

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## Ita Tenebrae Sicut Lux.

BY JAMES KENT STONE.

Eye is now her shades extending,  
Night, obscure and dread, descending,  
Darkness shrouds the earth and skies;  
Glorious from Thy bright dominions,  
Bearing health upon Thy pinions,  
Rise, O Son of Justice, Rise!

Care and grief have long oppressed me,  
Sin made weary and distressed me,  
While sweet hope dwells far apart;  
Come, and shed on me Thy goodness,  
Lift, dear Lord, this croud of sadness,  
Thou who God and goodness art!

Wings, O! quickly might I borrow,  
Flying, dove like, care and sorrow,  
Faint, affliction leaving far,  
Swift to Thee my flight were given;  
Safe at length in that dear haven,  
Peace in full my soul should share.

Thou who rulest high in glory,  
Turning yet to our poor story,  
With a Father's tenderness,  
Help thy child, so spent, so needy,  
And his thirsting heart with speedy  
Bounteous peace, O Father, bless!

Thou each hidden pathway knowest;  
And the guardian care Thou showest  
Day and night with us remains;  
Prove me, search my inmost spirit;  
Aided by Thy supreme merit,  
Who shall rashly cause me pains!

When mine eyes have known the vision  
Of Thy strength, those choir Elysian  
Hovering near, shall safely bring;  
Nought in night shall more be fearful,  
Rejoicing in Thy light all cheerful,  
Saviour, Lord, and Heavenly King!

## THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU.

It has been burning hot in Munich. The streets are full of white glare and a white, impalpable dust that puffs up under every footstep and insinuates its stiff grittiness into every thread of one's garments, every pore of one's skin. The little stuffy red velvet lined railway carriages are small torture ovens under the fierce August sun as the train runs through the level land. Even when it begins to climb an upward grade toward the mountains the heat does not lessen. It passes Lake Starnberg, where the mad King Ludwig found his death, mounds and mounds, giving a glimpse here and there of a far-away wreath of snow on a distant alp, and at 5 o'clock draws up at the little town of Oberau in the Bavarian Tyrol. Crowds dismount, flushed and fatigued, and hurry away to the waiting vehicles that are to transport them to the mountain village where the Saviour's Passion will be enacted to-morrow.

Formerly the way up was rough and perilous, but the Government has spent half a million in manufacturing a broad, handsome highway through the hills, and now the ascent through the pure, cold air is pleasant and speedy. Many peasants go by on foot, having come great distances and denied themselves much to earn the time and money for this sight of the play; and from the earnestness of their faces the journey has for them the sacredness of a religious pilgrimage. The road rises through heavily wooded mountains that echo with the wild voices of thin white streams, dropping from ledge to ledge, and leads at last to flowery mountain meadows through which curves the swift, clear current of the Ammer.

At the entrance to these meadows stands the village of Oberau—a half dozen houses clustered about a big white monastery, now transformed into a brewery. Farther along, under the shadow of a peak, lies a charming chalet of considerable size and pretension, the residence this summer of the great Catholic nobleman, the Marquis of Bute, who has devoted nearly the whole season to the study of the play, and has his house full of an ever-changing succession of guests who come for the same purpose. Two or three miles farther on, at the head of this valley, is Oberammergau, swarming with new arrivals of all classes. The little low houses of stone are all lime-washed and in some cases entirely covered with charming designs done in encaustic fresco—on the burgomaster's house loops and garlands of colored ribbons, wreaths of flowers and painted pillars and frieze; but on humbler dwellings somewhat rude pictures of a Madonna or saint guarding the portal. Also in the walls of some of the houses are set little shrines under glass—nearly every mile of the road upward having been marked by wayside crucifixes, carved and colored with great skill, for the villagers' chief support is from their carvings, and they spare no pains in beautifying these guide posts to heaven, where they may pause and lift up their hearts as they pass. Happily, no attempt has been made to build hotels or to in any way change or mar the Old World simplicity of the little town. All is as primitive as it was when the outer world first found—some forty years ago—this wonderful drama being played among the mountains. It would seem as if a sacred virtue in the play had kept the people sweet and untainted from outside vulgarization and inspired them with a high-minded unworldliness that served the same function as a fine and artistic taste. Visitors lodge in the houses of the peasants, which are clean and comfortable, and while they are here share the humble character of their lives.

The streets are crowded with many English, Americans, French, Germans, representatives of half the nations of Europe, and Bavarians and Tyrolese from all the country round about.

Handsome people these last: women with full petticoats, bodices laced over white chemises, and a dark green handkerchief bound tight about their hair—stout, robust females, with gentle, bovine faces, and clear red in their brown cheeks. The men are even better to look at—tall and finely made, their bright blue eyes and sunny beards contrasting well with their wholesome sunburnt skins. Their feet are thrust stockingless into heavy nailed shoes, but over the leg is drawn a knitted woollen legging that leaves knee and ankle bare. The short green breeches do not reach the knee, and the waistcoat and jacket are heavy with big silver buttons. They all wear green Tyrolean hats, in the band of which is thrust a bunch of cocks' plumes or blossoms of the edelweiss gathered at the edge of the upper snows. Now and then one of the actors in tomorrow's play goes by; generally to be distinguished by long waving hair upon the shoulders and something quite noticeable of dignity and grace in feature and carriage. A very large proportion of the village takes part in the drama, some five hundred persons being needed in the representation of to-morrow. Heine was sure the women of Italy had grown more beautiful and statures because of the unconscious impressions of form and grace made upon them by the multitude of sculptures in a country that has known three thousand years of art, and Wordsworth believed of his rustic maid who had listened to the quiet tunes of the hidden brooks, that

"The busy horn of murmuring sound  
Had passed into her face."  
Some such thoughts drift through one's mind seeing the faces of these peasant players on the eve of the enacting of the great Passion. Two hundred years of constant study of the tragedy of Judea, of merging their identity in those of the Founder of Christianity, of deep personal absorption in the every word of Christ's utterance, two centuries of brooding upon the gospels, has in some strange way physically transmuted these German mountaineers and elevated them far above their neighbors—to be distinguished at once by a high seriousness of mien, by spirituality of expression, and much fineness and beauty of type, such as is not to be found elsewhere in people of their class.

There has never been a question of any sordid motives in the matter. The actors receive no remuneration for their work save the equivalent of their day's earnings, whatever they may be, at other labor. For the Sunday representation they are not paid at all, but as they act both Monday and Wednesday twice a month for six months, they are too poor to give this time free and are therefore paid from the general earnings of the play. How small this sum is, though, may be inferred from the fact that Josef Mayer, the principal performer, received during the entire season but \$100. No attempt is made to speculate upon needs of the visitors and a uniform price is charged for board and lodging. The attendance, however, is very large, the audience having numbered over six thousand at every representation this summer, seats being sold at from ten to three shillings, so that the income is large. The bulk of it is spent upon the theatre, the costumes and properties of the play, and the surplus devoted to beautifying the village church and founding a school of wood-carving for the instruction of the villagers.

Oberammergau, it seems, from the very earliest times has had a miracle play, but these plays varied from time to time and resembled such as were acted all over Christian Europe by the monks or under their tutelage. When the Thirty Years' war raged through Germany the mystery was abandoned, for the peaceful life of the mountains became too disturbed and unsettled to permit of its continuance. Shortly before its close a pestilence fell upon the land, and though all the neighboring towns were scourged Oberammergau by means of a strict quarantine managed to fence it out, until a certain Caspar Schuchler evaded the guard and slipped into the village to see his wife and child. In two days he was dead of the plague and in less than a month half of his fellow-townsmen had followed him. Human aid was useless, and the villagers lifted their eyes to heaven, and vowed that if help was sent them they would keep the Lord's Passion in the minds of men while Oberammergau lasted. The plague was stayed, and every decade since the peasants have acted the drama with solemn reverence and devotion, and living thus always in the white light of Christ's life have taken on an outward manifestation of spirituality very rare and beautiful. Until some forty or fifty years ago the play was still one of the old mysteries, with all of their medieval naïveté and simplicity, containing some elements of farce, such as the dead Judas being seized by the devil, who pulled out of him long strings of sausages. At that time the young priest Daisenberger, fresh from his classical studies in the seminaries, was given the cure of souls in Oberammergau and shortly began to remodel their play. The present form is altogether his version,

and from it he has entirely swept away all trace of the Middle Age mystery and substituted a great Hebrew play set in a Greek frame. He induced the villagers to transfer the play from the church yard, where it had formerly been enacted, to an open-air theatre, arranged according to the classic plan; he introduced a chorus to explain and comment, and preceded each act by a tableau from the Old Testament, in which is prophetically shadowed forth some detail of the great fulfillment. To this work he devoted his entire life, and when he died the world had begun to discover that under his tutelage these peasants had perfected the greatest drama of modern times. Somewhat too formal, too elaborate, too classic in form he has made it, but through it all shines out the majestic humanity of the story, and from 8 in the morning till 6 in the evening six thousand people sit without fatigue or impatience—indeed, in breathless anticipation—and shudder and weep together over the tragedy of the Atonement as set forth by these humble, obscure people.

At 5 in the morning the visitors are awakened by the music of the village band passing from street to street, and the voice of church bells calling all to early Sunday Mass. The church is crowded, and even the churchyard is full of kneeling worshippers who follow the service through the open doors and windows. All the chief performers have been to confession the previous afternoon, and are now given the Sacrament. By half past seven the whole village is streaming toward the theatre—a great wooden pavilion, about two-thirds of the seats being under cover. The stage, like in every detail to the stage as arranged by the Greeks, with the seats nearest it under the open sky, has a background of wooded peaks, amid which the early mists are still curled, and blue heavens. Not far away to the left, in plain view, is seen on an eminence the great marble crucifix and group of women given to Oberammergau by King Ludwig. The unseen orchestra plays a fine old Gregorian chant and there files in from the two sides the chorus of men and women, dressed in long tunics of white, long red cloaks, and with gold crowns upon their heads. They sing the prologue. Many have noble voices. The men are handsome and stately, and the women, with their gold crowns, the flaxen hair and bright cheeks, look like quaint madonnas and saints out of the early pictures. Before the centre portion of the stage hangs a curtain, which now rises and shows Adam and Eve being driven from Eden with a flaming sword, and a serpent wound about the tree of life. Again the curtain rises and shows children, women and angels grouped adoringly about the cross. The chorus retires; a multitude pours upon the stage from every quarter, bearing palm branches and singing hosannas to the man who rides upon an ass in their midst—a very remarkable figure clothed in a gray gown, with a crimson mantle. It is the face and figure of a peasant, but of a peasant transfigured and uplifted by a sort of reverent ecstasy of emotion. About him are grouped his disciples: John the beloved leading the ass—hardly more than a boy, with a seraph face framed in waving locks, and garments of the clear red and green seen in cathedral windows—a tangle-haired lowering-faced Judas in two shades of yellow; a gray-haired sturdy Saint Peter; a gray-costumed is beautiful, all in simple clear colors like stained glass, massing with most harmonious and beautiful effects.

There has been a general tension felt throughout the great crowd before this entry. It seemed bold and half-sacrilegious that any one should attempt to impersonate the Saviour, but not the most sensitive feels that he can object to the holy dignity in the air of this man who seems to say: "I do not pretend to give you the illusion that I am the Christ. I only humbly walk in His garments and repeat to you His words."

Then comes the scene of the driving of the money-changers from the Temple, in which flocks of doves from the overturned cages take swift flight toward their homes in the village. After Christ has passed out with His disciples the enraged traders endeavor to stir up the people against Him and a meeting of the Sanhedrim is called. The next tableau is of the sons of Jacob plotting against Joseph, and the act is occupied with the stormy session of the Sanhedrim, over which presides a superb old high priest in white silk and green velvet embroidered with gold. It is the Burgomaster Lang, whose beautiful young daughter has been trained from her childhood for the part she takes to day of the Virgin Mother.

Strangely real does this representation make the story of the gospels. This Caiaphas ceases to be a cruel shadow and becomes the dignified chief common sense on his side; and only a Nazarene peasant who has blasphemed the law and outraged the daily order of the Temple against him. The silence, the proud meekness, of this strange peasant increases his anger, drives

him further than he meant to go perhaps; the refusal of the Roman governor to be dictated to inflames his proud temper and persuades him to carry out his intention at all hazards; but one finds he is only the same type of intolerant ecclesiastic that is still common enough to day. And with this sudden light of humanity thrown upon the picture, the Passion becomes a real, vivid, intense tragedy. One's heart begins to beat quicker. All the great audience sits without murmur or movement and follows the story with eager, hushed interest. Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea rise and leave the council, refusing to be party to the Sanhedrim's purpose.

The two tableaux represent the departure of Tobias, and the lamentation of the bride, in the Song of Solomon, for the absent bridegroom. In this act Christ sits at Bethany and Mary Magdalene pours the ointment upon His head. There is a sense of sadness and apprehension upon them all, and the devil enters into Judas, who, the treasurer of the party, sees the bag empty, the hope of earthly kingdom for his master vanishing, and some tragedy evidently approaching. He has abandoned his trade, fallen out of favor with his people and the priests, and now the man for whom he has made these sacrifices seems to hope for nothing but shame and death. He is sullen and enraged, and feels himself deceived and tricked. Christ, departing, takes leave of His mother and His friends, telling them plainly He goes to great danger and trial, but puts by their remonstrance with such high courage that they, weeping and awed, let Him go.

The sixth tableau typifies the doom of Jerusalem in the rejection of Vashti and the raising of Esther to her place, and the act opens with Christ's prophecy of her fate and that of her people. Then He sends forth John and Peter to meet ready for the Passover. Judas, left alone, is approached by the envoy of the high priests, who wish to learn from one of the disciples where his master is likely to be found at night, when his arrest will not arouse popular excitement. Angry and bitter, a short struggle with himself ensues. If this Jesus is what He pretends, He can easily deliver Himself from His enemies. If He cannot, then He deserves nothing better. In any case this great sun offered by the priests means wealth for him.

The new tableaux, very beautiful ones, typify the bread and wine of the Last Supper in the giving of the manna, and the return of the spies with the cluster of grapes. The act shows the Last Supper in the upper chamber, copied in its setting and grouping from Da Vinci's famous picture—as indeed are all scenes and tableaux copied as far as possible from famous paintings of the Passion—principally Albrecht Durer's. The disciples drink and eat of the Communion and Christ washes their feet; this scene being acted with such pure and lofty solemnity that the audience holds its breath and the tears are in all eyes. After which follows the agony in the garden, during which one realizes for the first time how the Man shrunk from the bitter cup that the God stooped to drink. The soldiers burst in upon this, and dragged Him away, but not before His spirit has found that high peace and patience that support Him through two days of anguish and persecution.

It is 1 o'clock now. The sky has grown gray and dreary and the hills are veiled in mist. There is an intermission of an hour for dinner. No one seems fatigued after this long five hours of attention, but every one here hears people saying to one another: "What do you think of it?" And the answer always is: "I don't know what to think. It is very strange, very remarkable. One feels no sense of irreverence. But where do these obscure peasants learn to act like this? One feels as if they were moving in some holy dream."

The theatre empties and fills itself again in an hour—the audience returning eagerly, and hushed in an instant upon the return of the chorus. An English Bishop is there with all his family, many priests, some women in the garments of an Order, a party of boys hardly in their twenties, who have come on a walking tour through the mountains—jolly enough on most occasions, but very serious, very quiet to-day. French women with their heads bound in handkerchiefs, all grave and eager.

Christ is brought before Annas, is hustled and insulted and carried to Caiaphas, silent always, with pale patience and dignity. The high priest regards Him with bitter curiosity and is enraged at His silence, sending Him to the guard-room until the council can be summoned. Then follow the scenes of Peter's denial, and of Judas's hideous, torturing remorse when he finds that his Master is consenting to die. The man acts with a frightful passion of earnestness and has had offers this season from the managers of various theatres, but says he cannot simulate a feeling; he is feeling what he does here—remorse, terrible beatings against powers he has set in motion and cannot check.

Then comes the trial before Pilate, a

dignified, noble Roman, reluctant to be party to this infamy, though his hands are tied. The man has been convicted by the Jewish law and has no word to say in his own defence; only the governor's acquiescence in the usual legal processes is needed. But he struggles hard to save the man from the mob's fury; struck, perhaps, by the aspect of this bruised, beaten creature, sinking with fatigue, but clinging, speechless, with white face and trembling body, to some great purpose. He tries all arts, sends Him to Herod, and finally yields, crying out with terrible unconscious prophecy, "His blood be on your heads!" to which the mob answers exultingly, "On ours and on our children's!"

The tableaux here are of the bringing of Joseph's bloody coat, and of the offering up of Isaac on Mount Moriah, and there follows the scourging of Christ, the crowning with thorns, the mockery, and scarlet robe. The most splendid of all the tableaux follows, of Moses raising the brazen serpent in the wilderness. When this is done Christ appears, driven by the mob and carrying His cross. The disciple John and Christ's mother come in from the other side, timidly searching for Him, not knowing His fate. Her cry of "My son! My Jesus!" when she catches sight of the cross and all in an instant realizes what is before Him, makes the people shudder and breathe hard. Some mothers in the audience sob aloud. She rushes forward and would bear His burden for Him, but is driven away by the soldiers. He staggers and falls beneath His burden and Simon bears it away.

Before the curtain rises again a knocking is heard of driven nails. The two thieves are bound to their crosses, he on the right an old man with a terrified, humble face. The man to the left is young, not more than twenty, with a body of the most faultless symmetry—a young Hercules—and a proud, evil, beautiful face. He holds up his head and will not show his pain. The centre cross is not lifted yet—one of the soldiers is affixing an inscription—but immediately they raise it on their shoulders and set it upright. The audience cannot believe its eyes. The thorn-crowned figure hangs with nails in its feet and hands. Later it is taken down in full sight of all, but no other means of fastening it there can be seen. No one in Oberammergau can be got to explain this mystery.

The mother comes and sits at the foot of the cross, not weeping nor complaining, gazing in helpless, dry-eyed anguish at the child she has borne beneath her heart, nursed in her bosom. Oh, passion of motherhood! What have not been the agonies you have borne since He created the world? Never anywhere has a blow been struck at man that the weapon was not buried in the heart of some mother. He does not forget her; He says, "Woman, behold thy son!" and beside her kneels the beloved apostle.

There are but few words more and then He cries with a loud voice and His head droops forward on His breast. The soldiers break the limbs of the thieves. He of the haughty young head shudders suddenly and grows limp beneath the blows. They regard the man already dead curiously and one pricks His side with a spear. Blood spurts out, and all the six thousand draw in their breath sharply, with a hiss of horror that curdles the heart to hear. So dies the peasant in Galilee—"and He being lifted up hath drawn all men after Him!"

Later He is taken down, but first one goes up and lifting the cruel crown from the helpless head, comes and lays it at the feet of the mother. There is something of pathos in this silent act that, from those who have held their souls down with teeth on lip, brings forth an uncontrollable burst of tears. He is entombed, but when the curtain rises again the door rolls back, a figure in vapory white stands for an instant against the blackness of the grave and then glides, vanishing, among the rocks.

Again the curtain rises, and slowly He ascends, surrounded by angels. The audience streams away. There is not a face that has not been washed with tears—that is not pale and grave. They do not talk much, but there are few hearts that have not been, for a while at least, awed out of selfishness, flippancy, or cynicism—have not been stirred to humility and shame by the story of the Passion as acted by these Bavarian peasants.—Elizabeth Bisland, in The Cosmopolitan.

## Skies at the Crucifixion.

If some astronomical calculations recently made may be believed, the planets which gravitate around the sun will, this month, about Easter-time, be in relatively the same position in the heavens as they were in the spring of 29 A. D., which is the year when Jesus Christ is generally supposed to have been crucified and to have risen from the dead. Not since that time has this coincidence occurred.

Each of the heavenly bodies has its own time for making a revolution around the sun, and these times differ widely. The earth, as everybody knows, goes around once every year. Mercury takes but a quarter of that time, while Saturn is employed for nearly thirty years in making a cir-

cuit of the path laid out for him. Consequently, in all those hundreds of years they have never yet moved into the same positions which they occupied in the month of April, 29 A. D. Neither are they expected by astronomers to be in exactly the same positions as they were then, for the attraction of other planets and of the sun has caused variations in their respective cycles during these eighteen centuries. It is for this reason that the recurrence of a similar condition of the skies possesses no scientific interest to the astronomer. But to the millions of Christian people all over the world it is an important coincidence that they should see, during Holy Week of this year, the heavenly bodies almost as they were when Christ looked up to them nightly in the rapid succession of events which marked the fortnight preceding His crucifixion.

## A LENTEN SERMON.

Men and Women of the Sacred Passion, by the Bishop of Wheeling.

A very large congregation listened to the Lenten conference of the Right Rev. Bishop Donahue Sunday night. His subject, "The Men and Women of the Sacred Passion," was so treated as to bring the details of the scenes vividly before his hearers.

He spoke of the usefulness of turning for a time our gaze from the central figure of any great act or movement and studying the minor characters of the drama. These often show the strength and the weakness of human hearts, the springs of motive, the play of passion, the heavy fall and the rise to grace; in a word because they are of our own clay we feel in their warm, deep and personal interest. Besides the record of their acts is also the inspired word and, in the language of St. Paul, "what things so ever were written were written for our learning."

A commanding figure in the tragedy of Calvary is Peter. He is the embodiment of earnestness, fire, faith, all that is big-hearted and broad and manly except in the one great crisis. He uttered the immortal act of faith, "Thou art Christ the Son of the living God!" He was a man of mettle and spokesman in all emergencies. In every community, in every parish there are counterparts of Peter, and, despite their faults, we love them. His radical faults were mere natural affection for our divine Lord, an inability to comprehend the nature of his mission and more than all an over-weening confidence in himself. He wanted to die with our Lord; "though all the world were scandalized in Him he would not be scandalized." Though one against a thousand he drew his sword in defense of his Master, but after that his courage oozed from his finger tips, and with the other disciples, he fled.

Although, however, Peter's fall was foredoomed of God, to show him and all congregations the insufficiency of human strength, still the occasion of that fall was a woman's inquisitiveness and a woman's tongue. The preacher enlarged upon this theme, denouncing the meddling busy-bodies who go about disturbing the peace of individuals, families, and even nations, setting life-long friends at variance. He quoted also the Epistle of St. James, (chap. iii.) upon the poison of the tongue. Yet this one woman was the sole blot upon her sex in the whole Passion.

Judas for all time stood out the embodiment of greed. He was swept from grace, not by some torrent or whirlwind of passion; but the cancer of covetousness began from within, and ate its way silently and stealthily into his very soul. He was a priest, Bishop, apostle, but none of these, with their multitudinous graces, saved him, nor will it save men now.

Next in order of treatment came St. John, who by the misconceptions and bungling of alleged artists is represented as a long haired, sweet faced, effeminate man, but when the lion like grizzly Peter denied and fled and would not venture near the cross, he stood with our dear Mother beneath the very shadow of its arms. So in our own lives. The hour of distress and danger and death reveals the true man and hero. How glorious as a whole is the record of the weaker sex in this tragedy of blood!

"Let me present that beautiful, oh, yes! beautiful character of the crucifixion—St. Mary Magdalene; also Mary Cleophe, St. John and the blessed Mother of Jesus," said the Bishop. He dilated in beautiful and touching words on their fidelity to Christ even to the last—how they stood around the dying Saviour on His hard death bed and were His only faithful friends to the last. He appealed to all to steadfast to Christ as these were, and amid crosses and trials. He dwelt long on these characters, and showed how they are real types of true Christianity.

There have been great missionaries, confessors, Bishops, doctors, pastors. They have done great works, and have taken with them numberless converts or penitents to heaven. They have suffered much and have a superabundance of merits to show. But Mary in this way resembles her Divine Son viz. that as He, being God, is separate by holiness from all creatures, so she is separate from all saints and angels, as being full of grace.—Cardinal Newman.







APRIL 13, 1895

A SISTER OF CHARITY.

During one of the days of the year 1836, a solemn silence reigned under the lofty arches of Notre Dame de Paris. Thousands of auditors, agitated, attentive, troubled by the accents of a friar preacher, held in their breath, stifling thus even the pulsations of their hearts. Leaning against one of the columns of the old edifice, I saw around me, hanging, as it were, on the lips of the priest who spoke, the greatest and most learned among the men, the most spiritual among the women, the most distinguished among the scholars. The friar preacher conducted us, by the charm of his words, into that sphere from whence the soul, rocked on the wings of religion, flutters into space, and sees beneath it all human philosophies. The subject of the conference was, "The Means of Acquiring Faith." These words struck my mind—"The religious science is learned by the study of religious phenomena." The shock of that idea was for me as that of the steel upon the flint which crushes it—a brilliant sparkling. I was under the impression, sorrowful, but at the same time voluptuous, that is given by a new idea, piercing an obscure doubt, and discovering a broad way of light, when formidable words resounded above my head, the preacher exclaimed: "Insects of a day, lost under a sprig of herbage, we exhaust ourselves in vain reasonings; we ask ourselves whence we came, whither we go." The sprig of herbage was the cathedral of Paris, the stately church of a thousand years, immortal by the arts, immortal by religion! The insect of a day was that French society, forever renowned by its learning, by the splendor of its work, by its riches and its beauty. The Abbe Lacordaire had subjugated my mind. The feeling of admiration could not be carried farther. The next day a military duty led me to the hospital. I went there to visit a poor soldier, my serjeant of the Spahis of Constantinople, and whom a malady, contracted in Africa, conducted slowly to death. Science became powerless, and passed inattentive and without stop by the pillow of the bed of my trooper. The family absent, scattered, perhaps brought to nought, had never visited this solitary bed. Of friends and comrades, none were seen around the bed of that man who came from far-off countries. He was alone on the earth; none here pronounced his name, and they scarcely knew who he was. The number twenty-three traced on a small board, was fastened by a nail to the head of the bed of that man. Two ciphers, which had served many a time, which will serve many a time again, distinguished this unfortunate from the others. I had known him formerly full of strength; a jovious trooper, he enlivened our marches; a brave soldier, he bore life heartily. I liked him, and I had proved his attachment to me in many perilous conjunctures. Nevertheless, when I stopped at the foot of his bed, it seemed that he did not know me. His eyes were fixed upon me, but no intelligence beamed from them; from his half-open lips, immovable and dry, an irregular respiration, checked, escaped with difficulty. His wasted hand, white and cold as marble, did not even thrill at the contact with mine. At the aspect of that vast silent hall, inhabited by affliction, I thought of the immense cathedral where the day before I heard the voice of Father Lacordaire. This crowd of sick, whose bodies and intelligences are almost brought to nought, made me think of that multitude of yesterday so powerful and happy. The sprig of herbage and the insect recurred to my memory. Pensively I regarded that man, and I confess to my shame, the elevated discourse of the illustrious Christian orator appeared to me insufficient. I asked myself, Can genius descend sufficiently nigh to the earth to touch the sprig of herbage, and the look of the eagle, which is fixed upon the sun, can it, dazzled as it is by the luminous rays, distinguish the insect which dies under the blade of grass? I called to the sick man in a loud voice, but he remained deaf and immovable. His looks were always fixed on mine, and all proved, nevertheless, that he saw me not. The soul still inhabited his body, but it was shrouded in the most secret recesses; it withdrew itself there, so that God alone could find it again. The senses, the interpreters of the soul, were all asleep. A noise, light as that of the leaf fluttered by the breeze, came to me. That almost imperceptible sound which I scarcely perceived towards it, his face brightened, his lips sought to smile, and the blood circulating in his veins carried the life to his hands, which crossed themselves on his breast. My look followed his, and I saw near me a Sister of Charity; the dying man had heard her first. The servant of God came to resuscitate that soul, as the invisible dew of morning revivifies the withered plant. Approaching the bed, the poor girl wiped off the cold sweat which covered the soldier's face, and bending down to his ear, she said in a sweet voice: "Joseph, how are you?" In this abode he was for all you? "No, 23"; for me he had always been the trooper Meyer; for her he was Joseph. Joseph! His mother named him by this sweet name under the thatched roof cottage of the village; in this name, almost forgotten by the poor soldier himself, there were the dearest

remembrances of his life; his careless childhood in the forests of Alsatia, the play, the carresses, the happiness, the tears of the beloved family. Joseph! Not here was he thus named, but by his sister, his brothers and his mother; it was only at the hamlet that his old friends knew Joseph. Joseph! It was his name in heaven; the priest had given it to him, a protector near God. The trooper Meyer had not acknowledged his captain; the Christian Joseph recognized the Sister of Charity. After having contemplated him for some moments, as a mother looks upon her child, the Sister opened a napkin which she carried, drew from it some flowers, and spread them on the bed of Joseph. The sick man thrilled, his eyes sparkled, and his hands wandered over the flowers, caressing them. For the first time the Sister of Charity seemed to perceive me. Recognizing in me an officer of the army, she comprehended that we were of the same branch. Then, without preface, she said to me: "Joseph was a gardener before he entered the service." Oh! Cathedral of Paris! magnificent accents of eloquence! illustrious auditory! I saw you again at this moment, and I thought of the sprig of herbage and of the insect. The genius of Michael Angelo, the sublime eloquence of Bossuet, all the human sciences, could they equal that act of charity of that poor girl, who intuitively felt that the flowers were necessary for that dying gardener? No doctor had printed that in his books, no philosopher had counselled it, and yet the Sister knew it. I had thought she brought some balm to alleviate the pains of the body, or some religious discourse to direct the soul towards heaven; I expected to find in her a reflex of the cares of physician, or the solicitude of the confessor; but instead of the sciences, human or divine, I found charity! With curiosity, mingled with interest, I observed Sister Martha. Grown old by fatigue and labors, she seemed to be forty years of age, but she was scarcely thirty. Her wanness contrasted with an apparent and real strength; as for the rest, in her person there was nothing remarkable, if it was not that almost etherealized look, so pure and translucent, which the painters of Italy give to their Madonnas, and then a tone of voice, sweet but strangely melancholy. Her large head dress of dazzling whiteness, her dark clothing, the chapelier suspended from her girdle, and her wooden crucifix—in short, the whole appearance and costume of the Sister are too well known to give here the least description of them. My unfortunate soldier was the pretext and the subject of a very short conversation between the Sister and me. I informed her that Joseph Meyer had been one of my soldiers. I knew that she was Sister Martha, a daughter of our country, poor and uneducated. Like the soldier, the Sister of Charity had left her country to serve; he was a servant of the country, she the servant of the poor. Subjected both to rude privations, to painful labors, clad in coarsest materials, strangers to the science of the world, they pass their existence in sleepless watches for the society; the soldier in the camp, the Sister in the hospital; she kneeling by the bed of death, he standing on the frontier marches. Twelve years after the time of which I have just conversed with you, on June 25, 1848, I rapidly directed my way, with the battalions which were confided to me, towards the Hotel de Ville of Paris, following the quays of the Seine. From the Port des Arts I found only solitude; thick clouds of smoke raised themselves slowly above Paris, and incessantly renewing themselves, rested almost immovable, crowning the edifices. Frightful detonations of musketry were heard, and from minute to minute the great voice of the cannon made itself heard over all the tumult. At a distance the fatal call of the tocsin responded to the roar of the artillery. We marched forward always without hearing a single human voice. A merchant, whose shop was open, examined the space with an uneasy eye and attentive ear; he said to me: "Here it comes. Run! run!" Then the merchant closed his house, and I heard the sound of the bolts and the iron works of the door. The battle had taken its most terrible development. Very soon we were in the presence of the insurgents. General Davivier, who had just been morally wounded, and whom I saw, alas! for the last time, occupied the square of the Hotel de Ville; behind him two pieces of artillery swept a street. At the entrance of the square, on the side of the river, a battalion of young mobile guards, all bloody from its glorious combats of the day before, prepared itself for the attack of the barricades which enclosed us more and more. The spectacle of destruction could not be more complete. The houses tumbled down, struck by the bullets. From those parts of the walls which still stood in the midst of the surges of dust, human bodies, living yet, glided rapidly to be enshrouded under the rubbish. Some of these insurgents got up again bruised, and seeking to flee in the shadow to rejoin their accomplices. Some cannon and fuses appeared stealthily at the windows, and, directed by invisible hands, struck down our companions. Loud cries arose on all sides, the cries of rage stifling those of anguish. On the side of the inclined roofs a spark appeared frequently,

and the ball struck at random among us. Then a well-directed bullet smashed the roofs and the shooters. The vent-holes of the cellars vomited the dead; the houses pierced open, tottering, seemed to balance themselves; the ground was strewn with diamonds of broken glass, which fantastically sparkled in the sun, and cracked under the feet; along the parapet of the quay the wounded, in their agony, begged us for a glass of water. However formidable was the noise of the place where we stopped for an instant, a distant roar, more formidable still, reached us from all points of the horizon: Paris struggled in the grasp of a supreme crisis; civilization was then to die or live; those to whom reason had not told it divined it by instinct; it is this which explains the reciprocal fury of the battle. In the meantime the soldiers brought in every moment prisoners, arrested with arms in their hands. Our turn came to march to the barricades. A strong column, formed of troops of the line of mobile guards and national guards, run up from the Provinces, began to move. A score of mobile guards, children of Paris, formed the vanguard and the flankers. They took this post without an order, because it pleased them. One of them, whom I seized strong by the arm to hold him in his rank, said to me: "Hold, hold, I wish to see myself, and your grenadiers hinder me." This young fellow had certainly never read Charron, and he expressed the same idea in the same terms; Charron relates that a brave gentleman "mounted on the heaps of corpses to see more nearly." Three battalions were successively carried; the fourth was a wall, a real embattled free-stone wall, that it was impossible to approach without artillery. The order was given to turn the position, and to walk by the houses; we therefore beat a retreat, a little precipitately, into the crossing streets. I entered one of these streets at the same time as about thirty of the common batmans, soldiers of the line, mobile guards and national guards of the Provinces; the rest of the column, thrown into disorder, sought a cover beyond the first barricade carried by us. The street in which we marched was so contiguous to the formidable barricade that we were still in the midst of the atmosphere of smoke produced by the general discharge. I comprehended suddenly that we rested on the ground of the insurrection, and that we would be taken if the defenders of the barricade, freeing themselves from the obstacle, attempted an offensive return. I would wish that words could paint as rapidly as the facts I am about to attempt to recount unrolled themselves. All that was as prompt as thought. In a damp and gloomy courtyard, on the bloody straw, the Sisters of Charity had established an ambulatory hospital. They were ignorant to which of the parties this corner of the earth belonged; they knelt near the wounded; soldiers, mobile guards, insurgents, or national guards, they dressed the wounded, praying to God for them. Sullen and overproud, the men, just now so terrible, abandoned themselves to the hands of these poor girls. When, with one glance of the eye, I saw what I have written so slowly, two soldiers of the line brought in a mobile guard, whose shoulder had been shattered by a ball, and who sent forth piteous cries. He was a youth of sixteen years, with blue eyes, fair hair and fresh complexion. A Sister of Charity, bent over a dying insurgent, rose up, supported the young man in her arms, and tore off his tunic quickly; she still held the uniform of the youth in her hand, when a band of insurgents issued tumultuously from the house which faced the ambulance, and of which the door had just fallen at our feet. The chief of that band, clad with a blue blouse, carried a hunting knife at his red girdle, a handkerchief rolled round his head; his mouth, blackened by the cartridges, gave him a strange appearance of ferocity. He saw before all the uniform of the mobile guard in the hands of the Sister of Charity; she had turned her back to me, and her face was hidden from me. "Traitor," cried the insurgent, with a horrible imprecation, "thou diest." Then he threw himself upon the mobile guard; the Parisian youth, crouched on his back, got up, seeking to shun the blade of the hunting knife; the man had thrown upon the ground his discharged fuse. Raising herself, the Sister of Charity made the sign of the cross, and placed herself in front of the insurgent. But he was no longer a man—vengeance, intoxication, perhaps—and he struck the Sister of Charity with the blade of his cut-throat. She reeled, and, falling on her knees near the noble guard, she wished to protect him still with her body, for already the blade was raised for the second time. Then a provincial national guard flung himself between the Sister and the assassin. With one stroke of the bayonet he extended the insurgent at his feet, whilst the blade of the cut-throat, directed toward the Sister, broke itself upon the cartridge box of the guard. From both sides the fusillade commenced; they shot each other with the muzzles to the opposing breasts; they battled hand to hand, and very shortly the smoke became so thick that we could no longer distinguish friends from enemies. But not a cry, not a word. They lasted only two minutes, but they were two terrible minutes. The onset was heard by our troops, and then the military tramp was heard; the chasseurs a foot appeared at the

end of the street, the insurgents precipitated themselves into the house whence they came, barricading themselves in it. Swept away by the breeze, the smoke began to ascend; between the two blue clouds, which curled upward into space, I saw Sister Martha on her knees, with blood on her breast, her countenance calm; standing near her, leaning upon his fuse, I saw the trooper, Joseph Meyer, who also looked up to heaven with her. God had permitted that the Sister of Charity might preserve the soldier, and that the soldier might serve the Sister of Charity. Before his departure from Paris, when the struggle was finished, I saw Joseph Meyer again, who for a long time I had believed dead. I learned from him how, by dint of watchings, of cares, of flowers, charity of words, charity of tears, charity of hopes, Sister Martha had restored him to life. During fifteen months Sister Martha disputed with death for the poor soldier who was unknown to her. For that man, poor as she was, ignorant as she was, the Sister was prodigal of the treasures of charity. Sometimes, in the spring, it was a ray of the sun that with difficulty she directed around him, to make his heart young again; in the winter, she brought some vine branches, which crackled on the hearth, and of which the sparkles, dancing idly, re-awakened in the memory of Joseph happy recollections, for he smiled; in summer, Sister Martha had mellow fruit for the poor soldier. The success of science might have been powerless, the tears of the family might have been insufficient; charity worked the miracle. Joseph Meyer at last retook the road so his native village, carrying away in the bottom of his knapsack the image of St. Joseph, rudely engraved in lead, which Sister Martha had got blessed for him. In this knapsack the Sister slipped some large woollen stockings, that the traveller might not be cold in crossing the Vosges. "Joseph," said she to him, on the day of departure, "be ye always charitable." When my soldier had finished his recital, I thought of what Father Lacordaire said: "The religious science is learned by the study of the religious phenomena." That idea brought me back again to the sprig of herbage and the insect; then to the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris, and to the people I had seen there—illustrious people, rich people, learned people, and who, perhaps, can never comprehend the difference which God has put between alms and charity. Joseph Meyer had told me of his happiness. A happy husband, father of a charming family, laborious workman, he saw comfort surrounding his homestead as with a frame, and joy springing up around him. A man of virtue and courage, he had not hesitated in the hour of danger to his country; tearing himself from his family, he seized his fuse, and hastened to the call of France. God had recompensed him.—Translated from the French, by John Stawal.

or *Principes Episcoporum*, so that it be no otherwise than Peter was *Principes Apostolorum*." We can not, if we would, shut our eyes to the fact that there is in Great Britain and Germany a rising tide of opinion which is setting towards what Cardinal Gibbons has aptly termed "The Faith of Our Fathers." The scattered sheep wandering in the wilderness of doubt and dissent have heard the voice of the great shepherd of the sheepfold, and are longing for the peace of that strong fold against which vulpine foes rage in vain, and against which the gates of hell cannot prevail. In England the Established Church is beset by a cry for disestablishment, by foes without and false teachers within. In Scotland, Presbyterian ministers admit that Presbyterianism has no hold upon more than 10 per cent. of the people, and that the doctrines of Calvin, Knox and others of that ilk are scorned and contemned by the brightest and best of the young men and women of Scotland and that part of the north of Ireland settled by the Presbyterians—the drift towards the Catholic Church or infidelity. In Germany, the Protestant sects, in the opinion of many Protestant ministers and professors of Lutheran theology, are steeped in agnosticism, and the people are drifting to sensuality and paganism. There was a time when American-Protestant theological students were sent to Berlin, for a finishing course in theology, but to-day, Protestant ministers throughout the United States would as soon think of sending students to a small pox hospital as to the so-called theological schools of Germany, which are the hot-houses of materialism and all manner of ungodliness. The present condition of the Protestants in Germany was foreseen by that wonderful man of gigantic brain power, Leibnitz, who, in a letter to Bossuet, on the subject of reunion with the Church of Rome, said, "Reunion will yet take place; it is the will of God." Bossuet, in a letter written on the 12th of August, 1671, "expresses a hope that the time is not distant when all Germany shall rejoice in the restoration of Catholic unity." In 1824, Bishop Doyle, of Kildare, writing of Church reunion in Ireland, said, "The union is not so difficult as may appear to many; the points of agreement are many. Its failure will be due more to State policy than to a difference of belief." PRICES THE FOES OF RELIGIOUS UNITY. The latest news from England is that Cardinal Vaughan, who is inclined to be sceptical about a reunion with the Church of England, will accompany to Rome the several English Catholic Bishops who have been summoned to appear before Leo XIII., and give their views relative to a reunion with the Anglican body. The undertaking is very dear to the heart of the Supreme Pontiff, who recently caused to be placed before him the documents filed during the pontificate of Urban VII., who sent many prominent ecclesiastics into England and Germany to bring about a reunion, which might have been accomplished but for the wiles of the statesmen of those countries, who, for selfish reasons, desired to keep the fires of religious discord burning. As was well said by one of the Cardinals who visited Germany in 1632 for the purpose of bringing about a reunion, "The foes of religious unity are not, as many suppose, priests, but princes." In this critical age when everything is weighed, measured, or analyzed, men and women who are sound thinkers are asking themselves it is wise to trust ourselves to so-called religious teachers who are blown about like chaff in every wind of vain doctrine, who change their views of doctrines as rapidly as a chameleon changes color? And is it not best to knock at the little wicket gate in the Temple of Truth where loyal hearts and true stand ever in the light of God's most holy sight? Let everything that man can do be done to speed the day when there shall be but one Church throughout the world. The humblest can do something toward the work in hand.—G. Wilfred Pearce in Boston Pilot.

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EASTER.

No one cannot but be influenced in some measure by the holy joy of the Easter festival. The lamentations of the past week have given way to canticles of exultation, and the trappings of woe have been changed into the vesture of rejoicing. The voice of the Church that bewailed the sufferings of Christ breaks out into glad, exultant strains extolling the power and glory of the risen God. The glad alleluias that pour heavenwards and all the pomp of ceremony and rubrical majesty give evidence of her joy and happiness, for the Resurrection is the last and convincing proof that she is divine.

When the body of the Redeemer hung on the cruel nails of the cross so stained and disfigured that Mary could scarce have recognized it, save for the unerring instinct of her mother's heart, and when the faithful few who loved Him to the end looked up through blinding tears on the face of the dead Christ, His enemies went back to their homes rejoicing at their triumph. His history was finished. But their joy was of short duration, for on Easter Sunday the Christ whom they fondly hoped to have silenced forever rose glorious and immortal from the dead, and an angel spoke the words: "He is risen: He is not here."

The Resurrection proves that Christ is God. During His life He worked many a wondrous miracle: and though each was sufficient to give testimony of His divinity, yet upon them He did not choose to rest the proof. He staked His entire cause upon His Resurrection. He foretold that He would lay down His life and take it up again on the third day. The Jews marvelled much at His prediction. It was ever present to their minds, and when the divine body was placed in the sepulchre they resolved to prove it false. No possible measure was neglected. They placed Roman soldiers around the grave, with orders to guard it sleeplessly and vigilantly. Anxious they were, for if the Christ indeed came triumphant from the tomb they were in very truth "whitened sepulchres fair without and within full of rottenness and dead men's bones," and they stood before the people without a vestige of authority.

Hour after hour passed by—the third day was approaching, and the body still slumbered. Quiet and peace were calming their troubled hearts, and they looked forward to the hour when in the temple and synagogues they might tell the people that the Nazarene was an imposter and deceiver. But see—there are little groups of men here and there, excited, face-blushed and talking low and earnestly. The word passes from mouth to mouth that the Christ was arisen. They tell the story that never grows old, how at the first dawn of Easter day the women go out to place perfumes and flowers upon the dead body, and they find the heavy stone rolled back, the body not within the sepulchre, and from the lips of an angel they hear the words: "He is risen, He is not here."

Hence we can well understand the joy of the Church, for every recurring Easter brings vividly to her mind the divinity of her origin and the inability of hell to accomplish her destruction.

Though this Easter day brings no change in the condition of our Holy Father the Pope, and though men of perverse mind are endeavoring by infidel works to eradicate her teachings from the minds of her children, yet is her courage unflinching. She cherishes the hope, and justly, that before many Easter days will pass by our Holy Father will again assume the temporal dominion of which tyrant hands have despoiled him, and his enemies (as they who have gone before) will see their maledictions return upon themselves and their attacks to come to naught. "The gates of hell will not prevail against her." Onwards and upwards she advances, always to battle, never to be defeated;

always to suffer, never to rejoice until the consummation of time bring her the diadem of glory and triumph eternal.

Of this she is confident, for He who clothed her in the robe of indestructibility proved Himself God. Therefore that word must come to pass: and so she exults and echoes the emphatic declaration of Peter: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God," and takes up the triumphant strain taught by her throughout the world: "For thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art Most High in the glory of God the Father."

That Christ rose from the dead has been the belief of ages. The proofs are so plain and evident that an attempt to cast upon it the shadow of a doubt never enlisted the energy of any one deserving of notice, no matter how much prejudiced against Christianity. It remained for modern times to hazard the assertion, as false as it is impious, that it is but a legend or a myth. To defend the assertion they must needs have recourse to arguments ill-becoming to be uttered by reasonable individuals. They tell us that Christ was not really dead when He was placed in the sepulchre and that the ointment employed in the embalming of the body healed the wounds and the chill air of the tomb revived the inanimate. St. John, however, assures us the centurion's lance transfixed the heart: "Forthwith there came out blood and water." That He arose from the dead is beyond doubt. Many times, not in a vision or a dream, but in broad daylight, was He seen by the disciples during the space of forty days.

Deny the Resurrection and the attitude of the Apostles is perfectly inexplicable. How explain the change from craven fear to dauntless courage? What influence transformed them into intrepid preachers fearing neither persecution nor death? Well they know the life that opens out to them, but they enter upon it as gladly as men ever went to marriage feast. There is no possible explanation of the fact unless we admit the Resurrection. A proof of Christ's divinity it is, a pledge also of the resurrection we all hope to have when time is no more, when in the land beyond the spheres we put on the vesture of incorruption.

MINISTERIAL CALUMNIATORS.

We have been so accustomed to read tissues of calumny emanating from Protestant Ministerial gatherings that we are not at all surprised that at a recent meeting of the Ministerial Association of Montreal, a paper was read by the Rev. W. T. Graham in which the character of St. Ignatius of Loyola, and of the whole Jesuit order, was vilely misrepresented and blackened, and that these misrepresentations were applauded and approved by the ministers present.

In the report of the proceedings as published in the columns of our Montreal contemporary the Witness, we are informed that the general opinion expressed was to the effect that the Rev. Mr. Graham's paper contained "just such facts as the public needs in these days, and that the best remedy for the evils indicated would be to give the facts to the people;" and it is added that "the association was very strong on this point."

Thus it appears that all Mr. Graham's mis-statements were endorsed by the association, so that thus an importance was given to them which by themselves they would not have possessed, inasmuch as the paper consisted merely of a rehash of all the falsehoods which have at various times been repeated against the Jesuits.

Mr. Graham states that the Jesuits were established for the purpose of counteracting the work of the Reformation. No doubt this was one of the objects which the founder of the order had in view, for the influence of the Church could not be extended without checking the growth of Protestantism, and the checking of Protestantism must necessarily be effected whenever and wherever Catholicism is successfully propagated. To this extent Mr. Graham is correct, but he is wrong in giving it out that the counteracting of Protestantism was the chief object of the order, which was to increase the glory of God in every possible way. For this purpose the maxim adopted by St. Ignatius was "Ad majorem Dei gloriam;" ("For the greater glory of God") and to this end the Jesuits devote their lives. In Europe, the natural consequence of defending the Catholic Church, whether through the establishment of Catholic schools and colleges, or by inculcating the prac-

tices of the Catholic religion, was the checking of Protestantism, but the efforts of the Jesuits extended to the bringing of the knowledge of Christ to heathen nations and converting them to Christianity. In this field extraordinary success followed the efforts of Jesuit missionaries, and converts were numbered by tens of thousands in India, Japan, Africa and America North and South. It is, therefore, a mistake to say that the only or even the chief object of the institution of the Jesuits was to combat Protestantism, though to do this was necessarily one of its objects from the very beginning, simply because it was the primary purpose of Protestantism to combat the Catholic Church. The defence and propagation of the Catholic religion was therefore necessarily associated with a counteracting of the efforts to establish Protestantism throughout Europe. But when it is remembered that both Luther and Melancthon declared that even in their time Protestantism had already degenerated into the throwing off of all the restraints of Christian morality, it is not to be wondered at that a society which had for object the greater glory of God should devote much of its energies to the counteracting of Protestant teachings.

Mr. Graham asserts that a Jesuit is authorized by the principles of his order, "to commit almost any crime without any feeling of guilt." Such an assertion is too ridiculous to need serious refutation. We have the Jesuits in Canada and throughout the United States, but we have yet to learn that even one of the order has ever been found guilty of any crime, whether against the laws of God or man. Surely this would not be the case if there were any particle of truth in Mr. Graham's statements. But, on the other hand, there have been numerous crimes, from polygamy to murder, brought to the door of Mr. Graham's co-laborers in the ministry. Mr. Graham treads on very precarious ground when he makes such assertions against Jesuits. He is simply a calumniator. He has evidently borrowed his facts from the fictions of Eugene Sue and similar writers; but Eugene Sue has the honesty to admit that his stories of Jesuit crime are purely the product of his imagination. Mr. Graham has not the honesty of the atheistical fiction writer.

One of the charges brought against St. Ignatius by Mr. Graham is his "intense and pitiable superstition."

To refute this, it is sufficient to refer to a work written by the saint for the purpose of leading souls to God—The Spiritual Exercises. This wonderful work is sufficient evidence that the saint knew far more of the true method of serving God than do Mr. Graham and all his confederates together, for altogether they have not produced such a work, showing the most intimate knowledge of the means best adapted to lead man on the way to perfection. Of this work of the founder of the Jesuits, another saint has said that it has brought more souls to salvation than it contains letters.

Mr. Graham is also said to have given a list of outrages and persecutions instigated by Jesuits against Protestants and monarchs and nations. As the details are not given, there is no further refutation of this charge needed than to say that it has a familiar sound. We are aware that such charges have been made before, and we have had occasion to refute them in detail in our columns. We need only say here that they have been proved over and over again to be calumnies.

The lecturer also stated that the Jesuit order "had been petted by the Popes: it had also been cursed by the Church. So much for infallibility."

This is simply a falsehood. It was never cursed by the Church nor by the Popes. It was dissolved by a Papal decree, because a Pope was forced, against his will, to issue such a decree. But in this there was no question of Papal infallibility, which extends merely to questions of dogma and morals. It is a mere matter of discipline and expediency whether or not a certain religious order should be preserved in the Church, but the infallibility of the Church is in no way concerned in the matter. The Church existed before the Jesuits, and taught the same doctrines which she teaches to-day, and her continuity of doctrine does not depend in any way upon whether the Jesuits exist or not as a religious order. There is, therefore, neither philosophy nor fact in Mr. Graham's statements, and the Ministerial Association renders itself ridiculous by its endorsement of them.

A WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE BILL.

A bill has been introduced into the Nova Scotia House of Assembly to grant the suffrage to women, and the usual arguments were used in favor of the measure, the chief one being the inherent equal right of women with men to take part in deciding how the country should be governed.

We by no means deny that women are quite intelligent enough to vote, and in truth many women are far above thousands of male voters in intelligence and honesty and in every quality which goes toward making up the character of a desirable voter, and we have no doubt the general influence which would be exerted if women actually exercised the franchise would be on the side of good morals and honest government.

But there is something else to be considered beside the comparative capacity of men and women to fulfill the duties of citizenship. There are a few women like Susan B. Anthony and others who have undertaken the advocacy of so called "Women's Rights," and who are constantly agitating for the right of women to vote at elections; but we can safely say that there is no general movement on the part of women to obtain this right. If it were granted to-morrow the great majority of women would not go to the polls, unless they were dragged thereto by some extraordinary influences. As a result, the influence which women would exert, in fact, would be merely on the side of such principles as are represented by the strong-minded class who are known as Women's Rights Advocates. We venture to say that the cause of good government would gain nothing by the franchise being exercised by these people. It is well known that their principles of morality are very lax, and on the marriage question, for example, they are subversive of the ethics of Christianity.

We may be told that the franchise would not be confined to this class of women if the right were once extended to the sex, and that, therefore, those who have correct moral principles would be able to counteract the evil which might be wrought by the class of women voters we have referred to. This may be true in theory, but we feel assured that in practice the demagogic women would have their own way as far as the voting is concerned. The majority of women do not wish for votes, and would not use them if they had them, or they would be induced to go to the polls only once in a while when it would be proved to them that their votes were then requisite in order to counteract the votes of other women who are less retiring in disposition.

A certain percentage of the sex would undoubtedly use the franchise if it were extended to them, but they would be chiefly those who even now spend much of their time in the advocacy of woman's suffrage. Would it be desirable to drag the great body of women into the mire of political campaigning for the sake of pleasing the class of women we have described?

We are decidedly of the opinion that it would not, even if the majority of women would be willing to go to the polls. There is a fitness of things in the natural order which prevents women from taking all the responsibilities of men. We read in classic lore that there were in ancient times a body of Amazons, or female soldiers, who made their mark as warriors, and the King of Dahomey at the present day has a troop of such Amazons; but all civilized countries exempt women from military duty: and it appears to be equally reasonable to exempt them from taking part in political contests.

It is all the more necessary they should be so exempted as the few women who would vote as a rule would not represent the general voice of the women of the country, most of whom would stay at home; and it is undesirable that the voters' list should be increased by a non-representative class, as would be the case practically if the franchise were extended to women; and that non-representative class would not be the best class of women.

It does not refute our position to say that the franchise is extended now to many voters whom it would be desirable to exclude, either because they lack intelligence or virtue, or that they are open to bribery. There is no human institution faultless, and the present voting system cannot be expected to be perfect in every respect; but we rely upon the best attainable general results, when all classes of voters are taken into consideration; and though the classes include men only, the total is really more representative of general opinion than would be the case if the advocates of women's suffrage were

to vote. It can scarcely be supposed that a franchise which includes nearly all the men will be the source of any legislation unjust to women; and as far as the purity of elections is concerned, they will probably be just as purely conducted as they would be if the franchise were extended to women. At all events there is no likelihood of the proposed Women's Suffrage Bill passing the Nova Scotia Legislature.

EASTER WISHES.

We wish our friends, and enemies, every blessing. Betimes our path is beset by various obstacles incidental to every journalist's, but we are not dismayed, nor are we discouraged. Disputes cease and truth endures. Tempests of animosity will lash the waves of our life into fury, but the same God who long since calmed the troubled sea will, in His good time, quell all turbulence and there will come a great calm.

DISESTABLISHMENT.

A telegraphic despatch announces that the bill now before the British House of Commons, for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, has passed its second reading by a majority of 304 to 260, which is a considerably larger majority than was expected for it, no doubt owing to the circumstance that there are members on the Conservative side of the House who are convinced of the injustice of inflicting on the Welsh people a Church in which they do not believe, and which by its oppressive manner of collecting tithes has rendered itself odious to the people, and they are unwilling to perpetuate the monstrous injustice.

It would be premature to infer from this that the bill will become law at once, for there is little, if any, doubt that the Lords will veto it, as they have already done with other measures which have passed the present House of Commons; yet it is not thought possible that the Lords will continue to set themselves in opposition to the will of the people, if, by a new election, the popular mandate be given again to Parliament to pass the measure; and as, on the other hand, there is little reason to doubt that if the issue of disestablishment be put squarely before the people, the verdict will be decisive against the State Church in Wales, with a larger majority against it than there is even now in Parliament, and as it may safely be assumed that the Lords would yield to the will of the people thus plainly expressed, we may safely conclude not only that disestablishment in Wales is near at hand, but that the whole question of the State Church will be taken up before long and that the Church of England itself will soon cease to exist as a State Church.

The Church of England has long ceased to be the Church of a majority of the people, and it has consequently been sustained only by the powerful influence of the aristocracy, against the persistent assaults made upon it of late years by the Nonconformists, who are rapidly increasing in numbers and power. The constant dropping of water will wear out the hardest stones, and so the Church will scarcely be able to resist much longer the herculean efforts now being made to bring it to a level with the other churches of the kingdom, and to let it stand as a voluntary institution, depending for its maintenance on the good-will of those who have confidence in its ministrations.

There is no doubt that it is a general feeling with the Bishops of the Church that the present agitation for disestablishment in Wales is an indication that a similar agitation will soon be raised for complete disestablishment, and this is the reason why most strenuous efforts are being made to avert the storm which is surely coming. Nevertheless it is positively asserted that there are many, even among those who belong to the Church, who are of the belief that it is an injustice to impose it upon the whole nation; and this is especially true when the case of Wales is considered, where not more than one-fourth of the population belong to the Establishment. Yet it was scarcely expected that the advocates of disestablishment in Wales would find recruits among the clergy of the Church if it is proposed to disestablish. Nevertheless it is confidently asserted that such is the case, and a recent issue of the Christian World asserts that, notwithstanding the opposition of the Bishops to disestablishment, a very large proportion of the Welsh clergy are really in favor of the measure, which they think would make the Church more acceptable to the people of the principality. It requires great courage in the clergy to declare them-

selves in accord with popular sentiment on this subject, yet many have done this strongly and clearly. The Christian World go so far as to assert that

"It is a notorious fact that three out of four of the Welsh clergy who have taken Holy Orders during the last ten or fifteen years are ardent Welsh Nationalists, and as such are longing for the day when the Welsh Church shall be set free from the trammels of State control."

If these representations are strictly true—and there is very strong reason to believe that they are—the time when Disestablishment will be granted to Wales cannot be far distant.

The only serious opposition which will be offered in Parliament to the Disestablishment Bill which is now before the House of Commons, will proceed from the House of Lords, but it is expected that this opposition will be removed by the circumstances already alluded to above, the popular mandate which is sure to be given at the next general election.

Among the people generally there will be little regret, even if the wider measure of total Disestablishment become law; for there is a growing feeling that the Establishment is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of effecting great political reforms. It has been remarked that, as a rule, the clergy of the National Church have opposed all the great reforms which have been effected in the interest of the mass of the people, and the impression has gained ground that if the condition of the masses is to be ameliorated, the only way by which this can be effected is by taking from the clergy the immense political power they enjoy through the fact that the Church is an institution of the State, and is maintained by the State.

THE SITUATION IN MANITOBA.

The news has been telegraphed from Winnipeg that in all the Protestant churches of the city sermons were delivered on the school question of the Province on the first Sunday after the reception of the remedial order sent by the Dominion Government, and calling attention to the fact that the Catholics of the Province have been aggrieved by the Provincial School Legislation, and requesting the Manitoba Government to remove the causes of just complaint.

The tenor of all the sermons is said to have been that the Manitoba legislation must not be interfered with by the Dominion Government and Parliament, which is equivalent to saying that the grievances of the Catholics are not to be redressed.

In the face of these and declarations to the same effect made by members of the Government of Manitoba, Catholics have been advised by many Ontario journals to rest satisfied with what reparation may be made by Manitoba itself for the injury inflicted on the Catholic educational system.

In reply to all recommendations of this kind, we have to say that there is no evidence that there is any inclination on the part of the majority in Manitoba to grant the justice demanded by Catholics, and the advice so ostentatiously tendered to us by our contemporaries is not one which we can honorably or conscientiously follow.

It has now been settled by the highest judicial authority in the Empire that Catholic rights have been unjustly interfered with, and it is the duty of all honest and loyal citizens to unite with us in demanding that the rights which have been taken from our co-religionists in the Western Province be restored.

We shall be quite content if Manitoba itself restore those rights, but if they are not restored by Manitoba it devolves upon us as a duty to demand justice from the Dominion Government and Parliament, and we shall not cease from so doing until that justice be obtained.

We are glad to be able to say that there are some among the Protestants of Manitoba who counsel moderation, and advise that justice be done; but the majority, strong in the conviction that local brute force will prevail, are at present declaring that the justice asked for must not be conceded. We must say once for all that we shall not cease to agitate this matter until the fullest reparation be made for the injuries inflicted, and we shall jealously watch the course of the Dominion Government to secure that justice.

The Manitoba Government, in spite of its braggadocio that it will yield nothing even to the decision of the Imperial Privy Council, has so far come down from its lofty position that the Legislature has been adjourned till May 9th, ostensibly that the matter may be considered before a reply be



mado to the demand of the Government of the Dominion. We hope that it may come to a more rational conclusion than it seems ready to adopt...

THE KNOWNOTHINGS.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following article, copied from the Boston Herald. Although it treats of the condition of affairs prevailing in the United States, brought about by the A. P. A. movement, it is also applicable to Canada, as we have in the Dominion a prototype of that peculiar organization.

We are somewhat surprised that our American friends had not ere this sung the funeral obsequies of the Know-nothing creation, as we in Canada have already given it a very respectable burial. This might be accounted for by the fact that Uncle Sam possesses in his territory a much larger quantity of the unlovely element which has left European countries, bearing away with it the fond hope on the part of the better classes of those countries that it will never return.

There is a very comical aspect of this movement in Canada. Not long since a large number of individuals were to be found craving for an opportunity to shed their blood for Protestantism. These same people, now that the political weathercock has veered in another direction, are willing to swear by all that is holy that the Pope is not such a bad man after all.

The following is the article from the Herald (edition of March 29):

The assurance of some individuals and newspapers in arrogating to themselves in a pharisaical manner a special amount of virtue, and by comparison consigning all others to condemnation, is receiving present emphasis in the so-called American movement. It takes a number of phases. For example, one of our New York contemporaries advertises the fact that it defends "the American constitution, the American idea, the American spirit—these first, last and all the time, forever."

This is, as we say, only one phase of the proverbial "Coddin, not Short," spirit, which elsewhere exhibits itself in the gathering of a few hundred individuals who are seriously disturbed lest some unknown invaders, headed ordinarily by the Pope of Rome, shall come into this country and overthrow its institutions. These excited individuals have discovered a vast conspiracy; they have found out in some occult manner that they are the only devoted friends of their country, and that the rest of their fellow-countrymen are, in the main, traitors to its constitution and eager workers for its overthrow.

Of course, these individuals, journalists as well as preachers, who take themselves with this astonishing amount of seriousness can hardly be expected to realize that if matters have come to such a pass that the great mass of our people, the government and the organs of public opinion are hopelessly foreignized, are no longer American, but are anything that one pleases other than American, then logically they might as well accept the fact that this is no longer America, but some other country. We are living under what are assumed to be free and representative institutions, and in the long run the majority are certain to prevail or, to look backward, may be said to have prevailed, so that the country and nation, such as it is and as it finds expression through its government, its newspapers and its public men generally, must be what the majority of the people desire. If this condition, whatever it may be, is un-American, and the only pure American ideal is that of those entertained by recently formed secret organizations, then the entire community, from Maine to California, must be a good deal like the little old woman who discovered when her dog did not recognize her that she was not herself, but somebody else.

As a matter of fact, no movement which seeks to set one class of our

people against the other, no leaders who assume an extra and uncalled-for degree of holiness, can have with any permanent force in shaping events. No section, no class and no religion is above reproach, and fortunately in all can be found those virtues which, if properly utilized, may be fairly called redeeming. We are here in this land to make the best of our opportunities, not by endeavoring to discover points of antagonism and by fighting each other, but by trying to find, if we can, points of resemblance and causes for united service. Now and then a time comes when the love of country demands the utmost sacrifices that can be made, when life and fortune have to be freely offered if national existence is to be maintained. But professions of high devotion—which are so easily made when there is no demand for anything but lip service—count for nothing, and at the present time the ones who best love their country are those who exhibit their devotion to her welfare by doing all that in them lies to aid the cause of efficient and honest government, and to improve the social and industrial well-being of the too often unregarded millions of their fellow-countrymen.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In making reference to the by-election in Quebec West the Chronicle of that city observes that that division having been always represented by an Irishman, it hopes there will be no departure from that custom. Regarding this the Toronto Mail and Empire says that an Irish party is something the existence of which the ancient capital would have difficulty in justifying. It would indeed be a lovely condition of affairs were all our people to go to the polls and vote as Canadians; but for the existence of such class distinctions as now prevail amongst us the Irish, we feel bound to say, are less responsible than any other element in the Dominion. Throughout the whole of Ontario, but more especially in the cities, to be an Irishman (unless of the Belfast type) is a very great source of weakness at the polling booths. Our Toronto contemporary must surely know that there is no city in America in which an Irishman, unless of the Orange type, stands so little chance of being elected to any position of prominence as in Toronto. This being the case, it ill becomes it to criticize the remarks of the Quebec Chronicle.

Provincial rights has become a fetish with the Toronto Globe in discussing the Manitoba difficulty. We cannot fairly say that our contemporary is actuated by any unfriendly motive towards Catholics, in view of the course it has taken for some years past in Ontario politics. So firmly wedded is our Toronto contemporary to what it calls provincial rights, that one would suppose there could not possibly be any such thing as provincial wrongs. The whole question resolves itself into this: The Province of Manitoba has broken, deliberately and without cause, the agreement which it solemnly made when it was organized into a province of the Dominion. If nations are justified in breaking treaties, if corporations and private individuals are justified in receding from solemn obligations when it appears to them advantageous so to do, then the province of Manitoba is justified in its course in regard to the Catholic schools. Our contemporary must surely recognize the fact that there must be a point at which provincial rights end and provincial wrongs begin. The Globe has all along argued, when attacks were made upon the Separate school system of Ontario, that the Confederation compact should be adhered to. An equally binding agreement was made by the Province of Manitoba. If that Province, then, were within its right in violating its obligations, would it not, by the same course of reasoning, be a provincial right were Ontario to follow in its footsteps?

An A. P. A. conspiracy has been detected in the Post Office of Savannah, Georgia, wherein the sharers in the plot signed a document pledging themselves to stand by each other, and not report each other's errors. They were to support each other in every way possible, and to secure the dismissal of Catholic employees by clandestine methods and hostile reports. Colored employees were to be attacked by similar methods, and it was the saying among the conspirators that "Catholics and coons must go." But the plan did not work smoothly, and the conspiracy was discovered accidentally through hints let fall by one of the employees whose case of dereliction of duty was being investigated by the postmaster. It was discovered that part of the plan consisted in mixing up

certain mails, and thereby bringing Catholic employees into trouble, through complaints to be made to the postmaster-general. The result has been the dismissal of a clerk named E. S. Payge, who drew up the document which the plotters signed, and sought to obtain signatures thereto. A society which is known as the Junior Order of American Mechanics, which has the same objects as the A. P. A., is implicated also in the infamous conspiracy. Would it not be well if our Canadian postmaster-general were to keep his eyes open for devilticks of this kind? If an investigation were set on foot it would not take him long to discover that some of our Canadian postoffices are honeycombed with this vagabondism.

It is stated that the Holy Father expresses great confidence that the political obstacles which prevent the reunion of the Eastern and Western Churches will ultimately be removed and the desired union brought about. He exhorts Catholics to pray earnestly for this object, which will be of great benefit to religion, and will give to all nations a new religious life.

Through the intervention of Mgr. Satelli, the Pope's Delegate to the United States, cordial relations have been re-established between the Holy See and the Government of Nicaragua, an envoy having been sent by the Nicaraguan Government to Rome, and a better understanding having been established between the civil and religious authorities of Nicaragua. There had been considerable friction between the two authorities, and a number of priests and many members of religious orders had been exiled by the Government; but under the newly established arrangement there is good ground for believing that the proscription will be shortly removed.

DR. JOSEPH ZEMP, the President of the Swiss Republic, is a practical Catholic and not merely a Catholic in name. An interesting fact has been authentically related of him recently which proves this. He came to the church of Berne to go to confession, and as the other penitents recognized him, they offered with one accord to make room for him, but he requested them to retain their places, and waited patiently for two hours till his turn came to enter the confessional. During the time while he was thus waiting he recited the rosary with great devotion setting a good example to other prominent Catholics.

MEMORIES OF HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Rome has become an unholy spot. Lent is as gay as possible; and the majority of folk one meets in the innumerable churches of the city have Bradshaws in their hands in place of prayer-books. I positively read the bills of eight theatres open on the night of Ash Wednesday! It is thus that the modern Roman humbles himself, and the spectacle has ceased to astonish me. Mask balls and concerts are placed all over the town. In short, Lent is a trifle gayer than the Carnival,—and that is saying something. But for the almanac, I, for one, would never have suspected that it was a season of penance.

Finding it utterly impossible to realize the solemnity of the occasion, or to follow the faithful who every day during the forty days of penance visit some one of the churches, that in their turn receive the worshippers with special services, I went my way lamenting my too late pilgrimage to the Capital of Christendom; and thus lamenting stumbled upon Holy Week with a delightful thrill of surprise. Now, I thought, we shall reform for a few days at least, and then Rome may do what it pleases without danger of shocking any one.

But not so. The celebrated Miserere was given at the Sala Dante in concert form, and it was not sung at the Vatican as of yore. Then it was repeated by request, and the operatic troupes—three of them—ran a heavy opposition. The theatres were also open, even on Good Friday; and this is one of the results of the "liberation of Italy." It is liberal, in the fullest sense of the word; and I realize it more and more the longer I stay here and the later I chance to be in the streets at night.

I don't propose to say anything about the "World's Cathedral," as Hawthorne calls St. Peter's. I may perhaps be allowed to suggest that when anybody pronounces it in his eyes or his heart, and not in that fascinating shrine of light and color and form and music, I don't know how to express myself, and I won't try. I do know that when I entered the great piazza, with its horizon of stone columns, that seemed to melt into another until there was nothing left but columns as far as the eye could see; when I saw those two great fountains playing in a storm of spray, and that antique Egyptian pillar that dates back almost to the beginning of

time: when I began walking across this wide arena, it didn't seem so very far up to the gates of St. Peter's—you can hardly call those triumphal entrances mere doors. But as I walked the building grew and grew, and kept receding; and I thought it would end by filling that side of the earth, and I should never get there, or perhaps fear to approach so vast and majestic an edifice. That was the first impression. Then came the moment when I crept in under the leathern curtain that hung at one of the entrances; and I saw nothing but space, musical with the harmony and waste itself in deserts, or grow monotonous, or fatigue the eye; but rather space that enriched itself and strengthened itself and glorified itself with infinite art. There was the sweetest, subtlest odor of incense pervading it; it was like the visible prayer of a vast multitude that no man might number; it was the only element that could possibly fill that fixed firmament. And it passed like a cloud from aisle to aisle; it faded away in hidden chapels, and returned again on the soft currents of air that love to visit every remote recess of the heavenly temple.

It was impossible to face all this and not feel awed. Yet there was neither nook nor corner to hide in; for on the one hand is a marble saint, who be-littles the greatest man who ever lived, with the white and silent splendor of its face and form; and on the other hand is a tomb, over which angels watch or beside which mourners weep; and everywhere there are pale doves, with calm, waked eyes, and cherubim, and seraphim; and above all the domes—not the one dome that crowds up into heaven itself, but smaller domes, full of gold and silver and jewels, such as one dreams of and none hope to see. Chapels everywhere comp into view from serene and sacred seclusions. Lights twinkle like stars—lights that seem to float in the air and feed on it. Here is a priest at Mass, with his little cluster of worshipful souls kneeling about him; and then a procession of seminarians pass slowly down the nave, in their long, dark robes. In the distance, black objects are moving to and fro; they seem like little shadows thrown upon the marble floor of the "World's Cathedral"; but they are in reality men and women, stalking about with eye-glasses and guide-books, and proud, shallow hearts, and evil tongues, who come hither for an hour or two and look about, and then go hence to talk glibly and foolishly of their disappointment.

I don't know how many times I have journeyed over the Tiber and into the edge of Rome, where stands St. Peter's. I am glad that I have lost my reckoning; for it is pleasant to think I have done it again and again, until it is hard to stop away from the ever-new, ever-increasing beauty. For the seven days of Holy Week I went daily; but the last day of the seven, and the Easter Sunday that followed were in nowise less lovely than the first hour of my communion there. It is not this chapel or that monument, nor the gorgeous shrine of the revered saint, nor the awful and splendid dome, that attracts chiefly. It is the inexhaustible resources of the marvellous space that make one loath to leave, or fear that one has missed something, or is about to miss something. And then, the atmosphere of the cathedral is so delicious. It is said the temperature never changes: that in summer, when Rome is sweltering, the unhappy sinner who is not able to go into the hills may come hither and get something of the sweetness and the freshness of the mountain air; and in winter, when there is hail and sleet and a bitter wind out of doors, within there is peace and the mellowness of eternal summer. And there is ever the throng of those who go up into this sacred hill to pray, mingled with the chant of sweet and far-away voices, that seems to awaken a chorus on the marble lips of these singing and praiseful faces. And the swinging censers throws out a little cloud of fragrant incense, that passes lightly from column to column, sanctifying all it visits, and slowly making the circuit of the magnetic girdle that hems this holy hall.

Dickens didn't like St. Peter's. Poor Dickens! who, like so many other tourists, rushed in and rushed out, and was full of disappointment because it hadn't staggered him within the few minutes he allotted it for that very purpose. But who expects these people to like it? Bless their hearts, that great curtain at the portals of St. Peter's flaps to and fro perpetually; and the marble sky of the dome, that looks as light as air and as fine as spun sunshine, soars over the marble floor, where these thousands of little crawling creatures are clustering like ants. Can a mind in a body of that size comprehend so awful a miracle as this at one sitting? I should say not. As for me, I have learned that St. Peter's is the one solitary magnet that can ever hope to draw me back to Rome, and I believe it might. For it, and it alone, I would sink every other object in this suffocating museum of antiquities. Yea, I would throw in a half dozen dreary, dingy, dusty Colosseums, if I had them, and feel that I had made a bargain.

I began this letter intending to say nothing about St. Peter's but I have betrayed myself. I meant to say something concerning the ceremonies of Holy Week, but I will not. I prefer to be consistent, and here the matter ends. Crowds of people flocked daily to the cathedral, and still the place seemed comparatively empty; I cannot conceive of its ever being full, under any circumstances whatever. The foreigners, here called the forestieri, were omnipresent. You heard all lan-

guages talked in voices that sounded unnecessarily loud; but there is little use in feeling shocked at anything in Rome.

While the Masses were being celebrated in the various chapels, while the confessionals wherein all Christian tongues are spoken were being visited by penitents, while the sacred relics were being exposed in one of the galleries under the great dome, the forestieri stalked about and regarded everything with indelicate, not to say impudent, curiosity. I wonder why gentlemen are always so ill-bred and why ladies are so vulgar? I have seen a woman with a loud American accent sit on the steps of an altar in St. Peter's and study her guide-book with an eye-glass; while her companion made wild gestures with his umbrella, and smiled a superior smile that grew unpleasantly like a grin as the muscles of his face began to harden. Meanwhile a priest who was kneeling at the altar in prayer was driven from his post, and the foreigners were left to their diversions.

Again and again I have seen a small party of tourists gather about the statue of St. Peter, looking with ill-disguised disgust at the faithful who were kissing the toe of it. I am afraid I took a sinful pride in kissing that toe whenever I saw this sort of thing coming on. You can usually tell it by the eyes glass if it is a male, or by a prim travelling dress and a camp-stool if it is a female. A fellow with excessively bad legs stalked before me one occasion during the exposition of the relics; and when I desired him to stand a little to one side—for as I was kneeling it was but just that he should have shown this consideration—he deliberately eyed me for a moment, and then ignored me. Had it been other than a church that we were in, I might have expressed an opinion.

Perhaps these people don't consider that it is not the custom of others who differ from them in any point of faith to go over the land haunting, like a pestilence, the sanctuaries that of course they cannot reverence. Probably this distressing class is not troubled with much reason or reverence or religion. This is the unavoidable nuisance that stinks in the nostrils of every man who comes to Rome, or to any foreign city, for the purpose of seeing it as it is and enjoying it to the best of his ability.

On one occasion I happened to be resting in St. Peter's, when I was attracted by the lusty lungs of a small baby who objected to infant baptism. There were a half dozen spectators watching the ceremony with considerable interest; and as the priest anointed the eyes and touched the lips of the youngster with oil and salt, a fallow and withered specimen of the forestieri, who stood by me, with her arm in the arm of one of her kind, turned about with a jerk and said, in an audible voice—they nearly all talk too loud: "The nasty thing! He put oil in its eyes and salt in its mouth. I'd teach him better, I guess." And I thought to myself, my unfortunate friend, God is merciful. The softest glance from your ill-favored eyes is not so soft as that drop of oil, and salt is probably sweeter than your smile. We had no conversation after that.—Ave Maria.

ORIGIN OF A DEVOTION.

Practice Inaugurated by Mary Devotees Into the Way of the Cross.

Tradition tells us that after Christ's ascension the Blessed Virgin was wont daily to travel from Pilate's house to Mount Calvary, along the way over which Jesus bore the cross, and that she paused at those spots made memorable by some insult, injustice, or cruelty inflicted on Christ. Who can form an idea of the Queen of Martyrs as she thus, amid those silent witnesses of the passion, meditated on the sufferings of her Divine Son? Must not every sight of the pillar at which He was scourged, of the tribune whereon He was mocked, of the spots whereon He fell, of the way marked by His blood, of the nails that transfixed Him and of the cross whereon He died, of the grave wherein He was buried, have been a sword which pierced her loving heart? How must her bleeding heart have melted in sympathy with her suffering Son! And oh, how she must have prayed that His sufferings and His death might not be for sinners in vain!

These pilgrimages were noticed. The sorrowful Mother was not permitted to make them alone. The holy women and disciples of our Lord accompanied her, praying in the spirit of her hymn:

Fount of love and holy sorrow,  
Mother! may our spirit borrow  
Somewhat of thy woe profound;  
Unto Christ with pure emotion  
Raise our contrite hearts' devotion—  
Love to read in every wound!

Thus the practice inaugurated by Mary grew into a devotion which has led Christians to devotion in veneration every place in Palestine identified with our Saviour. The devotion spread until every one who had a favor to expect or a transgression to expiate vowed to visit the Holy Land. Pilgrimages to Jerusalem became daily more frequent and numerous. The piously inclined resolved to spend their lives in the practice of mortification and prayer, where the very surroundings would constantly speak to them of the events in their Divine Master's life and death.

With the growth of Christianity the remoteness of certain peoples rendered for them a journey to Jerusalem so fraught with expense, difficulty, danger and sometimes disorder that many pious souls found it inadvisable, if not well-nigh impossible, to make a pilgrimage there. As those

that were called into the vineyard at the eleventh hour received as much as those "who bore the heat and labor of the day," so the same just Lord decreed that those who could visit Jerusalem only in spirit should receive the same graces as those who were privileged to do so in person, and by the erection of the Stations of the Cross or pictures representing our Lord's journey to Mount Calvary, every Catholic church became a Jerusalem to all souls who there sought the graces and indulgences of the Holy City.—Very Rev. D. I. McDermott in Our Lady of Good Counsel.

The Long Ago.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time,  
As it runs through the realms of text and rhyme,  
With a fanlike rhythm and musical rhyme,  
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime,  
And blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,  
And the summers like birds between,  
And the years in the sheaf so they come and they go,  
On their rickety breast, with its ebb and its flow,  
As it glides in the shadow and steen.

There is a magic Isle up the river Time,  
Where the softest of airs are playing;  
There is a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a nightingale's song,  
And the June's with the roses are staying.

And the name of this Isle is the Long Ago,  
And we bury our treasures there,  
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,  
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so,  
There are trinkets and treasures of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,  
And a part of an infant's prayer,  
There is a lute unswept, and a lute without strings,  
There are broken bows, and pieces of rings,  
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are saved when the fairy shore  
By the mirage is lifted in air,  
And we sometimes bear through the turbulent roar,  
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,  
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed Isle,  
All the day of life its night  
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,  
And our eyes are closing to slumber a while,  
May that "Greenwood" be south in the light of 1851.

Editor's Drawer, Harper's Monthly, July 1851.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

IN ST. JOHN, N. B.

At St. John, N. B. in all the Catholic churches on Sunday, there was special reference to the feast of St. Patrick. High Mass was celebrated in the cathedral by the Rev. A. Roubaud, assisted by the Revs. T. Casey and A. O'Neill. Bishop Sweeney was present, and the Rev. Mr. O'Neill pointed the lessons to be derived from the life and labors of Ireland's apostle. The Right Rev. Charles Connolly, V. G., preached on St. Patrick, the church of St. John the Baptist.

At High Mass in St. Donat's church, celebrated by the Rev. Foss, A. Donahue, C. H. R., assisted by Fathers Kunzham and Krien, the sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Sweeney. An unusually large congregation attended the Vesper service in Holy Trinity church the cathedral, delivered by the Rev. Mr. Patrick.

In the church of the Assumption, Causton, the Rev. J. J. O'Donovan preached at High Mass on Ireland's patron saint. On Sunday evening a sacred concert was given in St. Patrick's cathedral, for the benefit of the orphan asylum. It was a great success, as are all of Father O'Donovan's entertainments. The artists present were: G. G. Carron and Mr. McCarty, Messrs. J. Kelly, James McCarden, Hugh Campbell and F. McLaughlin.

County President Ferguson presided at the banquet given at the Grand Hotel No. 1, A. G. H., Monday evening. About one hundred members and friends of the society sat down to supper. Among the speakers were: Mayor Robertson, Dr. Doherty, Mr. McBride, E. J. Ritchie, J. Kelly, C. H. Campbell, F. E. Gallagher, J. P. Adams, T. Richardson, F. Gallagher, H. J. Sullivan, T. O'Brien, S. J. Kelly, Thos. P. Murphy, W. Hogan, J. Gallagher, J. Malloy, E. Funnigan and Dr. Maher. The speeches were interspersed with songs by Walter Wallace, J. E. Ayles, W. McCarthy, H. Campbell, C. K. Cameron, and a recitation by Dr. Burns.

The Opera House was crowded Monday evening when the dramatic club of the Young Men's Society gave their annual concert "O'Rourke's Triumph." The performance was one of the best ever given by the club, and was admirably profitable to all concerned.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE NIAGARA PENINSULA.

Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, author of "Early Missions in Western Canada," a work of much interest and value, has arranged with William Briggs for the publication of his forthcoming volume, "The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula." This interesting work, the publisher announces, will be a valuable addition to the general history—as it is, of course, more particularly to the Roman Catholic history—of the province, and will add materially to the already established reputation of the author. Beginning a study of the Niagara Peninsula, which, in 1625, visited the great Neutral tribes whose hunting grounds stretched from the Genesee to the Detroit narrows, the dean traces with his characteristic skill and accuracy, the history of the Roman Catholic Church in the Niagara peninsula down to the present day. His description of the Neutral tribes, known as the Attiagon, waramons, and other forms of government, is perhaps the most complete extant. The book will be profusely illustrated, and will no doubt have a large sale among those who are interested in the history of the primitive tribes of the Dominion. The publisher has done wisely in putting the subject matter into large, clear type, similar to that in Parkman's works and Mrs. Edgar's "Ten Years of Upper Canada."

St. Joseph's Church, Leasideville.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the parishioners took place recently in order to make arrangements for the annual concert which takes place on Easter Monday night in Duggan's hall, Broadway avenue and Queen street, east. Mr. T. Fiumani was unanimously elected chairman, and the wisdom of his selection in the selection of his concert, as none but good workers have been chosen. Father McEneaney is making strenuous efforts to reduce the debt on the church, which has been largely increased during the past two years by the many necessary improvements which have been made. Owing to a rather different way of working, the concert of late years have not been a financial success, so, on the suggestions of members of the committee, it was decided to return to the old order of things, when standing room could hardly be secured at the entertainments. The ladies of the congregation are kindly giving their assistance, and those wishing for a night's recreation could not do better than patronize this concert, as first class talent has been secured, while nothing has been left undone which will in any way contribute towards making this the most successful entertainment yet held in connection with St. Joseph's church.

He who is not patient with converts to God will forfeit many of his own graces before he is aware.—Father Faber.



**The Alleluia of the Pasch.**  
 Alleluia! the bells are ringing,  
 Up, high up, in the golden dawn;  
 Alleluia! the choir is singing,  
 Passionate and its shadows gone.  
 Alleluia! the birds are trilling  
 Over the eggs in their new-made nests,  
 Field and meadow and garden filling  
 With the joy of their feathered  
 breasts.  
 The world of nature round us rises,  
 Glad in resurrection green;  
 The world of grace all heaven's surprises  
 With risen Christ, earth unseal!  
 Alleluia! chants the river  
 To hill and mountain, sky and sea;  
 Evermore and still forever,  
 Float the echoes back to me:  
 Echoes of an angel chorus  
 (White robed in the garden gloom),  
 Shouting to the world in our ears,  
 "Christ hath risen from the tomb!"  
 All my heart springs up in greeting  
 To the rapture of this song,  
 "Alleluia!" (glad repeating),  
 "Hail! thrice hail, Thou Risen Lord!"  
 —Eleanor C. Donnelly, in Donahoe's.

**ENGLAND AND ROME.**  
**The Idea of a Reunion is Fermenting in the Anglican Mind.**

"An American Citizen" writes an interesting letter to the New York Sun from Nice upon the much-discussed subject of a reunion of the English Church with Rome. After commenting upon the lack of knowledge about the affairs of Italy and Rome displayed by the English press the writer continues as follows:  
 "What I have so far said has been said merely by way of a caveat to your readers against hastily accepting any comments which reach you from the English press upon a matter of the most serious moment to all Christendom, which has been the subject of much subterranean activity for some time past, both in Great Britain and at the Vatican, and which is not unlikely to be treated ere long in a formal, official utterance by the head of the Catholic Church. This is nothing less than the reunion of the Anglican communion with the Holy See. Baldly stated in this crude form the idea of such a reunion may not unnaturally strike many of your readers as a phantom of the clerical or theological mind unworthy of serious consideration by any practical man. How at this period of the reign of Victoria, "D. G. Defender of the Faith," and at the end of this nineteenth century of revolutionary chaos, agnosticism, positivism, socialistic and anarchical, is the work done more than three hundred years ago by Henry VIII. and the act of supremacy to be undone? How is the Pope, technically a prisoner in his palace of the Vatican, with the waves of Italian unbelief beating about the steps of St. Peter's, to make an end, with the beginning of the twentieth century, of a schism which the Pope, enthroned as a temporal prince and with almost every potentate in Europe supporting him in his project of a great ecumenical council of reform, could not at the outset of the sixteenth century prevent from rending European Christendom into two warring camps?"

**PROBABLY NINE IN TEN**  
 of your non-Catholic readers may think that to formulate these questions is to demonstrate the hopelessness of seeking for an answer to them. But may it not be worth while for such readers to look back for a moment or two on the state of Christendom at the close of the great Napoleonic wars in 1815, and to contrast it with the state of Christendom to-day? What were the relations of the Catholics of Great Britain and of Ireland to their own government and to public life on the morrow of Waterloo? And what were those relations to-day? What were the relations of the British Government to the Vatican when Victoria, a girl of eighteen, ascended the throne of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth in 1837? And what are those relations to-day? How would Cardinal Weld have fared had he assumed to celebrate the Mass as a prince of the Church, and an English Archbishop owning allegiance to the Bishop of Rome, in the cathedral or pro-cathedral at London? And to what Bishop or Archbishop of the Anglican Church, as established by Edward VI., Elizabeth and James I. has such open and general homage been paid by Englishmen of all creeds and callings in our time, as to Cardinal Newman in his oratory at Birmingham, and to Cardinal Manning in his archiepiscopal palace of Westminster?"

Or, look a little nearer home. I am not a Roman Catholic, nor do I write as a Roman Catholic. But when I was a lad,

**A BOSTON MOB,**  
 made up in no small part of gentlemen who would have been indignant had their respectability been questioned, cheered on and took part in the assault and destruction of a Catholic nursery almost within sight of that remarkable dome of the State House on Beacon street, which still shelters the collective wisdom of Massachusetts. What would be the fate of any squad of respectable gentlemen, who, in the spirit of Enoch, should undertake today to head a mob against a Catholic nursery, a Catholic monastery, or a Catholic church in the Old Bay State? Let any one of your readers who thinks that Leo XIII. must be weaving cobwebs to catch moonbeams if he is meditating a serious step toward a reunion of the Anglican Church with the Holy See, take the trouble to look up any authentic account of the state of the Catholic Church in America, when that great and saintly prelate, Cheverus, commanded the admiration of such men as Ellery Channing, and contrast it with the state of the Catholic Church in America to-day, when

President Cleveland, himself the son of a Protestant preacher, who doubtless regarded with perfect sincerity the Pope as anti-Christ, not only sends a special tribute of his personal and official reverence to the successor of St. Peter, but puts Catholics into high offices under the Federal Government and promotes the establishment of a great Catholic University. Neither in England nor America to-day is there anything to warrant the belief that a reunion of all the Christian churches which recognize and insist upon what is called the apostolical succession with the great Mother Church, set upon the Seven Hills of Rome, is impracticable. On the contrary, so far as England is concerned, the attention which has just been aroused all over the kingdom by

**A VERY REMARKABLE OUTGOING**  
 upon this subject from one of the most prominent and influential of the Anglican laity, Lord Halifax, goes very far to show that the idea of such a reunion is actively fermenting in the Anglican mind. It has long been obvious to all intelligent observers that a very grave change of some kind is imminent in the relations of the established Anglican Church with the public at large and with the State. Whatever may be the merely political and partisan purposes (or, in some cases, the predatory and subversive purposes) of the radical politicians who are promoting the bill now before the British Parliament for disestablishing the Anglican Church in Wales, that bill undoubtedly represents a certain movement of opinion, neither predatory nor subversive, among thinkers and classes of believers in England who are beginning to regard the established connection of the Anglican Church with the State, not in Wales only, but in England, as injurious rather than beneficial to the prosperity and influence of the Church. A good deal of attention and some irritation, I think, was excited among churchmen in England a few years ago by the frankness and energy with which Bishop Potter of New York, then on a visit to England, set forth, when the occasion required it, his own convictions as to the immense advantages which had accrued to the Anglican Church in America from the severance of all ties between itself and the State. But only the other day a vacancy on the episcopal bench in England was filled by a Bishop who is understood to be distinctly favorable to the disestablishment of the Church throughout the kingdom. Such a disestablishment need not involve a disendowment. Those are two very different questions. And yet, so far as the English Establishment rests upon the agricultural interest in the kingdom, there can be no doubt that the depression of agricultural prices throughout the world, and the attendant fall in the productive value both of the tithe and of the glebes of the English clergy, are seriously damaging the position and the means of usefulness of the great body of the English clergy, and may, therefore, be regarded as factors predisposing a radical man in England to take a very different view of the Establishment question from that which the same class of men would have taken twenty years ago. It is observable that the hostile criticisms so far evoked by what I may call Lord Halifax's manifesto on the subject of reunion with Rome, have so far been founded chiefly upon the difficulties involved in differences of dogma rather than of discipline and organization. In the days of Martin Luther differences of dogma broke up the Church. But did they lead to good or to evil so far as their effect upon the temper and the practical principles of the great Protestant sects were concerned? And are differences of dogma likely to convulse the world at the end of this century as they did in the middle of the sixteenth century? I think not. Startled Anglicans are now sharply criticizing Lord Halifax, because, as they aver, it is impossible to reunite the Christians who commune in one kind with the Christians who commune in both kinds. Conceding all possible importance to this criticism, is it likely that by such a distinction

**A REUNION OF THE CHURCHES**  
 would be prevented, all the other conditions and advantages of such a reunion having been worked out and demonstrated?  
 Pray observe that I am simply touching upon the aspects of this great question, which are now manifesting themselves in England, in order to prepare the minds of your readers for receiving and considering with due weight and seriousness any public declaration of his own views and dispositions which the Supreme Pontiff at Rome may think it right and opportune to put forth. And I do this because the conferences which have for some time past been going on at Rome upon this theme between the Holy Father and the successor of Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Vaughan, have evoked here and there throughout the Italian press all sorts of strange and grotesque comments and conferences, not a few of which have found their way, still further travestied, into fragmentary and hasty dispatches in the English press, of the worthless and misleading sort upon which I commented at the outset of this letter. Perhaps the most curious form in which these comments and inferences have found their way into the public press is the persistent repetition of the story long ago no doubt cabled to you in America, that Cardinal Vaughan really came to Rome charged to feel the way at the Vatican toward a project for marrying one of the grand-daughters of Queen Victoria, Princess Maude of Wales, to the Prince of Naples, the only son and heir of King Humbert. Of course,

were such a project seriously entertained, it would involve, under the existing conditions of the English monarchy, a formal renunciation by the Princess Maude of all possible claims to the succession in England and a formal acceptance of and renunciation to full communion with the Church of Rome, while on the part of the Prince of Naples it would necessitate some very ticklish and troublesome negotiations with the Holy See. So far as concerns a renunciation of Anglican Protestantism by

**THE PRINCESS MAUDE,**  
 the way for this may seem to have been opened by her cousin, another grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, the Princess Alix of Hesse, who has abandoned not only the religious communion into which she was born, but her baptismal name, to become Alexandra Feodorovna, Czarina and Empress of all the Russias. And it is worth noting, by the way, as a proof of what I have already said about the diminished significance in our times of the strictly dogmatic differences between different Christian communions, that the reluctance of the ecclesiastical authorities in Russia to waive the acceptance, by the Princess Alix, of certain dogmas particularly distasteful to her, after long delaying the celebration of her nuptials, was peremptorily cut short at last by one of the most orthodox Czars who ever lived, Alexander III., who insisted that whether the Princess Alix was or was not orthodox enough to suit the official protagonist of Russian orthodoxy, M. Pobedonostieff, she was orthodox enough for him, and orthodox enough to become Empress of all the Russias! Very possibly if the Prince of Naples seriously wished to marry an English princess, and if the English princess was really willing to marry him, the Anglicanism of the Princess Maude of Wales might not stand very long in the way, nor might she long hesitate at abdicating her somewhat remote chances of succession to the English crown, in order to secure her seat as a reigning queen consort on the throne of Italy.

But the whole story of these matrimonial engagements has been denied and discredited, so far as such stories concerning persons of royal rank, or even private persons, can with propriety be mentioned at all. Cardinal Vaughan himself did not think it unbecoming his dignity as a prince of the Church and his loyalty as a British subject to avail himself of a favorable opportunity for saying with some emphasis that he had never been charged with such negotiations, and that his business in Rome was of a very different kind.

**PURELY ECCLESIASTICAL SORT.**  
 The significance of the story, as I have already observed, really consists in the somewhat obscure relation which it bears to this other very different and "purely ecclesiastical" business which has been engaging the attention of Cardinal Vaughan at Rome, a more important outcome of which is to be found in the reunion manifesto of Lord Halifax, and in the discussion which that manifesto is now evoking in England. Such of your Catholic readers in America as are really familiar with the esoteric history of diplomacy at the Vatican during the latter years of the long pontificate of Pius IX. and during the whole of the pontificate of Leo XIII., will hardly need to be told that this "purely ecclesiastical" business to which Cardinal Vaughan refers did not begin with his present visit to Rome, nor yet with his accession to the purple, but has been going on now for many years, and indeed ever since the significant and in-structive collapse, nearly half a century ago, of the once famous but now almost forgotten Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of Lord John Russell.

**The "Foreign" Power.**

A non-Catholic writer in the *Christian Cynosure* waxes indignant at those who deery the spiritual allegiance of Catholics to the Pope, while thousands of good Protestants and "intense Americans," members of secret societies, swear themselves into abject slavery to foreign "dignitaries."  
 "Protestants," he says, "fairly rave about Catholic priests, and the reverence paid them by 'ignorant foreigners,' women and children. Yet Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational and Episcopalian ministers in every county seem to bow to and hail the men as 'high priests' and 'most excellent grand high priests.' Protestants are shocked at the veneration and supreme loyalty of Catholics to the Pope; yet they and their ministers in every community are kneeling to 'worshipful masters' and 'most worshipful grand masters.' Men who go into spasms at the mention of 'Cardinals' are swearing their very lives and eternal allegiance to 'kings' and 'grand kings.'"  
 We think this good man's indignation righteous, though it is somewhat excessive. The outcry against the "foreign allegiance" of Catholics is almost spent. As Lincoln once said: "You can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time." This may be a very homely phrase, but it is full philosophy withal. Catholics have long since ceased to wonder at the eccentric logic of "patriots."—Ave Maria.

**As Old as Antiquity.**  
 Either by acquired taint or heredity those old "Scrophulous and Consumption" must be faced generation after generation; but you may meet them with the odds in your favor by the help of Scott's Emulsion.  
 Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. J. B. Brown, Chicago.

**WAS IT REALITY?**  
**A Visit from the Demon of Intemperance.**

Temperance lecturers and advocates in their exhortations to those whom they wish to convert, have always two models to hold up in illustration of their arguments—the teetotaler and the drunkard. By exhibiting those characters in contrast, they impress their audience with the veracity of their assertions, and thus attain their object to a great extent.  
 But they seem to forget that sandwiched between these extremes of humanity is another class on whom they might exercise their influence with greater effect than on confirmed drunkards, and to this class belongs the "moderate drinker." I say a "greater effect," because it is with extraordinary difficulty that the drunkard can be reformed, as habitual drinking has become to him a second nature, whereas the moderate drinker may be easily rescued from his errors. These reformers also forget that the drunkards of this year were the moderate drinkers of last year, and that the moderate drinkers of to-day will be drunkards a year hence.

The moderate drinker of our large towns and cities is, generally speaking, a "good fellow" imbued with a fair proportion of respectability, and will look with contempt on a poor unfortunate man who has gone beyond the bounds of reformation. Rather should it be a warning to him to desist from his habit, lest that unfortunate man's fate should be his own in a short time. I would respectfully say to those excellent reformers: "Strike at the root of the evil—moderate drinking—and you will dispel the evil itself. No man ever became a drunkard at once; moderate drinking was his stepping stone. Cast that stepping stone into the waves, and the wretched coast of drunkenness can never be reached."  
 I was led into these reflections by a story which was told me a few nights since by one who was a moderate drinker. This young man, now a staunch teetotaler, was converted from his habit in a supernatural way, and I shall give his wonderful experience in his own words:—

"You know," said he, "that I was never a drunkard. At the same time, I must confess that I was accustomed to drink often, but moderately. By degrees I became fond of drink, and could not, as I thought, enjoy myself without a few bottles of stout or ale every night. Besides this, when in any trouble or difficulty, I used to endeavor to drown my sorrows in the brandy bottle. On these latter occasions I found that the state of my mind was ten times worse when the effects of the 'fiery liquid' had disappeared; in fact, was often so mentally tortured after the exhilaration produced by drink that I actually contemplated suicide."

"Well, one night, about six months ago, being involved in family disputes, I resorted to my usual antidote, and remained sitting in my bedroom until midnight imbibing pretty freely. About that hour I felt drowsy, and dozed away on my chair. I could not have been long asleep when I woke feeling very chilly. Of course my first impulse was to reach for the bottle, and I took a good drink. I then rubbed my eyes, and opened them pretty wide, to find that my light was extinguished. Now, I was aware I had not slept long, and I knew my hands could not be exhausted in a short time, so I felt anxious about the matter. However, I attempted to light it again, but, found to my astonishment and indignation, that every lucifer match which I struck was damp, and would not ignite. With an imprecation on the innocent lucifers I tumbled into bed, and was again when I became conscious of the presence of somebody, or rather something. It is remarkable that even when in total darkness we become instinctively conscious of the presence of another being. This was my feeling, and, as I am not by any means superstitious, I looked out, when, to my horror, I discerned a hideous figure bending over me.  
 "Though all around was dark, the figure was enveloped in a sort of earthly light, but I cannot describe more than the head, for the eyes had a strange fascination for me. Try how I might, I should gaze into those huge prominent bloodshot eyes, that, as I thought, pierced my very soul. Flaming, sparkling, penetrating, they held mine in a sort of mesmerism influence."  
 "Though my eyes did not, or could not move, I knew the head was of an enormous size, and the cheek puffed and bloated.  
 "I cannot say how many seconds this lasted, but at length by a supreme effort I turned my gaze from the horrible figure and buried myself in the bed clothes.  
 "Of course I could not sleep, but by degrees it occurred to me that perhaps after all it was a delusion or a dream, and after a lapse of half an hour I ventured to look again, and saw nothing.  
 "The first thing I did was to reach for the bottle, and I took a long pull. I got out of bed and tried the lucifers again. To my agreeable surprise the first one I struck caught fire, so I lighted the candle. I took up Tom Hood's 'Wit and Humor,' and in a few minutes was actually convinced that I was only the victim of some frightful hallucination. After another half hour or so I put out the light and immediately went to sleep.  
 "Next morning when I awoke I took a 'refresher' from the bottle, laughed at my strange dream, dressed and went to business as usual. During the day I did not even recall my experience of the previous night."

"In the evening, after business, I had a few bottles of beer, as usual, and went home to find the family disputes before referred to, instead of being, as I hoped, in a state of settlement, or at least abeyance, more intricate and unsettled than ever. As myself was chiefly concerned, I silently ate my supper and left the house in indignation.

At 11 I returned, not forgetting to arm myself against my mental struggle with the brandy bottle. I indulged to a greater extent than on the previous night, partly on account of my mind being more uningued, and partly to prevent another encounter with my nocturnal visitor. In this latter object, however, I was disappointed, for another visit was paid. I need only tell you that it occurred exactly as before, with this difference—that a strong impression of the reality of that horrible figure was instilled in this instance.

"Next day I certainly felt troubled over the matter, and went home from business with a rather melancholy air. My parents noticed the change, but attributed it to the aforesaid family disagreements, and on that account were more lenient towards me. I retired with the bottle, but this third night's experience was more interesting, as it was, and I shall never believe otherwise, reality itself.

"The figure appeared as on the two previous nights, but its eyes were more flaming and bloodshot. On this occasion, too, while my eyes were held in influence, the revolting head bent over me until it almost touched my face. It then, with a mouth reaching, as I thought, from ear to ear, hissed, rather than spoke, mine! mine! mine!—each repetition of the word increasing in emphasis.

"You can imagine how I felt better than I can describe. Huge beads of perspiration were rolling down my face. I was certain the monster was going to seize and take me down to hell, for it smelt strongly of brimstone, and flames of fire began to issue from its mouth, nostrils and ears. Soon, however, I was aware of a new light in the room quite different from that which surrounded my enemy. I looked towards it, and saw that it proceeded from a beautiful and angelic figure which was standing behind the demon.

"This figure looked appealingly and pathetically on me, at the same time unrolling a scrip which it held in its hand. Raising this scrip over the head of the monster, I saw printed thereon in large letters:—THE DEMON OF INTemperance!  
 "The monster, turning round to see what had diverted my attention, beheld the angelic form and with a piercing shriek, disappeared. The beautiful figure, casting on me a lingering, imploring look, gradually faded from my sight.  
 "The incident was so impressive and appropriate that I shall never doubt its reality.  
 "After a few minutes' thought I saw how my moderate drinking would end, so I got out of bed, went on my knees, and there and then promised God never to taste intoxicating drink again. This promise I renewed subsequently at the tribunal of penance. I have faithfully kept it to the present time and with God's help will do so in the future. If ever I am tempted to break it that night's experience will be a powerful and effective incentive to resist the temptation."

"This was my friend's story. "Do you think time will erase the reality of the wonderful incidents of that night?" said I.  
 "No," said he, "until my dying day I will believe that my guardian angel interposed on that never-to-be-forgotten night to save me from the drunkard's fate. Should my story become known some may laugh at me, some may say it was the effect of the brandy; but I believe, and ever will believe, that it was a reality."—W. J. M. C., in Cork Examiner.

**The Ritualists and Communion with Rome.**

Though for three hundred years Catholics were persecuted in this country for their faith, and so late as 1708 a priest was prosecuted before Lord Mansfield for saying Mass, Lord Halifax in his Bristol speech (with the spirit of which we cordially sympathize) says: "We have never renounced communion with Rome; her priests may minister at our altars." This is the kind of logic which has enabled his party to introduce so much Catholic ceremonial into their churches. They ignore authority, and their clergy forget that they are ordained to carry out only what "this Church and realm have received," not what was practically abolished by deed, if not always in plain words. Corporate reunion is the policy of Rome where the faith is orthodox. There would be no difficulty as regards the Greek Church, but in spite of explanatory canons we feel obliged to subscribe to the decision of the Metropolitan of Moscow in 1841: "Your thirty-nine articles are full of heresy; you could not use the liturgies of St. Basil and St. Chrysostom consistently with them." We strongly suspect that Lord Halifax will find the most stubborn *non passimus* not at Rome but at Canterbury and York.—Catholic Times, Liverpool, Eng.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS. Easter Sunday.

THE JOY OF PENANCE. I wish all of you, my brethren, the joys of this day. It is the day of our Lord's victory over death and hell.

It seems to me that this feast is a great day for sinners — meaning, of course, repentant sinners. For look at the facts? Who is the saint of the Resurrection by excellence? Certainly dear Mary Magdalen, the type of all the penitent.

See, then, my brethren, the reward of the love which is in true sorrow for sin: it is given a singular kind of pre-eminence; it is selected above that of innocence and placed on guard at the post of honor to receive the first public greeting from the Immortal King of Glory, triumphant over sin for ever.

I say again that sinners need encouragement. In truth, there is no shame so deadly as that which conscious guilt brings to the human soul.

It is a singular thing that not only the first recorded words of our Lord after His Resurrection were addressed to His favorite child, the great penitent woman of the gospel, but that the first interview He had with His disciples was begun by the institution of the sacrament of penance, the open door of that city of refuge—our Lord's Sacred Heart.

Nearly everybody needs a good medicine. The impurities which have accumulated in the blood during the cold months must be expelled, or when the mild days come, and the effect of bracing air is lost, the body is liable to be overcome by debility or some serious disease.

OUR WESTERN WAITS.

BY FRANCIS J. FINN, S. J.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

All saw that Willie had something of importance to communicate; besides, the sleigh was his, so they listened.

Willie narrated briefly the story of Harry Conway; he spoke in simple boy language, but the effect was better than that of many a glowing oration.

"What'll we do for Harry?" queried the silver-toned soprano. "Do? Why, we'll become Christmas waits," answered Willie. "We'll go round, and give our friends all the music we know, and then we'll pass round the hat."

"Hurrah!" piped the troubles. "Now, boys, where'll we go first?" "Mr. Gibson's! Mr. Gibson's!" came the cry, pitched away up in the high leger-lines.

Brightly their voices broke upon the air; and as they dashed on thus gayly, leaving in their wake a following of sweet sounds, men and women, smiling and waving their hands, came hurrying out of doors, and in the pretty ways which fall upon people instinctively at Christmas, sent the chorists off in an added exhilaration of youthful spirits.

Scarcely was their song ended, when Willie brought the horses to a pause before the residence of Mr. Gibson.

"Now, boys, gently," whispered Willie. "We must take him by surprise. We'll steal up the walk, and get under the window. Then we'll give him, 'God rest you, merry gentlemen.'"

Lighly these "mamma's darlings" tipped their way to the spot beneath the well-known window; and as Willie passed around their parts, they seemed to hold their very breaths, while their eyes blazed with excitement, and their features were screwed into that most comical expression yet discovered on boy faces—mysterious solemnity.

Willie struck his tuning fork, put it to his ear, then, humming for a moment, gave each voice its proper note. Clear, and low, and sweet rose the first strains, clearer, louder, sweeter swelled the harmony, while each vocalist fixed his eyes upon the familiar window above, and carolled away not unlike a little bird in full-blown rapture of song.

"In Bethlehem in Jewry," continued the warblers, as no smiling face at the window rewarded their first stanza:

"This Blessed Babe was born And laid within a manger; Upon this blessed morn—"

At the word "morn" the window flew up, the loved face beamed down upon them, and thus encouraged the waits burst into full voice with—

"The which His Mother Mary Did nothing take in scorn; O tidings of comfort and joy!"

"Hats off!" said Willie. Every hat was doffed. "Ready—charge!" Without further ado the boys flew up the steps, ascended the staircase, and crowded into Mr. Gibson's room.

"Present hats!" continued the leader. At the word twenty smiling lads hemmed in the puzzled, delighted old gentleman, each trying to get his hat into the most prominent place.

"Now," continued Willie, "before you put anything in, listen to our story."

And Willie repeated Harry Conway's tale. The old gentleman was touched, and acted as old gentlemen do when they are touched: he blew his nose, and made pretence of having something in his eye.

"I'm proud of every one of you," he said warmly; "and I'm glad you came to me first—flattered, too. Hold your hats higher."

Into each he threw a silver quarter till he came to Willie's, where he contributed a dollar gold coin.

"The quarters are for the singing," he said, "and the gold is for Harry Conway. Now, no thanks—sh-h—I've got something to say. Don't—now mind this—don't tell Harry's story to everybody. They are poor at his house and in want; but they are sensitive, too."

There is such a thing as killing by kindness, now, I propose this to you. With the four or five dollars I've given you, suppose you buy a lot of nice things for Harry and his sisters, as a Christmas gift. As to that other money you may gather in, what you might offer to Harry as a loan, which he can pay off himself by doing some concert-singing for us now and then."

There was a musical buzz of satisfaction. "Thank you very much, Mr. Gibson," said Willie; "you're so thoughtful! I'd have surely made a mess of it if it hadn't been for you."

"Now, my little friends, I'll give you another hint. In twenty minutes the way-train will be in from Chicago, and all your people who do business in the city and a great many mamma's who have gone shopping will return on it: they come home early, as it's Christmas eve. Suppose you get yourself in position just around the corner on Adams street, near the station. I'll go with you myself. You do the singing; I'll act as manager."

"Thank you, sir!"—"Oh, Mr. Gibson!"—these and other expressions of

thanks might have gone on indefinitely had not Willie ordered all out. Mr. Gibson was presently with them in coat and muffler, and in a trice the impossible was done—that is, all did squeeze into the sleigh, packed together like so many sardines, and jingled along merrily to the tune of their sleighing chorus.

As the depot was at a considerable distance from Mr. Gibson's house, the enthusiastic youngsters enlivened the ride with the songs they had intended for him from the start. From the mournful calm of the "Holly and Ivy" they went on to,

"Listen, Lordings, unto me, a tale I will you tell."

Of this quaint carol they sang stanza after stanza till they ceased with the beautiful quatrain, the truth of which they so little understood:

"Onward, then, the angels sped, the shepherds on ward went; God was in His manger bed, in worship low they bent: In the morning see ye mind, my masters one and all, At the Star Him to find, who lay within the stall."

"Now," said Mr. Gibson, as they came within sight of the depot, "you've but three minutes left. I'll go meet the train, and gather your friends."

"Look, look!" cried Willie, as, music in hand, all stood watching the train streaming into the depot; "what a crowd!"

"Oh!" exclaimed several, dismayed at the wave of people rolling toward them. "It's too late to back out," remarked silver-voice; "but let's take something we know well."

"Noel, then," panned Willie. "Noel, the prettiest, too," added a third.

As the crowd drew nearer and resolved itself into smiling papas, mamma's, uncles, sisters, and friends, with here and there a strange though not unkindly face, they plucked up heart of grace, and into the sweetness of the words throwing the sweetness of their voices, and that indescribable gift of the child-soul, that dear gift of God's, which the mother, gazing into the eyes of her little one, catches in its fulness, they poured forth the glad song of Noel.

Cherished on by kindly words and loving glances, the little fellows went from melody to melody till the place was filled with the spirit of olden time Christmas, till mothers wiped their eyes, till fathers opened big packages, and threw into Willie's sleigh all manner of pretty gifts.

When Willie and silver-voice, two hours later, drew up at Mrs. Conway's, they rivalled the postman himself in the matter of packages, as they toiled up the steps. The postman remarked this as he followed them to the door and handed Mrs. Conway a letter.

How Willie contrived to present his gifts in so delicate a manner as to bring tears of joy to Mrs. Conway's eyes is beyond my power of reproduction. But I suspect that he had been coached by kind Mr. Gibson.

Willie and silver-voice were soon seated beside Harry, and were prattling away in all the glow of warm feelings, when Mrs. Conway entered the room with the letter.

"Harry, more good news! I have received an account of your papa's death. He died, happily, prepared, and his last words were messages of love to you and me."

"Thank God, he died prepared!" said Harry.

"He had appointed a lawyer to take charge of his business just before he took sick; the lawyer didn't know your father had died till a week ago. He contrived to get all the details of his last moments, and now sends them to me. Besides, he sends me the money your father went out to collect. So now we are safe, my dear. We have enough and to spare."

"Just think," exclaimed Willie. "I've brought more than \$20 to lend Harry; and now I might as well throw it away!"

"If you don't know what to do with it, Willie," suggested Mrs. Conway, "you might help on some of the very poor people in the village."

On Christmas, accordingly, the young chorists made the rounds again; but this time they repaired to the houses of the lowly. Over and over they sang their carols, and left each humble home richer, happier for their singing and their gifts to the little ones.

Indeed, it was a happy day. But to Willie the Christmas that followed was far happier.

For during the 365 days that lay between cordial relations sprang up between the Simms and Conway families; and when it came out in a conversation one day that Mrs. Conway and Mrs. Simms were New Englanders, and when both began raking up old records, you can guess how it all ended. They were fifth cousins or something. It's always that way out West. Let two New Englanders get to comparing notes, and in five minutes they'll establish an impediment to their intermarriage which no casuistry may distinguish away.

Christmas, when it came again, was, as I said, particularly joyful to Willie, not because they all made the musical rounds again, and brought down the earnest blessings of God's poor upon themselves. That was joyful indeed; these little lads were still closely united, though Willie had become a fervent Catholic. Their union lasts to this day, and it is three years since Willie's conversion. Willie and Harry love these small Episcopalian, and knowing that it is possible for outsiders to belong to the soul of the true Church, earnestly hold that all their little friends are Catholics too.

But that first Christmas after his conversion! Then came the happiest moment of his life, when, standing beside Harry, his fellow-singer in the Catholic choir, in his golden voice, celestial for the fervor that informed it, he sang *Veni Adoremus*, while his loved father and mother advanced to the altar railing to receive for the first time Him, sweet Babe of Bethlehem, who had descended from the skies and become our God incarnate.

THE LILIES' EASTER OFFERING.

Mary B. O'Sullivan in Donahoe's Magazine.

The lilies slept in the warm brown earth, awaiting the Resurrection. The star of Bethlehem had heralded the Christ-child's birth; the snow-drop, emblem of purity, bloomed in fragile beauty for the Presentation; and the rose of Jericho exhaled its fragrant homage under the Saviour's feet and drooped at the foot of the cross.

The angel of the flowers looked on them with love, as he flitted by, so softly that the lilies heard him not, till their hearts thrilled with the Easter tidings, "Awake! the Christ is risen!"

And the lilies awoke, replete in pascal beauty. "He is risen indeed!" exulted the angel. "It is meet that the fairest flowers bloom for His altar."

"Gather me first!" commanded a regal blossom. "My place is next to the Presence, as befits the impartial lily, the emblem of majesty."

"Not so," said the angel, in gentle reproof. "Pride of position would be an unseemly offering to One who was poor and lowly. What place seek you, little lilies of the valley?"

"Let us lie at His feet, dear angel," pleaded the tiny flowers, lifting their fragrant chalice. "He placed us here in the shade where we were sheltered and happy. Let us lie at His feet, an offering of love."

"I shall throbb in His heart," murmured the angel. "The sweetness of thy chalice shall overflow in the tabernacle."

A stately crimson lily drooped on her stem when the humble flowers were chosen. "Ah, my sorrow and my disgrace! gather me not!" she cried as the angel drew near; "know you not that I am unworthy?"

"You are fair to see," he answered gently; "your petals glow red as the Precious Blood shed for man's redemption."

"Once they were white," lamented the lily. "When He walked in the garden all flowers bowed low, I alone refusing Him reverence. His sorrowful gaze sank into my heart, and the blush of shame forever crimsoned my lustrous blossoms. Pride rebuked has naught to offer."

"Offer Him repentance," whispered the angel. "A contrite heart makes joy in heaven."

And the lily grew glad at the angel's words, and offered her tribute on the altar, where it glowed like a beacon of hope to troubled souls.

"My ways are lowly," said the orange lily. "I grow in humble gardens and brighten dreary places: I bend my head to the storm and open my heart to the sunshine, and all the time I am happy. A contented spirit is all I can offer."

"It will please Him much," said the angel, accepting the gift; "to cheerfully do His will is a noble mission."

"My one gift is beauty," said a lustrous calla. "I have treasured it up for Him. Take it, dear angel; let it shine on His altar, divinely transfigured."

"Consecrated beauty," murmured the angel, "lustrous purity, contentment, repentance, humility, love—"

"And prayer," breathed the annunciation lilies. "When the angel of the Lord declared unto Mary, the Angelus sung in our hearts foretold the joys of Easter."

"Your offering is worthy, O lilies!" exulted the angel. "Prayer brings peace to weary hearts and strengthens faltering souls; it shall rise on the fragrance of incense and flowers."

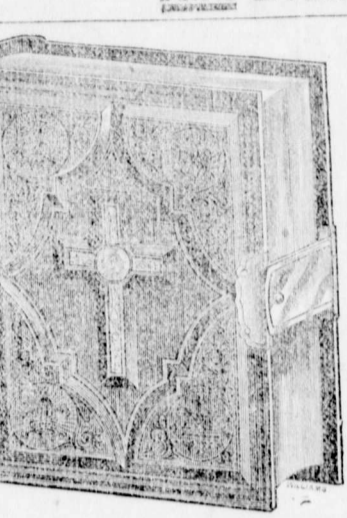
"Great is our joy," murmured the blossoms; "rising with Him for the paschal feast, exalted are we, the lowly lilies."

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