

PALMS

ANNA HANSON DORSEY,

AUTHOR OF "COINA," "FLEMINGS," "TANGLED PATHS," "MAY BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

TALKS AND WHAT AND FINE GOLD.

"I will turn back and introduce her to those, for she is shy of strangers. Thy thought of the Pontiff repelled, remembering that the Pontiff had promised that this lady would instruct Claudia in the rudiments of Christian doctrine.

Camilla was not critically beautiful, but the intelligence, brightness, and frank expression of her face, imparted to it a winning charm which was irresistible. She had been the gayest woman in Rome, full of audacious courage to overstep conventional customs, if they interfered with her pleasures; witty, outspoken, and carrying off everything she did with such cheerful grace that, instead of blame, she won admiration, and had, notwithstanding her escapades, a reputation that was without a flaw. By her sayings or friends well provided with amusement; while her entertainments, quite out of the beaten track of such things, were made delightful more by their novelty than their splendor and profusion. But suddenly, so her friends said, she had taken a caprice, and adopted a more quiet mode of life; she excused herself by declaring, in a laughing way, that she was only learning how to grow old with a good grace, and how at last to assume the dignity of a Roman matron, which she had been accused of lacking.

But the fact was—*sub rosa*—that Camilla's husband, Tertullus, whom she idolized, had become a Christian, through having heard the testimony of her loved, and she, by the grace of God, following his example. Since then many daring things had been done in Rome for the persecuted Christians—many an edict had been brushed over with lime or pitch; many a martyr's body, destined for the cloaca, mysteriously disappeared; but neither the instigators nor perpetrators of these outrages could be traced. But had she chosen to speak, Camilla could have given the key to it all; for her own daring spirit was now exercised otherwise than for the amusement of her friends, and it was she who incited many of these exploits.

She and her husband had many a laugh together in secret when he recounted her hair-breadth escapes, how, by ingenious devices, she had set magistrates and prison officials by the ears, thereby delaying, by a confusion of orders, the torture and execution of those who at a given time were sentenced to die for their steadfast faith in Christ; and how, once on a dark, stormy night, she had caused to be suspended from the neck of one of the marble deities, a rude portrait of Valerian Emperor, head downward. She had alert hands and willing agile feet to do her bidding, and gold in plenty to bribe sordid jailors and executioners for certain purposes, not unlike that which inspired Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus to do secretly, after the Crucifixion, with fine linen and spices, to give sacred sepulture to the dead Christ. It was she who planned everything, and sometimes, moved by her adventurous spirit, took an individual and personal share in the attendant perils.

This was, however, but one side of Camilla's present life; the reverse showed a sweet, womanly tenderness in her ministrations to the suffering and afflicted, an unsparring hand in relieving their necessities; she had words of strong fervor and consolation for the weak and faint-hearted, and courage herself to die, whenever called, for the love of Him Whom she so zealously loved and served.

By this time the villa is reached, and, assisted by Nemesius, Camilla alights from her chariot. Claudia is straying among the flowers, and listening to the carols of her old friends, the flutes and thrushes, hidden among the leafy excreta overhanging the trees. She hears her father call her, drops the violets and roses she has gathered, and, emerging from a tangled screen of white jasmine and eggplant which had concealed her, she runs with swift, graceful steps towards him. Taking her hand, he introduces her to the strange lady, who had watched her approach with moistened eyes and a sweet, friendly smile. After one quick, penetrating glance into her face, which the child seems to read instantaneously, she lays her hand in the lady's soft clasp, and in few simple words gives her welcome.

Then Nemesius, well satisfied, left them together; he had not a moment to spare; he must be at his camp by a certain time; his business there would consume at least an hour, and at noon he was due at the old walled villa out near the Via Latina.

Camilla attracted and won Claudia, and after Nemesius had mounted and ridden away, she proposed that they should go and find a seat in some shaded, sequestered spot in the gardens, saying, with a bright smile:

"I have things to tell thee, my child, meant only for thine own ear. The birds and the fountains babble only of their own affairs. I want to talk to thee of yesterday, and thy visit to my villa beyond Rome. Ah! how thou knowest! Come."

"Do not thou know Him Who opened my blind eyes—the Christus?" asked the child, her countenance radiant with sweet eagerness.

"Aye, and in truth do I, my little one; and it is to speak to thee of Him that the holy Bishop Stephen has sent me here to-day," answered Camilla, as hand in hand, they wandered through the fragrant shaded alleys to the Oratory of Silenus, where they found comfortable seats on the moss-grown mounds that surrounded it.

While the fountain tossed its spray towards the sun, with a sound like far-off silver bells—while the birds sang, and the blue Roman sky looked down from its viewless depths over the in-

describable beauty of the scene, Camilla, in simple, touching language, related to the child the wonderful story of God's infinite love and mercy, which had moved Him to give His only Son to the passion of His creatures, whose sins made them worthy only of condemnation; and how His Virgin Mother—*Adorata nostra*—had suffered willingly with her divine Son, holding nothing back, crucifying nature, and accepting her desolation and sorrow, so that nothing should be wanting to complete the sacrifice. Tears filled Camilla's eyes; her strong face grew soft and tender, as she spoke to the little neophyte, who listened with rapt attention, as if fearing to lose a single word.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "if I had been there I would have asked the cruel ones to take my life, and spare His. How could the Holy Mother bear such grief? Was it for the love of us she stood by His Cross, silent and weeping?"

"It was all for us, dear child, that both suffered—through love whose depths can never be sounded, whose heights the human mind can never reach; He in His sacred flesh, she in her sacred, maternal heart," said the lady, who in her fervor almost forgot that she was speaking to a child.

"I cannot understand it all yet, but I can love! I can love! His name, Jesus Christus, is in my heart, and I will ask Him to let me too be the child of His Holy Virgin Mother, to live at her feet and learn. He opened my blind eyes but yesterday, and thou, I blind eyes but yesterday, and now my father and old Symphonius and I no longer worship the gods, but Him only," said Claudia, her face aglow with earnest desire.

"Love like thine, dear child, is most precious to Him—more precious than knowledge; for it was love that stood by Him at the Cross when all had abandoned Him—love that had no thought of self, and was exalted to the highest courage. Thy love, my child, is precious in His sight, and His grace will be sufficient unto thee. I heard with great joy what had happened at my villa yesterday; and my husband, who is a brave officer of the Praetorian Guard, and a Christian, could scarcely contain his delight when the holy Bishop, after the divine function, at which we were both present, told us the glad tidings; for thy father is a noble conquest, over whom the persecuted Church rejoices. I am coming to see thee often, dear one, to teach thee the rudiments of the Christian faith, and lead thee to a knowledge of its divine sacraments, which will unfold new joys, new mysteries of love, that will bring thee in nearer communion with the dear Jesus Christ every hour, every day."

"O lady! how much I think of thee!" exclaimed Claudia, kissing Camilla's hand, which held hers; for she thought she would help her to understand, for I am only a child."

"He will help thee, little one, never fear," answered Camilla, with one of her radiant smiles, as her eyes rested lovingly on the angelic face uplifted to hers. "Dost thou know the Sign of the Cross, and how to bless thyself in the Name of the Most Holy Trinity?"

"I know the sign, but not the words," was the simple answer.

Camilla taught her, the little girl repeating the holy names after her distinctly and reverently.

"Do this often, sweet child; it is the Christian's aegis in all dangers. Now I must be gone, but here is something I have brought thee to wear next to thy heart—a little picture of *Adorata nostra*," said Camilla, giving Claudia a crystal medallion, on the inside of which was painted the lovely face of the Virgin Mother.

Crystal medallions of this description, which open like lockets of the present day, have occasionally been found upon the bodies of the martyrs in the Catacombs, some with sacred images painted within, others plain. It is supposed that in times of persecution the Christians, in view of the perils to which they were constantly exposed, were permitted to bear the Sacred Host about their person in these crystal receptacles, to be used as their Viaticum in extremity.

"And this is my treasure," continued the noble lady, drawing a gem from her bosom, on which was cut in *intaglio* a head of Christ copied from a famous one of the reign of Tiberius Caesar; the face that of a man of sorrows and afflicted with grief, "Who had never been seen to smile, but often to weep."—A face on which the griefs of the world were stamped. The child's eyes grew sad as she gazed upon it; her heart was so full, she whispered, scarcely breathing, His Name: "O Jesus Christus!" then pressing the sacred image to her lips, she gave it back to Camilla.

"And this," she said presently, as they were returning to the villa, while she held the crystal medallion close to her heart, "I will keep right here, that the thought of her and of her Divine Son may dwell there together. Thou hast been very good to me, dear lady, and I wish I knew how to thank thee; but perhaps the next time thou art so kind as to come, and after I have thought it all over, I shall have found the words I want."

On her part as to what it was or whence it came, she passed it over the child's shining head, lifting the bright, silken curls to give it place; saw her press the pictured image to her lips, and drop it under the folds of her tunic into her bosom. Then, full of the old child-love, throwing her arms around Zilla, she kissed her.

"Some Christian sorcery, doubtless," bitterly thought the poor, faithful heart; "and perhaps more deadly than the amulet that Laodice gave her. O bona Dea! hast thou no power to save this child from destruction?" But she returned the little one's caress, and began to talk with her as nothing had happened.

Nemesius, having reached his camp in good time, arranged the temporary transfer of his command to the officer second in rank, and reached the villa of Tertullus some minutes in advance of the hour which had been named by the Pontiff Stephen. The holy man received him with paternal kindness, bestowing his blessing, which he knelt to receive, after which the Pontiff proceeded to instruct him on the necessity and importance of Baptism as a condition to salvation. To the receptive and upright mind of Nemesius no difficulties presented themselves; for, already enlightened by divine grace, and questioned nothing, knowing that God was the Eternal Truth, and that, through His Son, He had revealed to His Church all things necessary to salvation.

When the subject was explained and made clear to his understanding, and the Pontiff told him that he was then ready to administer the sacred rite, Nemesius hesitated, and said:

"There is a question I would ask; one not easily to be put to ignorance, on which I would be enlightened."

"Thou wilt not ask amiss, for the Church is a divine guide. What wouldst thou know?" was the gentle response.

"This, God being supreme, omniscient, and infinite in all His attributes, could He not have saved man, whom He created, without sending His Divine Son to suffer the torments of agony and cruel death He endured for man's salvation?"

"That is a question which naturally presents itself to some minds on the threshold of Faith, but a few words will throw light upon it," answered the saintly Stephen. "Man, as thou hast learned, was created by the angels who had fallen. But when man fell into sin, it became needful for God to punish him, or God would have manifested an indifference to sin, and would have ceased to be a righteous moral governor. It behooved that man's sin should be punished, but had the punishment been inflicted on man, it must have been endless, and man would never have fallen from the object and end of his creation. Thus would God's honor have suffered."

"How was the sin of man to be punished as God's honor required, and man likewise restored to God's favor, and the place of the angels supplied, as God's honor also demanded? No created being could make the atonement, for none beyond which he was already bound as a creature to offer. It remained, then, that the task must be undertaken by the God-Man, who alone could atone for sin that man should be restored to favor. God did not inflict the punishment of sin on Christ, Who voluntarily offered Himself as the Victim and Redemption, and assumed human flesh in the womb of the undefiled Virgin Mary, and became the Redeemer of man, who through His sufferings and death alone could be restored to the favor of the Eternal Father." (Dialogue "Cur Deus Homo," what St. Anselm here expresses had always been the Church's belief.)

The countenance of Nemesius, which had been somewhat overshadowed at first by the gravity of his thoughts, grew clearer as the Pontiff, speaking impressively and distinctly, unfolded each link of his argument, which was not only grand and simple, but so divinely logical, that he threw himself on his knees, exclaiming: "Make me a Christian in the holy rite of Baptism, I beseech thee, sir, that I may not be another moment separated from Him Who made a sacrifice so great and perfect for me. Henceforth I am His even unto death!"

The Pontiff granted the prayer of Nemesius, and without delay administered the holy sacrament, which he filled the object and end of his creation. It remained, then, that the task must be undertaken by the God-Man, who alone could atone for sin that man should be restored to favor. God did not inflict the punishment of sin on Christ, Who voluntarily offered Himself as the Victim and Redemption, and assumed human flesh in the womb of the undefiled Virgin Mary, and became the Redeemer of man, who through His sufferings and death alone could be restored to the favor of the Eternal Father." (Dialogue "Cur Deus Homo," what St. Anselm here expresses had always been the Church's belief.)

As the days passed by, the neophyte, being in frequent intercourse with the Pontiff, quickly learned the needs of the persecuted Church, and how to relieve her suffering members, and console where he could not save. Self was forgotten; daily among the dwellers in the Catacombs, visiting in secret the poor abodes of the miserable in the by-ways and corners of the proud city of the Caesars, and cut in the dilapidated huts on the beautiful Agro Romano, he distributed his substance to the hungry, the naked, the sick, and did not fail to visit the prisons, as directed by the Emperor, but in a far different spirit from a commoner.

As his name was still a power, Nemesius had an opportunity to check, in a degree, much of the brutality to which the Christian captives were subjected, to comfort them by charging himself with the support of their helpless families, among whom were little children and those whose made them dependent, all destined by the imprisonment of their natural protectors—and, by means of gold, he succeeded, through a trusted agent, to secure the mutilated remains of many of the martyrs for secret burial, or when possible had them conveyed into the Catacombs for interment. His zeal was tireless, and such was his fervor that he was soon admitted to assist at the Divine Sacrifice of the Altar; then, shortly after, followed the

heavenly banquet of the Most Holy Eucharist, which filled his soul with divine sweetness, renewed his strength, and fanned his charity to a higher flame.

Nemesius was ready to avow his faith, his old instincts as a soldier made him wish to do so; but the suffering Church needed his services; for, not yet sprung, and having free access to the prisons, he had, as already shown, countless opportunities to comfort and aid those condemned to suffer for the faith. When admission was denied to all else, it was he who, with adoring love, bore upon his breast, wrapped in richest cloth of gold, the consecrated Hosts, to the condemned Christians—the Heavenly Bread that would "refresh them by the torrent,"—their Holy Vocation (Nemesius was not alone in the practice of the good works described; there were others besides himself and the wife of Tertullus, who were not suspected of being Christians, likewise engaged) in the sharp, bitter conflict they were to pass through to the embrace of Him for Whose glory they were to suffer, and for Whose name they would receive eternal crowns and palms of rejoicing.

The gloom of the prisons was of great assistance to him in his ministrations, even had the guards kept close water on his movements, which they did not; for what was there to fear from the great commander of the Imperial Legion, who bore the Emperor's seal, and was doubtless come on some secret errand?

The Pontiff Stephen wished to ordain him priest, but from this high honor his humility shrank, and he was made a deacon. Can we realize that this is indeed Nemesius, the proud commander, the laurel-crowned soldier, no longer in glittering armor, no longer leading his legionaries under the Roman eagles to fresh conquests, no longer listening to an applauding Senate, and standing on the right of the curule chair, the honored favorite of an Emperor—a Christian in the garments of peace, whose chosen haunts are the Catacombs and the prisons, and whose sole occupation is that of a servant of the needy and afflicted.

Yes! this is the noble patrician, the heroic military leader, the reserved, haughty pagan gentleman, whom we knew as Nemesius; but how changed! For in those days of tribulation when one embraced Christianity he came into deed and in death among the captives and the anguished; the lines were drawn in blood, and they were as much divided and apart as they will be on that dread day when Christ comes to judge the world.

In the two weeks since his conversion, how much had been crowded into the life of Nemesius can be imagined from the brief outline given—much and so real in its essence, that his past seemed like a dream, and it was only now that he truly began to live. Every day or two he went to his villa on the Avenue to embrace his child, and, when having ascertained that all was well with her, to confer with Symphonius, who was faithfully executing the tasks assigned him.

All the idolatrous images had been removed from their niches, shrines, and pedestals, to the vaults under the villa, where they were destroyed, and afterwards east into the limekiln. Some of them were of ancient Greek workmanship, and as ideals of art, were unsurpassed and of priceless worth; but Nemesius knew that they were the creations and symbols of a false religion, and that their perfection was inspired by the belief that the deity represented by a master-hand in marble would inhabit the statue, if it were found worthy of the honor, and be worshipped through the ages. (St. Augustine speaks of this in his "City of God.")

Thus we see that the greatest and most deathless works of pagan art as well as those of Christian art were inspired supernaturally—the first by an idolatrous, the latter by a holy and divine faith.

Admetus proved himself a doughty inconquerable in the work of destruction. To lop off a nose, shave off an ear, strike off one at a time the arms and legs of these gods of stone, who had received divine honors, and still smelt of the spices and Eastern gums that had smoked before them, and then, with a swiftness of his axe and a hearty "Bravo!" knock the exquisite *torso* to splinters, afforded him the most intense satisfaction. "So perish," he would perch the demons, and all other enemies of the dear Christus!"

Frequent and sweet had been the conferences between the noble matron Camilla and the fair young daughter of Nemesius, whose mind, illumined by the love of Him Whose Holy Name her bosom enshrined, received the ministrations with docile, unquestioning faith. To her simplicity and innocence her swift progress in the supernatural life was incomprehensible, even had she dwelt upon the mystery; for the restful joy it brought her, and the love it deepened, sufficed without knowledge concerning the operations of grace, which mature minds seek to understand. Was it not of such as she that Christ spake in these words: "Unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven?"

Whenever Camilla paid her accustomed visit, Zilla did not wait to witness the loving welcome she received from Claudia; it was more than her sensitive, jealous affection could bear; but, leaving them together, she stole away silently, to brood over the evil days that had fallen upon her, and the fearful hour which she knew boded danger and death to the child of her heart.

Presently strange visitors presented themselves at the villa gates, such as he never found admission beyond the stately entrance before—visitors without "scandal or shoom," whose vestments were soiled and tattered—men and women broken down with toil and poverty, some of them decrepit, and almost as helpless as the little children beside them; all wearing a look of patient sorrow on their wan, hungry faces. They were not turned away, as would have been the case a short while before, but brought in, refreshed and

fed. Who were they? They were the gleanings of Nemesius in the bloody harvest fields of the Lord; the destitute ones, left, by the martyrdom and persecution of their natural protectors, to the compassionate care of the faithful.

Old Symphonius was in the secret, also Admetus, who guided them to the villa, and to a certain extent Claudia, who was told that they were the suffering children of the Christus, Who loved them, and would receive all that was done for their relief as done unto Him. This was enough to send her like an angel among them, with sweet, pitying words, and such little ministrations of kindness as their sorrowful plight suggested. She bathed the faces and bleeding feet of the little children, and fed them out of her own hands, winning them to smiles by her pretty ways; then made Zilla turn things upside down in her own chests and closets in search of raiment to cover them, and what was lacking in fitness she at once ordered to be purchased.

Zilla was nearly frantic with disgust and anger; she was sure that Claudia would get some deadly fever or other disease by contact with such a miserable set, and besought her to forbid their coming, or at least not let them come near the villa to contaminate the air, but he fed at a distance by the slaves. That was the pagan way; but the child, even when she held a cup of cold water to the pale, trembling, parched lips of an aged person who was too far spent to lift himself, did it for the love and sake of the dear Christus, and found therein too much happiness to answer Zilla's stern insistence more seriously than to throw her arms around her neck, and with her own sweet laugh say: "Do not scold, beautiful mother! Do I not feed my doves, and sometimes Grillo, just for fun? Why, then, should I not feed these hungry ones, who have none to care for them? They are the children of One I love; how, then, can I turn them away empty?"

Flaming remonstrance useless, Zilla went to Symphonius, and gave him a very emphatic piece of her mind for his laxity of discipline, as guardian of the estate, in permitting beggars, who doubtless brought infection with them, to enter the gates, especially when he saw how Claudia was bewitched by them, so that she could not keep away while they remained. "Truly," she added, "I have fallen upon strange and evil days! To be blind was happiness compared with what has followed sight."

"I have orders to let our little lady have her will," answered the old steward, looking up a moment from some long rows of figures he was working on.

"I will speak to Nemesius himself. Men do not consider the harm that comes of over-indulgence to the immature. It is something new, indeed, for a patrician child to be allowed to mix with such a rabble," she said, with flashing eyes.

"He will be here this evening," was all that Symphonius said; and she withdrew.

True to her word, Zilla sought an opportunity to explain her grievance to Nemesius. He heard her patiently, knowing what good reason she had, from her standpoint, for all she urged, and understanding well that love for his child inspired it; so, with a great pity in his heart, and a silent prayer for her conversion, he answered, briefly but kindly:

"It is my wish and her happiness that these unfortunates should continue coming."

The poor woman made no response—unless the sigh that forced itself from her heart might be called one,—and, folding her pale hands on her bosom, her old gesture of submission, she left her presence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DAILY LIFE OF POPE PIUS X.

Pius X. rises very early, writes "Innominato" from Rome to the New York Sun. When his valet, young Sili, enters the Pope's bedroom a little after 5 o'clock the Pope is almost always up and reciting his breviary. At 6 o'clock he celebrates Mass in the little oratory arranged immediately after his elevation to the Papal throne. The oratory is quickly described. Opposite the window is a wooden altar, and above it, fastened to the wall, is an ivory crucifix. Six bronze candlesticks are placed on either side of a modest tabernacle of carved wood, gilded. The altar rests on a rug which covers half the room. In this there are also a prie-dieu and a gilded armchair; a wardrobe for the pontifical is on the right. From the middle of the oratory hangs a chandelier of the exquisite Murano glass. The furniture of the oratory is quiet but tasteful.

Since the day of his coronation Pius X. has never failed to say Mass. On the day after his elevation, as the oratory was not ready, it was thought that the Pope would abstain from the celebration; but with the modesty that characterizes him he declared that the Pope could surely celebrate Mass as the Cardinal did, and going into the picture gallery he said Mass at one of the altars that had been erected for the use of the Conclave.

When Pius X. says Mass it is usually served by his private Secretary and lasts half an hour. Then, having removed his vestments, the Pope kneels on his prie-dieu and listens devoutly to the Mass of thanksgiving. Next the Pope breaks his fast, with a cup of coffee merely.

The morning passes quickly. If the heat is not too great Pius X. goes down into the gardens, where he likes to walk, stopping to enjoy the coolness of the shady paths or to look at the magnificent flower beds or the countless variety of plants. Meanwhile he enacts with the Secret Chamberlain on duty and with the officer of the Guardia Nobile. The Holy Father never fails to go and pray at the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes; he has taken special care to do so in these last days, as he wishes to associate himself in spirit with the pilgrimage undertaken by Italian Catholics to the greatest sanc-

tuary that France has dedicated to the Holy Virgin.

HIS AFFABILITY WINS ALL HEARTS. In the verdure of this splendid Vatican garden Pius X. finds a pleasant distraction from his cares, and he does not hide the fact; but serious occupations call him back to his private apartments, so that his walk cannot last more than an hour. In his study he finds the analysis of the day's correspondence, which is very voluminous and to which he gives up some time. Then he receives the reports of the various congregations and gives an enlightened judgment on all important, complicated or doubtful questions. Pius X. cannot bear carelessness, lack of order, of regularity or of exactness. Extremely conscientious, he does not despise the smallest details.

Next comes Mgr. Merry del Val, private Secretary of State, and His Holiness studies with him the delicate and difficult relations with foreign governments. After that the official negotiations, whether private or for business, begin. According to the day of the week or of the month stated audiences are granted to the Monsignor major domo, to the Cardinals, to the various congregations, to the secretaries and to the high officials, but at the special audience that tire the Pope most, though he grants them rather freely—it is the stream of visits from Bishops, prelates, Ambassadors, representatives, Italian or foreign persons of note. With one it means merely an interview, with another a matter of business to be settled or a question to be decided; he encourages, comforts, blesses all.

His affability has already won all hearts to Pius X. Those who come in contact with him speak of him as of a father. It suffices to stand for a few minutes in an anteroom and watch those who come from an audience, especially if it be the first one they have obtained, to see what affection the Pope inspires at once. The faces of all beam with joy, many even weep with emotion.

The other day an old prelate from north Italy, coming from an audience, stopped, as is the custom, in the hall called the Equeries Hall, in order to lay aside the violet cloak, in accordance with etiquette. While the servant was helping him the prelate was so worked up that he could not hold back his tears. The servant, rather alarmed, asked him the cause of his emotion. The prelate's answer was overheard: "If you could have the happiness of speaking to Pius X. you would be as much moved as I am. That man is a saint!"

Toward noon the Pope dines; after that very fragrant meal he takes a short nap in his bedroom, a rest that does not last more than an hour. Then he begins to recite his breviary again and takes up his other occupations. At 6 in the evening, accompanied by Don Peschini, the intelligent and sympathetic young priest who for the moment takes the place of Mgr. Bressani as the Pope's private Secretary; by Mgr. Bisleti, the Chamberlain, and by Sili, he takes a walk in the third loggia, where some unknown artist painted the geographical charts of his time and where Mantovan, Galli and Consoni decorated the ceiling and painted some episodes of Pius IX.'s Pontificate.

Usually when the Pope comes out on the loggia he finds there some twenty persons, most of whom, mostly strangers come to Rome in order to kiss the Pope's foot. He talks for a few minutes with all, astonishing all present not only by his marvelous knowledge of facts, even of little importance, but also with the extreme kindness and paternal amiability with which he receives the visitors.

When the audiences are over, the Pope remains alone with his secretary, the door opening on the loggia are closed, or, in case for the sake of air they are not closed, a guard is placed at every entrance to keep people out. Then the Pope is wholly free and walks up and down talking with the secretary. Often he recalls his own Venice, looks at the paintings and decorations, and is able to give a glance over Rome and the surrounding hills. Viewed from that height, the hills stretch out in a tangled network, lighted by the sun setting on the horizon under a great canopy of clouds of gold and of fire.

The walk does not last much longer, and the Pope withdraws into his modest provisional apartment, taking up again his interrupted labors till about 9; then Pius X. takes his second meal of the day. After half an hour he finishes reciting his breviary, and if he has a little time he may read a newspaper, but never later than half-past 11, when he goes to rest—and he needs it.

Money and Education. With most persons education is merely a means to get money; in so far as it helps to this end, it is considered good; in so far as it does not further money-getting it is considered worthless. If the end of education is to get rich, they reason well; but if the end of education be not only this, but besides something better, nobler, grander, then, indeed, is their reasoning faulty, their standards false.

The Catholic idea of education has always been the development of the whole man, not only a sound mind in a healthy body, not only the imparting of the knowledge which will enable one to make a living, but it aims also to cultivate the spiritual side of his nature, to teach him to know God and to serve Him; to love virtue, to hate vice; to develop a strong, manly character, self-respecting, sincere, scornful to do anything low or unworthy of a Christian gentleman.

What is a man with money, but without a character? Money lost may be regained. Character lost, is lost forever. And what does it profit a man to gain the whole world and then lose his soul?

The absurdity of education being but a means to money, even leaving aside the supernatural, is forcibly brought home to us when we find men who have no education, but very rich, who would give half their wealth for an education.

THE FAIT

"I am the re (John 11: 25)

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mother in th evenng weat two great an Church. It question up such an oca and our relat mon from the supposed to answer to the mind and hea better his m on that the est and the and in mine remains of a final resting secreted car if it were last farewell be hidden u can rememb to console can rememb we passed crowded st never sound "De Profu solemn in when we l presence of tions of the came to our the myster a hundr on that oca tions came answer wa While the rested bef owner once called one fore the G the G the G him to sta better to turn sorrow an from the raising of teen hun side the Catho of any bet and for t ing, I am to you. call that Then, s swer ebe about of we need most ab there is teaches the one evening.

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THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED.

"I am the resurrection and the life." (John 11: 25)

Every sermon preached from the Catholic pulpit is supposed to be the official answer of the Church to the questioning of the human mind and the questioning of the human heart.

On the feast of all the saints from every consecrated altar in the Church throughout the world the smoke of sacrifice ascends to God in praise for those whose lives were spent in doing His holy will.

But while we in doing His holy will, the Feast of all the Saints the Church does not permit the Saints the Church does not permit the Saints to be unmindful of those whom she so affectionately calls her faithful departed.

The Church is, indeed, a part of the earth. She never forgets those who have passed away. This evening we are publicly celebrating the two great annual memorial days of the Church. It is only natural that the question uppermost in our minds on such an occasion is the question of the soul.

On the occasion of a funeral, the long and saddest day in your life, and in mine was when we followed the remains of a departed loved one to their final resting-place beneath the consecrated earth. We can remember, as if it were only yesterday, taking the last farewell look at the face so soon to be hidden until the resurrection.

We can remember the efforts that we made to console ourselves and friends. We can remember the silent throng, as we passed uninterested through the crowded streets. The more pathetic, the more we sounded more and more solemn in its awful grandeur, then when we knelt before the altar in the presence of our dead.

How many questions of the most mysterious character came to our minds? They speak about the mystery of life. But death itself is a hundred times more mysterious. And on that occasion, when a thousand questions came to us about our dead, what answer was given us by the Church?

While the remains of the departed rested before the altar where their owner once had worshipped the Church called one of her sacred ministers before the very tabernacle of the living God Himself and she placed the Book of the Gospels in his hands. She told him to stand within the sanctuary and to turn to those who were in grief and sorrow and to read for them the story of the raising of the dead to life.

With nineteen hundred years' experience behind the silent forms of her children the Catholic Church has never learned of any better comfort for the sorrowing and for those bereft. And so this evening, I am not going to preach a sermon to you. I am simply going to call that incident to your minds.

TO-MORROW.

What a multitude of people are waiting out for "To-morrow." "To-morrow shall be better," murmurs the invalid. "To-morrow I shall have better luck, shall do better work, shall be shaper in my bargains, shall beware of former mistakes," thus say the unfortunate, the careless, the speculative, the remorseless. Yet, commonly, to-morrow becomes to-day only to find the invalid dead, the speculator utterly ruined, the sinner deeper in his crimes.

We are too much inclined "to reckon without our host," in regard to the illusive "to-morrow," and we dispose of it, in advance, as though it were our own, whereas there is naught on earth so uncertain as that mysterious day that lies so near us in the future.

Charles Reade illustrates this admirably well in his story of Noah Skinner, the author states, into a sleeper's languor, in the midst of his resolutions to make restitution "to-morrow." "By-and-by, waking up from a sort of heavy doze, Noah took a last look at the receipts and murmured, 'My head, how heavy it feels!' But, presently, he roused himself, full of penitence, and, once more, murmured, brokenly, 'I'll take it—to-Penrose street—to-morrow—to-morrow-to-morrow.' The to-morrow found him, and so did the debtors—dead."

Would you call that a happy death, my dear Catholic reader? It was frightfully desolate, was it not, to die in a dreary counting-room, the very scene of his fraudulent transactions, the very desk where he had shouldered the sins of his life, with all its burdens of darkness, misery and dread? Desolate? Ah, hideously so, to die alone, without a friend or comforter, without the light of blessed candle, or the sprinkling of holy water, without prayer or holy Viaticum. Yet, it is the just death of him who puts off till "to-morrow" the case of his soul, the arranging of his accounts, the making of restitution to God and man.

How is with yourself, friend? Procrastinating, are you not? Next month you will go to Mass; next month you will receive the Sacraments; next year you will send our children to the parochial school? To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow! Never now, this, this hour, this instant!

Oh, the presumption, the audacity, the carefless impudence of this unjustifiable claim on the morrow that lies in the palm of an All Powerful Hand which made close upon it, so far as you are concerned. Not all the wealth of the Indies can purchase for you that to-morrow, when once it has passed, or you have passed into eternity.

THE EDUCATION OF BOYS. In "The Delinquent for November Mrs. Theodore W. Birney has a suggestive paper on the Education of Boys and Future Fathers and Citizens. The gist of her argument is that boys seldom receive the sympathy to which they are entitled—not a maudlin, sentimental sympathy that is calculated to spoil the child, but an intelligent comprehension of his needs and an interest in his doings and his belongings. Her conclusion is that if parents will only take a genuine interest in all things that interest their boys, they can hold their confidence, and so long as they possess that they can be reasonably sure that their sons will not go far wrong. Parents are wont to look on the problems of youth with their eyes closed. How much good would result to many little fellows if their parents would come perhaps, recognizing the limitations of their inexperience, and judging their deeds and misdeeds in the light of it. The rule of the rod is past, and inasmuch as the new order of things has brought much happiness into the little ones, so will a better understanding of the boy nature on the part of parents benefit them immeasurably.

WHAT IS MEANT BY THE SEAL OF CONFESSION. (Rev. Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.) The obligation of secrecy which is on the minister of the sacrament of penance is called the seal of confession. This obligation arises from the natural law, for every one who confides secrets to another has a right to have his confidence respected. It is also required by the Divine law, for when God instituted the sacrament under the form of a secret trial, He by implication required the minister who holds His place to do nothing which would frustrate the purpose of this secrecy; and these natural and divine obligations are enforced by the canon law of the Church. The obligation is absolute, admitting of no exception whatever. The seal binds the priest and all other persons to whose knowledge the confession has come, such as interpreters, or if ever it should chance that any one overheard what was said; and it extends not only to sins, but also to whatever else has become known in a confession made in order to absolution, the revelation of which would in any way annoy the penitent. The penitent himself is not under any obligation of secrecy, but if he be wise he will always observe it.

IN TIME OF TROUBLE. PEACE CAN COME ONLY FROM GOD. Where should we go in our troubles but to the God of all consolation? But if He does not show Himself to us as such, if the answer to prayer does not make haste to come, we lose heart, and leave off praying. We tire so soon. Yet peace is our Lord's word to us all. Peace amid the storm of persecution, the heart-sinking failure, the monotony of well-longed, and watching and waiting for better things. Peace in the nearest, the peril of the dearest. Peace in the struggle with self—sharp, daily, unrelenting. Only through Him, can certain and lasting comfort, resignation, hope and happiness come to us.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

The Story of the Recovery of Miss Fairford of St. Elie.

SHE SAYS "I AM CONFIDENT THAT DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS SAVED MY LIFE"—"HOPE FOR ALL WEAK, SICKLY GIRLS." To be well, to be strong, to possess a clear complexion, bright eyes and an elastic step, the blood must be pure and filled with life-giving energy. When you see pale, yellow, sickly girls, easily tired, subject to headaches, backaches, and violent palpitation of the heart, it is the blood that is at fault, and unless the trouble is speedily corrected the patient passes into that condition known as "decline" and death follows. The one sure, positive way to obtain rich, red health-giving blood is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This medicine has saved thousands of young girls from a premature grave. Strong proof of this is offered in the cure of Miss Zenaide Fairford, of St. Elie, Quebec. Miss Fairford tells the story of her sickness and recovery as follows: "Like many other Canadian girls, I went to the United States and found employment in a factory at Woonsocket. The close, indoor work proved too much for me and I nearly ended in my death. At first I was troubled with headaches, would tire very easily, had no appetite, and no energy. I tried to continue the work, but grew worse and worse, and finally was compelled to return to my home. I was so much changed and so emaciated that my friends hardly knew me. Two weeks after my return home I was forced to take my bed. I had a bad cough, and sometimes passed whole nights without sleep. Two doctors treated me, without avail, as I was steadily growing weaker; in fact I could not hold my hand above my head for more than three or four seconds, and had to be turned in bed. No one expected I would get better, and I thought myself I was about to die. At this time my brother came from Montreal to see me, and strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A supply of pills was procured, and I row bless the day I began taking them. It is enough to say that before three boxes were used I began to feel better, and from that on I grew stronger every day. By the time I had taken nine or ten boxes I was once more enjoying the blessing of perfect health. No symptoms of the old trouble remain, and I am confident Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."

Pure blood is the secret of health and it is because every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich blood, that they cure such desperate cases as that above related. These pills cure all the troubles that arise from poor blood—and that means most of the ailments that afflict mankind. Give these pills a fair trial and they will not disappoint you. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

You need not tough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you to run the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, which he can get by taking the Bock's and Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all the chest troubles, and immediately relieves the throat and lungs from visceral phlegm.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the highest of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

A CHANGED PARISH. WHAT THE INFLUENCE OF TWELVE FREQUENT COMMUNICANTS DID. The Venerable Cure of Ars may be considered the model of all priests in his efforts in behalf of devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, says Emmanuel. The present parish of Ars relates the following instance of it: A lady of a neighboring parish went to confession to Father Vianney. He persuaded her, not without difficulty, to go to Holy Communion every fortnight; later on she consented to go every Sunday, and he finally prevailed upon her to go several times a week.

One day she complained that she was the only one at the Holy Table in her parish. "That is easily mended," says the venerable man: "promise me to induce some of your friends to go with you." She went to work with will, and at the end of some weeks she brought two lady friends to the Cure, who encouraged them, inflamed their zeal, and gave them six months to bring each two or three companions to come with them. "Impossible!" they asserted, but who can resist priestly zeal in God's cause? At the appointed time, twelve ladies were under Father Vianney's direction and soon went to Holy Communion every Sunday and often more frequently. The parish was transformed and its pastor came to Ars to thank the servant of God.

Memory depends very much on the perspicuity, regularity and order of our thoughts. Many complain of the want of memory, when the defect is in their judgment; and others, by grasping at all, retain nothing.—Fuller.

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Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

EDITORS: REV. GEORGE H. NORTHGRAVE, Author of "Miracles of Modern Infidels," THOMAS COFFEY.

MESSRS. Luke King, John Nigh and P. J. Neven are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for The Catholic Record.

Agents for Newfoundland, Mr. T. J. Wall, St. John's.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of Hamilton, Peterborough, and Owen Sound, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

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

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1903. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you, and wishing you success. Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. PATAGONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Aboit. Delog.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 7, 1903.

THE GLORIES OF THE CHURCH.

In celebrating at the beginning of this month the feast of All Saints the Church wishes us to forget all things earthly and to show our veneration not only for the Saints with whose names we are familiar, but for those also unknown to us who kept the faith and merited thereby the reward of the vision of God.

ARE WE FAITHFUL?

There they await the moment when the Eternal Gates should be lifted up for them. The night in which no man can work has come upon them. We can by our prayers and good works and the Adorable Sacrifice bring them nearer the day.

THE CHURCH SUFFERING.

This thought will strengthen us in the service of God and it will move us to heed the cry wrung from the anguished lips of the sufferers in Purgatory. Yes, the hand of the Lord has touched them sorely. They have died free from deadly sin, but because of some imperfection, or of temporal punishment due to sin, that has been repented of, they are suffering so keen a torture that some theologians declare that it differs from that of hell only in this, that it is not eternal.

You may ask: How do we know there is a place called Purgatory? Well, the Catechism answers that the eye of faith can see it as plainly as the eye of the body beholds the city in which we live.

therefore, be some middle state, where sin is expiated and punishment undergone for the debt which may remain after sin has been forgiven.

This truth appears so convincingly to human reason that it is passing strange that many reject it as a mere myth and superstitious fable. If it is true, as St. John says, that nothing unclean shall enter into the presence of God, who may dare to expect to appear before Him robed in the vesture of a perfect innocence?

A REASONABLE DOCTRINE.

And yet shall we say that the soul whose beauty is tarnished by a venial transgression only, or which has gone forth with the debt to sin unpaid, must be awarded the same fate as the soul which appears laden with every species of crime before its God?

Shall we say that these two classes of persons are to stand on equal footing before the Judgment Seat? No—emphatically No. God will render to every man according to his works.

THE CHURCH CATHOLIC.

The Pan-American Conference of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States and the Anglican Church of Canada and the West Indies met last week in Washington, D. C., and we are informed by telegraphic despatches that the attitude which the Anglican Churches should hold in regard to the Catholic Church was discussed at some length.

A committee was appointed to consider a set of resolutions which were proposed defining the policy to be pursued by Anglicans in America toward the Catholic Church, or, as the Conference expressed it, "toward the Church subject to the Roman obedience."

One Bishop, we are told, declared that "a large body of Roman Catholics in America are not in sympathy with the Italianizing of the Roman Church in this country." If by this the Bishop referred to (who is not named) meant to indicate than any large and respectable section of Catholics desire to create a schism by leaving the Catholic Church in order to form a schismatical body similar to the Church of England under the name of a National or American Catholic Church, he is very much mistaken.

without whom there can be no Church of Christ, but schismatical bodies which do not derive life from the true vine Who is Jesus Christ Himself.

It is no justification of that Bishop's words that a few discontented Poles have formed a schism by raising a National cry for a Polish Church subject to a Polish Bishop.

The description of the Catholic Church as an "Italianized communion" is a poor excuse for the absence of authority in the Anglican Church. The head of the Church must reside somewhere, and we have no proof that Christ located him in either London, Canterbury, Washington, Berlin, or St. Petersburg.

There can be but one head of the Universal Church, and that head can be no other than Pius X., who is undeniably St. Peter's successor.

DIVORCE AND THE PROTESTANT SYNODS AND COUNCILS.

At the meeting of the General Council of the Lutheran Church held recently at Norristown, Pa., the question of divorce was carefully considered, with the result that resolutions were passed declaring the dissolution of the marriage contract which is so prevalent throughout the country with the sanction of the decrees of the law courts, is "a crime against God which cannot be mitigated or apologized for by any defects, or any lowering of the standards prescribed in God's word on the part of the community around them, or those who may be regarded as leaders of public opinion."

The resolutions add that "Licenses issued by the State cannot be a guide to the conscience of either pastor or applicants. Every movement to promote a general uniformity in legislation by State governments is worthy of hearty encouragement in the interests of sound morality, so that ultimately the prescriptions concerning marriage and divorce may be the same in all the States and territories of the United States."

There have been similar pronouncements by ministers individually and collectively, including the Presbyterian General Assembly, which has declared that divorces should not be allowed in any case outside that which is laid down in Scripture as the sole case in which the marriage tie may be dissolved.

The question has also been debated in the Pan-American Council of Anglicans which met recently at Washington, and the general opinion which prevailed among the Bishops there assembled was that divorces should not be allowed. This Council, however, has, admittedly, no legislative authority, composed as it was of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, and the Anglican Churches of Canada and the West Indies, which are all independent organizations having no control over each other, even when thus assembled in a kind of general Council.

We cannot but approve of any movement which may tend to lessen the gigantic evil of divorce, which in the United States is spreading like an infectious disease over the whole Protestant community, but as clergymen of all these denominations are ready to be found who are ready to marry persons who have been divorced by the courts, it does not appear very probable that any decrees sent forth by the synods, conferences, or councils of these Churches will have any practical effect in stopping the evil which they deprecate so strongly.

Anything else than what is happening at present in regard to divorced couples can scarcely be expected when

the island, the Saxons were also brought to Christ by St. Augustine, who was sent by a Pope—Gregory the Great.

At the Councils of Arles and Sardica, held in the beginning of the fourth century, British Bishops took part in acknowledging the primacy of the Holy See, so that the non-Roman character of the early Church of England is a mere myth. There was, indeed, a difference between St. Augustine and the British Bishops, arising from the fact that the Britons would not co-operate in bringing the faith to the Saxons, who were their enemies.

It is clear from all this that the universal Church from the beginning acknowledged the Pope's authority, and there is no foundation for any opinion that the universal Church ever made any pretence to withdraw from the Pope that universal authority which was originally admitted to be vested in him.

From the beginning Christ intended that His Church should be one, and He always refers to it as the one, and one judicial body, and the Apostles do the same. It never could have remained one Church without the Primacy of the See of Peter, and this consideration alone is sufficient to vindicate the necessity of the supreme authority of St. Peter's successor.

The conviction is based upon provisions of the State penal code which enact that "a person who willfully omits without lawful excuse to perform a duty by law imposed upon him to furnish food, clothing, shelter, or medical attendance to a minor under his charge . . . or neglects, refuses, or omits to comply with any provisions of this section . . . is guilty of a misdemeanor."

The defence was that the law does not order the use of medicine, that medicine is not an exact science, that doctors have lost the confidence of many people, that they disagree among themselves in regard to the manner in which diseases should be treated, and that the prosecution should prove that, in this particular instance, medical attendance would have saved the child's life.

The Court in rendering its decision said: "The peace and safety of the State involves the protection of the lives and health of its children, as well as obedience to its laws. Full and free enjoyment of religious profession is guaranteed, but acts which are not worship are not. A person cannot, under the guise of religious belief, practice polygamy, and still be protected from our statutes constituting the crime of bigamy. He cannot, under the belief or profession of belief that he should be relieved from the care of children, be excused from punishment for slaying those who have been born to him. Children, when born into the world, are utterly helpless, hav-

ing neither the power to care for, protect, nor maintain themselves. They are exposed to all the ills to which flesh is heir, and require careful nursing, and at times, when danger is present, the help of an experienced physician."

The various religious opinions held by people are stated in regard to the best manner in which diseases are to be treated so far as the Providence of God is concerned, and the decision continues: "But sitting as a court of law, for the purpose of construing and determining the meaning of statutes, we have nothing to do with these variances in religious beliefs, and have no power to determine which is correct. We merely declare the law as given us by the Legislature. We have considered the legal proposition raised by the record, and have found no error on the part of the trial court that calls for a reversal."

A LEGAL DECISION ON FAITH-CURE.

A recent decision of the New York Court of Appeals will be a severe blow to the practice of Eddyism, Dowieism and similar fads of the so-called Faith-Curists in that State. By the decision of the Court, the guilt of J. Luther Pierson, who was fined three years ago for criminal neglect in not furnishing medical attendance for his infant daughter of sixteen months old when she was seriously ill of pneumonia, has been established.

It is regarded as a remarkable coincidence that this decision was pronounced on the day before Dowie and his followers began their New York crusade for the conversion of that city. The District Attorney of Westchester County, Mr. J. Addison Brown, states that it is the first time in the history of the United States that the law defining the duty of parents to furnish medical attendance to their children has been made certain by a decision of the higher courts.

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There is a remarkable unanimity of opinion of the press in approval of the finding of the Court, and the following from the New York Commercial Advertiser may be taken as a fair sample of what is said of the matter:

"Judge Haight, who wrote the opinion handed down by the Court of Appeals, goes directly to the heart of the whole matter, which is the exact interpretation of a specific statute. He does not allow himself to be lured into any discussion of the value of faith cure or absent treatment, or the clash between different schools of formal medicine."

Another paper, the Philadelphia Ledger, says: "The statute is a wise, provident, and humane enactment, and it should be incorporated into the criminal codes of all the States."

There is nothing in all this to condemn the prayer of faith for the sick; but the neglect to make use of the ordinary care of the infirm is condemned, and justly so. We have even the declaration of Christ that they who are ill have need of a physician. We are also told that God Himself hath declared that He hath given "fruits for food, and the leaves thereof for medicine."

It is a mockery of religion when Eddyites (Christian Scientists) and Dowieites proclaim that they are the sole teachers of Christian truth while they deny these plain words of Holy Scripture.

If the law as defined by Judge Haight errs at all, it is on the side of too much leniency toward fanaticism, whereas it does not authorize the agents of the law to enter homes of faith-curers to save the lives of the little ones by obliging fanatical parents to furnish adequate medical attendance for their children; but it is well that it will insure the punishment at least that Mr. J. Luther Pierson has brought upon himself. It is like the punishment inflicted upon the ordinary murderer. No law can entirely prevent murders from being committed, but when they are perpetrated, it is well there should be a punishment inflicted as a terror to other evil-doers, to deter them from the commission of the same crime.

HONORE DE BALZAC.

W. G., of Ridgeway, Ont., enquires: "Was the French writer Honore de Balzac, who died in 1858, a Catholic?" He was nominally a Catholic, and from his infancy was educated as a Catholic; but, like many other French novelists, he practically laid aside his religious convictions in his writings to gain favor as an author with those who delight in prurient reading. Most of his works are not fit to be read in decent society, or by decent people, owing to his pandering to the morbid passions of his readers. Many of his books were written in his poverty merely to be sold, and to this end he labored strenuously, though with poor success, for he did not acquire wealth until in 1848 he married a rich Polish lady. His extravagance was one of the causes which stood in the way of his financial success. All Balzac's works are on the Index or list of prohibited books issued by the authority of the Pope.

The Priestly Stole.

The stole is the consecrated emblem of sacerdotal power. As he places it around his neck the priest repeats this prayer: "Return unto me, O Lord, the stole of immortality which I lost through the prevarication of our first parents and although I approach unworthily the holy mystery, may I nevertheless deserve to attain to everlasting joy and felicity." As the stole is the outward token of priestly power, it is worn by him whenever he exercises solemn jurisdiction. Only those who are admitted to major orders are allowed to wear the stole. The manner in which they wear it indicates the order to which they belong. The deacon, who has as yet no power to consecrate or absolve, places it over his left shoulder and crosses the extremities under the right arm. The priest whose power is limited and dependent crosses the stole on his breast. The Bishop who has received the fullness of the priesthood lets the two sides hang down. The Pope alone has the right to wear the stole always and everywhere, because he alone is the viceregent of Jesus Christ, our high priest who said of Himself: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth,—Catholic Columbian.

SOME PRACTICAL ACUOUS

BY RIGHT REV. BISHOP

In his sermon at the Cathedral some statements are made in regard to "vision" at Oswego. The Bishop's follows: "Unless you will not be perfect, you will not see the Kingdom of Heaven. He that is without sin, let him cast his stone." "Christ here is speaking of the sin which is the cause of blindness, and not of the sin which is the cause of death."

"The seal of confession is inviolable, and it is a crime to reveal the secrets of the confessional. The seal of confession is inviolable, and it is a crime to reveal the secrets of the confessional. The seal of confession is inviolable, and it is a crime to reveal the secrets of the confessional."

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCLXXIV.

The French article to which I referred last week, after speaking of the...

It is curious, but not unnatural, how strongly inclined men are to treat the particular form of government under which they have been wont to live as a part of the Divine Order, a mutation of which is supposed to be an impiety.

There are some religions—at least there is one—in which this principle of absolute conservatism is constitutive. Mohammedanism, in theory, exists only under the absolute control of the one Caliph. He has the right—on the general lines of the Koran—to determine by his will every point of the public and private life of every believer.

Of course in such a system there can be no nationalities. There are practically independent Moslem sovereigns, but every believer's salvation, as I suppose, held doubtful if he hesitates to obey any command whatever of the Caliph, who is present the Turkish Sultan. His right to the Caliphate is open to question, but while he holds it believers are bound to universal submission, and there must always be a Caliph, that is a Vicar of Mohammed.

Christianity, we know, developed in complete distinction from every civil government whatever, while yielding frank obedience, in all temporal matters, to any government it might find. The form and limitations of this were entirely indifferent to the Church. It not persecuted, she was equally at ease under a King of Judea or of Parthia, or, chiefly, under the Republican dictator of Rome, elected and deposable by the Senate.

St. Paul shows that to him the form of government is completely indifferent; the fact of government alone interesting him. The phrase he uses for civil rule in general is simply, "The powers that be," literally, "the existing authorities." If they are only in possession, and if they show themselves true ministers of God, encouraging good and discouraging evil, they are entitled to the allegiance of believers.

The vices of Nero were yet in the shade, but at his worst his general administration was mild and equitable, and the Apostle would doubtless have equally endorsed the rule of any emperor, on whom the Emperor's authority depended, had not withdrawn it from him. Then, of course, the right of claiming obedience would have passed to his duly designated successors.

Had there then been Christian Senators, St. Paul, doubtless would not have presumed to dictate to them whether they should vote to maintain Nero in office or to depose and execute him, as was done, or whether they should wholly forbear to act. These were points of senatorial prerogative, with which neither Apostle nor Church claimed a right to interfere, any more than to decide whether the government of the United States shall be federal or consolidated, monarchical or democratic. If we should set up a Washington for Emperor, of course the Pope would acknowledge him; now that we have a quadrilateral President, the Pope equally acknowledges him.

St. Peter, writing to the East, admonishes believers to obey "the King, as supreme." He uses the familiar Oriental term, but the Romans themselves abjured the name "Rex." The authority of their Princep "Chief Citizen" was in fact unlimited, but if the Senate ever could venture to repeal it, it ceased to be. Monarchical theory and tenure of the supreme office were disallowed, and even after the Emperor had assumed diadem and sceptre, hereditary right was never acknowledged. The Chieftanship of the Republic, by suffrage, might continue three or four generations in one family, and then was easily transferred to another.

We see then that the early Church was familiar with monarchy, with aristocracy and with republicanism, and with all manner of intermixtures between them, and doctrinally never concerned herself with any questions of relative superiority or inferiority. Whether Christians were passive under an Emperor; whether, stung by tyranny, they joined with other Romans to promote a rival; whether or not they were concerned in a revolution of the palace or the camp, were questions which the Church seems never to have addressed to them.

From the first, therefore, the Church gave her sanction to every form of wholesome government, and held herself entitled to withdraw it from flagrant and obstinate tyranny. In the Middle Ages there were civic oligarchies, aristocracies, and democracies; territorial monarchies limited in various degrees; rural democracies of the most thorough-going kind, like the mountain-cantons of Switzerland. As long as they remained Christian and Catholic, the Church blessed them all, and worked with them all.

As was the practice, so was the theory. Las Casas, a Dominican and a Bishop, a member of the inquisitorial order, and standing equally high in favor with the Government, with the

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Twenty-Third Sunday After Pentecost.

REVERENCE FOR GOD.

Brethren, I wish to speak to you this morning on reverence for God. But it is natural to ask, Why talk about reverence? Why not that to be included in the love of God? See it is, but even if one does not love God, even if he is in mortal sin, but is no reason why he should give up all respect and reverence for God. Take an example. Here is a disobedient son; yet he is not disrespectful. "I won't obey my father," he says, "but that's no reason why I should despise him; I've spit at him, I won't insult him, even if I haven't the virtue to obey him." So with a sinner: if he gives up the love of God by mortal sin, it is a terrible state to be in and an awful calamity. He has lost the divine love. But if in addition he has no respect for God, he talks slightly of Him, cracks his jokes about God's Holy Scriptures, makes little of the Sacraments and the Church, ridicules her laws and despises those who keep them, do you not see the difference? Do you not see that such a one has not only lost the love of God, but that, having lost all reverence for Him, you cannot help suspecting that there is something the matter with his faith?

Take another case: You hear a man rip out a big curse; you look at him, you see him in a towering rage. All bad enough. Such habits place one in mortal sin. But here is another man, who coolly embellishes a filthy story with the venerable name of Jesus. Are you not much more shocked? Does not this last one seem to you a worse offender than the former, far more guilty? Sinner, if you have made up your mind to go to hell by a life of mortal sin, what is the sense of going clean to the bottom?

Irreverence towards God and holy things is often by way of mouth and takes the form of some kind of blasphemy. It was so in the case of the heathen King Sennacherib. He ravaged the land of Judea and put multitudes of the people of God to death; yet God spared him. He laid siege to the Holy City, threatened to destroy the Jewish nation, and even then God gave him time to repent. But he blasphemed, he insulted the God of Israel, he cast off all reverence and respect for Him. And the angel of God came down from heaven and slew his army; Sennacherib fled to his own country and was put to death by his two sons.

We see from all this why it is that the first petition of our Lord's own prayer concerns inward and outward reverence for the divine Name—"Hallowed be Thy name." We see, too, why the great commandment of the Lord Thy God is vain, "not only forbids blasphemy, and cursing, and false swearing, but any and every disrespectful use of that Holy Name. Yet how many are there not only who use words but whose whole conduct is marked with utter indifference to the name of God. His Sacraments, His Church! Let us hope that such persons do not always realize the deep guilt of their offence. At any rate, let us for our part pay true reverence to God and godlike things. However conscious we may be of our own failings, let us who hope to be in the enjoyment of God's friendship, let us who have contracted a sin. When we pray, let it be reverently and slowly and respectfully. When we are in the house of God, let us act with decorum as becomes children of God. When we speak of holy things, let us do so seriously and with reverence.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

DISREGARDING ALL THINGS CREATED, THAT SO WE MAY FIND THE CREATOR.

FAR more noble is that learning which flows from above, from the divine influence, than that which with labor is acquired by the industry of man. Many are found to desire contemplation, but they care not to practice those things which are required thereunto.

It is a great impediment, that we so much regard signs and sensible things and have but little of perfect mortification.

I know what it is, by what spirit we are led, or what we pretend to, who are to be called spiritual persons; that we take so much pains and have a great solicitude for transitory and mean things, and scarce ever have our senses fully recollect to think of our own interior.

Alas! after a slight recollection we presently wander out of ourselves again, neither do we weigh well our works by a strict examination.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M. 75 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Referenced in the following professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice. Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario. Rev. John Potts D. D., Victoria College. Rev. William Caven D. D., Knox College. Rev. Father Teely, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto.

Right Rev. A. Swetnam, Bishop of Toronto. Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, CATHOLIC RECORD, London.

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Charity, which is the mother of all virtues, makes a patient hearse, because it is written: "Charity is patient,"—St. Gregory the Great, O.S.B.

HER ONLY SON.

Abijah Powers felt moderately sure nobody would recognize him when he registered under an assumed name at the little inn. It was more than twenty years since he left the town—a hard, reckless boy, running away from a good father and a devoted mother because he hated goodness and loved lawlessness and his own way.

For years he had led the life of a vagabond. Then the spirit of adventure was roused in him by the stories of the wealth in the Klondike. He joined one of the earliest parties in that hazardous search for gold and succeeded beyond his dreams. Now he had come back with his old instincts, but with the wealth of a millionaire, and some strange compulsion led him to the village where he first drew breath.

He did not even know whether his parents were living or dead. It was altogether likely they were dead. With that conviction and without asking a question he made his way in the August twilight to the graveyard and to the spot where for three generations his ancestors had been laid.

Yes, there were new stones placed there since he had been there. The sight moved him strangely. He bent to read the inscription on the first one. It was to the memory of his father. "Died 1881." Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Now he had the date cut the man to the heart. His father had died a year after the only son had run away! And his mother had been left alone! But perhaps she had followed her husband mercifully soon. Again he bent to read this time with tear-filled eyes. "Died 1902." And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

His mother had been alone for eighteen years! She was but just dead—in poverty perhaps; certainly in loneliness. He drew himself up as if to shake off a hideous dream.

But the other stone—whose grave could that mark? They had no relatives except some distant cousins. Perhaps some distant had done for his mother what he ought to have done in her long, desolate years. Again he stooped to read his own name. "Abijah Powers. Born 1886, died—" The only son of his mother, and she was a widow.

It was his own gravestone, set up by his mother when her hope of his return was dead. Out of the depth of his memory there flashed up the story of the widow of Nain and the gracious presence which spoke the word of life to her dead son. How many times his mother must have read and re-read the page, and how frequently she must have prayed that her boy, bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh might be given back to her arms!

The thought was anguish to the graceless son, and it brought him to his knees beside his own empty grave. With his hand resting over his mother's head he wept as he had not wept since he was a child. They were gracious drops. Out of the mother's love which had found its way into the words of Scripture for the grave that was no grave, there came, indeed, the resurrection of the real living soul.

The widow's son went out of the graveyard that night a new man. The world wondered what had happened to him. Money did not often make a man over from a devil to a saint, but that miracle seemed to have been worked in Abijah Powers. Nobody knew that the transformation did not come from the touch of Klondike gold, but from the power of love—reaching from beyond the veil and speaking from the cold marble of a grave.—Youth's Companion.



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One of the tory of colly more cease to ceived their day they ream, but aff abbs, and it agins. When just graduates in promise; but remain pros they never h. They study perhaps, en do not hold at anything grip; and, they drift d. As a rule, to realize his he receive need for tur part. He i laurels, and upon them. Begin to c covered the diploma, he Parpocesse definite lin most hopele beings—a d. "How ca hundred o Begin to a allow it to a deserted the thought less.—Succ

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Heart of Jesus of Nazareth.

MEDITATIONS ON THE HIDDEN LIFE. By the author of "The Voice of the Sacred Heart."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The great men of history have been silent men. The great nations of the world have been silent nations.

The service that a man does to his fellow-men does not bring down his gratitude upon him.

Man's Service to Man. The service that a man does to his fellow-men does not bring down his gratitude upon him.

Traveling Backward. One of the saddest things in the history of college graduates is that so many cease to grow when they have received their diplomas.

When just from college, many of these graduates impress one as men of great promise; but, somehow or other they remain prosaic as all their lives.

As a rule, a graduate who thus fails to realize his promise thinks that, when he receives his sheepskin, there is no need for further mental exertion on his part.

Back-Seat Compensations. The wagon was filled for its journey across the country, and Johnny, as the boy of the party, was crowded into a back seat—a very back seat, indeed.

How can I overcome this feeling? hundreds of young men are asking. Begin to overcome it now! Do not allow it to grow over you like moss on a deserted building.

Life's back seats are not considered desirable, but many must persevere accept them, and if we find ourselves crowded out of more prominent places, we, like Johnny, may be sure there are compensations to be near enough to those who cannot ride at all to learn how few pleasures they have, and what help might come to them from things which the more prosperous cast aside as worthless.

Beautiful Songs Have Been Written in Pain. In literature, indeed, so far is health from being indispensable to success, that in many of the finest writers the genius with disease.

London, Ont. Jesus. II - Beautiful. Optional Treatise on the Aims and Actions of Our Holy Church. Edited by the Rev. J. G. Macleod, S. J.

Heart of Nazareth. MEDITATIONS ON THE HIDDEN LIFE. Author of "The Voice of the Sacred Heart."

London, Ont. The great men of history have been silent men. The great nations of the world have been silent nations.

monastic seclusion, made him, as a poet,

It was amid ceaseless pain and physical weakness that the giant labors of Calvin were performed.

Moral Courage. A virtue, and great as it is rare. We remember when we thought, the courage of the field everything.

He had, however, rebuffs as well as helps from the big outside world. The American Association for the Advancement of Science met in his native city of London after he had begun his study of the heavens.

Time's whirrig brings some revenges that are precious. Fifteen years later, Prof. Simon Newcomb, writing to Prof. Edward Emerson Barnard, upon whom Vanderbilt University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Science, and the Royal Astronomical Society of London has been proud to make a Fellow, asking if Professor Barnard knew anything of a young fellow with a telescope, who had lived in Nashville when the Association for the Advancement of Science met there?

It was not only possible but actual. Professor Barnard, to-day the foremost of American astronomers, who has mastered not merely mathematics, but the whole college curriculum, who has discovered more comets than any other living man, and who has mapped and measured the fifth satellite of Jupiter, is the lad who made things upon the roof of a Nashville photograph gallery.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. A YOUNG ASTRONOMER. Any boy who determines to learn all that he can that is useful in his life, writes M. M. Williams, who in the American Boy tells the life-story of Prof. Barnard, whose name is often seen now in scientific journals.

Some years back, perhaps thirty or more, a little lad was loitering along the street of an American city. As he passed the shop of a local photographer, a man came out and spoke to him.

THY KINGDOM COME. In the second petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy Kingdom Come," we pray God that we may be partakers of His glory and participate in the eternal joys of His presence.

A Kingdom of our Own. The process of education is a process of conquest, of overcoming. When you know a thing it is in your power; when you have learned to act rightly you are in your own power.

Infants Thrive on cow's milk that is not subject to any change of composition. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is always the same in all climates and at all seasons.

When the Lamp of Life Burns Low

the strain on all the delicate organs of the body is very great. The stomach and bowels are weakened, the liver more sluggish.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt. Nature's own aperient, is extracted from the pure juices of fresh fruit.

THE MASTER'S SORROW. JERUSALEM A TYPE OF THE HUMAN SOUL. By Rev. Alexander Doyle, C. S. P.

There is no more pathetic sight than Christ, the Master, shedding tears of sorrow over the ill-fated city of Jerusalem.

It is very much to be regretted that every boy who knows about his physical nature usually comes to him through unclean channels.

WIND COLIC. "In my opinion," writes Mrs. Philip Collins, of Martindale, Que., "there is no medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets."

Life of Our Lord. WRITTEN FOR LITTLE ONES. BY MOTHER MARY SALOME, of Bar Convent, York.

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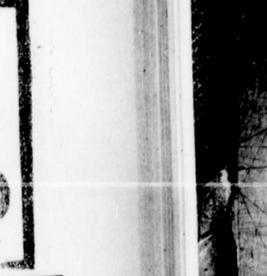
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