



THE CATHOLIC RECORD

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"Gentlemen," he began, "Mr. Hubrey, as I understand it, makes a motion to have Miss Burrum summoned before a Committee of us honorable gentlemen, and I second that motion."

of the Board to tell, but it would not be for any person outside of that Board who had happened to get the information."

he found the house in total darkness even to the main hall, where the light always dimly burned through the entire night."

"Tell Miss Burrum," Mrs. Hubrey said with temper, "that our message must be delivered—its too closely connected with the community to brook of any slight or delay—in fact you tell your mistress that the laws of Rentonville require her to receive our message."

The next morning Hardman brought a letter to Miss Burrum; it was in the same penmanship as that which had summoned the coming of her Charge. She opened it at once, her fingers trembling perceptibly."

SEPTEMBER 7, 1901

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN NUN.

NINA DE GARMO SPALDING IN CATHOLIC WORLD FOR AUGUST.

The sun was shining softly in the atrium of a Pompeian house, and glittered in the red-gold, waving hair of a young girl who was kneeling by the marble impium watching the goldfish that flashed to the surface in that same sunlight."

Flavins passed his hand over his forehead and sighed again. "I had not realized it. I am afraid that I keep her too much with me, and she has few pleasures such as young people enjoy."

Flavius passed his hand over his forehead and sighed again. "I had not realized it. I am afraid that I keep her too much with me, and she has few pleasures such as young people enjoy." And Valerian favored to himself by Hercules, his favorite god, that before many moons had risen and set he would bring some of those same pleasures before that fair shrine.

As a means to that end he talked with the old enthusiast about the music of Rome as compared to that of Greece, and brought forward the new song, which really had been his object in coming. He talked so eloquently and so well that when he rose to go he half had not been said by Flavius, and he eagerly cried, putting his hand on the young man's shoulder: "Come to me again, Valerian, and, by Minerva, I'll convince you yet that the world has never heard the equal of the Odes of Horace. Come and dine with us to-morrow. There will be no other guests."

He had dined with Flavius that night and many other nights, and there had been many moonlight excursions on the bay and the Sarnus. For young Valerian, the wealthy son of a wealthy Roman father, who preferred the soft southern air to that of Rome, had yet to learn that anything could oppose his will. He was the product of the times, and with the example of a prodigal court before him he gratified his every desire.

There was something about this young Greek girl, some subtle power, which held him, yet repelled him. His thoughts were all of her, and his gay young friends found him a poor companion. He would feel a great love in his heart, and with the love light in his eyes he would see her only to find the burning words grow cold on his lips. He could not explain this, nor in the days that followed, what it was that drew him again and again to her side, if it was not a love that he could tell.

One evening they were sitting in the garden. Flavius had been called into the atrium by some clients. The water rushed down from the urn over the rocks and the air was full of the odor of flowers. She had grown more lovely than ever, in the young Roman's eyes. He was lying on the soft grass at her feet, as she sat on a low marble seat with her hand lightly clasped in her lap. He lifted his head, which was resting on his hand, and looked at her so intently that her eyes dropped.

"Plotina," he said softly.

"Yes."

"Look at me." For an instant their eyes met. There was a whole world of sweetness in the gaze of the blue that was caught and melted into the glad light from the brown. He sat up and leaned forward until his face almost touched her clasped hands.

"Plotina," he said again. She did not answer. He looked up into her face, but she closed her eyes so that they could not speak the love that filled them. He bent his head and pressed his lips to her hand. Again he looked up, and now her eyes were open wide.

"Plotina, beloved, I love thee." He almost whispered, and taking one of the small hands in each of his he placed them against his face. He felt them tremble, and he could hear her quickened breath above the sound of falling water. She leaned over closer and closer until her lips touched his hair. It thrilled his sensitive being through and through. He pressed the little hands closer and murmured again:

"I love thee, Plotina."

"And I thee, Valerian," she whispered. He rose to his feet, still holding her hands in his, and drew her up from the carved seat, and close to him. He put a hand lightly on either shoulder, and looking down into the beautiful eyes he said:

"O my Plotina! I love thee more than life itself; it is thou who hast taught me what truly is love. Thou hast been to me a goddess to be worshipped. At thy shrine, fair one, I have long poured out the offerings of my heart. I have come to thee many times, beloved, to confess my love, but ever there has been some mysterious force which held thee from me and stopped my words; but now thou art mine, mine!"

A tear of happiness, which could not find expression in words, hung on her long brown lashes and brushed against his face. He spoke lightly:

"See, beloved, thou hast baptized me again." She drew me away from him, and sitting down on a low seat made room for him beside her.

"Dost thou believe in the gods, Valerian?"

"As my life, and my love for thee," he replied wonderingly.

"Dost thou remember what thou saidst to my father about the Arena?"

"That I would like to see every one of the new sect of the Nazarenes thrown to the beasts and killed as mercilessly as they crucified the mad Carpenter. Is that what thou speakest of, Plotina?" She shrank from the arm that would encircle her.

"Wouldst thou see me the prey of wild beasts?" He started and the color left his lips. He was impulsive and sensitive, and whatever he did or believed he did and believed with his whole soul. He said slowly and with horror:

"Art thou a Christian?"

"As I live and love thee, Valerian," he bowed his head in his hands and looked at her.

But his great love was stronger than his horror, his determined lips relaxed and, drawing her to him, he said:

"Plotina, I love thee more than all

else in the world; more than my religion, more even than the gods."

When Flavius came back to them his surprise was no greater than his pleasure, for he had already loved Valerian as a son.

The days passed in happiness for the gentle Plotina and her lover. The happiness was not unmingled with sadness, however, for the young girl had embraced with her whole soul the doctrine of the new religion. Living as she had without young companionship, when her old nurse first had hinted at the faith which kept her from sacrificing to the gods and made her always tender and happy, she had listened eagerly, and gradually the light of Christianity was shed over the pagan maiden's life.

It was a great sorrow to her that her God was not Valerian's god, and many times since they were betrothed she had tried gently to win him to her faith; but the young Roman, deeply as he loved her, was intolerant of her belief, and he hoped that she would of her own free will come back to the religion of her fathers.

He awoke one morning with a feeling of great foreboding.

"By Pollux!" he exclaimed, "Justinian's dinner ran too richly with wines last night. I will go to my Plotina, and in her beauty and grace forget myself and my ills." The pall which smothered Vesuvius seemed strangely ominous and weighed upon his spirits.

He found her where he first began to love her, and where the image of Julia died in his heart. She knelt by the side of the marble basin throwing some food to the fishes. This time she knew his step and rose smiling.

"I was thinking of thee, Valerian."

"Ah, when did I cease to think of thee," Plotina said, he exclaimed, bending to kiss her warm little hand. "I was sad and I came to thee, and already I feel that sadness leaving me; for who can feel sorrow with thee, beloved?" And he looked at her fondly.

"What tasks occupy thee, Plotina, when thy Valerian is not with thee?" he said, drawing her down beside him on the seat, all inlaid with pearl and covered with soft cushions.

"I think of thee, Valerian, and I pray often that thy heart may be inclined to the true faith; that the God of that same Christus Who died for us, for thee, Valerian, may fill thy heart."

"Thou knowest not what thou askest," he said.

"I love thee and I love the gods, and only they have the power to save; but if thou wilt believe in an unknown God, my love is so great, as great as life itself, that even this cannot bring a shadow between us, and in my house shall be placed an altar to thy God." So engrossed were they, they had not noticed a suddenly increasing darkness. He was interrupted by a slave with a frightened face, who rushed into the chamber shouting:

"Fly! Save yourselves! Pluto is raining fire and stones upon the city!"

Springing up and drawing aside the curtains, Valerian saw that the slave was right. Fine ashes and stones were coming down in the pebble-like rain. Together the lovers ran to the entrance. Frightened slaves with cries and groans were rushing past them into the street, where all was confusion—slaves calling upon each other and the gods for help. Terrified horses, becoming unruly, dashed past and flattened the people against the shaking walls. Shrieks of fright from children, loud cries from men and women, mingling with the snorts of terror from the animals, filled the air.

Great stones were falling from no one knew what height, were suddenly crashing inward and the cries became groans of pain.

Plotina took the cross from about her neck with trembling finger and murmured, "O Christ! save us; save Thy people by Thy holy cross and saving prayer." As though in answer to her prayer old Domitilla, her nurse, cried out to her above the terrible sounds:

"The boy, the boy! The fire comes from the mountain; let us fly to the bay."

"Christ, I thank thee!" Plotina said before she ran through the deserted house, calling for her father.

Together the four made their way through the confusion of the streets, passing the shops so gay but an hour before. It grew darker. Before the temple of Juno, into whose doors poured a stream of believers imploring the protection of the goddess, stood an old man, one of the Nazarenes, crying in a loud voice:

"The wrath of God, the Father of Christ, is fallen upon an unbelieving city. O ye idolaters! your marble goddess cannot save ye." He stood in their path with threatening arms uplifted, the light of a fanatic burning in his eyes.

"Give way, old blasphemer!" cried Valerian. "Give way, I say; Juno will save her people."

"Woe to thee, young man! Repent ere it is too late. Leave thy false images and turn to the true God." In his Christian zeal he would not let his Christian zeal be hindered by a sudden antagonism. "Listen, Valerian!" pleaded Plotina, desperately.

"Come," he cried, almost roughly forcing her toward the temple; "Juno will protect us." And, followed by the others, he made his way through the throng.

"O Valerian! Father!" implored Plotina, when she could make them hear his voice above the din about them.

"Come to the bay, away from the mountain. Come with me to safety." But already Flavius was prostrating himself before the altar in an agony of supplication; Valerian, encircling her

with his arm and drawing her to him, said gently, "Wilt thou not pray to Juno now, Plotina?" And so standing there in the midst of idolaters he rested with them their earnestly to their deity, while the prayer of this Christian maiden rose as purely and truly as the thin flame rises from a rubbish heap high up into the clear air.

A sudden hush fell upon these terrified people as a white-robed priest of Juno appeared among them. Valerian, with those about him, fell on his face before his sacred person. Even Domitilla, with a servant's humility, bowed low before him—in respect, perhaps, to his white hair! It was like the sound of reeds blown by a sudden wind. The stricken people were prostrate; only one remained standing upright, with hands clasped before her and her beautiful face upturned and glorified with a look of perfect trust.

Slowly the priest raised his arm and, pointing to Plotina, took one step towards the unconscious maiden. With a cry Domitilla sprang to her side.

At the sound of crashing walls it was as though a whirlwind had caught the reeds and tossed them wildly about, breaking themselves upon one another, standing upright only to be hurled back again. The moment of awe and calm had passed, and again the din of terrified men and women filled the air and all was confusion.

When Valerian struggled to his feet Plotina was no longer by his side.

Domitilla had gathered her up in her arms, and with one hand over Plotina's mouth, silencing her cries, she muttered to herself: "If they think that marble woman is going to keep these walls from falling on their heads they can stay here until she crushes them; but Domitilla prefers a surer safety, and is going to save her child."

With a superhuman effort she made her way to the shore with her now unconscious burden.

When Plotina's eyes opened again she was floating on the troubled waters far from under the dark and awful cloud.

The red glare from that mountain of death lighted the bay with its many small boats filled with fugitives like herself. She was alone save for her nurses. The falling walls of the temple, with the molten lava, had buried the two hundred worshippers for centuries from this world.

The warm sun was shining into a little room in Rome as softly as though a beautiful town had not become a "city of the dead."

The room was bare save for its narrow couch and its table, holding a silver ewer and basin. Before a rude cross made of twigs tied together with fibres knelt the white-robed figure of a young girl, her long, soft hair, almost as white as the garments she wore, waving over its loose folds; her eyes looking up with hope and with a deep happiness that pierced sorrow, a happiness not of this world but as one who sees a vision above and beyond it. She prayed.

"Day and night I will pray unto Thee, O Christ, Son of God. Thou divine man, who with us didst suffer and stone and crucified that we, with Thee, might live not for this life alone but for the eternal happiness of the hereafter, grant to me, O God, the souls of my beloved and my father; grant to me life on this earth that I may pray continually unto Thee, that forever we may dwell with Thee in happiness, until Thou hast pardoned their souls. Thee in this life, and gather them to Thy loving bosom. Then, my task on earth being finished, let me too die and come to Thee—and to them."

She rose to her feet and, walking to the window, looked out across the Campagna, and loved lay buried. The western light, streaming across the white house tops of Rome, caught her window, lighting and glorifying the wistful face of the first Christian, Nun.

WANTED: A LEADER.

Practical Suggestions for Parish Associations—A Work for Laymen.

Catholic Universe.

Editor: The Universe generously invites the communications sent the subject of young men's societies. It is admitted by all that discussions on the object and methods of young men's societies are timely. Young men encounter more temptations than young women; they also run greater risks in their early manhood than a later period of life. Men who have passed the early years of youth, who have families growing up about them, to whom they must, through every motive of self-interest, show a good example, can easily lead moral lives and be respectable Catholics, provided, of course, they be not led astray at the forning of their adult life.

It is about our young men's societies we ought to be chiefly concerned; we have comparatively little, if any, difficulty in fostering young ladies' societies. "It is a momentous problem: it is a serious condition and not a theory that confronts us"—as the Universe aptly puts it. Take a youth between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five, and observe him in all his relations with the outer world. None there is who faint would not sympathize with all his opportunities. All in all, he is what the student of sociology would call "a victim of circumstances." Now, he can go where he will. He may read, hear and see everything. If he be wealthy, he will be inclined to underestimate the value of his Catholic faith; if poor, he will fancy he must join a forbidden society and bid good-bye to his Church in order to rise in the world.

Every pastor of souls knows the danger that beset his path at this period of life—few there are who can restrain a tear as they remember the sad wreath straddled on this treacherous shore as they lay down the Parish Records and look about in vain for the youths "conspicuous by their absence" at the church services.

Consequently, we must attempt to find against these dangers; we must build up in each parish "a break-water" that will keep our youths outside the shoals and shallows. We need must attach them with "hooks of steel" to the Church which many members have abandoned at this period through carelessness and religious indifference.

It is a serious problem which is to be solved actually by every pastor of souls. The young ladies are better able to take care of themselves; the Slayers may guide them, but by all means we are to give our kindest attention to the boys. It is a sad but somewhat true statement Mr. Auker makes in the last issue of the *Universe*: "Our Church does absolutely nothing to bring the young people together, and how are we going to be acquainted, and how will pastors prevent mixed marriages?"

Whilst we are still theorizing, the question may be put: Will purely religious sodalities supply the want in every parish the country over? We answer decidedly, No, basing our negative on every pastor's personal experience. The great majority will never join them; the balance will not remain steadfast and faithful, and we will simply not reach and cannot reach those who wish and ought to reach.

Will temperance societies do the work? Again we reply in the negative. The very name would deter the boys, as experience will testify.

What, then, is the remedy? How can we fill the want which needs must be filled? Therein the real difficulty lies, and we sincerely hope a discussion of theories will eventually bring forth a desired result.

Well, let us state, then, we must establish societies or associations for our young men, give them lawful and innocent amusements, to which they feel attracted and by which they may improve themselves. Thither let the young people of the parish come together socially, that they may know, respect, love and assist one another.

O! course, let these societies be attached to the parish; let the pastor, or rather, his assistant, visit them regularly, be agreeable and kind to them, provide instructive addresses for them, etc., thus keeping them under his eyes and regularly at Mass and at the sacraments.

Ah, it is beautiful! some will muse, but you are only theorizing, young man. Perhaps I am! I am conscious of the fact from my limited experience of two years in the ministry, that the task is an extremely difficult one, that such societies have been attempted and discouraged, the most enterprising and self-sacrificing leaders. Yet we can't give up the effort. I have formed an association on such lines in my small mission; it is in existence and vigorous and bids fair to develop and accomplish the desired results.

We admit you find the boys often either phlegmatic or sanguine—indisposed to attend and work, or oversteering your rules and a general smash-up in the consequence.

"Hem! it is an idle dream!" I hear some seniors reply: "It is labor wasted!" Yet it must be attempted anew. We admit you may have failed in the past. It may have been the fault of the young men; please remember they are young men. Often it has also been the fault of pastors. There may have been some misunderstanding. We know older men easily understand younger men.

"Alas! we are struggling for existence as a parish!" is another reply. "We are poor!" "How can we attract young men?" We admit this to be the case in many missions, but somewhat exaggerated in many more. Constant effort, generous donations and begging for that purpose will improve the young men's rendezvous. Charity begins at home, and the Young Men's Institute is as necessary in the parish as an orphan asylum or a hospital in distant New York or Tokio. Had we but the same earnest beggars!

Let the beginning be humble, but intend to climb upward. Let the rules be somewhat elastic so as to admit all the Catholic young men of respectability. Have the parents interested in the parish interested. "The world needs leaders," says Bishop Spalding. "Those born to lead will find followers"—namely, a society of youth.

Next, then, should be a board of governors or directors. Let them feel they have the largest share of credit, and also of responsibility. Men who are trustworthy will also faithfully attend to this work, provided they be not continually interfered with. Is the Y. M. C. A. solely and abjectly controlled by the ministers?

Above all, a young men's association needs an director of tact, liberal minded and of a calm, slow judgment, who loves his work, who delights in the company of young men, who is able to comfort them in their sorrows and help them in their difficulties, who will try to secure for them, as far as he is able, desirable positions, thus obliging them to him.

We claim not to pass judgment, to give sound advice, to sketch perfect plans. We claim but a limited experience; we wish to contribute our mite to this good work, hoping others of wider experience, of sounder judgment of higher talents, may keep on stirring up the question.

ment of higher talents, may keep on stirring up the question.

"Agitate" it, agitate it again, in season and out of season. What must be done to keep our young men? If institutes will keep them, let there be such in each parish of the diocese. Supposing the pastor calls a meeting of the young men and announces his intention to form such an organization. He explains the importance of the work and its productiveness. He urges the young men to attend the first meeting and requests the parents to do their share. A small house, or a portion of a house, may be rented. Practical Catholicity is made the essential point for membership. Some will take a fancy for athletics, others to games, others to literary work. Let the supply be regulated by the demand and the demand by the means on hand. Literary work should be encouraged. Intoxicating drinks should always be excluded.

This is both a crude and imperfect sketch. These few suggestions may suggest other points to wiser heads. I am certain others will improve on it, as the Y. M. I. has already improved on it. At the Pan-American we had the pleasure of visiting the Electricity Building and therein leisurely studied an historical exhibit of electrical apparatus and motors. What a vision of thousands of talented brains of our own age loomed up, who had contributed their quota of improvement to our Twentieth Century wonders.

Each of us is to have a part in the Twentieth Century in our young men's associations. Others will keep it up. We are all and ought all to be interested in the welfare of our young men. "It is not a theory, it is a condition of things."

Let many become interested in it. Let the leaders give in somewhat, choosing the lesser of two evils. Let laymen leaders take the work deeply to heart. Let them become acquainted with the methods of the Y. M. I., or the even Y. M. C. A. Let these new associations become affiliated with the former, avoiding the shoals of the latter. May the question be agitated and encouraged. We shall at least have tried to stem the tide of religious indifference in our young men the land over, so far as it is possible by human means.

J. G. SCH.

Avoid the Occasion, and go to Confession, and have pretty much the same sins to tell over and over again, because they do not avoid the occasions of those sins.

When they make their Act of Contrition, they promised God, for His sake and with His help, to avoid the occasions of sin; and then they go back and enter into those very same occasions.

The occasions of sin are the persons, the places, the actions, the thoughts, the liquor, the books, the amusements etc., that have previously led us to violate the commandments of God.

No one is really sorry for sin, who does not intend to avoid the occasions of sin. And without sorrow, there is no forgiveness.

Keep away from danger; be firm; deny yourself; "cut" evil companions—avoid the occasions of sin.—Catholic Columbian.

The Cause of Nervous Headache.

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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

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

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

Blessing you, and wishing you success, Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALGOUT, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

London, Saturday, September 7, 1901.

Although Dr. Flannery's health is much improved since his severe attack of la grippe, he is still unable to do parish work.

Father Albert McKoon of Strathroy is appointed to succeed Dr. Flannery in the large and important parish of Irishtown.

BRESCIS ACCOMPLICES.

So far, it has not been officially proved that the Anarchist Bresci, the murderer of King Humbert who committed suicide in his prison, had accomplices in the perpetration of the assassination.

HITCH IN THE COMEDY.

Prince Chun, the Chinese envoy who has been sent by the Empress Dowager and the Emperor of China to apologize to the Emperor of Germany for the murder of Baron von Ketteler the German ambassador at Peking at the beginning of the Boxer troubles, has arrived at Basle-on-the-Rhine, in Switzerland.

METHODISTS AND TEMPERANCE.

It is understood that the question of Temperance will be strongly pushed to the front at the "Ecumenical Conference" of the Methodists, by the American delegates, who divide the world into two classes, "drunkards and teetotallers."

are not so anxious. Apparently, the United States knows no other classes than drunkards and teetotallers, whereas we have an immense number of moderate drinkers who rarely overstep the bounds of temperance.

AN "ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE."

The Pan Methodist Conference which is called by the conveners "an Ecumenical Conference," in imitation of the Ecumenical Councils of the Catholic Church, opens in London, England, on Wednesday of this week.

Great importance is attached by the Methodists, according to Bishop J. W. Hartzell, to the question how the Primates will act, as the Church of England has hitherto kept aloof from Methodism, which has no claim to being an Episcopal body.

LYNCH LAW.

During the last few years it has been several times asserted that lynchings in the Southern States are becoming less numerous, and that there is hope that the horrible practice may soon become extinct.

A COMIC TALE IMPUDENTLY REVAMPED.

William E. Curtis, a correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald, who furnishes that paper with information regarding what is going on in Europe, tells in a recent issue of a pious fraud which he asserts to be perpetrated in two Churches in Rome.

entirely innocent of both crimes which were attributed to him. The real culprit is supposed to be a negro named Stark who is under arrest in the Indian Territory, and who answers to the description given of Miss Wild's murderer.

In this instance the lynchings were not satisfied with burning an innocent man, but set fire to all the houses of the negroes in the neighborhood and drove them from the town.

THE ZIONIST MOVEMENT.

Notwithstanding that it has been several times stated that Abdul Hamid the Turkish Sultan is opposed to Jewish immigration into Palestine, Dr. Theodore Herzl, who is the leader of the Zionist movement to establish a Jewish nation in the ancient kingdom of Judaea, in a recent manifesto addressed to the Jews of America, declares that "despite every misrepresentation to the contrary, the Sultan of Turkey is a friend of the Jews."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LATIN, THE LANGUAGE OF THE CHURCH.

A "Would-be Reformer" writes telling us that in a recent article which appeared in our columns we spoke of the love of Catholics for the Mass. To this statement he makes objection thus:

"I do not see where their love of the Mass comes in. I know personally about fifty Catholics who never go to Mass, and most of the others who do go are dragged there or go for peace sake, and just to please their wives, mothers, or sisters (that is, the men) and as for the women, they go because the priest tells them it is a mortal sin not to go, although they commit all sorts of sins during the rest of the Sunday. There is nothing about the Mass to attract any one. It is all Latin that nobody understands, so that all the people can do is to say their prayers, and very few of them do even that at Mass. For my part I never can pray at Mass. There are too many distractions. People come in at all hours, and rush out before the last Gospel. I have heard numbers of people say: 'I can just as well say my prayers in my own room, and there were less Latin used in our services, there would be more religion. As it is, there is no religion at all in Catholicism.'"

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joined the company in making the circuit of the curiosities, asked in another part of the building: "Whose skull is that? Pointing to another skull. He received the same answer: "That is the skull of St. Patrick."

The first visitor here remarked: "But you told me that the larger skull in another part of the building is St. Patrick's; how can it be that this one is also his?"

The attendant was not at all taken aback, but answered "Well, you see, Your Honor, this small skull was St. Patrick's before he was a Bishop; but when he was made a Bishop he needed a larger skull to be able to run his great diocese, and that large one was his skull then."

The incident was a specimen of Irish ready wit; but it was reserved for Mr. William E. Curtis to steal its authorship and make it an actual occurrence in two Roman churches. It is simply a fiction, and Mr. Curtis takes very good care not to name the two churches in which the skulls are to be found, nor to tell what Cardinal or Roman Congregation gave the official decision that the skulls belonged to St. Patrick at two different periods of his life.

The Chicago Record-Herald is reputed to be a paper of some respectability, but it will soon lose its character if it permits Mr. Curtis or any other flippant and lying correspondent to endeavor to play in this style on the hypothetical credulity of its readers.

Mr. Curtis lies in on a par with another lie told by the late Colonel Robert Ingersoll in his "Mistakes of Moses," that a "bottle of Egyptian darkness was exhibited in Rome" at some time not indicated.

It has been habitual with a certain class of Protestant controversialists, itinerant lecturers against Popery, writers of stories written "to sell," and others of that ilk, to invent absurd stories concerning things which are pretended to have occurred at Rome but which have no foundation in fact, and to retail these to credulous listeners as if they were gospel truths.

The race problem is one of the very greatest importance to the people of the United States, and if it be not soon settled satisfactorily it must result in a war of extermination between whites and blacks. By what means this settlement is to be reached, it is impossible to say at present; but so far the most successful means of diminishing the number of lynchings in any particular locality appears to have been the levying of a heavy fine upon the locality in which the lynching had occurred.

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Empire, owing to the fear that after a time any considerable body of Christians might seek to throw off the oppressive yoke which burdens them, and he has had recourse to periodical massacres to diminish such populations. There is no reason to suppose that he will be more tolerant of a Jewish population when it becomes so large as to lead to the possibility of its becoming desirous to establish an independent government. It is, therefore, very reasonable to suppose that if a Jewish population should begin to preponderate in Palestine, similar means to reduce it will be taken, to those which were adopted in Armenia and some time earlier in Bulgaria and the other Balkan provinces.

Should this happen, to what power could the Jews of Palestine look for protection? Considering that the Christian Americans could not find a single European power which would step in to their rescue, owing to their jealousies of each other, it is reasonable to suppose that the Jews would also be left to the tender mercies of the rapine-loving and brutal Turkish soldiery, to be plundered and murdered when it would suit the pleasures of the Sultan to have these outrages inflicted on them.

We cannot think that the Zionist movement is likely to be a success until there is a radical reform adopted by the Turkish Government in regard to its manner of dealing with non-Mahometan provinces of the Empire.

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The manifesto of Dr. Herzl was issued on his return to London, after his visit to the Sultan by whom the doctor was received very kindly, and he is led by what Abdul Hamid said to him to urge very strongly upon all friends of the Zionist or Tarco Jewish Colonization Association, to contribute liberally toward the movement. He appeals to the magnates of Jewish race to make the venture, which "even as a mere experiment," he says, "is well worth trying." "If the magnates will not do it," he adds, "then the masses must."

Dr. Herzl evidently wrote thus in the enthusiasm of the movement while the courteous reception accorded him by the Sultan was fresh in his memory, but he does not appear to realize the duplicity which is characteristic of the Sultan who is so ready enough, especially if he be in fear lest the demands made upon him shall be backed up by force, whereas on the next day he may be found brutal and coarse; and he is always deceitful though timid.

The fact that even since this interview with Dr. Herzl, the Sultan issued an order or decree forbidding Jews to settle in Palestine, seems to indicate that the wealthy and enthusiastic Zionists are over sanguine in his expectation that the Sultan will approve of his plans.

We all know that the Sultan would be glad to see Armenia settled by a dense population which would contribute apathetically toward replenishing the coffers of the Government; but he cannot endure the increase of a Christian population in any part of the

good reason exists, whereas the objection has failed to see the force of the reasons, or considers any attempt to explain the reasons therefor to be only "a stupid answer?"

It is admitted that the private prayers of individuals are more profitable when offered up in the language commonly spoken by the people, but the public prayers of the Church, and those which are recited in the name of the Church are more suitably said in a language which is more or less common to many countries, or a universal language, if such a language can be found. Now the nearest approach to a universal language is the Latin, which the Church has for this reason adopted as her special language, so that it has become proverbial that Latin is the "Language of the Church."

But why is not the vernacular the best language for the public worship of the Church?

There are many reasons for this, 1st. It is of the greatest importance that the faith of Catholics should be preserved unchanged.

This is evident from the fact that Christ Himself commissioned His Apostles to teach His faith just as He committed it to them. Thus we have this commission in St. Matt. xxviii, 19, 20:

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations. . . Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

That this commandment includes the duty of believing the doctrines which Christ taught is evident from St. Mark xvi, 16: "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned."

Belief implies the firm assent of the mind to doctrines taught; and as Christ uses these words as a consequence of those which immediately precede them, which are, "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," it is clear that the acceptance of the truths He has taught is one of the conditions of salvation.

This may be seen also from many other passages of Scripture, as well as from the fact that to reject a single truth revealed by God is in practice to deny that He is the Infallible Truth who can neither deceive nor be deceived. God's Truth is one of His essential attributes, and if we deny it by our acts, we deny His existence, and deprive Him of the worship of Faith, which is the basis and foundation of all worship.

We shall merely indicate a few more passages of Holy Scripture in which the principles we here lay down are clearly taught, viz. Gal. 1, 8, 9, Eph. iv, 14.

Immutability of Faith among the people can be preserved only through the medium of a permanent and unchanging language, employed by the Church for the expression of her official and public teachings.

The vagaries of the human mind are many, and in consequence of this many dangerous heresies and errors have arisen even out of the wrong interpretation of a single word.

A few examples will serve to illustrate our meaning.

Our readers are aware of the violent agitation now going on in the American Protestant Episcopal Church in regard to the origin and significance of its name, and that there is a strong party within that Church desirous of changing the same to something more suitable to the Church of Christ. Here is a violent dispute in regard to the meaning of a single word.

The late Dr. St. George Mivart fell into grievous error, and finally denied such basic doctrines of Christianity as Christ's birth of a virgin; His death and resurrection, doctrines on which rests the whole fabric of Christianity, and especially our redemption and salvation; and all this on the curious but false plea that we may modify our belief in the teachings of Christ and Holy Scripture, according to the changes of meaning of words as time elapses.

We need not multiply instances of this kind, which are numerous in history, but we shall add only that one of the passages in the Presbyterian or Westminster Confession of Faith which it is proposed to eliminate, because of its absurdity, is that which pronounces the Pope to be the "Anti-Christ" and "Man of Sin" mentioned in Holy Scripture by St. Paul and John. The late Rev. Philip Schaff (an eminent and learned Presbyterian minister) declares that this teaching of the Confession is based upon a misinterpretation of certain passages of Scripture.

It now becomes evident that it is only by keeping the official pronouncements of the Church unchanged

through the medium of an unchanging language, that the danger of misinterpretation is reduced to a minimum; and it is chiefly because Latin, a dead language, remains unchanged that in the liturgy of the Church the Latin language is used. It is well known that the living vernacular languages are subject to constant changes of meaning; and this is one of the reasons on account of which it was deemed necessary by nearly all the Protestant churches to issue a few years ago a new or revised version of the whole English Protestant Bible. If the Liturgy of the Catholic Church were in English it would be frequently necessary to change it, and the result would inevitably be verbal disputes which would be the fruitful parent of squabbles, dissensions, and sects, such as are now disturbing the Church of England to its very foundation.

We have treated this subject somewhat at length because of its great importance; but there is still much to be said upon it, which we shall leave to our next issue, only remarking here that the Church takes great pains to have the holy sacrifice of the Mass well understood by the people by means of sermons, catechetical instructions, etc. And the fact that the Mass is known to be very generally well understood by Catholics is a sufficient answer to "Would-be Reformers" statements to the effect that Catholics are in the dark on this point. In fact, every Catholic child before being admitted to first Communion is required to be fairly well instructed with regard to it.

THE NAME "CATHOLIC"

Origin of the Title, "The Holy Catholic Church."

No Pope, no General or National Council, no Father or Doctor of the Church, not one of her approved creeds, rituals, or liturgies has ever used the term "Roman Catholic" as the official title of our religion. Its genuine official title is "the Holy Catholic Church," or "the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church," or briefly, "the Catholic Church." We claim the title "Catholic" as ours exclusively. No other creed or sect claims this exclusive right. At most, they would share the title with us. Fifteen hundred years ago St. Augustine—who was certainly a "Roman Catholic" and in full communion with the Holy See—made light of all such claims to partnership in the title "Catholic" in his book, "De Vera Religione." "We must," he writes, "hold the Christian Religion, and the Communion of that Church which is Catholic, and is not only called so by her own children, but by all her enemies. For heretics and schismatics whether they will or no, when they speak not to their own people, but to strangers, call Catholics, and Catholics only. If they cannot be understood if they give them not that name which all the world gives them." The same great Saint concludes as follows the statement of his reasons for remaining in the Catholic Church: "Lastly, the very name of Catholic holds me, which this Church alone has, not without reason, so kept the possession that though all heretics desire to be called Catholics, yet if a stranger asks them where the Catholics meet, none of heretics dare point out his own house or church." A similar text is recommended by St. Cyril, who was Bishop of Jerusalem early in the fourth century. He tells the stranger in a strange city to "ask which is the Catholic Church, because," he adds, "this title belongs to our Holy Mother Church. The term was used by these two Saints as a test to exclude those who were in communion with the Holy See. The same sentiment was used by Faustin, "Christian is my name," said he, "Catholic is my surname. The former I am called; by the latter I am distinguished. By the name Catholic our society is distinguished from all heretics."

It is the same to day as it was in far off times of Augustine and St. Paul. The title "Catholic" now, as it was then, the distinguishing mark of our Church, and not a vague general term which is intended to include hopeless amalgams of a coalescent and mutually repelling Christian creeds. The well known of Horace have been metrically translated as follows:

Yes, words long faded may again revive, And words may fade no blooming and it wease with it so, to whom belongs The will, the law, the government of this

Anulus Gellius puts the same idea in the following words: "Custom is mistress of everything, and, in a special manner, regulates the words." And custom is quite as fast as the word "Catholic" is the liar designation of the Church has for its visible head on earth Pope or Bishop who sits upon the throne of St. Peter in Rome. The very words find only one meaning in the words of a stranger who inquires the Catholic church, the Catholic priest, the Catholic sisterhood, the English writers—we need instance Lord Macaulay, Ed. Burk, James Martineau, Lecky—in using the word "Catholic" designate the Church which is in communion with Rome. Lecky is taken to task some years ago for having used the word "Cath-

through the medium of an unchanging language, that the danger of misinterpretation is reduced to a minimum; and it is chiefly because Latin, a dead language, remains unchanged that in the liturgy of the Church the Latin language is used. It is well known that the living vernacular languages are subject to constant changes of meaning; and this is one of the reasons on account of which it was deemed necessary by nearly all the Protestant churches to issue a few years ago a new or revised version of the whole English Protestant Bible. If the Liturgy of the Catholic Church were in English it would be frequently necessary to change it, and the result would inevitably be verbal disputes which would be the fruitful parent of squabbles, dissensions, and sects, such as are now disturbing the Church of England to its very foundation.

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It is the same to day as it was in the far off times of Augustine and Cyril and Paclan. Then, the distinguishing mark of our Church, and not a vague general term which is intended to include hopeless salmagundi of non-coalescent and mutually repellent Christian creeds. The well known lines of Horace have been metrically translated as follows:

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And words may fade now blooming and alive,  
If usage will it so, to whom belongs  
The will, the law, the government of things.

Anlus Gellius puts the same idea in the following words: "Custom is the mistress of everything, and in a most especial manner, regulates the use of words." And custom is quite agreed that the word "Catholic" is the peculiar designation of the Church which has for its visible head on earth the Pope or Bishop who sits upon the chair of St. Peter in Rome. The very street arab finds only one meaning in the words of a stranger who inquires for the Catholic church, the Catholic priests, the Catholic sisterhood. Standard English writers—we need only instance Lord Macaulay, Edmund Burke, James Martineau, Lecky—agree in using the word "Catholic" to designate the Church which is in communion with Rome. Lecky, when taken to task some years ago in Dublin for having used the word "Catholic"

to designate members of the papal Church, refused to employ the compound word "Roman Catholic," which he regarded as a solecism in language. This noted Unitarian and rationalistic historian cannot be suspected of any leaning toward our faith. But in all his learned and voluminous writings he habitually applies the term "Catholic Church" to that great religious organization which has its centre in the City of the Seven Hills. The great Encyclopedic Dictionary states that the word "Catholic" is by general usage applied to those in communion with the See of Rome—or, as its Protestant compilers put it, "the Roman Catholic branch of the Christian Church." Webster's great standard dictionary defines the term "Catholic," when standing by itself, as meaning "Roman Catholic." Briefly the word "Catholic" means just what practically universal usage has decided that it shall mean. And that meaning is inseparably associated with what is officially known among us as "the Roman Catholic Church." It is too late now for any small creed or section thereof to attempt to alter the long fixed and settled meaning of venerable words that are still in every day use. Such attempts have been made. But from the days of Horace and Aulus Gellius down to our time they have not met with any conspicuous measure of success.

In the languages of Continental Europe no term is known corresponding to the official designation of "Roman Catholic" by which we are known in English speaking countries. In French, Italian, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch and other European languages the title "Catholic" is applied to, and only to, the Church of Rome. Were the word "Roman" added it would be understood to mean the Catholics of the city of Rome. The same statement holds good in the East. In his "Visit to the Russian Church," Rev. W. Palmer (Anglican) tells how, to his great annoyance, the "Orthodox" Russians persisted in calling the adherents of the Church of Rome "Catholics" pure and simple. The Russian Orthodox American Messenger—as in its issues of Jan. 13, 1898—does likewise. And the following paragraph appeared in the Catholic Times a few years ago from a correspondent residing in Cairo (Egypt): "In the East no one is called a Catholic if not in communion with Rome. If a man called himself 'an Anglican Catholic' here he would be at once considered a Roman Catholic from England. All Churches united with Rome are called Catholics, such as the Catholic Copts, Greek Catholics, Syrian Catholics and Latin Catholics. Those in schism are called Orthodox. The Anglicans are simply English Protestants."

No creed outside the "Roman obedience" claims the exclusive right to the word "Catholic." When they apply it to themselves at all it supposes the acceptance of a "branch" theory or other form of Church polity which is opposed to the words of the New Testament and contradicted by all ecclesiastical history and tradition. Moreover, the official title of none of them is "the Catholic Church." It is (as in the Coronation Oath) "the Protestant Religion as by Law Established;" or "The Church of Scotland;" or "The Free Church of Scotland;" or "The Protestant Episcopal Church;" or "The Methodist Episcopal Church;" or "The Methodist Protestant Church;" or "The Freewill Baptists;" and so on. In the ordinary and long-fixed usage of the words, the overwhelming body of Christian people understanding by the designation of "Catholic Church" the Church of Rome and no other. The word "Roman" is not used as an identifying prefix, and therefore, outside legal formalities, its use is unnecessary. When Catholics employ the superfluous word "Roman" in reference to themselves they do so either in accordance with official requirements, or merely to emphasize the Roman headship of the Church. People outside our Fold sometimes use the term "Roman" in this connection by way of denial that the Church in communion with the Pope is the one and only universal Church. Apart, therefore, from legal requirements, Catholics should ever call their Church by her unique and long-continued title "the Catholic Church," and should avoid bestowing upon her a designation which is not our creation, and which is nowhere recognized in her official formulae.—New Zealand Tablet.

**"THE MARSEILLAISE"**

The news that "The Marseillaise" was played by a German military band at Berlin when M. Fournier, the winner of the motor-car race, arrived at the winning post adds a present interest to Mr. Karl Bind's article on the strange origin of "The Marseillaise" in the July number of the Nineteenth Century. The ordinary legend is that Rouget de Lisle wrote both words and music of the famous chant at Strasbourg, but it appears that the melody was really composed in Germany, and was the tune of the "Credo" of an old Mass. The Mass in question was written in 1776 by Holtzmann, the kapellmeister of the Palatinat, and the original was discovered by Mr. Hamm in the musical library of the town's church at Mersburg. From the Palatinat, where Holtzmann composed the air, it is not a far cry to Alsace; and from Alsace the music easily got into other parts of France. It appears, then, that Rouget de Lisle only wrote the words of "The Marseillaise" and set them to the old Mass tune, introducing a quickened tempo for the purpose of martial effect in a battle song. Mr. G. A. Sala, about eight years ago, wrote in a London paper

that the eminent French musical critic, M. Caillié, in his work entitled "Mollere, Musicien," published in 1852, absolutely denies that Rouget de Lisle wrote the music on "The Marseillaise." He asserts that it is a German canticle, imported into France by Julien, the elder, who played it in 1782 at the concert of Mme. de Montessor. By altering the tempo, the atmosphere and secular airs are often changed, but it is a curious thing that the great battle and revolutionary song of France should really have been composed in Germany.—London Globe.

**THE STYLE OF NEWMAN.**

The English prose of the Nineteenth Century has no better representative, according to the London News, than Cardinal Newman, whose well-known "Callista" has just been republished by Messrs. Burns & Oates. John Henry Newman was born in the first year of the late century. Newman's influence upon thought and letters is due not to his slow conversion, not to his dialectical skill, not to the saintliness of his personal character, but to the ease, force and majesty of his incomparable style. "Callista," a tale of Christians and Pagans in the Third Century, was written just fifty years ago. It has never been so popular as Kingsley's "Hypatia," and contains exquisite verses. But it is perhaps the least known of all Dr. Newman's writings, except his life of Cicero. It has not the ironic humor, nor the scathing satire, which make "Loss and Gain" attractive to the least theological disposed. For if Newman thought like a divine, he delivered himself like a man of this world. The letters of "Catholics," directed against the projects for universal education put forward by Lord Brougham and Sir Robert Peel, are full of a pungent irony which even Pascal would not have disdained.

Newman says, in one of his letters, that he had only one master in style, and that was Cicero. The remark has puzzled some worthy people who think of Cicero only in connection with the "De Senectute," or the "De Oratore," or the "Verities." But Newman was, of course, referring to those marvellous letters which after nearly two thousand years remain unsurpassed examples of familiar correspondence. As a writer Newman was nothing if not colloquial. He wrote as scholars and gentlemen talk, with just that added touch of literary charm which makes the difference between a picture and a photograph. Sometimes, no doubt, he resorted to sublime heights, and his description of the human conscience in his letter to the Duke of Norfolk on the Vatican Decrees is a noble example of true eloquence, such as Cicero would have reserved for a treatise or an oration. And other instances could easily be given. But as a general rule Newman was colloquial, if anything too colloquial. It is a mistake to suppose that he was an accurate and even composer. He is often irregular, sometimes slipshod, not always grammatical.

Another disciple of what has been called the Orator school, Dean Church, comes much nearer to being a faultless writer of English than Newman. It would be hard to find a sentence of Church's which ingenuity could improve. It would not be difficult to find many of Newman's which a school boy could correct. But Church, with all his taste and elegance and unerring sense of literary propriety, never reached the level, or anything like the level, of Newman at his best. Newman was a poet and a musician. There is a tenderness perhaps to overrate his poetry because he wrote hymns, and the hymnological standard is deplorably low. But that he was a genuine poet no competent critic will deny. His prose was sometimes poetical, which may be regarded as a fault by the hypercritical and austere. His poetry was never prosaic. There have been authors, like Tennyson in verse and Macaulay in prose, who had a perfect sense of rhythm, although they did not know one tune from another. But a born musician, as Newman was, must have some quality which makes itself felt in all the work of his mind. There are passages of Newman's prose which fall with the peculiar cadence of music upon the cultivated ear.

"These strange sounds, coming we know not whence, meaning we know not what" are Newman's own words in reference to music. He connected it with immortality, with the secret behind the veil. He would probably have agreed with Tennyson that music began where language ended. Newman was a passionate scholar, an especial lover of Horace and Virgil. No one, he used to say, could appreciate Horace before he was fifty. Worldly wisdom is learned by experience, if at all. But Virgil is for all ages, as for all countries and times. A truly original poet he was not. He was the pupil and interpreter of Greek masters, like all the Romans of the Augustan age. But he was much more. He pulled out stops in the organ of the Latin tongue which no one else had used, and produced sounds never heard till then. Newman speaks of "those words and phrases, those pathetic half-lines, giving utterance, like the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which are the inheritance of her children in every clime." Scholarly children in Newman was in everything that he wrote. But, perhaps we should say therefore, he eschewed fine writing. He had a masculine love of simple, homely, telling phrases, and with all his subtlety he would not be obscure.

Milton said that to write a great poem a man's life must be a poem, and no one could have such style as Newman's who had not qualities higher than any style. Humor, imagination, playful fancy, mystic play, all have their share in Newman's writing.

**ENGLISH PEERS PROTEST.**

The following protest against the Royal Declaration Bill, which has been read three times in the House of Lords has been handed in to be entered on the journals of the Upper Chamber:

- 1 Because, whatever reasons may be alleged for retaining unamended upon the Statute Book the provisions of the Act of King William III., and wise to re-enact similar provisions by a new statute at the present time.
- 2 Because the declaration contained in the Bill is superfluous, the provisions of the Act of Settlement affording adequate security for the Protestant succession of the Crown.
- 3 Because enactments which are superfluous, and consequently useless, have a tendency to become, and often do become, mischievous and dangerous.
- 4 Because precautionary tests imposed on the sovereign, though capable of defence when the sovereign personally directed the working of the Executive Government, are out of place and unnecessary now that the Executive Acts of the sovereign are performed only on the advice, or with the assent of responsible ministers.
- 5 Because the bill, besides removing certain objectionable words from the king's declaration, affects other alterations in it, which renders the declaration proposed to be made in future a substantially different one from that hitherto in use, as will appear from the following considerations:
  - a In the declaration as hitherto made the sovereign invokes the adoration as well as the invocation of the Virgin Mary, two perfectly distinct and separate points of doctrine. Only one of these is mentioned in the declaration contained in the bill. The repudiation of the Pope's supremacy and dispensing power contained in the existing declaration is also omitted, and a test is thereby imposed different from that heretofore in use, and therefore, technically, a new one.
  - b The bill contains an addition to the declaration in the shape of a profession of faith, to be made by the sovereign, altogether novel and incapable of definition.
  - c Because in order to render the bill inoffensive to members of the Roman Catholic Church—the professed object of the bill—the declaration to be made hereafter by the sovereign should bear an affirmative rather than a negative character.

STANMORE, LIANDAFF.

**HEROES OF CHRIST.**

Sublimis Self-Sacrificis of Men Who Served Beneath the Cross.

Those who profess belief in the "religion of humanity" ought to look more impartially into the deeds done by those who follow Christ. Mere humanitarianism can point to no record so noble as that which proudly might be exhibited by those who serve beneath the cross. A recent Paris correspondent gives the following:

During the Franco-Prussian war when virulent smallpox enhanced the horrors surrounding the wounded and the dying, a soldier saw a Christian Brother tenderly ministering to a patient in the most repugnant form of the disease. "I would not do that," cried the soldier, "for a hundred francs an hour!" To this the Brother infirmarian replied: "No more would I, nor for a million; but I would do it with pleasure for the love of God."

After the battle of Champigny, sixty of the Brothers dug deep pits in the frozen earth, and there reverently buried 685 soldiers and officers by torchlight. Midnight had not passed, when notice was given that the pestilence was nearly at an end. The pits were filled in, and even then not content, the Brothers placed above this great and sorrowful grave a large cross of wood; then, kneeling down they said the De Profundis. "We have seen nothing like this before," said a Prussian officer. "Except the Gray Sisters," said another in a tone of profound respect. During the war, some one sprang to help a Brother who was wounded, but was met by the words: "It is nothing; help those that are in greater need." Then when asked his name, he answered: "Why do you ask? I am here to fulfil a duty, for which I look to God alone to reward me, not to the praises of my fellow-creatures." From Paris alone, 500 Christian Brothers were employed as ambulance-bearers in the bloody conflict. Many and many a French soldier must have echoed the cry of a wounded young lieutenant who felt in all the work of his mind. There are passages of Newman's prose which fall with the peculiar cadence of music upon the cultivated ear.

A European despatch announces that Mrs. Carbaugh, sister in law of Chief Justice Melville Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, has been received into the church by the Papal Nuncio at Brussels.

**CHRIST THE CONSOLER.**

What sweeter title for the gentle Saviour than that of Consoler: how it expresses all that the Sacred Heart loves! Pardon, patience, kindness, sympathy, friendship, all are found in the Consoler. The heart sore with sin finds that sin is not pleasure but pain, which like a thorn, penetrates deeper, and forces out all happiness. It cries for consolation in its affliction, and finds none until it reaches the cross and Christ casts its wounded soul. The consolation into it by His grace the consolation of pardon. When sorrow touches the heart, how it bows under the burden which often seems too great to bear. Where will sorrow find its consolation if not in the Master's Heart, which sorrow filled to overflowing with its bitterness, misery, poverty, neglect, sickness and death. All these cross the path of life, and man is made to feel that life is a burden and that misfortune is a curse. Ah, but to the worst afflicted comes the consolation of Christ telling us that life is but the field on which the battle for eternity is fought and that human misery is not a misfortune, but a means of reaching glory.

To the poor, Christ comes as the poorest among the children of men, and consoles them with the vision of the manger and the poverty of Nazareth. To the afflicted He comes as the man of sorrows and He implores them to tell Him if there be any sorrows like to His sorrow. What would men do if we had not Christ as consoler? Sin comes into our lives and we remember the prodigal, and we kneel at the feet of Christ and His sweet consolation of pardon heals our wounded souls. Affliction casts its shadow over us, the light seems to disappear and darkness only seems our lot. We look up and Christ is near us, pointing to His cross to tell us that affliction was chosen by Him in order that He might know how to sympathize with and console all who weep and are sorely tried. Ah, consolation is the balm which heals the heart in all its sorrows! It brings back the sunshine, it restores hope, it strengthens faith and makes us suffering a stepping stone to union with God, and this secures happiness.

**CATHOLICITY IN THE TRANSVAAL.**

We quote the following interesting account of Transvaal from the religious weekly of Bayonne:

"Thanks to the constant efforts of the Oblate Fathers, the Catholic religion is finding its way among the Boers. There are now fifty Fathers among them, under the jurisdiction of the resident prefect apostolic in Johannesburg. The brothers have a boys school and French and Irish religious are at the head of the large city hospital, by consent of the Boer government. Other Sisters instruct the Catholics, and Protestant, Boers, Afrikaners, Europeans, Americans, strangers and natives esteem and venerate the Catholic Sisters who prove themselves above all human praise. Boers who do not send their children to the Sisters refrain from fear of their pastors, under penalty of excommunication. The ignorant Boer would deem himself lost if rejected from his temple.

"I asked one of the veterans of the mission, Father Baudry, his opinion of the issue of the war. He replied: 'Above all things, we are missionaries; the salvation of souls alone occupies us, and political opinions apart from that are of little concern to us. Our only ambition is the glory of God by the propagation and support of the Catholic faith. All is in the hands of God; we do not know the end of this murderous war, but whether the Boers or the English lose in the end, the Catholic religion will gain much by the struggle; the English know us, and the Boers have also learned to know us. Unfounded prejudices have begun to be removed from their minds; we are congenial to them. With the help of God, the true and complete doctrine will rapidly penetrate among this plain people, and we older ones will live to see many Boers become Catholics.'

**NEWMAN ON THE UNREALITY OF MOST NON-CATHOLIC RELIGION.**

I have been speaking of secular knowledge; but religion may be made a subject of notional assent also, and especially so made in our own country. Theology, as such always is notional, as being scientific; religion, as being personal, should be real; but, except within a small range of subjects, it commonly is not real in England. As to Catholic populations, such as those of mediaeval Europe, or the Spain of this day, or quasi-Catholic as those of Russia, among them assent to religious objects is real not notional. To them the Supreme Being, our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, angels and saints, heaven and hell, are as present as if they were objects of sight; but such a faith does not suit the taste of modern England. There is in the literary world just now an affection of calling religion a "sentiment;" and it must be confessed that usually it is nothing more with our own people, educated or rude. Objects are barely necessary to it. I do not say so of old Calvinists or Evangelical religion; I do not call the religion of Leighton, Boyce, Wesley, Thomas Scott, or Cecil a mere sentiment; nor do I so term the high Anglicanism of the present generation. But these are only denominations, parties, schools, compared with the national religion of England in its length and breadth. "Bible Religion" is both the recognized title

and the best description of English religion.

It consists, not in rights or creeds, but mainly in having the Bible read in church, in the family and in private. Now I am far indeed from undervaluing that mere knowledge of Scripture which is imparted to the population thus promiscuously. At least in England, it has to a certain point made up for great and grievous losses in Christianity. The reiteration again and again, in fixed course in the public service, of the words of inspired teachers under both Covenants, and that in grave majestic English, has in matter of fact been to our people a vast benefit. It has attuned their minds to religious thoughts; it has given them a high moral standard; it has served them in associating religion with compositions which, even humanly considered, are among the most sublime and beautiful ever written; especially, it has impressed upon them the series of Divine Providences in behalf of man from his creation to his end, and above all, the words, deeds, and sacred sufferings of Him in whom all the Providences of God centre.

So far the indiscriminate reading of Scripture has been of service; still, much more is necessary than the benefits which I have enumerated, to the idea of a religion; whereas our national form professes to be little more than thus reading the Bible and living a correct life. It is not a religion of persons and things, of acts of faith and of direct devotion; but of sacred scenes and pious sentiments. It has been comparatively careless of creed and catechism; and has in consequence shown little sense of the need of consistency in the matter of its teaching. Its doctrines are not so much facts, as stereotyped aspects of facts, and it is afraid, so to say, of walking around them. It induces its followers to be content with this meagre view of revealed truth: or, rather, it is suspicious and protests, or is frightened, as if it saw a figure in a picture move out of its frame, when our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, or the Holy Apostles, are spoken of as real beings, and really such as Scripture implies them to be. I am not denying that the assent which it inculcates and elicits is genuine as regards its contracted range of doctrine, but it is at best notional. What Scripture especially illustrates from its first page to its last is God's Providence; and is nearly the only doctrine held with a real assent by the mass of religious Englishmen. Hence the Bible is so great a solace and refuge to them in trouble. I repeat, I am not speaking of particular schools and parties in England, whether of the High Church or the Low, but of the mass so piously minded and well living people in all ranks of the community—Grammar of Assent, (edition of 1892) Page 55.

**THE GREATNESS OF A CHRISTIAN.**

Behold, my dearest friends, how great we are if we are Christians! The sublime character of child of God is displayed in our whole conduct; we are princesses of the blood royal of our Lord Jesus Christ; and the greatness of our extraction should be manifest in all our acts and all our inclinations. Everything should be grand in us; and such will indeed be the case, if everything in us is directed toward God, our very dear Father and Lord.

We should love God with our whole soul; that is, all the powers of our soul should tend toward God alone. Our will should be fixed in God alone; we should wish but God alone, and what He wishes, and nothing else. Our will should have no existence, but in the will of God. Reflect carefully on this subject and you will there find treasures of grace. And not only our will, which is the principal faculty of our soul, but also our mind, our imagination and all our other faculties should work for God alone.—Ven. Llibermann (Fr. Grunewald's Translation).

**A Contrast.**

The Boston fireman who climbed a pole covered with "live" wires and rescued a boy from death at the risk of his own life, when asked about it, his own life, when asked about it, said: "It was nothing. I could not talk, as it is against the rules of the department." How lucky that it is not against the rules of the army or navy department for "heroes" to talk about their exploits; else Hobson and Fanston and many others might die of suppressed conversation!—Boston Pilot.

**Himself a Victim.**

The Rev. Henry G. Coyne, curate of the Church of the Holy Cross, Harrison, N. J., who has been heroically devoting himself to the victims of the small-pox epidemic in Harrison and East Newark, was found on August 23 to be himself infected with the much-dreaded disease. The medical head of the Harrison board of health gave this verdict, and Father Coyne at once asked to be taken to the Hudson County Isolation Hospital at Saake Hill. Father Coyne is a Massachusetts man of Irish ancestry and about thirty two years of age. We hope the brave young priest may recover. It takes nothing from the grandeur and merit of his heroic devotion to duty to say that it is a matter of course among the priests of the Catholic Church. "That is what we are here for" is their answer when commended for their steadfastness in small pox hospital or yellow fever district. If ever stricken humanity needs comfort, it is in such straits as these, and wherever the true Catholic priest is, the world forsaken victim of pestilence has still a friend.—Boston Pilot.

Sacred Heart Review. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

I have examined again, in the light of the latest and most careful authority, that of the "Dictionary of National Biography," the charge which I had previously accepted and twice advanced against Archbishop Tillotson, namely, that he said that it is a man's duty to accept the religion which the magistrate may offer to him, unless he can show a Divine revelation for refusing. I find that what he did say was simply this, that no man had a right to make proselytes from the established religion, unless he could show a miraculous warrant. The established religion here, of course, means the Church of England. This is very different from saying that a man is bound to apostatize from the Gospel at royal command. Against this, of course, there is a miraculous warrant. I am very sorry that I should have done this eminent man so grave an injustice.

Professor Foster on page 20, quoting Cardinal Gibbons' charge against Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, Knox, and Henry VIII., that "the private lives of these pseudo-reformers were stained by cruelty, rapine and licentiousness," indignantly denies the whole. (He does not receive Henry among the Reformers.) I am sorry the Cardinal should have made these charges so in globo. Against Calvin, even had his early life been evil, which it was not, no charge of lewdness after becoming a Protestant. The shocking accusations brought by an angry Lutheran or an apostate friend deserve not one whit more attention than the like charges brought by the like men against Bellarmine. It was an age of utter unscrupulousness of calumny. Moreover, as Calvin was not in holy orders, his marriage, even on Roman Catholic showing, was valid, like Melancthon's.

As the Cardinal is virtually addressing Protestants, he hardly has a right to describe the marriages of Knox and Zwingli as licentious, for he knows that they esteem them perfectly valid, whatever may have been thought, even by many Protestants, about Luther's marriage, as being that of a friar to a nun.

It requires a good deal of hardihood in Dr. Foster to rebel so unreservedly against the institutions against Luther. When a man who remains single until forty-two publishes to all the world the most scornful denials of unmarried chastity, declaring it an impossibility, a mere chimera and pretence, then surely, as Bossuet says, such a declaration is of damning force against the man himself, although it is of no value against anybody else. Moreover, how can we talk about the chastity of a man who declares that it is no great matter if a priest has one or two or three concubines all his life, if his only does not thus interfere with his good opinion of his justification, and who affirms that to be a parent unlawfully is more pleasing to God than not to be a parent at all? Besides, what does it mean when Melancthon speaks so ambiguously about his relations to the runaway nun who had been harboring with him, and says that now that he is captured at last it is to be hoped that it will make a more decent man of him? What extraordinary courage it requires in Foster, when, excepting Zwingli as a priest, he says: "Of licentiousness, not a trace can be found in one of them!"

Dr. Foster is absolutely heroic, when he says: "A more peaceful man than Luther, when deeds of violence were contemplated, never breathed." This of the man who expresses his disappointment at the failure of Ulrich von Hutten's nefarious attempt to capture the Pope's two ambassadors, a deed which all lands and all ages, from Homer down, have viewed with horror! The man who, early in his quarrel, exhorts his countrymen to march upon Rome and "bathe their hands in the blood of the Pope and Cardinals." The man whose most last published words were: "March to Rome, seize the Pope and Cardinals, cut out their tongues and hang them around their necks behind their backs; then string them up on gibbets, and if they still want to hold an ecumenical council, let them hold it in hell!"

Professor Foster assuredly is incapable of lying. Then it is plain that he here undertakes to set forth Martin Luther as a chaste and peaceable man without knowing anything about the facts. No wonder. Three years ago I knew nothing about them myself. Even in his milder mood Luther once or twice expresses a doubt whether he ought not to have insisted on destroying all the churches, as well as all the monasteries, and making an utterly new beginning.

Foster presents as one of the most peaceful men that ever breathed, the man who, years after all the excitement of conflict had passed by, declared that the blood of all the thousands of peasants who had been slaughtered after the Peasants' War rested on his head, and who then, with horrid impiety, affirms that it was the Lord God Who bade him bound on the princes to the massacre. What would Foster say if any Catholic should represent Rodrick Borgia, as he has seen him represented, (very much against the mind of Leo XIII.) as chosen Pope on account of his capacity and godliness? He has done just the same thing on the other side.

What does Dr. Foster mean by acquitting the Reformers of the charge

of rapine? Personally, it is very true, not one of them ever showed a craving for wealth or rank. Yet Luther attributes the fearful demoralization of Germany, first to his doctrine of justification, next to his encouragement given to the spoliation of the monasteries and churches. Of this complicity in rapine almost all the reformers were guilty in varying measure, though none, it is true, in so enormous a measure as Luther.

Dr. Foster says that before Luther's marriage in 1525 no enemy raised a word against his chastity. Enemies, no, but his most intimate companion, yes. I do not believe that Melancthon means to imply actual criminality, but he does not disguise his fear of scandal, as long as Luther was wavering among so many runaway nuns. After all, what need for enemies to speak, when Luther himself a single man, had openly and boldly, in indescribably revolting language, declared that there could be no such thing as celibate chastity?

Yet Luther, outspoken as he was, was a deeply forecasting man. He knew that whatever he might say or do, he would not be judged by his deeds or words, but by his deeds and words would be viewed through the infatuating glamor in which his followers were involved. So it has been to this day. A like invincible infatuation, in the teeth of all evidence, in the case of a lesser man, has been known to our country and time.

On page 32 Professor Foster rightly defends the Vatican doctrine of infallibility against the assumption that it means a sort of omniscience. How, if ever, he is wrong when he says: "It is precisely that qualification in the Pope for his work which the historic Protestant theory of inspiration ascribes to the writers of the New Testament." Inspiration means a Divine disclosure of new truth. The Catholic theologians deny the Church and the Pope. Says Perrone, quoted by Newman, in his letter to the Duke of Norfolk: "Never have Catholics taught that the gift of infallibility is given by God to the Church after the manner of inspiration." It is a restraining, not a communicating, gift. The Vatican decrees expressly declare that the Holy Spirit is not promised to Peter and his successors in order to reveal new doctrines, but in order to guard faithfully the original doctrines given to the apostles.

Moreover, even negatively, the infallibility of the Church is not supposed to be the same with the assistance given to the sacred writers. Says Bellarmine: Every Biblical statement of fact is guarded from error. A decree of faith is not guarded from errors of fact, unless the facts are a part of the doctrine. All Biblical reasoning is conclusive. The reasoning of a decree of faith is not necessarily conclusive, unless it is included in the definition. Every Biblical statement is perfectly expressed and perfectly arranged. A definition of faith is guarded against error, but human imperfection may be seen in arrangement and expression.

It should be said, however, that Dr. Foster's comparison of infallibility to inspiration is modified by extended quotations from Cardinal Gibbons. The expression is not perfectly well advised, but as he modifies it it is hardly erroneous.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

IMPERATION OF CHRIST.

The Want of all Comfort.

It is not hard to despise all human comfort when we have divine. But it is much, very much, to be able to want all comfort, both human and divine, and to be willing to bear this interior banishment for God's honor, and to seek one's self in nothing and not to think of one's own merit. What great thing is it, if that be cheerful and devout when grace comes? This hour is desirable to all. He rideth at ease, who is carried by the grace of God.

And what wonder if he feel no weight, who is carried by the Almighty and led on by the Sovereign Guide? We willingly would have something to comfort us, and it is with difficulty that a man can put off himself.

The holy Martyr, St. Lawrence, overcame the world, with his prelate, because he despised whatever seemed delightful in the world; and for the love of Christ he also suffered the high priest of God, St. Sixtus, whom he exceedingly loved, to be taken away from him.

He overcame therefore the love of man by the love of the Creator; and instead of the comfort he had in man, he made choice rather of God's pleasure.

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CORRECTION FOR FAULTS.

"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in any fault, you who are spiritual instruct such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted." (Gal. vi. 1.) Perhaps there is no duty so hard to perform well as that of correction; and of course I refer chiefly to parental correction. Some parents are too lenient. They sin by petting their children. They over-praise them to their faces. They give them to understand that they are not loved, but worshipped. They believe them against school teacher, neighbor, or relative. They are the slaves of the child's slightest whim. And long before old age comes such parents are apt to suffer from that very miserable affliction, a spoiled child. Children are said to be the crown of their parents; the spoiled child is a crown of thorns.

Others, on the contrary, are too severe. If they really love their little ones they have discovered how to discipline it. They are not so exacting. They scold, and they scold often, and long and loud. They bring up past offences, long since atoned for. They dwell much on their own merits as good parents. They correct in anger. Impulse guides them, or rather drives them, in place of affection and a spirit of justice. The sudden slap and the rude shove for the smaller ones; the blow of the fist, the kick for the larger ones. And oh! the deadly curse, the evil wish connected with Satan's name, the wish for eternal loss for one's own child, the harsh name, the face flaming with rage, the shouting voice; brethren, all this drives the boys to the saloon, and the girls to the dangerous companionship.

Is it not, then, a difficult thing to avoid both extremes, to be neither too lenient nor too severe? Does it not show us how high a place in Paradise a faithful parent shall enjoy? Does it not—this matter of parental correction—show us why our Blessed Lord raised the parental office to a sacramental state?

St. Paul in the text—although speaking of correction in general—lays down two rules which good parents know by experience to be the two wings of their flight to heaven: first parents should be spiritual, and, second, they should be meek. Spiritual, because to be a good parent "is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth, but of God who showeth mercy." Brethren, lay this to heart: the married state is indeed happy, but only by the grace of God. Natural dispositions go before all supernatural life. But the natural man is clay which the potter moulds into a vessel of election. And how often do we see ensouling, kindly-natured young people become crabbed enough after marriage. They lack the grace of God; that is the reason of their difficulties in governing their children. They do not pray enough. They do not come often enough to the sacraments. They are unwilling to inconvenience themselves by joining the rosary society or the temperance society. The necessary spirit of sacrifice is absent from the family; and that spirit is born of the practices of religion.

Furthermore, the spirit of meekness is necessary: The true spirit of correction is not the spirit of authority, but the spirit of meekness. If one's mind is all puffed up with the importance of one's dignity and the greatness of one's merit; if one is always itching to have his authority respected by his children, instead of seeking to be loved by them on account of his devoted affection; if by his harsh voice, his exacting spirit, his cold and distant manner, his stings—like that of a scorpion—he undertakes to "keep his children in their place," they will be neither virtuous nor happy. And least of all will he be happy himself.

After all, dear brethren, there is but one object in bringing up a family: to train souls how to be good children of God. Now, if human beings can be kept out of sin in any other way but by much loving kindness, then the Christian religion is a mistake. Once St. Philip Neri was surrounded by a troop of noisy boys. Some of his friends, who were annoyed by their shouts and laughter and boyish chatter, complained of them to him. "Why, Father Philip," they said, "how can you stand such a noise about you?" "They might chop wood on my back if it would only keep them out of sin." Let it therefore be the one object of parents to correct their children as to gradually remove the defects of character and nature which may cause them to sin. It may sometimes be good to punish with a certain severity, but always without passion; after a little time, at least, of deliberation, and especially in such a way that the child may know that the chastisement is inflicted by one who loves God and his child's soul too much to neglect proper correction.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

ST. PETER'S CHAINS.

"What a curious watch chain you have, Father Ambrose," said Alfred, an intelligent little altar boy, to his pastor one day, when they were alone together in the sacristy. "Yes," replied Father Ambrose, "a chain, literally," and he kindly took his watch from his pocket, so that Alfred could see the chain. "Although made up of links, you see there is something particular about it," said he could examine it. "The links are like those of an ordinary chain," said Alfred, "but at each end is something I do not understand. At one end is a long loop made of the links, and at the other two curved pieces of steel, which can hook into each other. What do these mean?"

"The chain," replied Father Ambrose, "is a facsimile or an exact copy of small dimensions of the chain usually worn by criminals in prison. The long loop is the fetter used to confine the feet. You see how neat, impossible it would be to walk with such a chain around both ankles. The ring was used to fasten the watch on to the wall, and these united the long chain by their other end, while the hooks at their other end, what are called manacles and cuffs, were used to fasten the wrists. You can see how helpful even a strong man must be with feet in fetters, his hands in manacles while the chain which unites them often so short that the prisoner can stand upright or stretch his length in the prison floor."

Alfred held the chain in his hand, examining it with a very compassionate face. "How dreadful," he said after some minutes. "I do not suppose," said Father Ambrose, "that you have ever read the sufferings of a prisoner in chains?" "Never," replied Alfred, and he most shuddered. "And it is dreadfully to think any man can be so wicked to deserve to wear them."

"And still more dreadful to think how many good men, holy men, have been obliged to wear such chains months and years because suspected crime; still more dreadful when men submit to such a cruelty rather than deny their faith in our Lord." "Did the Christian martyrs wear such chains in their prisons?" Alfred.

"Hundreds and thousands of times were they worn by a martyr." "But what is this cross which is on the hook by which you attach the chain to the buttonhole of your coat?" Does it mean anything special?" Father Ambrose took his watch, Alfred, put it into his vest-pocket, then attached it to the cross. "Now look at the cross," he said. Alfred: "Is there anything particular about it?"

"It does not hang right," said Alfred. "The head of the cross is down." "Which is intentional," said Father Ambrose. "Our Lord's cross stood right, but who was crucified on the inverted cross with his head down?" "Saint Peter," immediately cried Alfred, "immediately our intelligent little altar boy." "Yes," said Father Ambrose, "this chain, with its fetters and manacles, is a facsimile of the chain by which Saint Peter, as the inverted tells you."

"And you wear this chain of love for Saint Peter," said Alfred, "not because it is curious or common." "Precisely," replied Father Ambrose.

"How glad I am that I saw about it," said Alfred. "I wanted to ask you very often, but I was so inquisitive; I wish when the other boys were around me." "And now that you have about them, it will give you pleasure to tell you the story of Saint Peter's chains," as they are called. "I see but one chain," said Alfred.

"When you hear the will understand why I made number," said Father Ambrose for the story, we go first of Acts of the Apostles, in the twelfth chapter, an excellent deliverance Peter, the wonderful deliverance Peter, I think you remember. "Yes," said Alfred. "He had a hole kicked James, the John took Peter also and into prison with four files to guard him and bound chains. But the night before to be executed, while sleeping two soldiers and bound by an angel stood beside him, shined in the prison, and Peter on the side and raised saying, 'Arise quickly, chains dropped from him. angel told him to gird himself on his sandals and his garments follow him. And it was not gate leading to the city of Rome before them, and they through one street, that I came to himself and found an angel had delivered him hands of the cruel Herod.' "Very well told," said Ambrose. "You will remember the Christians had been put out ceasing for Peter's death that it is not strange to find managed to get possession chains which had fallen miraculously, and ecclesiastics tell us that they were carefully. After Christ's religion of the Roman Empress Eudocia, wife of the Young, as he is called Jerusalem and all the



