

PROTESTANTISM AND MODERNISM

It was to be expected that the doctrines of Modernism would find acceptance with those Protestants who, after tearing down the old landmarks of Protestantism, have set up in their stead those supplied by the "Higher Criticism" and the "New Theology." A class of Protestants to whom we refer instinctively recognize that there is a bond of union between them and the Modernists, who would re-establish the Catholic Church on Modernist principles. We have a sample of this kind of Protestant in the Rev. Newman Smyth, Pastor of Central Congregational Church of New Haven, Conn., who frankly confesses that Protestantism is passing away and who would have a coalition with what he is pleased to call "the new Catholicism," which has been defined by Pius X. as "the synthesis of all errors."

We do not know whether the Rev. Newman Smyth has bestowed much thought upon the nature and the tendencies of Modernism as set forth in the Encyclical Pascendi Dominici gregis. If he has, we marvel much that he sees in it a prospect of a revival of that spirit of Christianity which he believes is dying out in Protestantism. Whatever may be said of the latter, it has preserved and reverenced the doctrines it inherited from the Mother Church. Modernism would destroy these doctrines root and branch and prepare the way for atheism of which it is the precursor, as Pius X. points out in his Encyclical letter to the Universal Church. Sara

know more than you know nothing, and would continue to know nothing, if the hour had not arrived for telling it all. Good-bye; advise our brethren that as soon as possible they come together. To-night, inside of an hour or two, I will be with them. Adios!"

And so saying, Daniel gently pushed his questioner toward the street, gathered together his tools very slowly, and began to shut up the doors of the little store with double locks and bars.

The noise which this produced in closing the sides grating on their heavy hinges, prevented his hearing the sound of the shutters in the oval window above, as if the Jew had just retired from her window-seat.

It was the night of Good Friday, and the inhabitants of Toledo, after having assisted at the vespers in their magnificent cathedral, had just dismissed themselves to slumber, or by the freight were relating stories like that of the Christ of the Light which, stolen by some Jews, left a trail of blood by which the crime was discovered, or the tale of the Holy Child of Guadalupe, in whom the relentless enemies of our faith revived the eternal Passion of Jesus. A profound silence reigned in the city, broken now and again by the distant voices of the night-guards who in that epoch watched around the castle, and by the walls of the wind that whirled the vanes on the towers or mumbled among the twisted turns of the streets. The owner of a little barge that was swinging tied up to a post by the mills that look as if encrusted at the foot of the rocks by which the city is seated, bathed by the Taj, was watching a person, whom apparently he impatiently awaited, and who approached the bank, descending laboriously by one of the narrow paths which lead to the river from the summit of the walls.

It is she," the boatman muttered between his teeth. "It seems to-night as if all that damned devil of Jewish flying around. Where in hell have they made their trust with Satan that they all take my boat, and the bridge being so near? No, they are going to no good when they slip round so as to avoid butting into the men-at-arms of San Servando; yet that is what lets me earn good money, and its their business and I neither go in nor come out of it."

So saying, the good man seated himself in his boat and shipped his oars; and when Sara-for it was no other, who evidently had engaged him-had stepped into the little skiff, he loosened the painter that moored it and began to row towards the opposite shore.

"How many have gone over to-night?" she enquired, while they were in the shadow of the mills, evidently referring to a prior understanding.

"I was not able to count them," replied the man. "A swarm! It seems that to-night is to be the last night they will come together."

"And do you know what they are doing and what is their object in leaving the city at these hours?"

"I don't know, but they expect someone who should come to-night. I don't know why they are waiting for him, but I expect for nothing good."

After this short dialogue, Sara sat for some moments in profound silence, trying to arrange her ideas. No doubt at all, she was thinking within herself, my father has surmised our love, and is preparing some horrible vengeance. I must know where they go, what they are doing, what they intend. One moment of hesitation would be fatal.

She stood up for an instant, and, as if to push away her horrible uncertainties, passed her hand over her brow, which anguish had covered with icy perspiration, when the boat ran into the opposite bank.

"Good fellow!" she exclaimed, handing some coins to the boatman, and pointing to a narrow winding path that mounted like a serpent among the rocks: "Is that the road they take?"

"That's it; and when they reach the Moor's Head they disappear to the left. Afterwards the devil and they will know where they go," replied he.

Sara moved in the direction that he pointed out. For some moments she appeared and disappeared alternately amid that dark labyrinth of black jagged rocks, and when she arrived at the summit of the Moor's Head her black silhouette stood out for an instant against the dark blue of the sky, and then she vanished amid the shadows of the night.

Following the road where to-day is the picturesque hermitage of the Virgin of the Valley, and about two crosses, on the road which the public of Toledo know as the Moor's Head, there still existed at that time the ruins remains of a Byzantine church anterior to the conquest of the Arabs. In the atrium, distinguished by some large stones scattered over the ground, brambles and parasite herbs flourished rankly, half hidden among which lay shattered capitals, pieces of masonry rudely carved with interlaced leaves, horrible dragons, and grotesque unformed human figures. Only the lateral walls of the temple remained standing, and some broken arches covered with ivy.

Sara, whom a supernatural presence seemed to guide, hesitated a moment when she reached the spot which the boatman had indicated, undecided about the road that she should follow; but, doubt, with firm resolved steps he walked towards the abandoned ruins of the church.

Indeed her instinct had not deceived her, Daniel was there! not smiling now, not now the feeble and cringing old man, but in very truth flashing rage from his small rounded eyes alive with the spirit of vengeance, surrounded by a throng like himself, burning to satisfy their thirst of hate to one of the enemies of their religion. He was armed, and appeared multiplied in giving orders to some, hearkening others in the work, arranging, in fact, with horrible solitude the preparations necessary for the consummation of the frightful work he had been contemplating for days and days while he had tapped impatiently on the anvil in his den in Toledo.

the Primacy without doffing, even to ten times, the filthy cap that covered his bald, yellow head, nor received in his miserable store one of his habitual clients without slaving over him in humble salutation, accompanied by adulating smiles.

The smile of Daniel had come to be proverbial in all Toledo, and his suavity, in spite of the coarsest horse play and the just and mockeries of his neighbors, knew no limits.

It was of no use that the archbishops, to infuriate him, threw stones at his shanty; in vain did the little pages, and even the men-at-arms of the palace near by, torment him with the most blackguardly epithets, or the devout old women of the True Faith make the sign of the cross on passing the door, as if they saw Lucifer himself in person. Daniel smiled eternally, with a strange, indescribable smile. His thin lips grinned under the shadow of a huge nose, hooked like the beak of a great eagle; and although there might glitter a spark of ill-repressed rage in his small, green, round eyes, almost hidden among the bushy eyebrows, he went on ever tapping with his little iron hammer on the anvil where he repaired the thousand rusted and apparently worthless things of which his traffic was composed.

Above the door of the squalid dwelling, and framed in bright colored tiles was an oval Arabian window, a relic of the ancient construction of the Toledan Moors. Around the fretted work of the oval window and clinging about the thin marble column that divided it, the entire, clambered up from the interior of the dwelling one of those climbing plants, green and full of sap and bravery, that swing from the dulled walls of ruinous edifices. In the part of the house that got a dim light through the narrow clefts of that oval window, the only one in the moss-grown, cracked wall of the alley, lived Sara, the only child of Daniel.

What the neighbors of the ward passed the Jew's store and by chance saw Sara behind the jalousies of the oval Moorish window, and then Daniel huddled up near his anvil, they used to exclaim aloud in admiration of the Jewess's loveliness. It seemed a lie that a gnarled tree-trunk could give from itself such a beautiful shoot.

Sara was, in fact, a prodigy of beauty. She had large eyes surrounded by ebony lashes, and the burning light in her pupils shone like stars in the sky of a moonless night. Her kindred ruddy lips seemed as if delicately cut out from the deep red cloth by a spirit's invisible hands. Her teeth were pale white and transparent like the alabaster of the statue from a sepulchre. She had barely reached sixteen, but the sweet sadness of precocious intelligence was already graven on her countenance, and often her bosom swelled and those signs that announce the vague awaking of passion oft-times parted from her lips.

Under the spell of her marvelous beauty the most prominent Jews of the city had sought her for wife; but the Jewess, insensible to the homage of admirers and to the counsels of her father who urged her to choose a husband before the time when she should be alone in the world, remained silent, giving no other reason for her strange conduct than her fancy to continue free. At last, one day, tired of suffering her disdain and suspecting that her eternal sadness was a sure index to some great secret that her heart concealed, one of her lovers paid a visit to Daniel and in conversation said to him:

"Do you know, Daniel, that among our brethren they whisper about your daughter?"

The Jew raised his eyes an instant from his anvil, suspended his perpetual hammering, and without the least emotion enquired of his questioner:

"And what do they say about her?"

"They say," continued the visitor who looked at Daniel with a certain thing whispered that he should never see them thus again; that one of that twin would sit heavenward, and leave only the vision of a shrined angel in his memory.

And now he is out on the lawn. The full-orbed moon sheds an unspeakable splendor upon the scene, silencing over the antique gables and quaint chimney stacks the old houses, and throwing tremulous shadows through the foliage on the deep-set windows. When should he see it again.

THE PASSION ROSE.

One summer's afternoon, in a garden of Toledo, a very sweet and pretty young girl told me this singular story.

While she instructed me in the mystery of its peculiar form, she was kissing the leaves and the pistils as she plucked them one by one from the flower that gives its name to this legend.

If I could relate the story with the soft charm and tender simplicity which it had in her mouth, I would move you as I was moved by the tale of the unfortunate Sara.

But as this is not possible, here is what I remember now of the tradition.

In one of the most obscure and tortuous alleysways of the Imperial City, hemmed in and almost buried between the tall Moorish tower of an ancient Musarabic parish church and the shadows and blazoned walls of an old family dower mansion, a Jew named Daniel Levi had lived for many years in a ruinous old house, gloomy and miserable as its owner.

He was rancorous and revengeful like all his race, but more a deceiver and hypocrite than any.

According to the rumors of the multitude he had an immense fortune yet he could be seen all day wrapped up in the dark doorway of the house repairing and fixing up little metal chains, old girdles, or broken links of guards, with which he did a large business among the petty merchants of the Zocodover, the ressetors of the Portizos, and the poor silversmiths.

Implacable hater of the Christians and of all pertaining to them, he never passed close to a noble or a canon of

me up to on expect dark and to see him e replied, country is I believe to arrest at all snags man in acts him, g his ten- se. John ep order nde them y promot- rests and hink we " people," ter blood for peace, a know I married, with Hal- the family he some old place l, quietly, as we can, and the He, you a, and the x: that is good and one a few Rome," him-?" nted the by consi- a rumor that the out of the McCarthy the Earl our Irish gh of the ter left in who, if ower, was less. She lied heart's no rank- stry with- virtues he name he interests well named by super- he was a e a pity, " she in- f Halloran se secret foot. It old prop- she scorn- efficient in may be said More said, with es suggest- got to be interests rit them." bounded at moment the basom e you," he one arm, o her kins- ave moped nervous. tacked. But ? Nora I and cold g you may calling to re careful, e, as John e sofa be- a fearfully ers by the convenient n exco- ed replied, ing about 7, insulted and mad- sometimes the heels e the out- et, and the eed with a dly far and and o'ceit i hear one k of fear." due senti- are de- branched; tal branch, now so and all my to Union," ; sarcasti- he others, ra as she e at her, ies she re- on her 3, as she o put the suddenly and the h its bill- over him. oach. Mrs. husband, d watched ly control laughter, ald, as she e up the awkward," a vile bug- ck, it ll, I wish e to drive away from hurt you, turning to and with the soft, self-moody, y and fury.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apollonia Delegation, Ottawa, June 18th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have...

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1905.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read...

ONRS FAULTING IN JOHN CHAS. ARCH. DELOR.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1906.

THE NEW DEFENDERS.

We call attention in another column to the Bible League whose proceedings...

Mr. Wilson criticizes the wisdom of one bank swallowing another. The present case—the Sovereign Bank—was not that of one bank swallowing another.

effect that "in the opinion of this assembly the English Bible, when free from errors of translators and printers, is the word of God."

A METHODIST MINISTER ON BANKS.

Money stringency is no doubt an up-to-date subject. It appeals with great force to many whose religion is never supernaturally affected by the omnipotent dollar.

Mr. Wilson criticizes the wisdom of one bank swallowing another. The present case—the Sovereign Bank—was not that of one bank swallowing another.

that the responsibility is the same for the member of a corporate body as for an individual.

THE BIBLE LEAGUE.

We notice that there has been much ado lately at Toronto in the Bible League. This is an association spread throughout the Evangelical portion of North America.

THE CHARLOTTETOWN PATRIOT.

A correspondent has sent us a clipping from the semi-weekly Patriot, of Charlottetown, P. E. I. The thing is so coarse, vulgar and suggestive that we can only refer to it: for we would not insult our readers or sully our columns by republishing it.

SHORT PARAGRAPHS.

Last week we announced the gloomy news that reconciliation between the leading members of the Irish party was still remote.

POSTED DRUNKARDS.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Universe, of Cleveland, states that a law has been passed in Wisconsin that 'posted' drunkards are to obtain no liquor from saloonkeepers.

WHERE SOCIALISM HAS FAILED.

Socialism has been tried at Brest in France and has proved a costly failure. For three years that city of 70,000 inhabitants, has been under the control of the Socialists.

make the picture complete there should be a trio, the drunkard in the middle and the saloon keeper and the bar-tender on either side.

A STORM BREWING IN IRELAND.

Such is the heading of a dispatch which appeared in the Toronto Globe, on the 22nd of January, which we reproduce as follows:

Private advices from Ireland to the Globe indicate that one of the greatest scandals of recent times is likely to be laid bare before long.

WHERE SOCIALISM HAS FAILED.

Socialism has been tried at Brest in France and has proved a costly failure. For three years that city of 70,000 inhabitants, has been under the control of the Socialists.

A PRIMARY CIVIC DUTY.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record.

It is strange enough that a moral community should elect immoral representatives for their public offices, but immensely stranger that any sane community, whether moral or immoral, should elect representatives that will cheat them.

WHERE SOCIALISM HAS FAILED.

Socialism has been tried at Brest in France and has proved a costly failure. For three years that city of 70,000 inhabitants, has been under the control of the Socialists.

the matter, we shall see that this is a very surprising at all, in the circumstances that prevail at present. For it is not the whole community, but only a small part of it, that is interested and exerting itself in public life, that can be expected to have its characteristics impressed on the policy of its representatives. Even though the vast majority of a community are just an unconscious, still if they stand apart, and allow political influence of all kinds to get into the hands of a minority that are unjust and unscrupulous, the representatives of that community will almost certainly be corrupt. If 80 per cent. of a nation are practicing Christians, and if at the same time they are content to leave politics altogether to the 20 per cent. who are agnostics, naturally the government of that nation will not be Christian but infidel. This is only what we should expect a priori, and it is confirmed to some extent by our experience of what happens in our own country, and even more so by what we learn of other lands.

These considerations are practical for priests, perhaps more than for any other class of the community. As guardians of morality they are bound to instruct their flock in reference to this important duty, to explain to them what is their obligation, and to point out as far as they can how that obligation may be fulfilled. But more than this, by becoming ministers of the Gospel they do not cease to be children of the State, nor lose any of their civil rights and responsibilities. As free citizens they are bound to interest themselves in public questions, in proportion to their intelligence, education and social influence, and as far as they can without detriment to the special duties of their state. Nor can they conscientiously submit to any civil disabilities, no matter on what plausible pretext they may be suggested.

At present politics may be used to advance almost every interest, and the children of the world, wise in their generation, are not slow to perceive the fact and take advantage of it. Socialists and even anarchists are striving to affect every department of public legislation. The capitalists, the laborers, the producers, the importers and the consumers are perfectly alive to the importance of cultivating political influence. Trade Unions as well as the various benevolent and charitable associations have all their active political organizations. Any interest in fine that has not its avowed supporters is not likely to get much consideration. Any class should think well before it consents to lose any part of its legitimate political influence. Things may appear to be going on very well, and certain parties may not feel called on to interfere in the direction of public events; but suddenly, and when they are altogether unprepared, they may find some interest attacked or some well-principled set at naught. Then perhaps it will be too late for them to take action. Had they been taking part regularly in public life they might have prevented the crisis from ever arising, or have been able to cope with it when it appeared; but as it is their influence must count for very little. They cannot summon up effective political power at a moment's notice, for the public policy is ever the result of forces that have long been active. If they can make any show of fight at all, it will be at a tremendous disadvantage; unpractised themselves they shall have to contend with seasoned veterans; they will have to introduce new ideas into politics, and to challenge much that from having been long accepted without question will have passed into first principles.

It is a curious phenomenon, and one too that is deeply significant of the spirit that is abroad in modern politics, that while every other principle and ideal can be advocated with a protest from anybody, the mere mention of the word religion is met with a howl of angry protest, as if that alone had no right to look for consideration in the social organization. Medical men and others interested in the matters of public health are heard; and even when their views do not prevail, no one denies them the right to raise their voices in favor of any scheme of hygienic reformation. Tender-hearted persons have done much to affect the laws in reference to the treatment of irrational animals; and even when they have been unsuccessful in their efforts, it has never been said that they were wrong in their right in protesting and arguing their opinions. Religion alone is tabooed. Its demands are not only opposed, but denounced as if it were an insult to mention them. It would seem to be almost a first principle in some minds that religion alone of all ideals that actuate men's lives should be excluded from influencing public policies.

The socialist can go to any extreme he wishes in defence and support of his ideals—ideals that are believed by the vast majority of the country to be impractical and often positively vicious; but the practical believer in Christianity cannot raise his voice in favor of the ideals of a system that has been handed down to him through so many centuries, and that has left its impress on every phase of the country's life, but he is supposed to be touching on topics with which the nation as such has no concern.

It is said that, by persistently repeating any statement, we ultimately convince ourselves and others that it is true. A certain class of politicians have kept so long proclaiming that religion has no place in politics that they seem to have convinced themselves that such is really the case; moreover, their attitude has had a considerable effect on those who are least likely to agree with them. We cannot fall being struck by the half apologetic tone with which religious ideals are championed in the political arena. There surely is no valid reason why this should be the case. Religious ideas have just as much right as any other to make themselves felt in the public life of the nation. All who have the interests of religion at heart should feel called on to defend its ideals, but especially ministers of religion should recognize it as their duty to do so.

It is to this same spirit that we are to attribute the objections, we frequently hear raised, against clerical influence. Clerical influence as such ought not to be a whit more objectionable than any other. The priest ought surely to be just as free to speak and act as the doctor or the lawyer. In influencing others he is only doing what every member of the community is trying to do, and what everyone is bound to try to do to a certain extent. He may, indeed, be able to do this more effectively than others, but if he is, it is because the people generally have greater confidence in his judgment and sincerity. Some people may think that confidence misplaced; if they do, they are perfectly justified in trying to destroy it. But while it exists, they cannot complain of the people for being influenced by it, nor of the priest for availing of it, so long as he is convinced that it is not misplaced.

A priest, it is true, may be guilty of undue influence; perhaps from the position he holds he is more exposed to it than most others. That, however, is a matter between each priest and the public, and if a priest is detected using undue influence, he should be dealt with just as anybody else would be if convicted of a similar offence. But what is to be done to deter from taking their legitimate place in public life by any bogus alarms about clerical dictation or undue interference, that are so assiduously circulated by certain politicians who would find it to their advantage to have clerical influence diminished or destroyed.

J. KELLEHER.

THE CONVICT-PRIESTS OF BOTANY BAY.

VICTIMS OF OPPRESSION AND PIONEERS OF THE FAITH IN AUSTRALIA.—INTERESTING DISCUSSION BY CARDINAL MORAN.

Speaking at Botany on a recent Sunday, His Eminence Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, Australia, delivered a discourse of historical interest on the early convict priests of Botany Bay penal settlement. His Eminence said: It was true that many of the convicts who had come to Australia were criminals, but the Catholics who were first sent out came not as criminals, but as heroes. They came as true martyrs for fighting for their country, and as men who were ready to lay down their lives for the religion which they professed. When he spoke of them coming as convicts it was precisely as was now recognized, not only by themselves, but by all who studied history, that towards the close of the eighteenth century the most oppressive laws were laid upon the people of Ireland. The result of the laws no Christian people could endure, and hence it was that men were sent into exile as true martyrs in the love of their country and their religion.

The earliest Catholic document the knew of in connection with Australia was a memorial presented in the year 1792. The number of Catholics signing that document was five. There were only five Catholic emancipists in Australia at the time. It was like the mustard seed which had grown into a state tree, because it was by hundreds of thousands the Catholics were counted today. The five Catholic emancipists complained that they had no religious aid them, and they said that nothing would induce them to quit Australia but the fear of being deprived of the help of their Catholic missionaries. Subsequent to that date a number of men connected with the movement of 1793 were sent to Australia. They said that they were willing to bear the hardships which necessarily accompanied their servitude, but the one thing that they could not endure was being deprived of the consolations of their religion. The Government persisted in refusing permission to any Catholic priest to come to Australia. The Rev. Father Walsh, of London, offered to come at his own expense to devote his life to the poor convicts scattered throughout Australia, but his petition was rejected, and others who volunteered in the same way received no answer to their applications. At a later time the Governor of the colony expressly avowed that no Popish missionaries would be allowed to land in Australia, and when even one of the convict Catholic priests was allowed for a time to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the Catholics were spoken of as a "tolerated sect," and it was considered a great act of kindness and consideration that this convict priest was allowed for a time to give the consolations of religion to his co-religionists.

SENT OUT AS CONVICTS. The poor Catholics gradually increased in numbers, but had no consolations of religion within their reach. Providence, however, came to their relief. Some Catholic priests who were supposed to have been omitted at the rebellion in 1798, through extending some consideration to those who were engaged in it, were sent out as convicts to Australia. These priests to the number of three, came and brought the blessings of religion to their brother convicts. In the whole history of the Church they would find but another instance of Providence intervening on behalf of poor convicts. It was in the second century that a great number of Christians were sent by the pagan Emperor to the borders of the Black Sea. Their remonstrance was that they had no consolations of religion within their reach. The Emperor would not allow them any such consolation, but it happened that the persecution broke out in Rome, and Pope Clement and his priests were sent in exile to the border of the Black Sea, and as convicts they devoted themselves to the bringing of religious consolation to their fellow convicts.

So it was that the three priests sent out by the British Government for some years privately and secretly consoled their fellow-convicts. The first of these priests was Father Harold. During the rebellion of 1798 the authorities said that Father Harold must have been cognizant of it, especially as some of those engaged in it attended Divine worship in his parish. Hence suspicion

was aroused, and Father Harold was sent out to Australia in the year 1800. The next to come was Father Dixon. He was described as one of the mildest of men, and one who they said would not move a step to injure his brother being, but on account of his brother being a leader in the rebellion in Wexford it was supposed that Father Dixon could not be otherwise than cognizant of the rebellion, and he was transported to Australia. Father Dixon, however, received from the Holy See his consecration as the first Prefect Apostolic of Australia.

TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE LAMBS. The next priest was the Rev. Father Peter O'Neill, and he (the Cardinal) hoped that his name would ever be remembered in the Australian Church. He was first a martyr in Ireland and later a martyr in Australia. It was supposed that he was aware of the mysteries of the rebellion in the district, and it happened that some deserters from the yeomanry who joined the revolutionists were in reality spies, and one of them was discovered bringing information to the magistrate, and he was murdered and his body thrown into the river. Another of the pretended deserters gave evidence that Father O'Neill had presided at the meeting at which the death of the spy was decided upon, and further, that he had confessed the secrets of all those connected with it. Father O'Neill was sentenced to receive three hundred lashes to force him to betray any secrets confided to him having any connection with the murder. He declared that he knew nothing of the matter, nor was he at the meeting; but he received, nevertheless, two hundred and seventy-five lashes, when the officer in command, knowing that the death of the priest would be laid at his door, ordered the flogging to cease. The priest was removed to the prison, and when he returned to consciousness he found the officer standing by with pen and paper with a request to give any information asked of him, otherwise the flogging would be renewed. The priest repeated that he knew nothing of the matter. Then the scaffold was pointed out to him, and he was told that he would be hanged next day. It was, however, found out soon after that the pretended soldier was guilty of certain crimes, and he was hanged by his officers in Cork. Even this did not secure the immediate release of Father O'Neill. He was sent out to Norfolk Island, but soon after Lord Cornwallis, learning that it was a plot against the priest, ordered his release. Father O'Neill, however, was struck with the misery and degradation of the convicts that he volunteered his services in order that he might minister the consolations of religion to them.

These were the three names which were recalled by the name of Botany. He was proud of their heroism in the cause of nationality and religion. The one was one suggestion he wished to make. It was precisely that their presbytery would be a monument to the memory of those devoted men. It was time that they should erect some monument to the name of the Rev. Jervoise O'Flynn, amongst the heroic band. He landed in New South Wales in 1817, at his own wish, and continued for some months to administer the consolations of religion to the poor convicts. However, the government told him that no Popish missionaries were wanted in Australia, and as soon as it got hold of Father O'Flynn he was put in prison. When the next sailing ship was ready he was sent back, not as a prisoner, but as an outlaw, worse even than the convicts themselves.

This poor man consecrated the Blessed Eucharist and left it, with the sacred pyx, in the house of Mr. Davis, but when he was thrown into prison he could not return to consume the sacred particles, and for some years the poor convicts came in numbers to pass an hour in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. Day after day this scene was repeated. They found a small band of five men arranging every day to meet and say the rosary, and on Sunday whole batches of convicts assembled there to recite the rosary. Such was the first outward profession of faith and divine worship in Australia on the part of its Catholic citizens. He was happy to say that one of the members of the Davis family, who had labored long in one of the religious communities, had preserved the silver case in which the sacred pyx had been enclosed, and this devoted nun had consigned the same to him, which he regarded as a priceless treasure. Such were religious associations of which any country might well be proud, and as long as Australia retained her Christian name its Catholic citizens should cherish the name of Botany for its religious associations and the names of those heroes and champions of their country and for their religion.

LEFT THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Though (continued His Eminence) there were only three convict priests sent from Ireland, he would include the name of the Rev. Jervoise O'Flynn amongst the heroic band. He landed in New South Wales in 1817, at his own wish, and continued for some months to administer the consolations of religion to the poor convicts. However, the government told him that no Popish missionaries were wanted in Australia, and as soon as it got hold of Father O'Flynn he was put in prison. When the next sailing ship was ready he was sent back, not as a prisoner, but as an outlaw, worse even than the convicts themselves.

This poor man consecrated the Blessed Eucharist and left it, with the sacred pyx, in the house of Mr. Davis, but when he was thrown into prison he could not return to consume the sacred particles, and for some years the poor convicts came in numbers to pass an hour in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. Day after day this scene was repeated. They found a small band of five men arranging every day to meet and say the rosary, and on Sunday whole batches of convicts assembled there to recite the rosary. Such was the first outward profession of faith and divine worship in Australia on the part of its Catholic citizens. He was happy to say that one of the members of the Davis family, who had labored long in one of the religious communities, had preserved the silver case in which the sacred pyx had been enclosed, and this devoted nun had consigned the same to him, which he regarded as a priceless treasure. Such were religious associations of which any country might well be proud, and as long as Australia retained her Christian name its Catholic citizens should cherish the name of Botany for its religious associations and the names of those heroes and champions of their country and for their religion.

REPLY TO A SANDUSKY EDITOR.

Some one in Sandusky, Ohio, sends me a newspaper clipping containing a criticism of an article in the Freeman's Journal in which Belgium was said to be the most progressive country in the world. The Sandusky paper takes exception to this statement and thinks it "rather amusing."

Progress when affirmed of social conditions means advancement to, or towards a higher or better state, an advancement that responds to the moral, intellectual and material needs of our nature, and that results in the comfort and contentment of the people. That nation, or Government whose institutions bring about these results is the most progressive, when the term refers to social states and movements. The imprudent Sandusky writer challenges a comparison thus:

"What special evidence of progressiveness has Belgium shown to warrant the statement that it is 'the most progressive country in the world?' Compare it with England; compare it with Germany; compare it with the United States. Perhaps the writer of it supposed that nobody would read that foolish lie save those who believe whatever they read and dare not exercise freedom of judgment."

Mr. Chamberlain, M. P., wrote in 1883: "Never before in our history were wealth and evidences of wealth more abundant; never before was luxurious living so general and so wanton in its display, and never before was the misery of the poor more intense, nor the condition of their daily life more hopeless or more degraded." And then he goes on to say that England has a "million paupers and millions more on the verge of it" (P. Rightly Review, Day, 1883).

The London Daily Telegraph (Aug. 2, 1878) thus describes the condition of things in Belgium: "Civil liberty in Belgium exists in almost republican profusion. Even the fact that the ultramontane (Catholic) priesthood garrison the land does not prevent the Belgians from enjoying the broadest freedom in respect of religion, commerce, industry, and manufacturing industry advances at a pace that even we in Britain are every now and then pressed by the shadow of Belgian rivalry. Time would fail us, too, were we to seek at adequate length of the agricultural prosperity of the country. It is not an exaggeration to say that it is simply a huge garden; that every available spot of earth is under tillage of the finest sort; that every cornfield from the Gullough down to Mill has lavished the highest praises on the Belgian farmer, and on the condition to which he has brought his husbandry in his happy country."

From the tone of this it will be seen that the London Daily Telegraph is a Protestant authority, and therefore weighty in the eyes of the learned Sandusky editor. It must be kept in mind that Belgium is one of the smaller European States, and is the most densely populated, the population being about 485 to the square mile. We will now introduce another witness. Mr. Rae, writing in the Contemporary Review (1889) p. 319 says: "Belgium has adopted from the first the most modern of modern constitutions, embodying every popular liberty in its complete length and breadth. Freedom of conscience, religious equality, freedom of assembly, of meeting, of association, of education, parliamentary government, ministerial responsibility, universal suffrage, inviolability of person and home, equality before the law, permanence of judicial appointments, publicity of legal courts, trial by jury, have all been, not only legalized, but protected in Belgium, without any of the evasions which make similar legislation in some countries virtually a dead letter."

We will now quote some authorities on the conditions among the people of England.

Charles Edwards Lester, a well-known Protestant American traveller, wrote a book entitled "The Glory and Shame of England." In Volume I, page 141, he says: "It has been well said by an Englishman himself, that to talk of English happiness is like talking of Spartan freedom—the pilots are overlooked." Just in proportion as the higher classes advance in wealth, power and influence are the poor depressed. What is gained by the few is lost by the many. If the land holder grows rich, his pockets are filled by the odious and un-just tax upon the necessities of life. If the manufacturer amasses a colossal fortune, it is because his dependent operatives do not receive a fair compensation for their labor. If the bishop rolls in wealth his luxuries are the price of the hunger and nakedness of thousands of his diocese. If a lord lieutenant of Ireland throws up his commission after a month's administration, and retires to a chateau on the continent on five thousand pounds a year, this sum is wrung from the starving peasantry of that misgoverned land."

In the same volume, page 161, Mr. Lester continues: "The ignorance, vice, disease, deformity, and wretchedness of the English operatives as a body almost exceeds belief. I am persuaded the physical condition of the English operatives are greater by far than the West Indian slaves suffered before their emancipation. They are too ignorant to understand their rights and too weak to assert them."

Mr. Lester makes the following quotation from Rev. Sidney Smith of the English Church: "There is no doubt more acute suffering among the mass of the people in England than there is in any other kingdom in the world." "There are thousands homeless, breadless, friendless, without shelter, raiment or hope in the world; millions uneducated, only half-fed, driven to crime, and every species of vice which ignorance and destitution bring in their train."

Mr. Lester continues: "The great crime of England lies in sustaining a system which oppresses, starves, and brutalizes the masses of her subjects. The Government of England makes poor men poorer, and the rich men richer." The Westminster Review, quoted by Mr. Lester, says: "No thinking man, much less one who has the slightest idea of the sources of wealth and prosperity of a people, need be told what must necessarily be the result of such a system, especially upon a people like the English, whose laboring classes have reached a point of degradation unequalled in any civilized nation on earth."

The system referred to in the above is the land system by which the land of the country is in the hands of the few. "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London" is the title of a pamphlet from which we quote: "Whilst we have been building our churches and solving our puzzles with our religion, and dreaming that the Millennium was coming, the poor have been growing poorer, the wretched more miserable, and the immoral more corrupt; the gulf has been daily widening which separates the lowest classes of the community from our churches and chapels, and from all decency and civilization." "This terrible flood of sin and misery is gaining upon us, it is rising every day."

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The Statistical Society of London appointed a committee to investigate the social condition of the poor. This committee reported in part as follows: "Your committee have thus given a picture in detail of human wretchedness, filth and brutal degradation, the chief features of which are a disgrace to a civilized country, and which your committee have reason to fear, from nearly every class, has appeared in the past in the journals, is but a type of the miserable conditions of the masses of the community, whether located in the small, ill-ventilated rooms of the manufacturing towns or in many of the cottages of the agricultural peasantry. In these wretched dwellings all ages and all sexes—fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, grown up brothers and sisters, stranger adult males and female and swarms of children—the sick, the dying, and the dead, all herded together with proximity and mutual pressure which brutes would resist; where it is physically impossible to preserve the ordinary decencies of life; where all sense of propriety and self respect must be lost." (Journal of Statistical Society, London, vol. vi, p. 17.)

We will close this long list of evidences of the superior progress of England over Belgium with an item of information given by Mr. Lester, which will be of practical interest to the American reader. He says as follows, on page 289 of his book: "I am half tempted to give what lays at my hand, the statistics of Pauper Exportation to the United States by the British Government. Of her exportation of criminals, secretly and clandestinely, to our shores, I need hardly speak. In multitudes of cases condemned men, indicted persons, or people who had become obnoxious or dangerous, whom the colonial authorities would not receive, have been shipped to this country—supplying us to resort to laws of self-protection when the most earnest and repeated protests against such importations had failed."

If the Sandusky editor, who challenged a comparison between Belgium and England, will devote some of his time to a studious reading of the Rev. Alfred Young's "Catholic and Protestant Countries compared in Civilization, Popular Happiness, General Intelligence and Morality," it will greatly assist him in his progress towards correct information.

Another book that will help to open his mind to sound knowledge, is Spalding's "Miscellanea," volume second. By the time he has absorbed what he will find in these books he will be competent to deal with the question of the comparative civilization and progress of nations and peoples.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

BISHOP'S MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF LOYALTY.

FACTS SHOWING HOW THE SECULAR PRESS MISREPRESENTS CONDITIONS WITHIN THE CHURCH.

"A rebellion of the princes of the Church is now said to be brewing in the Eternal City," says the Philadelphia Ledger; "there is a conflict between Cardinal Kopp and Cardinal Fischer about the application of the Encyclical Pascendi," says the Kolnische Zeitung, echoed by all the liberal papers of Italy; "the Pope is displeased with the English Bishops for their want of energy in denouncing Modernism," says the Corriere della Sera; "there is a deep crisis in Catholicism," say a whole host of publications, including a few unguarded Catholic ones. One might continue, but it is hardly necessary. There is nothing too fantastic or absurd for print these days when the Catholic Church is concerned. Only too much cause for sorrow exists in the Church to-day, but it is not to be found in any of the items above mentioned. There is no "crisis." The publication of the encyclical has been followed by such a magnificent demonstration of loyalty from the Bishops of the whole world, without one dissentient voice, that it may well be considered unique in the history of the Church. Nor is this all. Since the Pope has spoken a number of notoriety Modernist publications have disappeared; the air has been cleared in such a way that many who were already far gone in Modernism have retraced their steps; the seminaries have been largely (though not yet completely) purified of Modernist professors; the movement has been deprived of that glamor of pseudo-science which made it so fascinating and so dangerous for many.

There was quite a conflict last week between the two German Cardinals, but it was not concerned with Modernism. It was a question of honor and precedence, for Cardinal Kopp was anxious that Cardinal Fischer should preside over the meeting of the Bishops, while Cardinal Fischer was just as anxious that the distinction should belong to Cardinal Kopp. If you believed the newspapers, the conflict arose from the fact that Cardinal Kopp continues to be a devoted admirer of the policy of Leo XIII., while Cardinal Fischer is supposed to be enthusiastic about the policy of Pius X., or is it vice versa? Anyway, it is nonsense, for the "policy" of Pius X. towards Modernism is simply the policy of proclaiming the truth and condemning error, which was constantly acted upon by Leo XIII.

You did not see much sign of "a rebellion among the princes of the Church" on a recent Thursday morning when they gathered round the Holy Father in the Hall of the Beatifications and made their "obedience"—twenty-seven of them altogether professing absolute fealty, even to the shedding of their blood, to the head of the Church. And what a marvellous symbol of the uncontrasted power and authority of the Holy See is that contained in the long list of new Archbishops and Bishops "preconized" by the Holy Father at the two consistories his week! Here the Holy Father picks out a priest in Ireland and places him as a Bishop over a diocese, there he sets apart a certain district in Canada or South America and creates it a diocese, here he takes a priest from Paris and sends him as a missionary Bishop into the heart of China, he takes a humble friar from his cell and raises him to an archiepiscopal throne, he chooses another and makes of him an ambassador to a royal court.—Rome.

ARRESTED A 2 YEAR OLD BOY.

Pittsburg, Pa.—George Shaffer, 2 years old, was arrested on a warrant and charged with trespassing. A neighbor swore that George tore up his lawn and flower beds. But the Court declined to hear the case. The little son of Mrs. John Cline of Aylmer, Ont., was only a year older than baby Shaffer when his mother noticed that he suffered with severe attacks of biliousness. She tried everything she could think of, but the boy grew steadily worse. "I cannot praise Fruit-atives too highly," writes Mrs. Cline. "I have tried so many different kinds of medicine for my son. He has had bilious attacks ever since he was three years old, and since he began to take 'Fruit-atives' he has been so well." "Fruit-atives" are the ideal medicine for children, as well as grown folk. They are pleasant to take and mild in action—being made of fruit juices and tonics. 50c a box. At all dealers.

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The Catholic who is a critic of authority is a worldly Catholic. He may call himself what he pleases, but he has not the child like simplicity and docility that characterizes the man of lively faith. The true Catholic is in line with his superiors in all that concerns morality and religion. However, the world may rage, he trusts his shepherd on the towers and their words are at once his strength and guide. But the worldly Catholic listens to the voice of pride; he catches up the watchwords of men; and out of his ignorance lectures authority. In the vain attempt to dress rebellion in the clothes of manliness he whittles down his religion, reads into his preconceived ideas for the purpose of gaining the approval of the non-Catholics. Herein he blunders. It was a poor compliment to the non-Catholic to imagine, for a moment, that his praise can be secured by a backbowed character. They can respect a strong heret, but not the man who, neither a good Catholic nor a good Protestant, conceals his faith at the best of the good of getting on. He despises him, and when he has served his purpose he flings him aside, and washes his hands. Submission to the divine authority of the Church is the touchstone of Catholicity.—True Voice.

Jesus entered heaven, bearing the marks of His glorious wounds; and to enter thro ourselves, we must be able to show wounds like His; in these consist that family likeness which will cause us to be recognized by God and His angels.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourth Sunday after Epiphany. THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST. "And when it entered into the boat His disciples followed Him." (Matt. viii, 23)

Whoever imitates the virtues of Jesus may be said to follow Him. He lived on earth for thirty-three years to show us by word and example the way to Heaven. He is our Model. We cannot be saved unless we become His living images by showing forth in our lives the sanctity of which He is the pattern. Now, let us see how the greatest of virtues, charity was practiced by Him. Every thought, word and action of His was a new manifestation of this virtue. Whether amongst the Apostles or in the company of strangers, or even when insulted by the Pharisees, charity governed His every action. He chose faulty men to be His apostles in order that He might not be without an opportunity for exercising this virtue. When they misunderstood Him, He mildly adapted Himself to their weak comprehension. In the garden with what charity did He not bear their drowsiness! When Thomas doubted concerning His resurrection, what care did He not take to strengthen his waverling faith! How meekly did He not answer the proud Pharisees! And oh! what compassion had He not for the miseries of men!

Of those who followed Him to the desert He said: "I have compassion on the multitude because they continue with Me now three days and have not what to eat." Never did He refuse to heal those who sought in Him a physician. He declared that He had come to save those who were sinners. When He passed through cities it was only that He might scatter gifts and graces, console the afflicted, cure the sick and pardon the guilty.

In that living Heart no hatred or revenge ever dwelt. His last words on the cross were: "Pardon them, they know not what they do." What a noble example for our imitation! Listen to the words of St. Paul: "Now, we that are stronger ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves; for Jesus Christ did not please Himself." Alas! how different is our conduct! How blind we are to our own faults and ready to see those of our neighbor! If we really followed out the precept of our Lord, we should see no quarrels, no harsh judgments, no scoldings, no unkind words or acts.

Yet, practically, we show so little of Christ's spirit. Self-love, so deeply rooted in our hearts, has its baneful influence. Envy, hatred, suspicion, and readiness to take offence have their source in this false love and not in Jesus Christ. How often we hear peevishness: "I cannot forgive him because he wronged me. People no longer respect me. My good reputation—alas!—it is a thing of the past." Grant that he did offend you; have you never sinned against God or treated your neighbor unkindly?

If you wish God to pardon you, then forgive your brother. This is indeed hard to do, but it becomes easy when you cast yourself at the feet of Jesus crucified, and think how lovingly He forgave His enemies. Our Lord had compassion on the miserable, whether their poverty was spiritual or intellectual or temporal.

Are you zealous? Does the sad condition of sinners never move you to compassion? Do you, by word and example, try to enlighten men and make them God-like? Remember that you can be a messenger of peace to the fallen.

How do you employ the talents God has given you? Do you use them to spread our holy religion and to make men wiser in the things of God? Forget not that you are a steward from whom a strict account shall be demanded.

Has God blessed you with the goods of this world? What use do you make of them? Does the woe of the widow and orphan, of the sick and help less, not touch your heart? Remember that the charity of God cannot abide in you if you refuse to help those whom you see in need. May you heed the words of St. Paul to the Ephesians: "Be ye therefore followers of God, as most dear children, and walk in love as Christ hath also loved us, and hath delivered Himself for us, an oblation and a sacrifice to God for an odor of sweetness."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

NOT A SYSTEM—PHILOSOPHICALLY INCONSISTENT—PRACTICALLY CONTRADICTORY.

Christian Science as a philosophical and ethical system was lately renewed in the London Tablet by the Rev. R. H. Benson. The reviewer attempts to dissect the so-called system in a cool and unemotional way, with the purpose of finding some kernel after he has cracked and thrown away the shell. He has in the manner of other thinkers found very much shell, some of which seriously involved the palatability of the kernel. Christian Science has been found to be a philosophical system a loosely connected series of assumptions, attractive to some inquisitive minds, because it is intricate and convincing to others because after much rummaging to find connection of parts the system leaves the searcher without the necessity of forcing himself to any binding conclusion and therefore in the delectable position of absolute intellectual independence. There is still greater fascination about them if the solution of them has become the fad among the so-called elite set, i. e., a class of people for whom commonplace mode of thinking and grasping of too plain facts and theories is a bore. Exclusion is a characteristic of elite society, and just such elite minds must then not think what is too obvious and plain, nor think as does the rest of the world. Hence the followers of Mrs. Eddy occasionally are found among otherwise bright, intelligent people.

Mrs. Eddy's system, as Father Benson says, if it be seriously taken and

led to its ultimate results, must necessarily deny the existence of every thing beyond God. All supposed positive knowledge is due to the diseased condition of what she calls the "mortal mind." Of course, how an unreal mind can be diseased is not explained, or how disease which is a disorder in a constituted organism can exist if it has no subject is also not an object of worry to the scientist. These are mere philosophical objections from diseased mortal minds. The mortal minds of the Christian Scientists are only unreal and unsound inasmuch as they are mortal minds, though still mortal, I presume, when they are illumined by Christian Science.

Now, why the system has concentrated itself in an attack on bodily disease, and neglected belief in other objective realities is one of the intricacies of Christian Science. As Father Benson says: "Food also, according to the new gospel, must be a delusion. So is money; so are carriages and horses and trains and steamboats and clothes—for they are all manifestations of a thing which does not exist, since 'God is spirit, and spirit is all.'"

This fact seriously involves our scientists into embarrassing explanations. One would almost think if their usual manner of proceeding in the daily affairs of life were a criterion, that our scientists did not have the courage of their convictions. Money, for instance, seemed to have assumed unwarranted claims to reality and so impressed its claims on the mortal mind of Mrs. Eddy that she charges \$5.00 for her book and \$100 for participation in the sum of her new knowledge. Mrs. Eddy evidently believes in compromise, and she is prepared, martyr like, to suffer temporarily for the ultimate triumph of the cause. The elect are not yet strong enough to proclaim their utter disregard for these "fantastic ideas." They must suffer a little longer amid the enjoyments of life, and as if to furnish greater occasions for this suffering, they must go to the "unreal" courts of the world and violently contest among themselves for the possession of these hampering "unrealities." With bodily disease as the backbone of resistance to these unrealities she writes: "Until the advancing age admits the efficacy and supremacy of mind, it is better to leave surgery and the adjustment of broken bones and dislocations to the fingers of a surgeon, while you continue yourself chiefly to mental reconstruction and the prevention of inflammation."

Of course, there is a kernel in this shell, as I before stated. Unfortunately, though, for Christian Science, this fruit had been discovered long before Mrs. Eddy appeared on the scene, the power of self suggestion in the treatment of subjective and objective disease. The poor, purblind and misled medical profession had long ago, in this long ago, and even hazarded to employ it in their practice long before the "elect" had begun their warfare against "unrealities." Strange to say, it was even known to all physicians and even to other commonplace mortal minds in the world. Why it has been carried so far that mesmerism, magnetism, hypnotism and even auto-hypnotism are well known terms to-day to the "mortal mind" of the average student.

We cannot better end this article than by quoting this very sensible and apt conclusion on the subject from the pen of one who has lately reviewed the work of Father Benson: "It might be otherwise if there was really any startling evidence that 'Christian Scientists' believed what they said. When Mrs. Eddy ascends a pillar like St. Simon Stylites or confines her diet to pulse and water, like the holy children—for even we do not ask that she should subsist entirely on high and noble ideas—when American professors of this creed cross the Atlantic on mill-stones, or even without them, uphold by their supreme consciousness of the superiority of mind over matter—even we might also say, when the preachers of this religion go out barefooted and frockless to proclaim the good news of the kingdom to those who cannot afford \$5.00 as the price of their liberation—when we see all this—when we see even one hundredth part of the self-denial of the meekest among the Christian saints or the very faintest sign that God is working among them in a manner in which he does not work in hypnotic establishments, perhaps then we shall be able to treat them with more respect and less laughter, and be patient enough to study their complicated books with something resembling sympathy."

The mind for future inventors of philosophical systems is: "When you are going to strike with strength of mind and mallet of argument at world-accepted but presumed fallacies, see that there is no loose end of the beard to knock you into senselessness."

A WORD OF WARNING. The present deplorable conflict between capital and labor in modern society is simply the natural outcome of the principles sown by the infidels of the last century against God and His Church, and which are bearing fruit to day. No wonder that now Socialism is the coming evil to be faced. Banish God from the world, Jesus Christ from society, preach the non-existence of Heaven or hell, teach mankind that all ends with the tomb, that man has no higher end than beast wallowing in the mud, and how can you expect to curb the mad avarice of wealth, or hope to find resignation among the poor and afflicted? Let all concerned take heed in time. Let those rulers of civil society who are thoughtlessly co-operating in the nefarious work of raising up a godless generation of human beings, pause a moment to think of what they are doing. Let them hearken to what they will not deny is the voice of Truth: "As you sow, so shall you reap. If you sow the wind you shall certainly reap the whirl-wind."—T. D.

A PARISH WITH A HISTORY.

ITS FOUNDER WAS A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER, AND HIS SON ERECTS THE NEW PLACE OF WORSHIP.

A new and really beautiful church, completely and admirably appointed, has recently been added to the Catholic churches of Tennessee by the people of Winchester, writes a correspondent of the Nashville American. It calls attention to a phase of development, paralleled in many places elsewhere throughout the South, and yet infrequently enough to have the interest of unexpectedness. Franklin County is one of the oldest settlements west of the Cumberland Mountains, and a generous proportion of its settlers were not more than one generation removed from Catholic ancestry, but the Church was practically unknown in the region until several years after the close of the Civil War.

Rev. John Erwin, a minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, was impelled by the influence of a singularly impressive dream to investigate the doctrines of Catholicity and made the journey to Nashville on horseback, shortly after the war closed, to receive instructions from Bishop Miles, the first Bishop of Nashville. The gifted minister's conversion and life of great piety and apostolic zeal in the faith were well known to the Catholics in practice in Franklin County.

In some mystic way, doubtless, his self-sacrifice was vitally connected with the next step in the growth of local Catholicity, although its impetus was of a decidedly different character. A Northern financier, eminently representative of the carpetbag regime, came in the later sixties to show the people of Winchester a few "Yankee tricks" in place of the honor and fidelity to contract, which had hitherto prevailed.

His equipment included the importation from Northern States of a score of artisans, whom he left stranded after he had squeezed the town dry. Several of these aliens, natives of France and Germany, were Catholics. After the collapse of the factory he had "promoted," they took up arms, which were able to purchase a tract of land, and the word went back North, to draw iron time to time additional Catholic settlers. Thus were established in Franklin County the great family connections of the Schabers, Pickneys, Frassandans, Couttas, Nagles, Moinettes, Hawkshaws. The disintegration of the Great colony in Grand County sent to Winchester several others, notably the Knies family, now numbered among Winchester's most prominent and wealthy citizens.

Other names, Le Marin, Humphrey, Wade, Basha, Towne, familiar to the early gatherings of Catholics, have since disappeared from the Catholic register, but are not forgotten because their bearers were energetic supporters of the faith. Mr. Wade was section boss and brought the priest to Winchester from the junction at Decherd on a hand car, when he was able to make the mission (once in three months). Mass was sometimes celebrated in the courthouse, then much smaller than the present spacious courthouse of Franklin County. Open services were conducted in the tiny cottages of the Catholics. Practically without clerical leadership, these devoted people, struggling for a foothold in a strange and somewhat unsympathetic community, set about erecting a church within a year after their arrival. They secured property at Jefferson street and Second avenue, a puny effort yet on the extreme edge of the town's growth. Le Marin, Basha and Alex Humphrey were expert carpenters. All the others helped to the best of their ability, and all contributed \$40 each from their meager income. A commodious church was the result. It served for almost twenty-five years to shelter the infrequent celebration of the sacraments.

In 1893 the Rev. John J. Graham, now pastor at Knoxville, entered on the Winchester mission with characteristic energy. In February he acquired title to half a city block at the opposite extremity of the town and began the construction of a new church. The encouragement of such leadership aroused the finest enthusiasm of the people. Young men grown since the first church was built, labored side by side with their gray-haired fathers in rearing the walls, roofing, finishing, painting, and their women folks displayed prodigious ingenuity in decorating the interior. With great solemnity, the Right Reverend Joseph Radesacher, Bishop of Nashville, dedicated the new church in September of that year.

For seven years longer, however, Winchester remained a mission station with Mass at long intervals of time. But the immigrant Catholics, who, for a generation, had been exposed to all the discouragements of the frontier, had earned by their constancy the right to a resident pastorate, which chance brought them in the shape of the Paulist foundation at Highland Oaks. When the Paulist Fathers were given charge of the parish, in the latter half of the year 1900, a scant three score of men, women and children tried to accustom themselves to the obligation of Mass every Sunday. Parish organization was an unknown factor. The native fidelity of the people was the chief principle of the parish's existence. And this was beautiful. Never were Catholics more willing in attendance, more open-hearted in instruction, more punctual in fulfilling every admonition of their pastors.

Aside from a mission or two, the Paulists did little more than meet the spontaneous demands of the people, during the first two years. Then they brought a Sister's school to Winchester. Considering the number of the Catholic people of the place, and their very modest economic standing, it is nothing short of heroic that they have supported this school and made it a success. Undeniably, the continuation of the school has been dependent on the support of the people. It was equally heroic for the Sisters to entrust themselves to a financial future so doubtful. The foundation must be recorded as a most bright particular star in the crown of St. Cecilia Dominican Convent of

Nashville. Mother Ross, Mother Frances and Mother Cecilia have, in turn, directed the destinies of the school. The large brick school building and convent, owned by the parish, is an old Southern home remodeled. It has hard wood floors, solid walnut wainscot and trim collared hard wood ceilings, a vaulted chapel, and up to date school equipment in every detail. The prompt transformation of the children from rustic bashfulness to little gentlemen and ladies, bearing the marks of polite convent breeding, was displayed to the public in a series of entertainments throughout each school term, which became eminently popular events in Winchester, and now many non-Catholic parents avail themselves of the school's advantage.

Winchester is a town of surprising energy and eagerness for betterment. Few towns of its size can possibly have sent out into broad and distinguished careers a greater number of sons and daughters. The Sister's school was the first appreciable proof that the alien Catholics in Winchester had made good as Catholics and Americans. And Winchester appreciated it. Many non-Catholics became cordial champions of the hopeful little parish. Several joined the Church. In seven years the membership had increased one hundred and twenty communicants and seventy five children in excellent preparation for the Corporation. Moreover, several negroes had become faithful and zealous Catholics.

Naturally, the parish ardently desired a new church commensurate with its new estimate of itself. Plans were drawn and ways and means discussed with growing intensity for six years. Only last March did Father Duffy, of the Paulists, give the signal. The response was immediate and sufficient. Wagons of every description hauled a mountain of sand and gravel to the lot adjoining the Sister's school, in the heart of the fashionable residence district of the prosperous little town.

This was made into concrete blocks, colored like Sewanee sandstone by the addition of hydrated lime. And the man who mastered the science of concrete making and concrete construction, who superintended each step of the new church's development, from directing his fellow parishioners in digging the foundation, to the last polish given the predella of the altar late at night on the eve of the church's dedication, the man whose devotion inspired and whose example led all the men of the parish in generous self-sacrifice, was John Holmes Erwin, son of the Presbyterian minister who reasoned himself into the Church during the war and became the pioneer Catholic of Winchester.

It is no wonder that this church is eloquent with human interest and is a winsome home, bespeaking the loving loyalty of all who enter it. Its stained glass windows are inscribed with the beatitudes which so many members of this parish have fulfilled. Over the altar one great window floods the sanctuary with light, transmuting the exquisite colors and noble lineaments of Ploekhorst's "Good Shepherd." To Him the Church is dedicated by men and women, who for so much of their lives have been entirely dependent on His shepherding. And the reading room and library in the tower, the cordial welcome at the church door, the ever urgent invitation to attend services in the beautiful new church, manifest the next absorbing ambition of the parish, to grow in membership through the promise inscribed in letters of gold on the arch of the sanctuary. "Other sheep I have, that are not of this fold, them also I must bring, a Shepherd."—

FAST FROM ALCOHOL OR MEAT.

The suggestion made some time ago by an Irish Catholic gentleman, The MacDermot, that abstinence from alcohol should be substituted for abstinence from flesh on Fridays was discussed at a recent meeting of the Father Mathew Union of Total Abstinence Priests of the English Diocese of Westminster and Southwark, and the following resolutions were passed: "That this meeting, having considered the suggestion of The MacDermot with regard to the substitution of alcohol for meat in the Church's Law of Abstinence, and, while approving of The MacDermot's object, is of opinion that the Holy See should be petitioned to allow that on abstinence days other than Fridays it may be optional to substitute abstinence from alcohol, for abstinence from meat."

That their Lordships the Bishops (of England) be respectfully requested to recommend, in the Lenten Indult, to those who are exempt or dispensed from the second precept of the Church, abstinence from alcohol for the prescribed fasting and abstinence. If the change were made to cover the whole season of Lent it might be the means of permanent reform in many bad cases of intemperance. A "hard" drinker who could or would abstain for six or seven weeks, could easily and probably would extend the good reform through the remainder of his (or her) life.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Do Not Decide Important Questions When Discouraged.

I have often heard people in mature life say, "If I had only kept on as I had begun, if I had only persisted in carrying out my ambition, I might have amounted to something and been infinitely happier."

Multitudes of people have led miserable lives of regret, with thwarted ambitions constantly torturing them, simply because, in a moment of weakness and discouragement, they turned back.

I know a number of talented young men who went abroad to study music or art, and who returned home when they were discouraged and homesick, only to regret it ever since.

I have seen medical students with great enthusiasm, who became so disheartened by the drudgery in anatomy and chemistry and the revolting sights in the dissecting room, that they left college with disgust and went home, only to despise themselves ever after for not having the pluck to go on.

Young men often go to law school with the idea of becoming great lawyers, but, in trying to wade through Blackstone and Kent, they get completely discouraged and drop their studies, feeling that they are not cut out for lawyers.

Boys who have never been away from home before sometimes go to college and decide, during a fit of acute homesickness, to throw up the whole thing and return home.

How many boys have gone back to their country homes from the city because of homesickness or discouragement, when, if they had held out a little longer till things brightened up, their whole careers would have been changed!

How many young writers and artists, and young people learning trades, have given up in a moment of discouragement and gone into vocations against which their whole natures rebelled, and did not change later because they were afraid of being laughed at, or were not sure enough of themselves, or did not have sufficient confidence that they could hold out and would not give up again!

If there is any one person needs nerve, grit, and stamina, it is when tempted to turn back, when the cowardly voice within says, "Don't you see how foolish it is for you to try to do this thing? You have not the means nor the strength. How foolish to sacrifice years of comfort and pleasure at home among the people who love you for the sake of doing what you have undertaken! It is better to turn back and acknowledge your mistake than to go on and sacrifice so much."

Whatever you do, or how heavy the burden, do not lay it down at such a time. No matter how dark the way, or how heavy the heart, wait until the "blue" depression or the discouragement has passed before taking any decided step.

An important decision requires your best judgment, your soundest, clearest vision, your best sense. You cannot afford to make a turning point in your life when the world looks dark and everything looks distorted to you. The turning point in your career, the great decision should be made when you are at the top of your physical and mental condition.

Never take any important step in life, or make a serious decision, when you are "blue," or depressed, because your mood will warp your judgment.

When one is suffering with great mental depression or discouragement, he is likely to take almost any step which will afford temporary relief, regardless of the greater ultimate good. Men are sometimes tempted into bankruptcy while suffering under some great temporary discouragement, when they might have pulled through and succeeded if they had only held on.

People sometimes commit suicide under acute suffering, even when they know that their trouble is only temporary and that they are sure to get relief. It is impossible, while suffering, to get the right perspective, to see things in their right relations. We cannot use our good sense, or better judgment, or a fine discrimination, when tortured on the rack of physical or mental pain.

It is a very difficult thing to be an optimist and to use good judgment in our decisions when hope is shut out of our vision, when everything looks dark and discouraging. But it is under such circumstances that we show the stuff we are made of.

The real test of a man's ability is shown in his power to stick to his task when everything goes wrong, and when his friends are trying to persuade him to give up, and telling him what a fool he is to try to go on when "what is against him."

Inventors, discoverers, and most men who have accomplished great things in other fields, owe their success to the fact that they persisted when others gave up, kept going when others turned back, kept struggling on when there was no light or hope ahead.

Success. "Just Set." A man who does not like work very well was asked how he managed to spend his time. "Well," he said, "some days I just set and think, and other days I just set."

A great many people "just set" without thinking. Mental laziness is fatal to all growth. Many people never think deeply into any subject. They just browse around on the surface. They never have trained themselves to concentrate vigorously, to hold the mind tenaciously upon one subject; their thinking is of the hop-skip-and-jump order. This desultory surface-milling sort of brain-action is not real thinking. To really think, we must focus the mind upon one subject and hold it there.

One reason why the majority of people lead such superficial lives is because their minds are not trained to think deeply and broadly. They do not go far enough into subjects to get a comprehensive view of them. Their thinking is so superficial that their whole lives are shallow.

It does not matter how good a brain one has, before it can accomplish any thing worth while, it must be trained until concentration becomes an automatic habit. One of the great advantages of a college course is the training of the mind to think logically and deeply.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Hampfield. CHAPTER III. FREEDOM.

"I say, Spider, come along—let's go for a walk."

It was our friend Johnny who spoke. He had been a week or two at school, and the first agonies had passed away. He no longer pushed his food from him at meals, nor bedewed his pillow with rushing torrents of tears, nor stood sulkily in a corner of the play ground. He began to mix a little timidly perhaps—in the games, hanging on the outskirts and watching for sly kicks at the football if ever it got away from the rush of the boys.

School was beginning already to try and make a man of him. It was teaching him that his own home was not the whole world, nor he himself the only being in it; and that instead of narrowing all his thoughts upon his little self, he had better fling them abroad upon others and live as part of a body.

Indeed he found he had to live as part of a body whether he liked it or not. It was very odd, but nobody attended to his whims; at home they always did. When others went to school, he must go; what others learned, that he; what others eat, he also; and the same rules, the same order, the same restraints pressed upon him as upon others, and a quiet force of law and order forbade him to do exactly as he pleased.

"This was the sore point with Johnny. 'Why can't they let a fellow do as he likes?' At Bernonsey I always did; this horrid old place isn't like Bernonsey." The wisest freedom! Not to be checked! Not to be controlled! Not to have a law here and a law there; a bound here and a bound there; but to do as he liked, where he liked, and at what hour he liked—this was his happiness; better than learning; better than comfort; better than money; better even than good food.

Wild freedom! Rags and dirt, bare feet and hard living, were all bearable with that. And it was in this thirst for freedom that Johnny said "I say, Spider, let's go for a walk."

Spider was not the real name of Master Cornelius Wraggle. At home they would have been snocked to hear it. He had grown quickly; and a long lean body, with long lean arms, not yet quite in proportion, ending in very long and very lean fingers, which were always restless, wandering hither and thither as if to lay hold of something, had given his school-fellows an idea that he was like a spider. He was not perhaps the friend Father McReady would have chosen for Johnny. He was not a bad boy, and yet always in trouble. If anything went wrong in school—not mischief, but mischievous and troublesome, ungenerous and little—Cornelius Wraggle's name infallibly appeared among the culprits; he was not good, rather than bad; not horribly idle, yet talking and laughing at his class half the day; not exactly a liar, yet never answering a question straight; not passionate, yet odd in his temper; he was a puzzle; he seemed without good points, so that there was nothing to lay hold of and work upon.

However, Master Corney had lately tasted of punishment, and he made a wise answer to Johnny's invitation; "Don't be a fool, Johnny," said he, "you'll get in a row."

"Row!" laughed Johnny, "not I; oh! come along Spid, you're used to tannings by this time, you know. I can't stick in this horrid old ground any longer. I want to go out and see the town. Come spidway I spin along, my boy."

But Master Wraggle was in one of his good fits. "It won't do, Popwiche," said he, "I've been longer at school than you, and I tell you it won't do, and it isn't right; I've had enough of rows."

"Not right, Corney I I always did it at Bernonsey, and father never said much."

"So much the worse for your father," said Wraggle with much solemnity, "and a pretty mess he's made of it. If I were your father, you'd catch it now and again, my boy."

"You!" said Johnny, with the blood hot in his cheeks, and his blue eyes on fire, "you you great long thing! I should like to see you give it me! You Tower of Babel, you I you speak of my father again, that's all!" And in a fit of virtuous indignation, feeling himself very good, he passed out of the gate with a crowd of singers, who were going to the Church to practise.

"Hallo! Popwiche, you in the choir!" said the gatekeeper; "Just joined it," said Johnny calmly, and following the choristers a little way, he turned down a side alley and was free.

Securing a few suckers at Mother Pussit's, he enjoyed the fullest luxury of his well loved liberty. He stood at the pond throwing stones at the ducks; he looked on at ragged urchins playing croquet on the green, not unwilling to join it had he been asked; he watched the militia at their drill, mocking the word of command from a safe distance; he held a horse for a few minutes, earning another penny for sherbet at Mother Pussit's; and finally, with hands in pockets, lounged down the street from shop window to shop window, reading the songs in the Penny Songster, staring at the great doll in the barber's, coveting the marbles in the toy shop, and making the street ring with his careless whistling as he walked on: the luxury of

"nothing to do" and freedom was at its height. So lounging he came at last to the Railway Station, and here was a banquet spread for the idleness of the eyes. The bookstall, the advertisements, the trains coming in and going out, the people, the porters, the luggage, the engine; never was human drone-bee so happy, as he wandered from flower to flower, sipping the honey from each.

"Want a job, boy?" said one of the porters, "here, carry the parcel for this gentleman."

"Oh! yes," said Johnny, looking up to the passenger who had just stepped out of the train.

"Why! little Popwiche!" said the gentleman, "what are you doing here?" It was his master, Brother Severns, whom Johnny supposed safe in school! Very respectfully, with eyes cast down, and sniffing slightly at the nose, did Johnny go up the hill, side by side with his captiver.

"Oh! please, Sir," said Johnny, in answer to questioning, "Brother Cathbert sent me down, Sir, to meet my mother; she's coming by the train, Sir, poor father's very ill; Cornelius Wraggle said he was sure you wouldn't be angry."

"That will do now," said Brother Severns—when we get home, I will ask Brother Cathbert."

But Johnny escaped. Father McReady had a merciful rule that new boys should not be punished. Give them time, he urged, to get into the spirit of the place and learn its rules. He talked to Johnny, spoke of home, told him how vexed his father would be, and how he would not be let off a second time; and Johnny shed many tears, and pretended to shod more, and left Father McReady's room proclaiming with many words that he would be good. "I say, Spinner," said Johnny to Cornelius Wraggle, whom he met at the bottom of the stairs as he came away—"I say Spinner, I'm not for this place long. I shall not it."

Had Johnny been able to be in two places at once, he would have heard Martha Popwiche sobbing at the same time to her spouse. "Popwiche, I tell you I can't live without that boy, I see him in my dreams; I didn't think, Popwiche, when you led me to the Hall-tar, that I was going to be robbed of my very flesh and blood, and made a slave to Susan Muttiebury. Don't tell me! if my blessed Jo Johnny isn't here this moment, it's all along of them Muttieburys."

CHAPTER IV. ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

As time went on Johnny began to see more and more spots of blue among the dark clouds. After all there were some pleasant things at school. Let us describe one of Johnny's happier days at Thornbury.

A splendid spring morning; Johnny had been playing a sort of tennis, not after the strict rules, with two or three chosen comrades—what a shame it seemed to go into school on such a day! "Oh! Brother, St. George's day! I don't you think Father McReady would give a holiday?" "Oh! Brother, yes—ad Brother Aloysius just made a priest!" "Yes, and the Examiner said we passed very well."

"Yes, and it's my birthday," said Cornelius Wraggle, with much solemnity; and with a general laugh, and a "Bravo Spid," the boys submitted to their fate and marched into school.

Our hero had special reasons for objecting to school that day. Whatever were Johnny's good qualities, industry at lessons was not one of them. "Oh! I can't," he used to say. "Oh! bother it, come along then, let's try;" but, as he said the words out would come a knife, and he would be deeply interested in one of his nails, which he was always paring and biting, and touching up as if it were a work of art.

"Row! Popwiche," warned the faithful Wraggle, "you'll get in a row, there's only five minutes."

Then would Johnny get his knowledge ready at his fingers' ends, writing with pencil much learning on nails, or fingers or palm, so that his hand became a perfect Westminster Abbey full of the names of the illustrious dead, or a fleshy Atlas inscribed with the capital towns of European countries.

"You'll get them in a mess," said Corney, "it won't do."

"No, I won't," persisted Popwiche, "it's all right—my first finger's Prussia, because she's the leading card nowadays; and my little finger's Italy, because she's weak and no good; and my thumb's England, because she stands apart from the rest like, being an island."

"And your palm," said Corney, "Oh! my palm's Russia, because she's so big and holds all she can get."

blank at this awful charge—Johnny put on an expression of immaculate innocence.) "of many of you, I have been told that your lessons might have been better said. Although the Examiner has, in his kindness, spoken well of you, yet I am not satisfied; we must do better. When midsummer comes we must pass a better Examination than we ever passed before. Are we agreed to this?"

"Yes," cried they all, Johnny being especially loud.

"Very well, then," said Father McReady, "I have only one thing more to say. I do not wish to be hard on any boy, or compel him to do what he does not like; so that if there is any boy who particularly wishes to-day, being St. George's Day, and a bright, lovely morning, to spend it in study in this schoolroom for the Midsummer Examination, he has my free leave to do it; but if there happens to be any boys who would prefer being in the open air and playing"—but then there came a shout, and a yell, and a rush, and a scramble, and a loud hurrah—such a sudden change from consternation to joy, such a relief of anxious little hearts, such a careering about of frisky limbs, such an unheeded chattering of wild tongues, such frantic chases of each other, such mock battles between loving friends, such a tumult of freedom—that I suppose under heaven there could be no better picture of uttermost joy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PRIEST AS A BUSINESS MAN.

The proportion of financial failures amongst Catholic pastors is smaller than amongst any other class of businessmen the world over.

I have heard people from time to time grow merry at the expense of the priest financier; but I have seen lay management tried and I have frequently even it given up in disgust, and even while it lasted it was the priest himself who had to go out and raise the money for necessary expenses.

The methods and principles of ordinary business are not applicable to conditions in which the obligation to pay is bidding only in conscience.

The average amount of business done annually by the pastors of the country reaches a surprising array of figures. In this age of brick and mortar there is much to do in the building-line, and provision must be made for future contingencies as well as for present needs. The penny-wise and pound-foolish attitude will not do. The pastor must be broad enough and far-sighted enough to lay the foundations for future growth. To do this he must sometimes burden the present generation with debts, but he is noted the world over for his ability to pay debts.

The credit of the Church everywhere throughout the country is of the highest order, and this fact alone is no mean tribute to the man whose methods and labors have made it so. — Rev. J. T. Roche in 'The Business Side of Religion.'

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HOW THE CHURCH FOSTERS IGNORANCE.

The daily increasing intercourse between China and foreign nations will lead present interest to the following item taken from an English newspaper in 1878:

"A gigantic compendium of Chinese literature, comprising nearly 6,000 volumes, has been purchased by the English Chinese Secretary of Legation at Peking, Mr. Mayers, on behalf of the authorities of the British Museum. This extraordinary compilation was prepared under the auspices of the Emperor Kung Hl, and was printed with a font of movable cast type cast for the purpose under the direction of the Jesuit missionaries, the work being finally issued in A. D. 1725 1726, in the ensuing reign. This vast storehouse of information will now for the first time be made accessible to scholars."

Not being conversant in this year of Grace, 1907, with Chinese literary matters, the present writer will venture only on one comment, which he thinks should be made for the benefit of garrulous anti-Catholic writers such as the average Methodist editor, frequently doubtless a well-meaning person, but unfortunately an "ignoramus" when matters Catholic are concerned.

The comment is simple. If the Catholic Church naturally fosters ignorance, how explain the wonderful zeal for the diffusion of knowledge shown in this instance by its Jesuit missionaries in China?—Brief Catholic Comment.

When we ourselves are in trouble, do we turn to the light and flippant occupations which made us merry on a summer's day? Do we not rather take our sorrows to some strong and sympathetic soul whom we know to be living true to God and to his own better self?

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I trust you will kindly handle this question at your early convenience, inasmuch as many are accustomed to look not to the means employed, but to the object at the end in view.

It would be no doubt a convenient and satisfactory thing from a certain point of view if riches and vice, justice and dishonesty, were mingled together by rewards and punishments to men.

And one might say a villain—having the white flag to hand—before. The same idea can be applied in another way. Supposing all well-gotten goods brought prosperity and all ill-gotten goods brought adversity...

flagrant, and the fear of being found out and disgraced or ruined will reward them something more. But beyond this the only proper and laudable motive for honesty in the spirit of justice and of devotion to duty.

No doubt there is a certain element in the human mind which gives support to the idea that ill-gotten goods—and wickedness generally—bring calamity in its train. Consequently when people have done something wicked and a certain ineluctable catastrophe...

The sayings "honesty is the best policy" or "ill-gotten goods are all spoils," etc., are true in the generality of human experience. But if we want to prove that they are true in each and every case the evidence fails us.

The extraordinary labors of the Rev. Pasquale de Nino at the town of Rosarno, Pa., has attracted the notice of the outside world, and the good people, and his work among them, are the theme of a recent magazine article which has been much commented on.

It is a certain fact that marks out the spirit for me, miles away, and gardens and gardens and that more gardens, all with grape-arbors. And of this lovely and generous town Father de Nino is the de facto mayor, building inspection, health department, and arbiter of all questions relating to social conditions or business undertakings.

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and life; and standing began to be homes when warbling lapped from the clouds. Father de Nino was welcomed to Rosarno, Pa. by the people who had not dreamed of trying when they built Rosarno in some time and on what their shadows stood.

Another thing for which one may look in vain is a drunken man; and that Rosarno is a "soft-drink town" by any means. The wine-making expert...

Part of the "Confession." Francis Thompson has been so intelligently seen from the outside, says the London Times, that it is a great pleasure to get a closer Catholic view of him expressed in a private letter from which we are able to quote.

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