

# The Catholic Record.

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

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1580

## The Omadhaun.

The lads that wastes their days in school,  
They nod an' wink an' call me "fool,"  
But, oh! 'tis little mind I have to scold them.

Wid all their books they've never read  
The half of all that's in me head  
They couldn't un'erstan' it if I told them.

Did y' ever catch a leprechaun?  
Ye never did! For why? 'Tis gone  
Before ye know the crat'ure's nigh;  
For if ye hold him wid yer eye  
He'd have to take ye to the spot  
Where all his gold is in the pot,  
But me they never hold in fear—  
Small care have fools for gold an' gear—  
So when they meet me on me way  
They stop to pass the time o' day.  
Did y' ever know the funny things  
A thrush can tell ye? When he sings  
Close by yer ears wid a "thoo-han"  
An' then as quick as e'er ye can  
Lave loose, hold tight, lave loose, hold tight—

But, oh! ye'd never do it right!  
Did y' ever know jist how an' when  
'Tis easiest to catch a wren?  
'The wren, the wren, the king o' birds,  
St. Stephen's Day caught in the furze!  
Lash! Stephen's day mayhap ye heard!  
Who was it snared the nimble bird,  
Upon the bush that through the town  
The lads paraded up an' down.

The while they begged from door to door  
The jingling coppers by the score,  
'Twas me! I snared the wren an' got  
No ha'penny of all the lot.  
Not wan for me! They were so mean  
They spint it all at Kane's shebeen.

Oh, I've them wink an' call me "fool!"  
Them lads that wastes their days in school,  
An' older wans that spiles their brains  
Wid drinkin'!

'Tis they're the fools themselfs no less,  
For sorra wan o' them could guess  
The knowledgable things I do be thinkin'!

—A. D. DAY in Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

## A MAD METROPOLIS.

"A Mad World, My Masters."  
Two representative American novels of modern date, "The Tents of Wickedness" by Miriam Coles Harris, author of "Rutledge," and "The Metropolis," by Upton Sinclair, present strong and apparently realistic studies of the social life of New York. Mrs. Harris, as a woman of ideas, and a convert to the Catholic faith, weighs the "smart set" in a balance of fine ethics and illumined spirituality, with which the man-of-the-world's measure compares but crudely. Yet these authors, with a difference, virtually assimilate their forces, in their common terrible arraignment and condemnation of the morals and manners of New York society of the present day. Are they proved right or wrong in their scathing denunciations by the social developments of this New Year's Eve?

To brand as ignominious and morally lawless, a social class undeniably redeemed by many an individual case of noble virtue, moral conscientiousness, Christian service, and self-sacrificing charity, seem a censorious injustice. But when fate strikes an eventful hour of crucial stress and crisis, standing forth in their true colors, without vacillation or compromise, either for the right, or if not for, against it—then it is not by the individual exception, but by the major and general rule, that sentence is passed at the world's bar of judgment. What, then, can be said in defense of fashionable and bohemian New York's shameful spurge of flagrant luxury and riotousness, of wasteful feast and reckless revel, of ostentatious and prodigal sensuous indulgence and excess, on the recent calamitous New Year's Eve, when every man of soul and every woman of heart and sympathy the world over were appalled and agonized in the face of an international human tragedy rife with legion sudden and violent deaths, and with the anguish of bereaved and tortured survivors.

"Look here upon this picture, and on this!" "Two hundred thousand dead! Thousands dying of thirst and hunger-stricken and tortured. Italy awaits the world's succor!" Such were the heart-rending headlines of a New York daily, which in incredibly inconsistent and indecent contrast, blazoned the simultaneous notice, "New York's New Year's Eve festivities in hotels and restaurants to cost five hundred thousand dollars!"

Epitaphic bills of fare, and sylvatic banquets—midnight carousal over plate of gold and priceless punch-bowls—rich viands and rare vintages to sate the already surfeited—glory of jewels and costly vesture—hot-house flowers in wanton profusion—scented fountains splashing and scintillating under tinted lights—swaying song an' dance—measures from hidden orchestras—while unworthy of even this, perfect in its low material order, a degenerate humanity idiotically descends from the intelligent pleasures of maturity to child's play of tin horn and shrill whistle and foolish cow bells, men and women of culture and prominence dining these in lunatic chorus in the very face of a nation's death, and daring to lift against the man and sob of thirsting and starving, wounded and dying fellow-creatures, the insane laughter and defilious toast and jangle of helpless dissipation and imbecile folly. "Counterfeit presentment of brothers" in humanity, New Year's Eve showed the fashion and fame for New York, indeed, in relation to suffering and sorrowing humanity!

True, as a nation, America heads the relief lists with magnificently gener-

ous figures, and leads the world's work of heroic rescue. First and foremost, as always, of the noble vanguard of deliverance and service, rallies the American government, the Church in America, the American stage and its supporting public, and the individual American of all classes, from the millionaire with his open check-book, to the poor man with his proffered mite. But this truth instead of extenuating, serves but to aggravate the guilt of scandalous social misrepresentation. It is full time for the American people to give public expression to righteous indignation against the public procedures of a social set whose vicious and flippant antics belie the national convictions and ideals, as well as the popular spirit. "To eat, drink and be merry" at public functions of festal sumptuousness, while hundreds of thousands of human brothers across the sea languish and die even though this be but the social brutality of a minor and unrepresentative class, yet convicts American society as a whole, of soullessness, of heartlessness, of limited intelligence and lacking fraternal spirit, and likewise, in the more superficial sense, of unappealing vulgar taste. Even setting aside the just reproach of the moralists, "bad form" is the world's social verdict.

The goodly editorial of an esteemed contemporary on this subject, remarks that the public festivities of New Year's Eve represent New York's sole surviving adherence to the social traditions of paganism. Perhaps many will be tempted to dispute this indulgent statement, the trail of the serpent of paganism seeming undeniably conspicuous in modern society throughout the entire year. But even confining ourselves to the single occasion—is it not enough to blush for, before God, and the world, and our own disgraced selves? What can "out" this "damned spot" of our social dishonor?

The feasts of Belshazzar were sweet in the froth, but the bitterness of the lees is recorded in Scripture. The feasts of Lucullus paradoxically stand as historic warnings against unlawful indulgence in the pride and luxury of life. The orgies of Nero and his time paid their death-penalty "even so as by fire." Wherever social license and sensuous excess are, sooner or later unto all peoples and down all ages, the handwriting on the wall reappears, and the message, "Memento Mori," fulfills its dread prophecy, by way of individual if not always of collective disaster. Why, then, should we not tremble for our own New York—the young yet great city which God has so exceptionally blessed and prospered, "increased and multiplied?" Are its wealth, its fashion, its genius, its society, true to the trust of Christian precept and practice, of noble example and faithful service, that is their moral obligation and immortal responsibility? According to Mrs. Harris and Mr. Sinclair, who know whereof they write, No! According to the testimony of the sin and shame, the dishonor and idiocy of last New Year's Eve, a thousand times, No! "Thee!l, Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting!" Let us be warned while yet there is time, and beware of the judgment of the divinely patient, yet inexorable and avenging God!—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

## AN ORIGINAL THINKER.

A new apologist for Christianity has appeared in the person of Gilbert Chesterton. A convert to the Catholic Church, he has been using his varied gifts as a literary writer in putting forth in a fresh and original way the old truths of traditional Catholicity. The conclusions at which he arrives are not new, but they are wonderfully reinforced by the general reader by the singularly attractive and unusual way in which he gets to them.

Mr. Chesterton had tried for many years to convince himself of the soundness of the purely natural view of the universe and its problems, but has found all these purely scientific views unsatisfying. He has come into the fulness of truth and has experienced the complete satisfaction which the possession of the whole Catholic truth gives to the human soul.

It is not to be wondered at that the positions which Mr. Chesterton advances in his book entitled "Orthodoxy" should be challenged by those who see in the world only nature and nature's forces. That of course was to be expected, but even they are forced to acknowledge that Mr. Chesterton has written an instructive and illuminating volume on the great problem of man's existence.

A radical root of difference of divergent religious views springs from the way in which man's origin is regarded. Mr. Chesterton accepts with thankfulness, after many wanderings, the traditional Catholic view of the fall of man from a former state of perfection. The naturalistic view springs from the acceptance of the theory of evolution as a proved fact. In such a scheme the baser impulses of human nature are explained by the ascent of man's body from the lower order of the brute creation. A remnant of British instincts remains which is gradually eliminated by training and education and the refinements of civilized life. Of course the theory of evolution is not a proved fact. It limps at every step for want of proof, and is not accepted by men who are really scientific. It is not a fact. Against this theory, but an inference also, of the decent man's body militates the fact that in some cases great intellectual ability is found conjoined with great moral depravity. Such a thing should be impossible in the theory of the natural evolution from the lower to the higher.

In fact this whole scheme of explaining man's origin requires constantly

other theories to explain its explanation, and it is held now only by those who make up their minds at the very start to reject what is supernatural, and to accept nothing which goes beyond the natural. Such a process is of course very simple, but it is to say the least very arbitrary and high handed. It is contrary to the records of human life and to the facts of human experience.

The other view at which Mr. Chesterton has arrived finds the solution of the moral evils of life in the primal disobedience of man to his Maker. The harmony between God and the soul once broken by man's own deliberate act, just balance between the soul's aspiration and the lower appetites was overturned, and man in punishment for his rebellion to God finds in himself a rebellion which there is continual need to quell. No other explanation other than conjecture can account for the vicissitudes of human life which come under our daily experience. Man himself, with his contradictory instincts, is a problem, and the solution of this perplexing question can be found only in his first progenitor.

The hopeful aspect of this catastrophe which has affected the whole human race lies in the coming of the Saviour and the saving grace of the Redemption. It is unfair to consider the fall of man apart from this most glorious intervention. By its merciful dispensation it more than repairs the damage of man's primal ruin. It is the centre of the whole supernatural system of grace and illumines man's history through the ages that precede it, and through all the ages that have passed since its accomplishment.

Of course those who deny the divinity of Christ are naturally forced to fall back upon the evolutionary conjecture, but however beautifully they may write about such a scheme it satisfies neither the human mind nor the human heart. The revealed view of man's origin gives him a more noble birth than any naturalistic theory. He comes forth from the hand of His Creator not as an imperfectly evolved species, but as a masterpiece with faculties unimpaired, with instincts, elevated and noble. Such a belief is more in consonance with our idea of God's dignity and excellence, as also of His generosity, to the creature made to His own image and likeness.

This is an old truth, as old as the human race itself, but in this age of jangling beliefs and changing opinions it is a belief and a new setting by a writer of Mr. Chesterton's undoubted versatility and accomplishments.—Boston Pilot.

## CHURCH AND STATE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BOTH MEDIEVAL THEORIES NOW OBSOLETE.

But this question of the relations of the medieval Church and the medieval State is now merely of academic interest. The best men of that age saw no way out of the anarchy of feudalism, save by means of one or other of the two theories outlined above. Let us suppose that our Lutheran professors were suddenly transported to some region of the eleventh or twelfth century, and had no alternative but to choose between the imperialistic and the papal theory of government, which would they prefer? The theory of irresponsible tyranny, by divine right, which in the Reformation age triumphed all over Europe, or the theory advocated by the Popes of the responsibility of kings to the people over whom they rule?

Before leaving this subject let me say a word on the dire consequences to humanity—according to the view of the faculty of Mount Airy Seminary—of the temporary papal supremacy in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Here is a brief summary of what the Gregorian reform achieved, according to one of the ablest living historians of this period, M. Imbart de la Tour, Professor at the University of Bordeaux. The program of Gregory's adversaries, says M. de la Tour, was "the subordination of the Church to the State, a narrow conservatism, which would maintain the subjection of the hierarchy to the political power, of the religious to the feudal world, with all the abuses that feudalism had brought into existence. Gregory's aim was more high, and more far-sighted. The ideal which he left to history was this: To reconstitute the unity of nations, to trace above the petty social groups, the rendered piecemeal by anarchy the plan of a great Christian family; to give to intellectual and moral forces the conduct of ideas, the arbitration of human affairs; to restore to the Church a centre of action and of life as well as the international and oecumenical character it had so nearly lost. He affirmed the superiority of mind \* \* \* he saw the possibility of a reign of justice, and the man was worthy of the work. Glance at the result's obtained, however deeply purchased with thirty years of struggle, after his death: the crusades, the universities, the development of local and popular liberties. The justification of Gregory is to be sought in the moral inferiority of his enemies, and in the general progress that followed the energetic reforms he undertook." (Questions d'histoire Sociale et Religieuse, p. 264, St. Louis, 1907) Even so uncompromising an enemy of the Catholic Church as Lecky awards a measure of praise to Gregory VII. for his efforts in the cause of universal peace. "The recognition," he says, "of some universal principle of political right, powerful enough to form a band of lasting concord, has always been a favorite dream with statesmen and philosophers. His hands sought it in the supremacy of the spiritual power, and in the consequent ascendancy of the

moral law; Dante in the fusion of all European states into one great empire presided over in temporal matters by the Caesars and in spiritual by the Popes," etc. (Rationalism in Europe, II, 218.) In other words two of the great thinkers of the Middle Age, under conditions which could never possibly be reproduced on this globe, advocated what seemed to each the best means of achieving general peace and concord among men. The theory of Gregory was probably the only one in his age which could have obtained a measure of success; it did good service in its day. But no man in his senses would suppose it suitable to the conditions which obtain in the future. Its institutions effect now what only the Pope could endeavor to accomplish then, namely, impose an insuperable obstacle against the innate tendencies of rulers towards despotism. Yet so unacquainted are these modern professors with the conditions which were the justification of the claims of medieval Popes that they actually deny the possibility of similar claims being advanced by the future. Conditions, too, in the face of the clear definition of Pope Leo XIII. in his Encyclical *Immortale Dei*, of the respective spheres of Church and State.

"The Almighty," says this Pope, "has appointed the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil, one being set over divine, the other over human things. Each in its kind is supreme, each has fixed limits, within which it is contained, limits which are defined by the nature and special object of the province of each, so that there is, we may say, an orbit traced out within which the action of each is brought into play by its own native right." Both powers, the Pope goes on to say, should work in harmony, one for the temporal the other for the spiritual destiny of man; "one of the two has for its proximate and chief object the well-being of this mortal life, the other the everlasting joys of heaven. Whatever, therefore, in things human is of a sacred character, whatever belongs either of its own nature, or by reason of the end to which it is referred, to the salvation of souls, or to the worship of God, is subject to the power and judgment of the Church. Whatever is to be ranged under the civil and political order is rightly subject to the civil authority. Jesus Christ has Himself given command that what is Caesar's is to be rendered to Caesar, and that which belongs to God is to be rendered to God."

Here is clearly stated, in language that cannot well be misunderstood, the normal theory of the Catholic Church as to its relations with the State. It was first formulated in the fifth century, by Pope Gelasius I. (492-496), who says that there are "two authorities, by which chiefly the world is ruled, the sacred authority of the prelates and the royal power; but the burden laid on the priests is the heavier, for they will have to give account, in the divine judgment, even for the kings of men: thus it is that the emperor looks to them for the means of salvation and submits to them and to their judgment in sacred matters. The authority of the emperor is derived from the divine order, and the rulers of religion obey his laws." (Gelasius I. Ep. xii 2; cf. Carlyle, op. cit. p. 191.)

From these two statements of Popes separated by fourteen centuries, it ought to be sufficiently evident that the Catholic Church has no inclination to trespass on the territory of any State. Indeed, she is very well satisfied when she is permitted to attend to her own specific duties, a privilege which Christian States in the past have rarely been willing fully to concede her. Nor need anybody weary himself about the definition of Boniface VIII. to the effect that every human being is subject to the jurisdiction of the Pope; all modern Catholic theologians are unanimous in regarding this declaration as restricted to the spiritual order. By the very fact that Boniface was speaking as Pope, that is as head of a spiritual society, the sense of his definition is *ipso facto* limited to the religious domain.

## LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

Judging by their letter of expostulation, the committee of Lutheran professors assume as something beyond dispute, that the Catholic Church condemns, among other doctrines, that of Liberty of Conscience. As a matter of fact neither Gregory XVI. nor Pius IX. ever condemned liberty of conscience in its true sense at all, and their anathemas were reserved for a spurious thing on which this title was wrongly bestowed. As Cardinal Newman pointed out long ago what these Popes repudiated was "liberty of conscience" in quotation marks.

Liberty of Conscience, as the Catholic Church understands it, is the right of every man to order his life in accordance with the law of nature, supplemented by the law of God, as expressed in revelation. Every human being has a right to liberty of conscience in this defined. But what the above-named Popes condemned was a very different thing from this; it was anathematized the false definition of liberty of conscience of the indifferentists to the effect that every man has a right to do whatever he pleases in disregard of all law, human and divine. In other words, they stigmatized as false the basic principle of anarchy. In the postscript of his letter to the Duke of Norfolk, Cardinal Newman gives an illustration of the conclusion that logically followed from a definition of liberty of this order. From the pen of John Stewart Mill, the Cardinal first quotes from the work of this writer "on Liberty" as follows:

"The appropriate region of human liberty," says Mill, "comprises first the inward domain of consciousness; demanding liberty of conscience in the most comprehensive sense, liberty of thought and feeling, absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects practical or speculative, scientific, moral or theological. The only freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it. Each is the proper guardian of his own health, whether bodily, or mental or spiritual." Newman comments on this conception of liberty thus: "That is, no immoral doctrines, poems, novels, plays, conduct, acts, may be visited by the reprobation of public opinion; nothing must be put down. I do not say by the laws, but even by society, by the press, by religious influence, merely on the ground of shocking the sense of decency and the modesty of a Christian community. Nay, the police must not visit Holywell street, nor a license be necessary for dancing-rooms; but the most revolting atrocities of heathen times and countries must, for conscience sake, be allowed free exercise in our great cities. Averted looks indeed and silent disgust, or rather rational expostulation, is admissible against them, but nothing of a more energetic character." Will any sane person accept a definition of freedom of conscience such as this? Yet it was just such a definition that Gregory XVI. characterized as a delirium. Real freedom of conscience means the liberty to do what is right; no human being is morally free to do what is wrong. And so far is the Catholic Church from condemning the principle that we should worship God in accordance with the dictates of conscience, that her official teaching makes such a course obligatory. Even in the case where conscience is erroneous, it must be followed under pain of sin. Here is what a famous Jesuit Bunsenhaus has to say on this matter, and the example is surely strong enough in its terms. "When men," says this writer, "who have been brought up in heresy are persuaded from boyhood that we impugn and attack the word of God, that we are idolaters, pestilent deceivers and therefore are to be shunned as pestilences, they cannot, while this persuasion lasts, with a safe conscience hear us."

In a paragraph of his Encyclical *Libertas Praesentissimum*, Pope Leo XIII. sums up Catholic teaching on this subject. "If by Liberty of Conscience," he states, "is meant that every one may, as he chooses, worship God or not, it is sufficiently refuted by the arguments already adduced. But it may also be taken to mean that every man in the State may follow the will of God and, from a consciousness of duty and free from every obstacle, obey his commands. This indeed, is true liberty, a liberty worthy of the sons of God."

"There is no liberty against public order," said M. Waldeck-Rousseau, some years ago in the French Chamber. A priest-deputy instantly arose and amended this equivocal utterance thus: "There is no liberty as against public order, founded on justice." This statement of the Abbe Gayraud very well defines the attitude of the Catholic Church; no man is free in conscience to disregard just laws, and no man is free morally to deny that he has duties toward his Creator.—Rev. M. M. Hassett, D. D., in the Spectator.

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## CATHOLIC CHURCH AND MATRIMONY.

REV. WILLIAM O'BRIEN PARDOW, S. J., QUOTES EXCLUSIVELY FROM THE BIBLE IN HIS TALK ON CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.

In a talk about Christian marriage before the Daughters of Faith at the Catholic Club, Monday afternoon, Father William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., began in the Bible at Genesis, quoted the Apocalypse at the end, and illustrated with the "Mother of the Maccabees" in the middle.

"If men and women would only read carefully the first page of the Bible," he said, "it would answer many questions regarding marriage." He took for his subject the Bible words "it is not good for man to be alone, let us make a helpmeet for him."

"Nothing could be more beautiful than the said Father Pardow. 'A woman is to be a help to a man; not to drag him down, but to lift him up. In the Catholic Church we take it as literally true that woman was made from man, and to me it seems fundamental, 'bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, and the two in one.'"

"The Catholic Church puts matrimony on a high plane. Woman owes her existence to man, but the man owes his strength to the woman. She is his slave, not a toy to be thrown aside, not a helve to do his work, but a helpmeet. It is not fair to have two systems of morality. What is wrong for the woman is wrong for the man, and vice versa. After describing the Creation the Bible said that man should have dominion, but it did not say that he should have dominion over the woman. She was on a level with him, and if at first the woman owed her existence to the man, so later the man owed his existence to the woman."

Father Pardow quoted the Mother of the Maccabees, who, with her sons dying around her; urged them in the face of death to stand for the right and defy the wrong.

"Joining a man's heart to a woman's thought," he quoted. "And we hear so much about woman's inferiority! There was a wonderful example of strength. Matrimony is God's masterpiece. It is either a sacrament that you cannot touch or it is a mere contract. As a sacrament it is a great stronghold socially, morally and politically, and it should be appreciated by every man,

who hopes to hand down his life to others as he is called to do.

"Do you think the woman helps the man as much as she should? Don't you think many women are selfish? Men are, too. They marry for amusement, or they need social help sometimes. And the woman is untrue to herself and to God Almighty if she does not accept the duties of marriage. If she does not consider herself a co-worker with God in the creation of life she is not worthy of matrimony."

"And let the woman help the man intellectually, and by all means let her have all the intellectual development possible. Does every one know that in the thirteenth century there were women teachers in the Church, women professors in the University of Padua and others?"

## CATHOLIC NOTES.

In Sicily, the sparse convents, the monasteries, the churches, the schools, the hospitals, and all kinds of public buildings are full to overflowing with the injured.

Cardinal Gibbons has been invited by President Roosevelt to be one of the speakers at the celebration to take place at the Lincoln Farm in Kentucky on the one hundred anniversary of the birth of Lincoln in February.

In their little chapel on Indian Island, Oldtown, Me., the Penobscot Indians, some four hundred in number, attended midnight Mass Christmas Eve. The Rev. James J. Rice, who was the celebrant, also preached a sermon on the meaning of Christmas.

The famous Spring Hill College, one of the oldest Jesuit Colleges in the South, was destroyed by fire on the 18th. There was no loss of life. The college was about seven miles from Mobile, Ala. The loss is estimated at \$55,000, fully covered by insurance.

Mr. Andrew Lang, the noted critic, reviewing in the Morning Post (London) Mrs. Philip Gibbs' translation of George Bertrac's volume of Lourdes, says: "If we accept the facts of Professor Bertrin (as I do), until they are proved to be incorrect, events occur at Lourdes of the sort, called 'miraculous.'"

On the invitation of the "Popular Deanery Society of Sacred Study," the Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J., delivered recently two lectures on Papal Infallibility. The meetings were held at Christ Church House, London, and the lectures were followed by a discussion between the Jesuit and the Anglican clergymen, who compose the society.

It may come as a sort of a revelation to many readers to learn that at the present day there are almost two hundred colored nuns laboring on behalf of their own people in the United States. And it may surprise them still more to be told that one of these two orders, the Oblate Sisters of Providence, has been in existence as a community since the year 1820.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells has announced that the amount received in payments and direct promises sufficed, if all the promises hold good, to make up the amount required, for the purchase of Glastonbury Abbey, while the guarantees which have been sent in case of need are sufficient to pay the balance required four or five times over.

Recently at the Corpus Christi Monastery, Hunt's Point, New York City, Mrs. George Merriam Hyde took the vows of a Dominican nun after a year's novitiate. She will be known as Sister Mary of the Tabernacle. Mrs. Hyde was formerly Violet Buel, a convert, and a sister of Rev. David Hillhouse Buel, S. J., former rector of Georgetown University.

It has been estimated that by the abstinence from meat on the fifty-two Fridays of the year and the observance of Lent the beef trust suffers annually to the extent of \$150,000,000. It is also believed that the entire bill of the demand to that extent for all kinds of meats has a tendency to lower the price, so that the whole country is benefited by the observance of the regulation of the Catholic Church in this respect.

The beatification of the Venerable Joan of Arc will take place in St. Peter's on April 18, 1909. On the following Sundays the Venerable Eudes, the Venerable Capillas and the martyrs of China will be beatified. Almost immediately afterwards the Holy Father will solemnly canonize in St. Peter's the Blessed Oriol and the Blessed Clement Hofbauer, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

Rev. J. T. Roche has resigned as a parish priest at Nebraska City, Neb., and has gone to Chicago to be directly identified with the work of the Catholic Church Extension Society of America of which he has been vice-president since its organization several years ago. Father Roche is not only known through his work as a parish priest, as one of the prime movers of the Extension Society, but he has won distinction as a writer of a number of books and as a regular contributor to a number of the leading periodicals of the country.

The Bishop of Beauvais, Mgr. Dubois, has published a canonical decree declaring miraculous the cure at Lourdes on the 21st of August, 1890, of Anna Jourdain, in religion Sister Josephine Marie of the Community of St. Aubin-le-Elbeuf, formerly at Goincourt, in his diocese, who, attacked by pulmonary consumption, when in the ultimate and incurable stage of the malady had recourse to Our Lady Immaculate at Lourdes, and was instantly and entirely cured. It has been established by medical testimony and by the use of the X-rays that the affected lungs are at the present day, eighteen years after the miracle, perfectly sound.

The O'Flaherty, but the latter would not of the English themselves. in less than an hour a force sufficient for the enterprise had assembled outside. NOTE: The above is the largest Mail Order Specimen House in the world, and perfectly reliable. Some after nearly two years of glorious devotion and self-sacrifice, Sister Mary

# THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS: OR THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

BY MISS JANE PORTER.

## CHAPTER XXII. CONTINUED.

### CAPTIVITY OF STIRLING.

At this explanation, Lady Ruthven gave way to the happiness of her soul, and, falling on the neck of her son, embraced him with a flood of tears. "And thy father, Edwin! where is he? Did not the noble Wallace rescue him from Ayr?"

"He did, and he is here," Edwin then related to his mother the affectionate embassy of his father, and the particulars of his release. Perceiving how happily they were engaged, Murray rose and requested the lieutenant to conduct him to Lady Helen. His guide led him into a gallery, where, letting Lord Andrew into a spacious apartment, divided in the midst by a screen of carved cedar-wood, he pointed to a certain entrance—"Within that chamber," said he, "is the Lady Helen."

"Ah! my poor cousin!" exclaimed Murray; "though she seems not to have tasted the hardships of her parents, she has shared their misery. I do not doubt but she will be more merciful than she would show to Helen in the like circumstances, she rose from her chair, internally vowing vengeance against her daughter, and hatred of all mankind. But Helen thought she might have erred from blind affection to her husband; and she determined never to accuse her.

While all the furies raged in the breast of this guilty woman, Helen answered, "You do not think that Lord Soules would be so weak as to trust a secret of that kind to a servant?" and then hurrying the relation of subsequent events, the countess breathed again; and almost deceiving herself with the hope that Helen was ignorant of her treachery, listened with emotions of another kind, when she heard of the rescue of her daughter-in-law. She saw Wallace in the brave act; and as Helen passed over the most interesting parts of her conversation, and never named the names of her person, Lady Mar thought that to have viewed Wallace with so little notice would have been impossible; and therefore, without surprise at her first suspicion being entirely removed, but glad of such a conviction that he and her daughter had never met, she heard Helen say that the unknown chief had promised to join his arms with those of Wallace.

Murray looked on that made it pause, and Helen had whispered to him, that something had never dreamt before, that she had never dreamt before, that she was dearer to him than fifty thousand cousins; and while the blood flushed and retreated in the complexion of Helen, as she ran over the circumstances of her acquaintance with the stranger-knight, his own emotions declared the secret of hers; and with a lip as pale as her own, he said, "But where is this brave man? He cannot have told Wallace; for surely he would have told you; or I should not have come from you."

"I warned him not to do so," replied she, "for fear that your indignation against my enemies, my dear cousin, might have precipitated you into dangers inimical to the duty you owe your country."

"Then, if he has joined us," replied Murray, "you will probably soon know who he is. To-morrow morning Sir William Wallace will enter the citadel, attended by his principal knights; and in the train you will doubtless discover the man who has laid such obligations on us all by your preservation. Glad shall I be to have an opportunity of expressing my gratitude."

Helen now learned, for the first time, the cruelties which had been exercised on her father and his family since the capture of De Valence. She had been exempted from sharing them by the fears of Cressingham, who, knowing that English earl had particular views with regard to her, durst not risk offending him by outraging one whom he had declared himself ready to protect.

of having intended to betray her daughter to Soules at Bothwell, and bidding her prepare to hear how, in consequence, she had afterwards fallen into his hands. "If conscience disturbs you thus," thought Helen, "let it rend your heart with shame; and perhaps remorse may follow."

As the tide of success seemed so full for the Scots, Helen no longer feared that her cousin would rashly seek vengeance on Soules, when he might probably so soon have an opportunity of making it certain at the head of the army. She therefore commenced her narrative from the time of Murray's leaving her at the priory, and continuing it to the hour when she met her father a prisoner in the streets of Stirling. As she proceeded the indignation both of the earl and of Murray against Soules was vehement; and the latter was full of immediate personal revenge; but the earl calmed his nephew's rage. The conscience of Lady Mar varied her checks with a thousand dyes, when, as Helen repeated part of the conversation with Maegregor's wife, Murray said, "Surely that woman could name the hands-traitor who betrayed us into the hands of our enemies! Did she hint it?" Helen cast down her eye. Lady Mar said that she was acquainted with her guilt; and, expecting no more mercy than she knew she would show to Helen in the like circumstances, she rose from her chair, internally vowing vengeance against her daughter, and hatred of all mankind. But Helen thought she might have erred from blind affection to her husband; and she determined never to accuse her.

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Each member of the family hastened to prepare for an interview that excited different expectations in each breast. Lady Mar, satisfied that Helen and Wallace had never met, and clinging to the vague words of Murray, that he had sent to give her liberty, called forth every art of the toilet. Lady Ruthven, with the eagerness of a chaste matron in prospect of seeing the man who had so often been the preserver of her brother, and who had so lately delivered her husband from a dungeon, was the first who joined the earl in the great gallery. Lady Mar soon after entered, in all her plumage of majesty and beauty.

The trumpet of Wallace had sounded in the gates, before the trembling Helen could leave her room. It was the herald of his approach, and she sunk breathless into a seat. She was now going to see, for the first time, the man whose woes she had so often wept; the man who had incurred them all for objects dear to her. When she had mourned as if stricken in sorrows, and feared for the garb of woe, but arrayed as a conqueror; as a champion of Scotland, giving laws to her oppressors, and entering in triumph over fields of their slain. Awful as this picture was to her gentle nature, it alone did not occasion that inexplicable sensation which seemed to check the impulses of her heart. Was she, or young and noble Bruce? Was she to be assured that he still existed; or by seeking him everywhere in vain, that he had perished, lonely and unknown?

"cousin," cried he, "Sir William Wallace has almost finished his business in the great hall. He has made my uncle governor of this place, and has committed nearly a thousand prisoners of rank to his care. If you be not expeditious, you will allow him to enter the gallery before you."

Hardly observing her face, he seized her hand, and hurried her to the gallery. Her aunt and step-mother only were there. Lady Ruthven sat composedly on a tapestried bench; but Lady Mar was next the door, listening impatiently to the voices beneath. At sight of Helen she drew back, but smiling exultingly when she saw that all that splendor of beauty she so dreaded was fled. Her unadorned garments had no particular attraction to the simple lines of her form; the effulgence of her complexion was gone; and the tremulous motion of her step deprived her of that elastic grace which was the peculiar charm of her nymph-like figure.

Triumph now sat in the eyes of the countess, and she viewed Helen to take seat beside Lady Ruthven; but Helen, fearful of what might be her emotion when the train should enter, had just placed herself behind her aunt, when the steps of many a mailed foot sounded upon the gallery. The next moment the great doors opened, and a crowd of knights in armor flashed upon her eyes. A dimness overspread her faculties; and nothing appeared to her but an indistinct throng. She would have given worlds to have been removed from the spot, but was unable to stir her feet.

At the entrance of the hall, her eyes were attracted to a man who, with a sword at his side, and a bow in his hand, seemed to be the center of attention. He was dressed in a manner that bespoke a nobleman, and his countenance was marked with a sternness that Helen had never seen before. He was looking towards the point where she withdrew. This sight augmented the tumult in the breast of his wife; and, with a bitter smile, she said, "So, my lord, you find the icy-bosomed Helen can be thawed!"

"What do you mean, Joanna?" returned the earl; "you surely cannot blame our daughter for being sensible of gratitude?"

"I blame all young women," replied she, "who give themselves airs of unnatural coldness, and then, when the profane comes, behave in a manner as delicate as extraordinary."

"My Lady Mar," ejaculated the earl, "what an I to think of you from this? How has my daughter behaved indecately? She did not lay her head on Sir William Wallace's bosom, and weep, there, till he replaced her on her natural pillow, did she? Have a care, madam, that I do not see more in this speech than will be honorable to you for me to discover."

Fearing nothing so much as that her husband should suspect the passion which possessed her, she recalled her former duplicity, and, with a surprised air, replied, "I do not understand what you mean, Donald." And then turning to Lady Ruthven, "How," cried she, "can my lord discover spleen in my maternal anxiety respecting the daughter of the man I love and honor above all the earth? But men do not properly estimate female reserve. Any woman would say with me, that to faint at the sight of Sir William Wallace was declaring an emotion not to be revealed before so large a company; a something, from which men might not draw the most agreeable inferences."

"It is only declared surprise, madam," cried Murray; "the surprise of a modest and ingenious mind, that did not expect to recognise its mountain friend in the protector of Scotland!"

Lady Mar put up her lip in contempt and turning to the still silent Lord Ruthven, again addressed him. "Step-mother, my lord," said she, "have had duties to perform; and when we think we fulfil them best, our husbands come with a magician's wand and turn all our good to evil."

Array your good in a less equivocal garb, my dear Joanna," answered the Earl of Mar. "Judge my child by her usual conduct, and not by an accidental appearance of inconsistency; and I shall ever be grateful for your solicitude. In the instance, though she might betray the weakness of an enfeebled constitution, it was certainly not the frailty of a lovesick heart."

"Judge me by your own rule, dear Donald," said she, "and you will not, again with the mother of your boy with such a look as I just now received!"

Glad to see this reconciliation, Lord Ruthven made a sign to Murray, and they withdrew together. Meanwhile, the earl, surrendering his whole heart to the wishes of his wife, poured into her ear all his wishes for Helen; and all the hopes to which her late meeting with Wallace, and their present recognition, had given birth. "I had rather have that man my son," said he, "than see my beloved daughter placed on an imperial throne."

who had rescued Helen? She had heard him devote his life to her, and was not his heart included in that dedication? She had, then, heard that love vowed to another, which she would have sacrificed her soul to win!

Murray was confounded; but his reflections were far different from those of Lady Mar. At the moment in which he found that he loved his cousin above all of women's mould, an unappreciable voice in his bosom bade him crush every fond desire. That heart which, with the chaste transport of a sister, had throbbled so entrancingly against his, was then another;—was become the captive of Wallace's virtues; of the only man whom his judgment would have said deserved Helen Mar! "Well! be it so!" said he to himself; "if this too daring passion must be elipt on the wing, I have at least the consolation that it soared like the bird of Jove! But, birth, your generous conduct to all that was dearest to me on earth, was witnessed by myself. I was in the tree above your head; and nothing but a conviction that I should embarrass the honor of my wife's protector, could at that moment have prevented my springing from my covert, and declaring my gratitude on the spot. Receive my thanks now, inadequate as they are, to express all I feel. But you offered me your heart on the field of Cambuskenneth; I will take that as a generous intimation how I may best acknowledge my debt. Receive, then, my never-dying friendship, the eternal gratitude of my immortal spirit!"

The answer of Montgomery, by presenting the tender form of his wife and her devoted love almost visibly before him, nearly forced open the fountain of tears which had buried in his heart; and, rising suddenly, for fear his emotions might betray themselves, he warmly pressed the hand of his English friend, and left the room.

In the course of the day, the Southern nobles were transported into the citadel; and the family of Mar removed from the fortress, to take up their residence in the palace of Stowdon.

The fame of these victories—the seizure of Stirling, the conquest of about sixty thousand men, and the Lord Warden with his late deputy taken prisoners—spread through the country on the wings of the wind. Messengers were despatched by Wallace, not only to the nobles who had declared for the cause by sending him their armed followers, but to the clans who yet stood irresolute. But of the chieftains who had taken the side of Edward, he sent an exhortation. And when Lord Ruthven advised him to do so, "No, my lord," said he, "we must not spread a snare under our feet. All honest minds will come to us of their own accord; and those who are of so, had better be avoided than show the way by which treachery may effect what open violence cannot accomplish."

Lady Mar again applied to her fatal pen, but with other views than for the ruin of the cause, or the destruction of Wallace. It was to strengthen his hands with the power of all her kinsmen and finally, by the crown which they should place on his head, call her to the dignity of a queen. She wrote first to John Cummin, earl of Buchan, enforcing a thousand reasons why he should not leave a sinking cause, and join the rising fortunes of his country. She despatched her letter by a messenger whom she had bribed to secrecy, and added, in her postscript, that "the answer she should hope to receive would be an offer of his services to Sir William Wallace."

While the Countess of Mar was devising her plans (for the gaining of Lord Buchan was only a preliminary measure), the despatches of Wallace had taken effect; and, in a very short time after the messengers had left Stirling, the plain around the city was covered with a mixed multitude. All Scotland seemed to press to throw itself at the feet of its preserver. A large body of men, brought from Mar by Murray, according to his uncle's orders, were amongst the first encamped on the Carse; and that part of Wallace's own particular band, which he had left at Dumbarton to recover of their wounds, now, under the command of Stephen Ireland, rejoined their lord at Stirling. Neil Campbell, the brave Lord of Lochawe, and Lord Bothwell, the father of Lord Andrew Murray, with a strong reinforcement, arrived from Angusshire. The chiefs of Ross, Dundas, Gordon, Lockhart, Scott, Erskine, Lindsay, Cameron, and of almost every noble family in Scotland, sent their sons at the head of detachments from their clans to swell the ranks of Wallace.

When this patriotic host assembled on the Carse of Stirling, every inmate of the city turned out to view the glorious sight. Mounted on a rising ground, they saw each little the army, and the blazoned banners of all the chivalry of Scotland floating over the lengthened ranks. At this moment, the lines opened, and discovered Wallace advancing on a white charger. When the conqueror of Edward's hosts appeared, the deliverer of Scotland, a mighty shout rent the skies. Wallace raised his helmet, as, by an instinctive motion, every hand bent the sword and banner it contained.

"He comes in the strength of David!" cried the Bishop of Dunkeld, who appeared at the head of his church's trainy—"Scots, behold the Lord's anointed!" The exclamation struck to every heart. "Long live King William!" was echoed by every follower, and the lords themselves, believing that he who won had the best right to enjoy, joined in the glorious cry. Galloping up from the front of their ranks, they threw themselves from their steeds; and, before Wallace could recover from the surprise into which this salutation had thrown him, Lord Bothwell and Lord Lochawe, followed by the rest of their knights, and acknowledged him to their sovereign. The Bishop of Dunkeld, drawing from his breast a silver dove of sacred oil, poured it upon the unbosomed head of Wallace. "Thus, O King!" cried he, "do I consecrate, on earth what has already received the unction of heaven!"

Wallace was awe-struck; and, raising his eyes to heaven, his soul in silence breathed its unutterable devotion. Then, looking on the Bishop, "Holy

Wallace turned on him an inquiring look.

"You have often spoken to me of Sir Gilbert Hambleton."

"And this is he!" interrupted Wallace. Edwin recounted the manner of the earl discovering himself, and how he came to bear that title. Wallace listened in silence, and as his young friend ended, sighed heavily. "I will thank him," was all he said; and he proceeded to the chamber of war which was filled with officers, come to inquire after their commander's health. Wallace advanced to the couch, and the Southrons drew back. The expression on his countenance told the earl that he now knew him. "Noblest of Englishmen!" cried Wallace, in a low voice, "I come to express a gratitude to you as lasting as the memory of the action which gave it birth. Your generous conduct to all that was dearest to me on earth, was witnessed by myself. I was in the tree above your head; and nothing but a conviction that I should embarrass the honor of my wife's protector, could at that moment have prevented my springing from my covert, and declaring my gratitude on the spot. Receive my thanks now, inadequate as they are, to express all I feel. But you offered me your heart on the field of Cambuskenneth; I will take that as a generous intimation how I may best acknowledge my debt. Receive, then, my never-dying friendship, the eternal gratitude of my immortal spirit!"

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Wallace was awe-struck; and, raising his eyes to heaven, his soul in silence breathed its unutterable devotion. Then, looking on the Bishop, "Holy

father," said he, "this unction may have prepared my brows for a crown, but it is not of this world. Rise, lords! and, as ye are, be ye as ye are; for He Who rules us all, has yet preserved to you a lawful monarch. Bruce lives; and, were he extinct, the blood royal flows in too many noble veins in Scotland for me to usurp its rights."

"The rights of the crown lie with the only man in Scotland who knows how to defend them; else reason is blind, or the people abandon their own prerogative. What we have this moment vowed is not to be forsaken. Balfour has abdicated our throne; the Bruce deserts it; all our nobles slept till you awoke; and shall we how to men who follow, but will not lead? No, Bruce lives; from the moment you draw the first sword for Scotland, you are your own lawful king!"

Wallace turned to the veteran Lord of Lochawe, who uttered this with a blunt determination, that meant to say, the election which had passed should not be recalled. "I made myself her champion to fight for her freedom, not my own aggrandizement. Were I to accept the honour with which this too grateful nation would repay my service, I should not bring in that peace for which I contend. Struggling for the toils of my brave countrymen would be redoubled; for they would have to maintain the rights of an unallied king against a host of enemies. The circumstance of a man from a private station of life being elevated to such dignity, would be felt as an insult by every royal house; and foes and friends would arm against us. On these grounds of policy, were I not loyal to the vows of my ancestors, I should repel the mischief you would bring upon yourselves by making me your king. As it is, my conscience, as well as my judgment, compels me to reject it. As your general, I should never see you gloriously; as your monarch, in spite of myself, I should incur your ultimate destruction."

"From whom, noblest of Scots?" asked the Lord of Bothwell.

"From yourselves, my friends," answered Wallace. "Could I take advantage of the generous enthusiasm of a grateful nation—could I forget the duty I owe to the blood of our Alexander, and leap into the throne—there are many who would soon revolt against their own election. You cannot be ignorant that there are natures who would endure no rule, did it not come by the right of inheritance. Jealousies and rebellions would mark my reign, till even my closest adherents, seeing the miseries of civil war, would fall from my side, and leave the country open again to the incursions of her enemies. These, my friends and countrymen, would be my reasons for rejecting the crown; and my ambition point that way. But as I have no joy in titles, no pleasure in any power that does not spring hourly from the heart, let my reign be in your bosoms; and with the appellation of your fellow-soldier, your friend, I will fight for you, I will conquer for you—I will live or die!"

"This man," whispered Lord Buchan, "shows more cunning in repusing a crown, than most are capable of exertion to obtain one."

"Eye, but let us see," returned the Earl of March; "whether it be not Cusar's coyness; he thrice refused the purple, and yet he died Emperor of the Roman."

"He that offers me a crown," returned Buchan, "shall never catch me playing the coquette with his charms. I warrant you I would embrace the lovely mischief in the first presentation." A shout rent the air. "What is that?" cried he.

"He has followed your advice," answered March. "It is the preliminary trumpet to 'Long live King William the Great!'"

Lord Buchan spurred forward to Seryngmour, and inquired where the new king was to be crowned. "We have not yet to thank him for the possession of Stene!"

"True," cried Sir Alexander, "but did Sir William Wallace accept the prayers of Scotland, neither Stene nor any other spot in the kingdom should reuse the place of his coronation."

"Not accept them?" replied Buchan; "then why that shout? Do the changelings refuse to be king?"

"When we cannot gain the altitude of our desires," returned the knight, "it is yet subject for thankfulness that we reach a step towards it. Sir William Wallace has consented to be considered as the Protector of the kingdom, to hold it for the rightful sovereign, under the name of Regent."

## Twitching of the Nerves

Became almost unbearable until Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food brought about a cure.

Tapping of the fingers, restlessness, sleeplessness, inability to control the nerves, what a story of exhausted nerves is told by these symptoms. Nervous prostration and paralysis are not far away unless restorative treatment is used.

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DR. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food

"Aye!" cried March, "he has only taken a mistress instead of a wife; and trust me, when once he has got her into his arms, it will not be all the greybeards in Scotland that can wrest her thence again. I marvel to see how men can be so bold, and call the deception virtue!"

Sorymgeour had not waited for this reply of the insolent earl; and Buchan, answering him, "I care not," cried he; "whoever keeps my castle over my head, and my cellars full, is welcome to reign over John of Buchan. So onward, my gallant Cospatrick, to make our bow to royalty in masquerade!"

When these scoundrels approached, they found Wallace standing uncovered in the midst of his nobles. With overflowing gratitude, they all thronged around him; and Wallace found a nation waiting on his nod—the hearts of half a million of people offered to his hand. No crown sat on his brow; but the halo of true glory beamed from his countenance, and shone on the faces of those who followed. The arrogant smiles of the voluptuous Buchan came forward to mock him with their homage.

As the near relations of Lady Mar, he received them with courtesy; but one glance of his eye penetrated to the hollows of both; and then remounting his steed, the stirrups of which were held by Edwin and Ker, he touched the head of the former with his hand; "Follow me, my friend; I now go to pay my duty to your mother." "For you, my lords," said he, "I shall hope to meet you at noon in the citadel, where we shall consult together on future movements. Nothing with us can be considered as won, till all is gained."

The chieftains with bows acquiesced in his mandate, and fell back towards their troops; but the foremost ranks of those brave fellows, having heard much of what had passed, were so inflamed with admiration of their Regent, that they rushed forward, and, collecting in crowds around his horse and in his path, some pressed to kiss his hand, and others his garments, while the rest ran on his way, shouting and calling down blessings upon him, till he stopped at the gate of Snowden.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE O'KELLY'S REVENGE.

The O'Kelly and the O'Flaherty had been great friends; but they were now mortal enemies. Friendship had existed between their families for generations; as boys they were constantly together, and when both had grown to man's estate they were the terror of the English in Connaught. The O'Kelly despised every inch of ground with the invaders, and if ever he was in danger of being overtaken by numbers the O'Flaherty came to the rescue. The O'Kelly was equally ready to come to the assistance of his friend, and while they were thus united the English gnashed their teeth in despair, for they could not obtain possession of a foot of ground in the territory of either. But that was all over now. They were friends no longer and the immediate result of their quarrel was that the O'Flaherty was besieged by the invaders in one of his castles on an island in Lough Corrib, and reports said that he was reduced to sore straits.

This is how the breach had occurred between them. For a longer period than usual the English had ceased to molest them, and peace and tranquillity reigned throughout the territories. The O'Kelly took advantage of this happy state of affairs to get up a baricade, for, like all the other Irish chieftains, no matter how fierce and warlike, his martial spirit delighted in music and poetry, and his chief bard, O'Duggan, always held the place of honor in his household. To the tournament were invited the flower of the Connaught bards, and every chief of who had distinguished himself in any way in repelling the invaders. The O'Flaherty, of course, received an early and a cordial invitation.

The great day came, and in the largest and most splendid apartment of Aughrim Castle, one of the seats of the O'Kelly, there was a brilliant assemblage of "chiefs and ladies bright," and venerable bards with picturesque robes and flowing beards and glittering harps. The soul-stirring strains which had power to cheer the spirit of Erin's sons in the darkest hour of their country's fortunes now filled the castle. Now the softer emotions were touched, now the martial fire was kindled and bright cheeks glowed, or dark eyes flashed as the minstrel swept the strings.

Each bard had an ode prepared in honor of his chief in which were enumerated all the valiant and noble deeds which he or his ancestors had done.

Chief bard O'Duggan had composed one for his master, the O'Kelly. In it mention was made of every feat of prowess which had been performed by any of his ancestors from the dim centuries when they had come down from the north and conquered the Fibriogs of Connaught, to the latest battles in which the invader had been repelled. In glowing lines the prodigies of valor which had been done by the O'Kelly at Clontarf, where he had fought as a commander under the great King Brian, were told. It was a magnificent ode. O'Duggan had brought all his genius to its composition, and he had reason to be well pleased with the result.

Soon it would be his turn to recite. His eyes flashed with excitement, for he was summoning all his powers to aid him in fulfilling the great task.

The O'Flaherty's bard—a fair-haired young man of whom nobody seemed to know anything—now stood up to recite his ode. He had just lately been taken by the O'Flaherty into his service, because he was a great musician and knew well the history of the family, which was a great advantage. The O'Flaherty said, as he didn't know it himself. When he began to recite his peculiar pronunciation caused people to look at him in astonishment, and what was the O'Duggan's consternation to hear the very ode which he had himself composed for his master, without a shade of difference except that the hero of every feat was named O'Flaherty instead of O'Kelly. In great agitation he whispered the facts to his chief. The O'Kelly protested to the O'Flaherty, but the latter would not

be convinced, and took the side of his bard. Careful not to violate the sacred laws of hospitality the O'Flaherty and his retinue were allowed by their host to return home in peace, but from that hour the chieftains were enemies. After the tournament, and when it appeared that there was no hope of their being reconciled, the strange bard of the O'Flaherty disappeared, even his patron did not know whither.

No sooner had it come to the ears of the English that the two Connaught chieftains who had hitherto so strongly opposed them, were now foes, than they ventured once more across the Shannon and invaded O'Flaherty's territory. This movement was wholly unexpected by O'Flaherty. So long had the united strength of himself and the O'Kelly kept their common enemy at bay, that he allowed himself to believe that he was quite safe from aggression. This foolish dream was rapidly dispelled. The English were suddenly awaiting and creating opportunities to attack the native chiefs. Before the O'Flaherty had time to take adequate means for the defense of his territory he found himself besieged in one of his castles on an island in Lough Corrib, with a very small force, and a meager supply of provisions. At the moment his wife was in another of his castles on the mainland, but she could render her husband no assistance, as she had at her command only a small number of retainers barely sufficient for the defense of the castle.

She was in the literal meaning of the words a valiant woman, and the castle which she held for her lord was strongly situated, so the English were afraid to attack her without overwhelming numbers. They could not manage for the time being, so all their energies were devoted to the destruction of the island castle and the capture of her husband.

Again and again the O'Flaherty repulsed his enemies, but day after day the ranks of his small garrison grew thinner by wounds and death, and his small store of provisions was soon well-nigh exhausted. But the most Spartan valor could not enable him to hold out long. The number against him were overwhelming and unceasingly vigilant.

Oh, for the days of his friendship with the O'Kelly. How bitterly he now lamented that the Saxon have been before his castle walls, but he would have seen the horizon that friendly flag with the lions rampant! Now, alas! he could only see the grim banner of death, and death he resolved it should be rather than surrender. He had a mine made underneath the castle. There he ordered some barrels of gunpowder to be placed, and deputed one of his trusty followers to ignite them on the entrance of the English after he himself had fallen within.

"His back to the field And his face to the foe."

Alas! for the quarrels of the Irish chiefs. It was their weakness in this respect, a weakness which England exhausted all the arts of diplomacy to create and foster that was the ruin of their native land. Had it not been for intestine strife, nothing could have triumphed over Irish valor, and Ireland would today be "first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea," a destiny which we trust shall yet be hers when all her children unite to uplift her.

II.

The O'Kelly was pacing thoughtfully round the ramparts of his castle of Aughrim. He had just finished examining his defenses, for now that the O'Flaherty had been attacked by the English he felt sure that his own turn would come soon, and it behooved him to see that everything was in good repair and in the best order to repel the invader. His brow was sad and gloomy. Distressing thoughts agitated his mind. Notwithstanding the enmity which existed between them, and which either was too proud to take the first step to terminate, he felt deeply sorry when he heard of the extremity to which his friend of old had been reduced. Above all, he felt sad to think of the foothold which the common enemy would obtain in the country by the success of their enterprise.

"How is it," he asked himself, "that at every crisis of our history, at the very moment when unity is most essential, we are divided against ourselves? How is it that some senseless quarrel, more worthy of children than of men responsible for the welfare of their people, has always weakened us at every juncture, and left us open to the malice of our enemies? These quarrels are more fatal to us than the weapons of the English. We know that our enemies rejoice to hear of them, and yet—"

Here his sad reflections were interrupted by the appearance of one of his clansmen whom he had sent out that morning to gather what information he could about the movements of the English, and what progress they had made with the siege.

"Well, Fergus," said the chieftain on recognizing him, "what news?"

"The English are in good strength, my chief. They expect to get possession of O'Flaherty's castle to-morrow or the day after, for the report goes that the food has given out inside the walls, and that the few men who remain alive are reduced to skeletons. Nevertheless, their valor has struck terror into the hearts of their besiegers, for they are afraid to attempt to capture the place by assault, and trust the slower work of famine."

"The O'Flaherty was always a brave man. They took him completely by surprise, I suppose?"

"The villains, they do nothing that's honest. Often I feel sorry that you are not my friends still. It's far-off the English would have to keep if you were."

"How, now, Fergus; would you have allowed his bard to practice such a fraud on us at the bardic tournament? Why, there wasn't a single famous deed ever done by an O'Kelly that wasn't put down to an O'Flaherty by that bard of his. You wouldn't have your chief stand that, would you, Fergus?"

"Well, I can't say but that I'm jealous of the honor of the clan; but as for that bard, I have a suspicion that he was one of the English themselves."

"But still the O'Flaherty backed up his fraud, and offered no explanation or apology."

"My chief, there are greater things at stake now than the fame of any clan or number of clans. Our existence as an independent nation is threatened. My advice to you now would be to make war on the English before they have time to make war on you, if not for the sake of the O'Flaherty, for the sake of Ireland."

The O'Kelly was not angry at the clansman giving him advice. He took it as a matter of course. The humblest of his clan was never treated by an Irish chieftain as a serf. He was simply a member of one big family of which the chief was looked upon as the father, and he was free to express his opinion on anything that concerned the welfare of his clan. The Irish clansmen were never servile like the vassals of the English feudal lords, and nothing so astonished the Anglo-Norman invaders as the familiarity of the terms which existed between them and their chiefs.

Scarcely had the clansman ceased speaking than the O'Kelly's son, a fine boy of fifteen, named Kevin, came to tell his father that there was a messenger from the English waiting to see him inside the castle.

When he and his visitor had exchanged salutations, the latter at once proceeded to disclose his errand. "I came," said he, "from the commander-in-chief of the English forces west of the Shannon. He has frequently heard of the splendid fighting qualities of your clan and of your own valor, and is most anxious to have you for a friend instead of an enemy. If you will become his ally and serve under him you can name your own reward. What wealth or titles you wish for will be yours."

So utterly was the O'Kelly amazed at the proposal made to him that he sat as if transfixed. Was he dreaming, or had the English really dared to ask him to turn traitor to his country? His speechless silence encouraged the messenger, who fondly imagined that he was reflecting on the advantages which the proposed alliance would bring him, and he proceeded: "The commander-in-chief will require from you no difficult or arduous task, though he knows well that the post of honor and of danger is what you like best. A friendly neutrality will meet his demands for the greater part, though it would be well at the commencement of the alliance to show good-will by some trifling service. Here the visitor paused, evidently expecting the Irish chieftain to speak.

"What would you have me do?" said the latter in a voice almost inarticulate with passion.

The visitor went on, either not noticing his emotion or putting it down to a wrong cause. "Why, there's that castle held by the wife of the O'Flaherty— with the forces at your disposal you could easily reduce it in a few hours, mostly old and infirm to guard the walls. Her husband's castle will be ours the day after to-morrow at the latest. Then it would be a matter of little difficulty for us to take her, but if you will volunteer for the task it will win you great favor with the commander-in-chief."

"Do you mean," said the O'Kelly, while his eyes blazed with an indignation which he was utterly unable to control, "was it not insult enough that you tempted me to turn traitor to my country without asking me to make war on a woman. Go back and tell your master that the O'Kelly is neither a traitor nor a coward, and that the Irish never make war on women. They leave that to him and his Begone, I say, and if you ever dare to pollute my castle again with your presence you will never leave it alive. Begone!"

The messenger retreated in hot haste the way he came, nor did he dare look back until the castle had faded in the dim distance.

When he had gone the O'Kelly paced up and down the room with an elegant and while his eyes emitted sparks of anger. What had he done, what unworthy act had he been guilty of that the English had thus dared to insult him, had supposed him capable of such treachery. He reviewed his whole career, but his conscience upbraided him with no act unworthy of a patriot or a man of honor.

"Aye," he sighed he, "it is their own baseness and not our unworthiness that suggests to them their vile means of conquest. Bribery and treachery and poison are their most potent weapons. God grant that they be not successful."

III.

When his anger at the insult which had been put upon him by the English had somewhat cooled, the O'Kelly summoned his trusty clansman, Fergus to his presence.

"Fergus," said he when he had come, "saw you the English stranger who left the castle a short time ago, and what think you was his errand? He came from the commander of the English forces in Connaught to bribe me to sell my country. Was that not insult too great for flesh and blood to bear? Fergus, muster all the clansmen as soon as possible. To-night I go to the rescue of the O'Flaherty!"

"You do well, my chief," said the clansman; "this is no time for quarrels. All our energies should be directed against the enemies of our country. If I mistake not your messenger was no stranger to me, I met him on his way out, and he struck me as bearing a strong resemblance to the bard who committed the fraud on O'Duggan at the bardic tournament. Their eyes were exactly alike, though the hair and beard were of a different color—false no doubt."

"Hail!" said the O'Kelly. "I thought the bard was familiar. So this is how the English try to compass our undoing by fomenting discord among us, and not by honest fight in the open field. This time, however, they will be taught a lesson which will be a blow to this species of warfare. Have the men ready to march as soon as possible, but leave enough to defend the castle. There is no telling what treachery might be brewing against us by the English."

In less than an hour a force sufficient for the enterprise had assembled out-

side the castle gate, and the flag of the clan bearing the tower and the lions rampant and the words, "Turriss, Fortis mihi Deus," embroidered on it in gold was floating over them in the silvery moonlight.

"No! not that flag," said the O'Kelly when he saw it. "We are going to help an enemy for the sake of our bleeding country. Let us march under the banner of Ireland!"

A flag of green with a harp of gold, and the words, "Erin-go-Bragh" was then brought and hoisted aloft. A volley of cheers burst from the ranks. The O'Kelly placed himself at their head, and they marched to rescue an enemy for the sake of Ireland.

Well would it have been for our unfortunate country if the men of Ireland had always marched under that flag rather than under the banner of clan or of party.

Meantime the O'Flaherty had been reduced to dire straits, and his rations scarcely sufficient to support life for another day had been dealt out to the men, and not another particle of food remained in the castle. But the gallant defenders had resolved to die rather than surrender. A haughty summons to the garrison to yield was answered with defiance, and the O'Flaherty had his flag nailed to the beam from which it "oiled over the castle."

The besiegers, knowing the weakness of the defenders, now prepared for an assault, and O'Flaherty and his gallant few determined to die fighting. The English, fresh and well-fed, and vastly superior in numbers, were rapidly gaining ground, when the attention of both parties was arrested and the progress of operations stopped by a shout which rang out in the distance. Gazing in the direction from which it came, the defenders uttered joyous cries to see a friendly flag on the horizon. The besiegers were in consternation, and now directed all their efforts towards saving themselves. With wild Irish cries, the O'Kellys came on, seized every available boat, and surrounded the castle. Exposed to fire on every side the English could offer no effectual resistance, and were completely annihilated.

After the battle the O'Kelly and the O'Flaherty embraced like brothers, and all the latter could say for some moments because of his emotion was: "My noble enemy!" There and then they entered into a covenant of eternal friendship, and all the intrigues of the English were never able to break it. Leaving some of his own men with the O'Flaherty in case of a fresh surprise before he could muster his own forces, the O'Kelly now returned home. What was his astonishment on hearing his own castle to hear the noise and shouts of war. In a fury he rushed on, to find the English storming his ancestral home which was gallantly defended by his young son, Kevin, with the small force which he had so wisely left him. The chieftain made short work of the besiegers, for he was angered almost to madness by their treachery.

It appeared that before the messenger whom they had sent to bribe the Irish chief had returned, word had been brought them that he had set out from Aughrim Castle with an armed band. Thinking that their intrigues had been successful, they imagined that he had gone to take the castle held by the O'Flaherty's wife, as had been proposed to him. They considered it, of course, a glorious opportunity of relieving him of his own possessions, for their treachery towards the Irish stopped at nothing; but every-thing that he had set out from Aughrim Castle from what they had anticipated.

The reason that there is no mention of either of those battles in history is because there was not one of the English left alive to tell the tale, and the Irish were not given to boast of their victory.

The O'Flaherty was ever afterward one of the fiercest opponents whom the English had in Connaught, and so terrible were the reprisals which he took, that the English settlers inscribed over the gates of Galway the following words: "From the ferocious O'Flaherty good Lord deliver us!"

For long years the two Irish clans offered successful resistance to the invaders, and there are O'Kellys still in Mayo, and there are O'Flahertys still in the west of Ireland, and they will be there in plenty, when the prophecy of Patrick shall be fulfilled, that "the Saxon shall not have permanent dominion over the men of Erin."—Eleanor F. Kelly in Irish Emerald.

A HEROINE.

IRISH NUN'S EXPERIENCE IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.

The death took place some time ago at the Convent of Mercy, Gort, County Galway, Ireland, of Mother Mary Aloysius, at the venerable age of 94 years. This deceased lady was not only one of the most venerable members of the splendid Order of Mercy, but she also had a career of a most varied and

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remarkable character, and displayed all through her long life an amount of energy and resource, courage and determination which stamped her character as being in many respects above ordinary. The most notable event of her long life, was her labor amongst the stricken troops in the hospitals during the Crimean War. In recent years Mother Aloysius devoted herself to work in Galway which, though it did not attract such widespread attention, bore such abundant and lasting fruits in her own lifetime that she will long be remembered by the young generation in South Galway, who are indebted to her for the wonderful progress that has been made, not only in the better organization of teaching work, but for the great development of industrial training that has been effected in latter years.

APPEAL OF THE WAR OFFICE.

The English War office, seeing how useful and acceptable to their countrymen were the French Sisters in the hospitals of Constantinople, virtually applied for sisters. Sister Mary Aloysius, in her little book, says that when application was made by the vicar-general of Dublin—the archbishop was absent—to the convent at Carlow for volunteers, she believes the whole community offered to go. "The appeal for the east," she writes, "no Sister of Mercy could resist, and highly privileged that I was among those who were chosen for the enterprise. The hospitals were represented as filled with the dead and dying. The trenches were filled with the stark and stiffening corpses of many a frozen warrior; no food save the vilest could the brave men procure, very often no medicine, no attendance. Reports of the condition of the wounded at Alma, September 20th, and at Inkerman, November 1st 1854, horrified the humane and wrung tears from the tender-hearted. Neither linen or lint could be found to dress their gaping wounds; orderlies were their only nurses." The French did not suffer in this way. They summoned their Sisters on the first appearance of sickness, and the questions were constantly asked, "Are there no such nurses in England? Can the women do nothing for us in this fearful emergency?"

The nuns started from London on December 2, 1854, having been said farewell to by Dr. Manning, afterwards the great cardinal. From Marseilles they sailed in an old French ship called the *Egyptus*, "cramped with cavalry for the seat of war," and had some very stiff weather in the Mediterranean, and for a time were in great danger. At Athens two Sisters of Charity visited them on board. One was Irish!—"a great and unexpected pleasure."

At last they reached their destination, after a most memorable and exciting voyage, to find that they were "not wanted at Scutari." The war office, it appears, had made a mistake in sending the party—"no room for them!" The French Sisters of Charity, however, made them welcome. At length the incompetent war office authorities found room, and they began their noble work. Sister Mary Aloysius was sent to one of the cholera wards, and she gives a most heartrending description of what she saw there.

"The cholera was of the very worst type," she writes, "the attacked men lasted only four or five hours." And at last doctors and all attending "seemed to be getting paralyzed, and the orderlies indifferent as to life or death. An orderly officer took the rounds of the wards every night, to see that all was right. He was expected by the orderlies, and the moment he raised the latch on a door out: 'All right, your honor. Many a time I said all wrong!'"

The little volume is full of interesting reminiscences. A Catholic soldier sent for his sister. She told him she had worse cases to look after—he did not happen to be very bad. "All I want to know, ma'am," he said, "is, are you one of our own Sisters of mercy from Ireland?" "Yes," I said, "my very own." "God be praised for that!" was his reply.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

Sister Mary Aloysius was afterwards, with some others, sent to Balaklava, where all the nursing, day and night, was to be done by them. Here they had some terrible experiences.

"In passing to the wards at night we used to meet the rats in droves. They would not even move out of our way. They were there before us, and were determined to keep possession. As for our own part, they evidently wanted to make it theirs, scurrying upon the boards, jumping up on the shelf where our little utensils were kept, rattling everywhere. One night dear Sister M. Paula found one licking her forehead—she had a real horror of them. Sleep was out of question. Here one of the nuns died, and was buried in the hills, Miss Nightingale attending the funeral and joining in the prayers said by one of the three present. Another sister also died, and was greatly honored by the whole army, of all sections and grades. Finally, the survivors reached home after nearly two years of glorious devotion and self-sacrifice. Sister Mary

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

Aloysius, in 1897, was presented by Queen Victoria with the decoration of the Red Cross and asked to go to Windsor to receive it. But, in a very beautiful letter, she excused herself in not being able, at her age, to make the journey.

**WIT AND HUMOR.**

A parent who evidently disapproved of corporal punishment wrote the teacher:

"Dear Miss: Don't hit our Johnnie. We never do it at home except in self-defense."

"The difference between a glass of water and a subscription bill," says the St. Louis philosopher, "is simply that the water will settle if it's allowed to stand."

"All you need, professor," said the doctor, cheerfully, is a tonic in the shape of fresh air." "What is the shape of fresh air?" asked the patient.

Husband.—"Our little boy is sick, doctor, so please come at once."  
Physician.—"I can't get over much under an hour."  
Husband.—"Oh, do, doctor! You see my wife has a book on 'What to Do Before the Doctor Comes,' and I'm so afraid she'll do it before you get here!"

Into a general store of a town in Arkansas there recently came a colored man complaining that a ham which he had purchased there was not good.

"The ham is all right, Zeph," insisted the storekeeper.

"No, it ain't, boss," insisted the negro. "Dat ham's shore bad."  
"How can that be," continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

The dark scratched his head reflectively and finally suggested:

"Den mebbe it's had a relapse."

"Football!" growled the angry father. "Ugh!"

"But surely," said his friend, "your son won high honors in football at his college?"

"He did!" grimly assented the father.

"First he was a quarter-back—"  
"Yes."  
"Then a half-back—"  
"Yes."  
"Then a full-back—"  
"Yes."  
"And now—what is he now?"

"Now," roared the father, "he is a hunchback!"

A short time ago in a certain town in the South of Ireland a lecture was being given on the evils of drink.

"Yes," said the lecturer, "alcohol has ruined our country and has slain its thousands, but when has bright, clear, cold water caused the death of anyone?"

And from the back of the audience a gruff voice answered:

"When he couldn't swim."  
The lecturer gave it up as hopeless.

A Philadelphia woman, whose given name is Mary, as is also the name of her daughter, had recently engaged a domestic, when, to her embarrassment, she discovered that the servant's name, too, was Mary.

Whereupon there ensued a struggle to induce the applicant to relinquish her idea that she must be addressed by her Christian name. For some time she was rigidly uncompromising.

"Under the circumstances," said the lady of the house, "there is nothing to do but to follow the English custom, and call you by your last name. By the way, what is it?"

"A Well, mum," answered the girl dubiously, "it's 'Darling.'"

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This letter was fortunate about Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food tells his experience for our sufferers from diseases of the nervous system.

Strathroy, Ont. Nervous system was all unwell, had no appetite, was poor and my nerves were exhausted. I had four boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and my health and signature of A. W. Chase's famous Receipt Book for box, 50 cents at all drug stores, Bates & Co.,

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

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

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONI, Arch. of Loro, Apot. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1909.

JOHN WYCLIFFE.

Some young people in and around London will soon be full of information, at least if ministerial efforts count for anything.

A WARNING.

We received the other day several notices issued from the old country, warning people very strongly against some whom they call vagrant sects.

HOLY NAME SOCIETY IN TORONTO

Few associations are more unobtrusive and few attract greater attention than the Holy Name Society.

not the first English translation. There is a play upon the word English, for the Wycliffites know very well that in England there had been many versions of the Scriptures.

A PROFESSOR ON DIVORCE.

One of the professors of Cornell University, which is situated at Ithaca, N. Y., spoke the other day to a Bible class.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

This was the subject of a paper at a ministerial association meeting at Twin City lately.

THE LETTER "U" HAS BEEN THE CAUSE OF MUCH CONTROVERSY.

THE LETTER "U" has been the cause of much controversy in some of the Toronto papers.

HOME A HAVEN OF REST.

Christian women, when your husbands and sons return to you in the evening after buffeting the waves of the world, let them find in your homes a haven of rest.

human nature to evil purposes and hypocritical methods. Catholics are not by any means so fearfully exposed.

PRESS REPORT.

Some time ago the associated press dispatches started the rumor that the Holy Father had visions.

THE REV. JOHN J. PRESTON, OF ST. LAWRENCE'S CHURCH, WEBAWKEN, NEW JERSEY.

recently drove to all the saloons in the lower part of that town on Sunday and asked the proprietors to shut up their bar-rooms.

BY THE DEATH OF REV. FATHER DANIEL O'CONNEL, THE PRIESTHOOD OF THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO HAS LOST ONE OF ITS MOST DISTINGUISHED AND ESTIMABLE MEMBERS.

He had been pastor at Douro and later at Ennismore, but for the past sixteen years chaplain of St. Joseph's hospital, Peterborough.

CONVERT WILBUR IN ROME.

Says the correspondent of a New York paper: "I was walking with a gentleman from Chicago yesterday when we met the students of the American Ecclesiastic college, and stood for a moment to watch them pass."

HOME A HAVEN OF REST.

Christian women, when your husbands and sons return to you in the evening after buffeting the waves of the world, let them find in your homes a haven of rest.

ing their sweetness in the open air. Parochial organization may move along undisturbed and without noise.

THE LETTER "U" HAS BEEN THE CAUSE OF MUCH CONTROVERSY.

THE LETTER "U" has been the cause of much controversy in some of the Toronto papers.

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REMARKABLE CONVERSION IN SPAIN.

SEBASTIAN DE LUQUE, NOTORIOUS ATHEIST AND RADICAL WRITER, SEES BREAD IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Correo Espanol, a secular paper of Madrid, brings an account of a remarkable conversion which has just taken place in Spain. The subject of a remarkable cure is the famous Spanish poet, Sebastian de Luque. De Luque has, for years, been an atheist and one of the most radical writers in the land of the Old. His poetry has ranked with the work of the greatest poets of France and Spain, but his philosophy has been that of the schools of Haeckel and other free-thinkers of Germany. He has been a contributor in Spanish, French and Italian to the leading radical publications of Europe. His style is eminently correct, facile and elegant, and his prose the equal of his verse, but his whole message has been the coming of a new humanity which would not recognize the existence of a God or of any law founded upon religion of any sort. While his style was most classic and artistic, his subject matter was considered the most deadly of any Radical writer in Europe. Of course there was great Liberal clamor of praise for him and he lived hearing constantly the hosannas of such free-thinkers as Cristobal de Castro, Julio Camba and Zamacois. Yet a change was at hand. Suddenly in the midst of his success he was struck down by paralysis, to which were attached an affection of the heart and congestion of the brain, and for two years he was stretched prostrate. The leading physicians of Spain, such men as Rovira, Semprun, Guedea, Olano, Cervera, Veymit, and finally the great specialist, Mariari, treated him, but all retired, saying his case was hopeless. He was finally left practically alone in No. 18 in the Princess Hospital in Santiago. He was only twenty-nine years of age, but pale and a nervous wreck. Already mortification had set in around his throat and his eyes had that fixed, glassy stare that comes before the end.

While he lay there, a Sister of Charity passed through the hospital and began a conversation with him, pitying his youth and hopeless condition. She finally said to him, without knowing his personality: "Senor, may I ask you a favor?" "You may, Sis'er," he replied. She then told him that there was soon to be celebrated the feast of the Blessed Virgin of the Miraculous Medal, and asked him to join with her in a novena for the cure of his infirmity. At first he scoffed at her proposition, but finally agreed with her that it could do no possible harm. The novena was begun, and his suffering increased. On the eighth day it seemed that death would ensue at any moment. The famous Mariari was again brought in, but, noticing his respiration, said that death might occur at any moment. Later he lapsed into unconsciousness.

At 8:30 on the morning of the ninth day there was another change. The unconscious man awoke with a cry, declaring that he was sound and well. He arose and, to prove his recovery, got up and walked about the room in the presence of several who had been attracted by his cry. The doctor was called, and after an examination, declared that he was completely cured. From that moment to this, Sebastian de Luque has lived in complete health and not only his bodily health perfect, but he has a firm belief in and hope in Christ. He declares that hereafter his poems and all his other works shall be dedicated to the cause of Christ and in honor of the Virgin of the Miraculous Medal, who has given him back health of soul and body.

The prominence of De Luque and the remarkable character of his cure, have made the incident create a sensation throughout Spain.

INCONSISTENCIES OF A NEW YORK PREACHER.

Loose thinking and vague expression seem to be the dominant characteristics of the Protestant pulpit. As one reads the excerpts of the various sermons to which congregations have listened with more or less patience one is forced to repeat, "words, words, words."

It is really astounding that men of at least some learning and mental training can mount the pulpit and pour forth words and phrases that defy comprehension. Is it because vacuity of thought has become the desire of the present hour or because the pulpit orator has really nothing to say, no definite message to impart and therefore seeks to hide the poverty of his ideas under a torrent of meaningless words? We have just read the two discourses which the Rev. Dr. Aked, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church of New York City, delivered recently and unless the morning paper had taken the care to tell us that both had the same author, we would have been led to believe that one was delivered by a Christian preacher while the other might have come from the exponent of any sect that denied the spiritual authority of Christ.

Speaking of the recent catastrophe in Sicily at the Harvard Congregational Church on Sunday morning, the New York divine said: "We are led to ask what is God? Is He a Deity Who destroys life or is He helpless to prevent calamities, or does the good in such calamities overbalance the harm? No adequate answer to these questions can be received from the intellect. We have not the faculties sufficient to frame or to comprehend an answer to them. But the intellect is not the only nor the highest faculty for apprehending God. If a man feels the spirit within him then catastrophes will not lessen his faith in God." "No, land is so great, so pure, so free as not to need to pray, Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget."

From this text the New York preacher, we know not by what laws of exegesis or common reasoning, attempts to prove that Christ taught the multitudes "As one having authority, not by authority." Just where the distinction comes we cannot possibly see, but admitting a distinction without a difference, we need only to refer to a few places in the New Testament to show beyond all question that Our Blessed Lord taught men by virtue of the power and authority which He received from the Father, so that He taught not only as one having authority, but by authority, for He was sent by the Father and it was in virtue of this authority which He possessed that He taught men and demanded that they accept and believe His teachings.

To show the error of Dr. Aked's statement, we quote these few places from the New Testament: "If anyone will not believe Me, let him believe the works that I do, for they give testimony of Me that the Father hath sent Me." Again in St. John we read: "He that despiseth Me and receiveth not My words hath One that judgeth him; the words that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day. For I have not spoken of Myself; but the Father Who sent Me, He gave Me commandment what I should say, and what I should speak. And I know that His Commandment is life everlasting. The things, therefore, that I speak, even as the Father said unto Me, so do I speak." To cite a third passage from the Scriptures to reveal the absurdity of the preacher's remark, we will take the place in which Christ confounds the Pharisees, and shows them how He is teaching by the authority of God. "And the Pharisees being gathered together, Jesus asked them, saying, What think you of Christ? Whose son is He? They say to Him David's. He saith to them: How then doth David in spirit call Him Lord, saying: 'The Lord saith to my Lord: Sit on My right hand, until I make Thy enemies Thy footstool?' If David, then, call Him Lord, how is He His Son? and no man was able to answer Him a word; neither durst any man from that day forth ask Him any more questions."

But apart from this egregious error, his advice to those whom he was addressing is unsafe and unsound. Continuing, he said: "No man can certify truth to you. I certify that you have a right to think as you want. In astronomy it is your right to repudiate the doctrines of all astronomers that have ever lived and worked before you; but no man or body of men can dictate what you shall think. It is your right to do thus and so, claim your right and you will be many times the laughing stock of a large audience. Do not claim your right by authority, but as one having authority. If any man wants to know whether Christianity is true or not, let him try it."

It is evident from a mere reading of these concluding remarks that Dr. Aked has badly confused right and liberty and placed on the same level the authority of God and that of man. This New York preacher is supposed to be the exponent of the principles held by his Baptist congregation; it is to preach their faith that he assumed the office of their spiritual pastor. But from these two discourses it appears that Dr. Aked is far from consistent in his teachings, that he does not represent the sect which supports him and even gives one a suspicion about his sincere belief in the divine mission of the Founder of Christianity.—Boston Pilot.

EFFECTIVE TRAINING OF PRIESTS.

An emphatic tribute to the superior training of the Catholic priesthood as compared with the ministry of the Protestant churches is that which proceeds from the pen of Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, former president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and now president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, in an article on "Professional Education" in the Outlook. Dr. Pritchett says: "Much has been said in recent years of the decay of churches and the weakening of church ties, particularly among Protestants. Many explanations have been given of this tendency. No doubt many factors have a share in the result which we see. Among these one of the most evident is the inefficiency of the ministry, due in the main to low standards of admission. In the Protestant churches, where the power of authority has largely passed by, the work of the church depends on the quality of the religious leadership of its preachers. The efficiency of this leadership is low. In the small towns one finds the same conditions which exist among lawyers and physicians. Four or five ministers eke out a living where one or two at most could do the work efficiently. Like the doctors of their villages, these men concern themselves with chronic cases and specific remedies, while the great problems of the moral health of their communities go untouched.

The old Mother Church has pursued a more far-sighted policy in this matter than the majority of her daughters. She requires of all her priests a long and severe training. He ever one may criticize the kind of education which they receive, or the large factor of loyalty to the ecclesiastical organization which forms part of it, the wisdom of the requirement is unquestionable. To it is due in very large measure the enormous moral power of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world, particularly among the great masses of working people in the cities, where Protestantism has been so markedly ineffective.

To be just to our Protestant ministers a very worthy body of men, by the way, it seems to us unfair to hold them responsible for the failure of the Protestant church. Nor can this failure be due in our opinion "to the low standards of admission;" equally mistaken is the opinion that the success of the Catholic priest is due to his "severe training" or to any human cause or agency. Dr. Pritchett, therefore, in the above expressed opinion seems to us to be as far astray as was the versatile and eloquent Thomas Babington Macaulay when he attributed the success of the Church to its human wisdom. Are Protestants deficient in wisdom? Have we not the testimony of the Independent

and of similar oracles that the Pope, the very head of the Church, in refusing to follow their advice is constantly blundering and leading the Church astray? Indeed humanly speaking, their opinions in this regard appear to be well founded. The Pope, like St. Paul, "comes to us not in loftiness of speech or of wisdom, but like that same blessed apostle in his humility, he knows nothing but "Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

The success of the Church "particularly among the great masses of the working people" is not, as has often been said, due to the ignorance of these masses, but rather to their humility and docility; for "God resists the proud and gives His grace to the humble."

But aside from this, the Pope and the priests come to us as sent by Jesus Christ: "Go teach all nations." To behold, if am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world. To ignore this cause of the priest's success and of the success of the Church is willfully to close one's eyes to the truth, and to the only reasonable explanation of the phenomenon which Dr. Pritchett and thousands beside him observe.—Sacred Heart Review.

BISHOP McQUAID DEAD.

HEAD OF THE DIOCESE OF ROCHESTER SUCCEEDS.

Surrounded by many priests in his parish, and without pain, Right Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester, died on January 18th after an eight month's illness, at the episcopal residence in Rochester. The 17th was the sixty-first anniversary of the Bishop's priesthood, and it usually has been celebrated in all the churches of the diocese, but owing to his grave condition Right Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, coadjutor Bishop of this diocese, announced that no special services would be held. The change for the worse in the Bishop's condition came last Wednesday, although for many months he has been just alive. He grew rapidly worse after Wednesday's change.

Bishop McQuaid was born December 15, 1823, in New York City. He re-

ceived his early training at Chambly Hall, near Montreal and then at St. John's College, Fordham, from which institution he was graduated.

After work in the preparatory seminaries of New Jersey he was elevated to the priesthood on January 16, 1848. On March 3, 1858, he was made Bishop of the diocese of Rochester, and on the 12th of the following June he was elevated to the episcopate.

Thomas F. Hickey, as coadjutor Bishop succeeds to the bishopric as second Bishop of Rochester.

An Archbishop's Stories. Speaking at one of the London Eucharistic Congress sectional meetings, Archbishop Bruchesi told two stories, one of a sister bringing her negligent brother back to the frequentation of the sacraments by telling him that she would fast until he went to communion, and replying to his argument that she would starve herself to death by asking him if he was not starving himself into a worse death by his absence from the holy table, with the result that he promised he would be at the altar rail next morning.

The other story was in reference to altar servers. In Paris, the Archbishop said at the Basilica of Montmartre, his Mass was served with devout care, by a man of seventy-five, who thanked him for doing him the honor of allowing him to serve Mass. "He was a soldier," said the Archbishop, "who had fought for the Holy See and for France, and commanded Canadians as well as Frenchmen. You all know his name and his story. It was General Charrette."

President Roosevelt practices what he preaches. He told this story at a Catholic meeting in Music Hall, Boston, November 15, 1896, and has often told it since: "Of all the evil movements in our country there is none like the A. P. A. While I was civil service commissioner I was in doubt as to the selection between two men for the chairmanship of a board of a town—I have forgotten their names, but will refer to them as Donnelly and Jones. I received a letter purporting to be signed by a

AT DEATH'S DOOR

Doctors had to give her Morphine to ease the pain

Five boxes of "Fruit-a-lives" Cured Her

ENTERPRISE, Ont., Oct. 1, 1900.

For seven years I suffered with what physicians called a "Water Tumor". I would get so bad at times that I could hardly endure the pain. I could neither sit, stand, nor lie down. Hypodermics of Morphine had to be given to me or I could never have borne the pain. Many physicians treated me, but my cure seemed hopeless, and my friends hourly expected my death. It was during one of these very bad spells that a family friend brought a box of "Fruit-a-lives" to the house. After much persuasion I commenced to take them, but I was so bad that it was



only when I had taken nearly two boxes that I commenced to experience relief. I kept up the treatment, however, and after taking five boxes I was cured, and when I appeared on the street my friends said, "The dead has come to life." And this seemed literally true because I certainly was at death's door. But now I can work almost as well as ever I could, and go camping and berry-picking with the girls. I will be glad if you will publish this testimonial, if it will further the interests of "Fruit-a-lives". They should be in every household. Yours very truly, Mrs. JAMES FENWICK.

Through the whole country around Enterprise, Ont., people are talking about this wonderful cure. By their marvellous action on the kidneys, "Fruit-a-lives" cured Mrs. Fenwick when the doctors said she could not be operated on and was doomed to die. "Fruit-a-lives" cured Mrs. Fenwick when all else failed. Try them for your trouble. 25c. and 50c. a box, at dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

majority of the citizens of the town, which stated that the town was an A. P. A. one, and urged the appointment of Jones. That letter solved the question, and I immediately selected Donnelly."

We are grateful to the ancient Irish saying for the comforting adage, "That, if God shuts one door to your endeavor He immediately opens two in another direction."

Every Owner of a Peerless Incubator and Brooder gets the Free advice and help of the Peerless Poultry-for-Profit Club and a chance to compete for the \$5100.00 in Cash Prizes



The Peerless Poultry-for-Profit Club offers free advice and help to every Canadian farmer

EVERY Farmer in Canada should raise poultry.

You will never realize what big money there is in this department of your farm until you start raising poultry right. It has been estimated by an authority that the value of the table-poultry and eggs produced by Canadian Farmers during the year 1908 amounted to \$25,750,000.

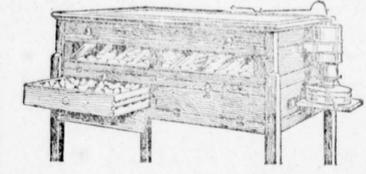
Yet the supply was not sufficient to meet the demand. You should get your share of this money. You can if you raise poultry right—raise poultry under the advice and with the help of the Peerless Poultry-for-Profit Club.

Every Purchaser of a Peerless Incubator—every one who owns a Peerless Incubator now becomes a Member of the Peerless Poultry-for-Profit Club without paying one cent and is entitled to advice and help absolutely free.

This advice deals with every problem that may come up in poultry raising and is given by experts who are raising poultry now and making money out of it.

The first step towards becoming a member of the Peerless Poultry-for-Profit Club, is to write for our Booklet "When Poultry Pays." Write for it to day and start raising poultry right—profitably.

The Peerless—the most successful Incubator because it is built to suit Canadian conditions and climate



WE who make the Peerless Incubators are closely allied with the largest and most successful poultry farm in the Dominion—the Poultry Yards of Canada, Limited. It was raising poultry on this farm looking for every means to make it more successful more profitable, that induced us to produce the Peerless Incubator.

We tested every incubator on the market—gave each one a thorough and careful trial. Not one of them came up to the standard which we were looking for. The best United States machine failed because they were not built to suit Canada's climate. The Canadian incubators were mere copies of obsolete United States machines—built to sell, not to hatch chicks.

So we built the Peerless Incubators and Brooders out of the knowledge and experience which actual poultry raising in Canada taught us. Write for our Booklet "When Poultry Pays"—it tells the whole story.

Why don't you try for one of the 103 Cash Prizes which we offer Canadian Farmers?

WE want to help the Farmers of Canada raise more poultry and make more money out of it.

We want them to investigate the Poultry Department of their farms and see what big money they can make out of it if they go about it right.

For this reason we offer 103 prizes to the Farmers of Canada who meet with the best results in poultry raising.

The Prizes are as follows:—

- First Prize \$100.00
Second " \$50.00
Third " \$25.00

Ten prizes of \$10.00 each, Twenty prizes of \$5.00 each, Twenty-five prizes of \$2.00 each and Twenty-five prizes of \$1.00 each, making a total of \$510.00.

Professor A. G. Gilbert

Chief of the Government Poultry Department at Ottawa, has kindly consented to act as judge and when the winners are decided upon the names will be published in this journal. This competition is open to every owner of a Peerless Incubator.

Write to-day for full particulars of the contest. We ship the Peerless Freight prepaid.

LEE Manufacturing Co., Limited, 634 Pembroke St. PEMBROKE ONTARIO, CANADA





THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION.

When commenting on the misleading answer given in the North American to an enquirer concerning the inception of the "Reformation" into Scotland, we stated that it was, as asserted by the writer, a bloodless revolution, but we had neither space nor leisure just then to hunt for the historical evidence bearing on the assassination of Cardinal Beaton and the numerous scenes that followed over the greater part of the kingdom, under the leadership of the Knox party. We had in The Catholic Record some very timely comments on the subject, taken from the works of the late Dr. York Powell, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, who thus summed up his judgment on the same matter:

"The whole story of the Scottish Reformation, hatched in purchased treason and outrageous intolerance, carried out in open rebellion and ruthless persecution, justified only in its indirect results, is perhaps as sordid and disgusting a story as the annals of any European country can show."

The Record draws attention to the fact that as late as 1869 the historian Baedeker, after making a tour of Scotland, wrote:

"Knowing that these words will be widely read and circulated in Scotland, and aware as I naturally am to bring on myself the hostility of a nation for whose many sterling and valuable qualities I entertain sincere respect, I do, nevertheless, affirm that in no civilized country is education so little understood, and that in none is the spirit of bigotry and persecution so extensively diffused."

The Saturday Review has painted the horrors of the "Reformation" in colors that make the flesh creep. In reviewing Dr. Hewison's work on "The Covenanters" a couple of months ago, it remarked of the Church as established by Knox and his followers:

"Nor could the Kirk in any sense claim to be a civilizing agency. The records of its disciplinary sessions show that after fifty years of 'gospel teaching' the moral standard of the community was, speaking from the standpoint of the age, deplorable. The education of the people was worse than it had been in pre-Reformation days, for Knox's schemes for parish schools was a fond dream, and no practical steps for the establishment of a system of popular education were taken until the latter part of the seventeenth century. And when we recall the terrible atrocities which the Covenanting troops were committed by their ministers to commit after Philiphaugh and the loathsome witchburnings encouraged by the same clerics, it is difficult to escape from the conclusion that if a tree is to be judged by its fruits, the Kirk of Scotland of that date was a disgrace to Christianity. At least to contemplate its works is to understand how statement may well have judged that the only chance of saving to Scotland the blessings of such a modern civilization as England enjoyed. And it must be remembered also that, though the struggle between the Covenanters and the Stuarts was a main cause of the revolution of 1688, the fruits of the victory were not for the Cameronians. Presbyterianism indeed became the established religion of Scotland; but it was the Presbyterianism of the moderate kind, not the Presbyterianism of Balfour of Burleigh. The Kirk of 1689 was a Kirk that had learned its lesson, and wisely dropped the Covenant."

REDICULOUS PIETY.

"Rediculous" is the term applied by Mgr. Felix M. Boff, vicar general and administrator of the diocese of Cleveland, to the "Live Like Jesus for Two Weeks" movement originated in Cleveland and now more than twelve thousand young people, members of the societies of various Protestant denominations, are endeavoring to live for two weeks as they conceive Jesus Christ would have lived to meet the daily problems of 1913.

"Rediculous," repeated the veteran priest, with emotion. "I will not call it anything worse, but it is all wrong. These men and women are either Christians and are attempting to live as they are commanded by the Scriptures to live and will get their heavenly reward accordingly, or they are not following divine commands and will get their punishment."

"It's one thing or the other; there's no middle ground. Living two weeks as Jesus would live, or the announcement that they will try to do it is one and the same. As I said before, it's simply ridiculous. All these things are the direct result of conditions that have been coming about during the past quarter century. The people of Cleveland are not what they were twenty-five years ago. I have been a priest here fifty years. I have had the opportunity to observe."

"Rules of living have become too lax. There is a wonderful tendency to doubt the deity of Jesus Christ, and to follow in this path of unbelief. Take away that rock upon which the Christian faith is built and you have nothing remaining. I will go still further and say that if we eliminate the divinity of Christ, we are all fools."

"Greeting that divinity, we must follow His commands. Not one day, not two weeks, nor for any other period of time, but throughout our lives. We must live as He lived, and in the same manner. Certain ministers preach it from their pulpits. They want to please the people. The easy religion with two weeks of uprightness is no religion at all. Christianity bids us to take up our cross and follow in the footsteps of the Master, which was not an easy path."

"I have never tried to make the Christian life easy for myself or for others. I have preached the gospel of

Christ and never cared what people thought. Now I am about through with this world, and there is a satisfaction in knowing that I have not given myself up to skepticism and doubts which would class me with the heathen who have never the word.

FRENCH CATHOLICS UNITING.

There is hope for Catholic France. The children of the Church are becoming active. Above all they are beginning to work in unity. Hitherto they have been divided into factions. Bonapartists, Republicans and Royalists standing apart in every moment of crisis. Now, this seems on the point of being changed. We find the following in a French Catholic exchange:

Count Xavier Cathelineau has issued an appeal for the formation of a Catholic confederation of the groups and societies including the League of Patriots, L'Action Libre Populaire, the Bonapartists, the Royalists, L'Action Francaise, the Young Catholics and the Anti-Masonic League.

The Catholics of America are glad of this overseas evidence of spiritual activity. It is wonderful how the Catholic Federation idea is spreading. Years ago three young men—one a German, one born in Ireland, and the third, the humble editor of The New World, an American, dreamed of the American Catholic federation, wrote its constitution and got three young Bishops interested in it. Then it began to grow. Worthy movements always grow when strong shepherds, chosen of God, are back of them directing their activities.

That was some years ago; yes—yet see how far the idea of federating the Catholic societies of each land has traveled since. It is at work in England and India; in Chile and in Australia. Now they are taking it up in France. It is well. May the French Catholics learn to work in harmony for only by so doing can they accomplish result. If the Catholics of the world do not stand for their just rights they will lose them.—New World.

AN "APPEAL" LIE.

FATHER KRESS EXPOSES FALSENESS OF A SOCIALIST CHARGE.

In St. Bridget's Church at Cleveland, Rev. W. S. Kress of the Ohio apostolate said that the Church in this country has no hankering after large endowments. "During the last campaign," he said, "the socialist weekly, Appeal to Reason, made a series of attacks on the Catholic Church. One statement placed the property of the Church in this country at \$5,000,000,000, and our well-known opposition to socialism was accounted for by our desire to save this enormous wealth from confiscation. The Appeal seemed to take for granted that our fear of confiscation was not unreasonable. "Of a piece with this absurdity is the Appeal's statement to the effect that all the church property is held by the Pope and his cardinals and that their contributions are forwarded week by week. The Pope and his cardinals, as a matter of fact, do not hold title to one dollar's worth of our property. It will surprise most people to learn that the average Catholic in America contributes to the Pope and the central government of the Church less than 2 cents a year."

I have taken pains to arrive at a tolerably accurate estimate of the wealth of the Church in this country. The diocese of Cleveland, comprising thirty-three counties of Northern Ohio, has property to the value of \$17,625,000, with an estimated debt of \$2,432,000—leaving a net value of \$14,193,000. Using this as a basis for computation we get in between \$600,000,000 and \$650,000,000 as the wealth of the Catholic Church in the entire country.

"This sum falls short of the Appeal's estimate of \$5,000,000,000. Much more than our present wealth is needed fully to meet the requirements of religion."

"The Church does not desire surplus wealth. Rich foundations in times past have as often been a curse as a blessing. Whenever the Church became immensely wealthy unworthy men were drawn into the ministry, attracted by the glitter of gold more than by zeal for souls. The bishops, very often, as well as the rich abbots, became the coveted prizes of avaricious nobles. Too often the people were neglected."

"While in France, Archbishop Ireland was asked what his diocese of St. Paul was doing to secure its future."

"Foundations," was his reply, "nothing of that sort for us. We betide the Church that is rich. Each generation shall labor to be sufficient for itself." So say we all."

NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.

After the so-called Reformation, the observance of Christmas was driven out of Scotland by severe penal laws. Within recent years the recognition of the great festival has revived and is steadily growing. Less than twenty years ago services on Christmas day were confined almost entirely to Catholic and Anglican Churches. Now there is scarcely a Presbyterian congregation which does not have appropriate services at Christmas time. When Knox and his assistants drove Christmas out of Scotland, the observance of the New Year was set up in its place. The elimination of the spirit of true religion from this season gradually had its effect, until even at the present day, the advent of the New Year is the signal for scenes of rioting and revelry which are a dis-

grace to any nation calling itself Christian. Now the majority of the ministers are anxious to see Christmas restored to its proper place in the hearts of the Scottish people.

A notorious anti-Popery lecturer, Rev. Jacob Primmer, of Dunfermline, has met his match in the Catholic clergy of Edinburgh. Pastor Primmer, as he delights to call himself, has been unusually active of late, and his harangues, owing to their sensational character, still attract some attention from a certain, though rapidly diminishing class of Protestant. In an Edinburgh newspaper the following significant advertisement appears under that inserted by Pastor Primmer:

"The Primmer Public Calumnies.—The Edinburgh priests offer refutation of Mr. Primmer's charges against Catholicism, to all Protestants, desiring it and applying personally."

Lecturing the other evening in the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh Mr. Samuel Cowan referred to the present ruinous state of Holyrood Chapel, and several speakers expressed the hope that the Government would see their way to set aside a sum sufficient for the complete restoration of the historic building. Some months ago a sum was left for this purpose by the earl of Leven and Melville, but the will, as far as it related to this matter was set aside. The edifice, which adjoins Holyrood Palace was the one in which Mary Queen of Scots attended Mass, and in which her marriage to Lord Darnley took place.

Right Rev. Aeneas Chisholm, Bishop of Aberdeen, was received in audience by the Pope the other day. The Holy Father expressed gratification at the progress the Catholic Church was making in Scotland. He also conversed for some time with the Bishop on the appalling devastation caused by the recent earthquake in Sicily and Calabria.

PRESIDENT-ELECT PRAISES CATHOLICS.

TALKS TO PROTESTANT MINISTERS OF THE GREAT GOOD DONE IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS BY THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

President-Elect Taft addressed the Protestant ministers of Augusta recently and expressed his views regarding the influence of the Church upon civilization and its usefulness in aiding governmental development. Mr. Taft began by thanking them for their good will and their prayers, adding:

"In carrying on the burden of a government, which, with its increasing usefulness, necessarily entails greater tasks; they who are charged with its execution need every assistance and sympathy."

Mr. Taft referred to the "moral awakening" during the past four years as an indication of the healthful state of our civilization. The people had demanded a moral reform, and in this, he said the "must take an important part."

In his experiences in the North and South, and in the Philippines Mr. Taft said he had been able to study many different phases of civilization, especially in the matter of church influence.

"Leaving out the sectional distinctions," he continued, "the indispensable presence of church influence in the improvement in our civilization no one can be blind to who has shared in the slightest the responsibility for government and the responsibility for improvement in a people, as I have been. That

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was a responsibility in respect to a race that is now in a state of Christian tutelage and must be uplifted in my judgment by us and through our guidance, before we shall have discharged the obligation that Providence has thrust upon us. And in the study of the development it has made, it has been made known to me the enormous influence that the Church must exercise in order to make our progress there effective.

"The Catholic Church was there for years and preserved that state of Christian tutelage to which I have referred. Now the ban has been removed from other denominations, and they are all there on an equality in the spirit of Christian emulation, attempting to uplift those people, and we for the government are aiding that uplifting; but without the moral influence of the churches there we could not accomplish anything. It is that sort of experience by which there is borne in upon us the importance of the maintenance of a church and its influence at all hazards."

"It is difficult sometimes to explain to one who has been used to the close union of Church and state, such as was preserved in Spain, such as is preserved in some other countries, the real attitude of the American government toward the Church. He assumes that if we separate the Church from the state it means that the state does not favor the Church.

"I had the honor to represent this in a transaction of a business character with Leo XIII. at the Vatican and there I pointed out to him, with all the emphasis possible, that the separation of Church and state was in the interest of the Church, and that in America he could count on the sustaining of the rights of the Church and its encouragement by every legitimate means on the part of the people without its assuming any governmental function or having any governmental right, such as it has in other countries."

The Priest in the Confessional.

As difficult and irksome as is the office of the priest in the hearing of confessions, as regards the labor and fatigue of the body, comforting and consoling, beyond all that is the happiness of his soul experiences. The confessor feels a supernatural strength of the body and a supernatural power of the mind in the duties of the confessional. How quickly pass the happy hours, and where is the good priest so eloquent or so truly wise as within his holy precincts? Again and again he recognizes a power of thought and word not his own when in the sacred tribunal and like the joy and consolation of the soul he recognizes to God, so all the priest's experiences likewise tell that confession is something not of man but of God, of our Divine Lord who founded the Church and who with His own sacred person and power has so wonderfully enriched her.—Bishop Colton.

Advertisement for The Home Bank of Canada, 394 Richmond Street London. Includes text about the bank's history and branches.

Advertisement for Candles, Mission Supplies, Altar Plate, Books, Ordo, etc. Includes an image of a candle and contact information for J. J. M. Landy.

Advertisement for Catholic Home Annual for 1908, featuring various articles and illustrations. Includes a list of contents.

Large advertisement for Eaton's February Furniture Sale 1909. Features a large graphic with the text 'EATON'S FEBRUARY FURNITURE SALE 1909' and descriptive text about the sale.

Advertisement for The Catholic Record, London, Canada, featuring a list of articles and subscription information.

Advertisement for Dr. Schule's Nervine Tablets, describing the benefits of the medicine.

Advertisement for Candles, The Will & Baumer Kind, All Qualities, All Sizes, All Shapes. Includes an image of a candle.

Advertisement for Piles, Dr. Chase's Ointment, featuring a testimonial and product information.

Advertisement for The T. Eaton Co. Limited, Toronto, Canada, featuring the company name and address.

Advertisement for C. M. B. A., Branch No. 4, London, featuring contact information and meeting details.