

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, February 2, 1901.

### IS IT A COINCIDENCE?

Her late Majesty was born on 24th May, Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians; she will be laid in the tomb on the 2nd February, Feast of the Purification. Very appropriately, according to the cable news, "Madonnas by famous painters hang from the draped walls." Not so many years ago could such take place?

### THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

The day that Mr. Markham published his Hoe poem was a fateful one for a long-suffering public. Since then he has been lecturing about it, and revealing to less favored mortals its manifold beauties. All this may be permissible, but we fail to see why the vogue of his poetical production has inspired him to pose as a world teacher. He is not a whit worse than a certain class of writers who know as much about true science as they do about true religion—

who, because matter is indestructible, argue that it is eternal, etc.—but why increase the number. Edwin, however, throned on his Parnassus, deems it a duty to send us from time to time communications—wield jumbles of strange words and picturesque adjectives that are interesting testimonies to his philological instincts. "Religion," he says, "is sloughing off tradition and superstition and finding that it can root itself in the reason and nature of things." He will give us a comment on that by and by. Meanwhile, Edwin, take root in a library having a few treatises on religion.

### A RELIGIOUS MONOMANIAC.

It is pitiable to watch the deterioration of Goldwin Smith. Time was when his luminous and forceful prose evoked favorable comment from such a distinguished critic as Frederick Harrison, but his utterances to-day are halting and ungainly. One thing alone has been preserved from wreck and ruin, and that is his bitter animosity to Catholicism. On this point he appears to be a monomaniac. He brings learning and critical acumen to bear upon other subjects, but in dealing with the Church he has nothing better to say than what has been said a thousand times by third-rate controversialists, and to day he is impelled to an inquiry into his origin and destiny because man will not rest in blank agnosticism—but, unfortunately for himself, will not go to the only society on earth that can give him a satisfactory answer. Goldwin Smith is a convincing proof of Protestantism's pernicious influence upon the human mind.

### SOME MORE "HISTORY-MAKERS."

We think chroniclers of the nineteenth century have not done injustice to some of the individuals who made its history. Of course Mr. Stead can speak for himself, but what about Madam Blavatsky? Then there are Mrs. Eddy of Christian Science fame and Mr. de Rougemont who entertained the British Association with wondrous tales of the land of Nowhere. Bishop Potter also is entitled to recognition—as a gentleman of abnormal receptiveness. He was gulled by a "green goods" man named Foreman.

We have every sympathy for a simple and confiding scholar taken in by the children of this generation, but he should not have told the public of the transaction. But with a courage worthy of a better cause he rushed into print with an account of his cruise to the Philippines, and now in addition to other anxieties is confronted by two or three letters that are anything but complimentary to his charity and veracity.

President Sherman, too, wrote his name on the honor roll of the century. On his return from the East, it will be remembered that he advised the sects to agree upon a religious programme before venturing to convert the Philippines. He wished them to extract a special brand, not warranted to spoil in tropical climates, out of their kiosk a kind of religious cocktail that would have more effect on the natives than the saloons, the side-shows of

the civilization circus now performing at Manila. And Teela, the "electrical wizard," must not be forgotten. He is a firm believer in the power of the press and in Teela. He is continually making announcements of inventions that never seem to materialize. He can spin scientific yarns, any number of them, and have them quoted all over the country as scientific realities. Just now electrical actions have given him a deep conviction and foreknowledge that ere long all human beings on this globe will be thrilled with a glad message from Mars. "Brethren, we have a message from another world, unknown and remote. It reads: one—two—three." Perhaps the Martians were playing golf or base-ball. But the message, so far, is not a thrilling one, nor is Teela's foreknowledge satisfying.

Space prevents us from referring to others who have contributed to the glory of the last cycle of years.

### MISSIONARIES AND MARTYRS IN CHINA.

The Sacred Heart Messenger for January has a very readable and opportune article on Missionaries and Martyrs in China. The writer refers to the long and glorious record of the Jesuits amongst the Celestials. They were there preaching, and, as is their wont, going gladly to death for Christ's sake long before the sects appeared in the land. And with few resources, and without aid of foreign Government, they succeeded in attaining prestige, and in converting thousands of souls.

This fact should make our separated brethren wary of making sensational statements. Our readers will remember how loudly our quill driving brethren proclaimed that Catholic missionaries were responsible for the atrocities of the Boxers. It was an accusation trumped up by a newspaper man, at a loss, mayhap, for copy or to provoke a discussion; but any accusation, however unfounded, will be taken up, despite our increasing tolerance, by some religious weeklies.

Most people are now of the opinion that the Chinese trouble is due to the commercialism and imperialism of the European powers. A few writers, and, unfortunately, some Protestant dignitaries, are of the opinion that the Chinese have no rights—that they must stand and deliver at the command of the powers, and see their country parcelled out among foreigners with never a feeling of irritation.

One must bear carefully in mind that the action of the western powers does not imply a crusade of civilization against barbarity and ignorance, but that it has been simply prompted by a determination to force upon the people of China commercial and political relations which they have always shown a desire to escape. And yet the nations that would resent outside interference with their politics, and spend blood and treasure for the maintenance of their integrity, view with astonishment the opposition of China to their encroachments.

What would we do were we to see "yellow faced" battalions from the middle kingdom sailing into our harbors to the music of their cannon, and quietly taking over for their own use the choicest portions of the land we love?

We admit that Chinese opposition took a terrible form, but an infuriated mob does no punishment just enough for the object of its resentment. If in Kansas a band of citizens may lynch a negro and torture him in the most barbarous manner, with school children and women looking on complacently, what can one expect from a heathen mob?

Regarding the missionary side of the subject the writer quotes the testimony of Mr. Alexander Mitchell, a Protestant living at Tientsin in 1891. In his book on missionaries in China he says: "The missionaries who are spread over China do pretty much what they individually like, and give such accounts of their work as they think sufficient. Much as the division of the Christian force into so many separate factions is to be deplored, and detrimental to the prospects of the missions as is the transference of these relics of strife from their native homes to the soil of China, it is not on the missionaries, but on the societies which send them out, that the blame, if any, rests. That it is a great evil can hardly be

doubted. But there is, perhaps, a still more serious evil in the vagaries of hundreds of irresponsible evangelists who go about the country rattling the firmness of their own excited brains as the pure gospel. The crop of doctrinal anomalies exhibited in a country where each individual utters recklessly what ever comes into his head, without check either from higher authority or public opinion, is, as might be expected, a rank jungle growth the extent of which can never be known. It is obvious to enquire whether Christianity must not eventually pay the penalty of being found out as an imposition."

Other Protestant writers are not given to complimentary notices of their missionaries. The individuals who derive their information from the reports of Bible Societies may wax eloquent, but the remarks of the men who obtain their knowledge first-hand, are, if not condemnatory, at least non-committal. Possibly our brethren do not read them. But considering the meagre results of the work of years, and of the immense outlay of money, that, according to a Chinese authority, only Catholicity will regenerate China, it is certainly no proof of wisdom to persist in a senseless scattering of the Bible.

### SAINT BLASE, BISHOP OF SEBASTE.

Feast, Feb. 3rd.

Chicago, New York.

Again in Rome, but not on or below the Capitoline Hill. Still we can drive from the door of Saint Martin's round the base of the Capitoline Hill, through the Arch of Septimius Severus, across the old Roman Forum, through another arch, the most beautiful arch in Rome, that of Titus, and we stand opposite the great ruin of the Coliseum, the ancient amphitheater of Rome, where she kept her wild beasts, her lions, her tigers, her leopards. If we make a turn to the left, round the Coliseum, we come to an ancient church, built on the foundations of the house where Clement I. was born, where he lived, and which he gave to the Christians as a place of worship. This was so near the Coliseum that Clement must often have heard the lions roar and the leopards and panthers growl, when the Christians were made their victims instead of brute animals; but none of this frightened him when, hearing Saint Peter and Saint Paul preach, he became a fervent Christian; not only a Christian, but a chosen companion of these apostles sharing their labors and their dangers. In the year 100 of the Christian era he was martyred, not, however, by being thrown to the lions, but from a cliff overlooking the sea in Crimea. The house, or palace as it really was, which he had given to the Christians became a chapel. Over this was built another very much larger; indeed, very spacious, and adorned with many beautiful pictures. This, about the year 800, was so shaken by an earthquake that the walls and the pillars were cut down until they came to what was solid enough to build a church above it, and thus, as you see, there were three churches on one foundation. The middle church was filled up with bricks and stones and all sorts of solid rubbish thrown down by the earthquake, and thus it was hidden from the eyes of men and actually forgotten.

The beautiful church resting on two other churches, had been built so long that everybody called it ancient; when, in 1854, the pastor of the church, the Rev. Joseph Mullooly, a Dominican Father, discovered this second church, and then the first church, and brought to light the wonderful pictures which had been painted on the walls and even the square pillars more than a thousand years before. But the only picture which I shall tell you about is the picture of Saint Blase, the Bishop of Sebaste in Armenia.

This holy Bishop was holy as a youth. When he became of age to choose a profession he studied medicine, which he always practiced with the fear of God before his eyes and with untold charity. Finally he became a priest and then a Bishop. But after this, by an inspiration from God he retired to a mountain where he lived in solitude, having no companions save the wild animals, who became gentle as lambs with him. If any of them met with an accident or were ill they came to Blase, who always healed them.

Agrippa, the governor of Cappadocia, at this time came to Sebaste to find out all the Christians, in order to torture them until they denied their faith or put them to death. To do this according to the ways of Rome he sent his men into the forests to capture the wild beasts roaming through them, and here they found Blase, surrounded by them, but perfectly safe and even caressed by them, as a faithful dog caresses his master. Astonished, they went back to the governor and told him what they had found. He guessed that the one who could thus tame savage beasts was a Christian, for he had often seen the lions lick the hands and feet of Christians in the

Coliseum in Rome; therefore he told them to bring Blase to him and see if he would sacrifice to idols. Blase followed his captors willingly, saying: "You are welcome; I have long expected you."

When Blase refused to sacrifice to idols the governor ordered him to be put in prison; but no sooner was it known that Blase was in the city, in prison, than every one who was sick hurried to him to be cured. Among them was a woman who brought her little son, strangling from a fish bone which he had swallowed and from which no one could relieve him. With her child from the cruel bone, and Blase, praying fervently to God, not only relieved the child, but promised to cure all who might be afflicted in the throat and appeared to him.

This was in the year 316, and what do you think we saw when we visited this old underground church of Saint Clement in Rome with Father Mullooly for our guide? On one of the square pillars a picture of a Bishop; before him a woman is kneeling with a child in her arms, imploring the Bishop to relieve his throat, which he touches and cures.

"And this," we said, "is the same good Saint Blase who is invoked on his feast day, the 3rd of February, in America and in Chicago, in behalf of so many little children who are suffering from scarlet fever and diphtheria and croup; and not only by children in the arms of their parents, but by grown up people whose throats are afflicted, and those who wish to keep a sound throat and a sound voice?"

The very one, we were assured; and can you not believe how thankful we were that we had, from the time we first heard of Saint Blase, put our throats under his invocation; and will you not try to realize for how many hundred years Saint Blase has been asked to cure sore throats and to protect well ones?

You may ask why the priest, when he blesses your throat on the 3rd day of February, holds it two blessed canes, crossed, while he makes over your throat the sign of the cross, and will be interested to know that Saint Blase said to the woman whose child he cured in the prison: "Offer, every year, a candle in memory of me and you and all who follow your example will be blessed."

Our holy Bishop of Sebaste, Saint Blase, after enduring many torments, performing many miracles even while under the hands of his tormentors, was allowed to receive his well earned crown as a martyr by the edge of the sword.

Is there one of my readers, old or young, sick or well, who will not ask the blessing of Saint Blase at the hands of his parish priest on the 3rd day of February, not only of 1899, but every year of his life?

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

### A GRAND TRIBUTE.

Chicago Minister Expresses Admiration for Mother Church.

"The History and Place of the Roman Catholic Church," was the theme of a sermon recently preached by Rev. Dubois H. Loux at Crear Chapel, Chicago. He said in part: "Catholicism has made vast strides in swelling the volume of the world's reverence. The seven sacraments—Baptism, Holy Eucharist, Penance, Confirmation, Holy Orders and Matrimony—carry to a fault the deepest natural springs of devotion in the human heart. Nor are we aware to what extent our emotional nature has been deepened by Catholic institutions.

How much Sir Walter Scott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the numerous writers of the present day have owed by mere description to bring the Protestant mind in touch with the beauty and grandeur associated with the Catholic Church! Art, architecture, cathedral, Vatican, Michael Angelo Raphael—because human genius and its creations belong to all by right of our common tie, and because the symbols does awaken the thirst and quicken the conception of final glory, therefore the Church universal is greatly indebted to Catholicism even for the enrichment of its ideals.

"Protestantism recognizes Catholicism as a true Church. The Presbyterian Church, by the authority of its supreme court, receives the Catholic into full membership without baptism. Historically, neither Luther nor Calvin denied the true communion of the Church. The age of bigotry passed. Protestantism no longer refuses fellowship with Catholicism on the ground of former persecutions, for did not Calvin burn Servetus at the stake, and did not Congregationalists hang Quakers on Boston Common, and did not the Episcopalian drive English soldiers with Puritan blood? Whether in the trend of thought, which from the very genius of humanity is everywhere to ward unity, when the larger breadth has come, the entire Church will unite under one Pontiff or patriarch, will depend upon the final state society itself will assume.

"As it is, the Methodist and Episcopal bodies form with the Calvinists a strong nucleus for a final hierarchy, should it come. When the American Catholic Church, which, as under the Propaganda of committee of Cardinals,

is still treated under the head of the mission church, has rounded out into its full, nay, its commanding place the Church may look for great, good things.

"Meanwhile, by its model Church conscience, by its power to quell riot, by its solidarity, by its Americanism, since four Catholics signed the Declaration of Independence, by its sweet charity, by its ten million souls in our land whom no other church could hold to God, we find cause for encouragement in the Catholic Church."

### EXTENSION OF THE UNIVERSAL JUBILEE.

Celebrated in the City in the year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred to the Whole Catholic World.

Translated for the Freeman's Journal.

LEO BISHOP, SERVANT OF THE SERVANTS OF GOD TO ALL THE FAITHFUL WHO SHALL READ THESE LETTERS, HEALTH AND THE APOSTOLIC BLESSING.

(Concluded from last week.)

IV. So also all vows reserved to the Apostolic See (with the exception of those of Chastity and Religion, and those binding obligations which are derived from a third or in which the injury would cause a third to incur injury, and of those penal obligations which are known as preservatives against sin unless the solution from such be judged to be of equal efficacy in preventing sin as the vow) may be commuted to other devout and salutary acts. And penitent in sacred orders, including regulars, may be absolved from hidden irregularities concerning the exercise of their orders devolving on their superiors, only contracted by violation of censures, provided that such irregularities have not been brought before the ecclesiastical courts, nor are likely to be so brought.

V. In like manner in the case of those who wittingly or unwittingly have contracted matrimony with the impediment of the second and third degree, or of the third only, or of the third and fourth, or of the fourth only of consanguinity, or of affinity even derived from lawful connection, he may grant a dispensation, in the forum of conscience only to continue in matrimony, provided such impediment continues secret.

VI. So, too, he may grant a dispensation, in the forum of conscience only from a secret diriment impediment, as well of the first and second, and of the first only, and of the second only, degree of affinity from an unlawful connection and affecting a contracted marriage, and even for contracting matrimony, provided there be grave reasons canonically considered sufficient—in such wise, however, that if such affinity be derived from a connection with the mother of the woman espoused or to be espoused, the birth of the latter must have preceded the connection, and not otherwise.

VII. To dispense likewise, in the same forum from the impediment of spiritual relationship, contracted or to be contracted, and also from a secret impediment criminal, neither party, however, acting deliberately, that is, only when adultery is combined with a promise of matrimony after the death of a husband or wife.

VIII. Dispensare ad petendum debitum possit in casu affinitatis incestuosae matrimonii supervenientis.

IX. Ad petendum pariter debitum cum illis qui voto simplicis castitatis obstricti matrimonium contraxerint, dispensare valet, illis monendis factis contra id votum, si extra usum matrimoniale delinquant, ac remanuerint eodem prorsus ac antea voto obstrictos, si conjugi supervixerint.

X. But we do not intend by these letters to dispense from any other irregularity, public or private, or from any defect or vice, or from any incapacity or inability contracted in any way whatever, nor do we grant any faculties from dispensing in such cases or of rehabilitating or restoring anybody to his or her former state, even in the forum of conscience; we do not grant faculties to any confessor to absolve an accomplice in any indecent sin against the sixth commandment; nor do we grant liberty to an accomplice to select a confessor of his kind by reason of these presents, as has been set forth in the Constitution of Benedict XIV, which begins with the words Sacramentum Pœnitentiæ; nor do we derogate in anything from this and other Pontifical Constitutions concerning the denunciation of accomplices; and these letters cannot and must not be availed to those who have been nominatum excommunicated, suspended or interdicted by Us and the Apostolic See or by any Prelate or ecclesiastical judge, or who have been declared to have incurred or publicly denounced as having incurred other sentences or censures, unless they shall within the six months have made reparations with the parties affected.

In the case of those who, after beginning the prescribed exercises with the intention of gaining the Jubilee, are hindered from competing the full number of visits through sickness, we, desiring to favor the piety and zeal of their good intentions decree that they may become sharers in the aforesaid Indulgence and remission, provided

that they are truly penitent, confess their sins and receive Holy Communion. Should any after obtaining absolution from censures, commutations of vows or any of the above mentioned dispensations, with the serious intention otherwise required for the gaining of the Indulgence and of fulfilling the other necessary works, change their dispositions; even though they can hardly be deemed as being from sin in so doing; yet We declare and decree that such absolutions, commutations and dispensations obtained by them with the said dispositions remain in vigor.

We wish and decree that the Present Letters are to be in all respects valid and efficacious in their plenary effects, wherever they are published and executed, and to be available for all the faithful of Christ abiding in the favor of the Apostolic See.

We wish also that the same credence be shown to transcripts or copies of these Letters, authenticated by the seal of a notary or of a properly constituted ecclesiastical authority, as would be given to these our original Letters.

Let no one dare to rashly add to or take from this Apostolic decree or to misinterpret its spirit or purpose. Should any one so presume let him fully understand that he will draw down upon himself the wrath of the Almighty God and the displeasure of the Apostles Peter and Paul.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's on Christmas Day in the year of our Lord 1900 and the twenty-third of our Pontificate.

Vised.  
C. Card. ALOISI-MASELLA Pro Dat.  
—A Card. MACCHI  
De Curia I. De Aquila a Vicecomitis.  
Leo P. P. Summi  
Reg. in Secret. Brevium  
I. Cagnoni.

### CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

London, Jan. 26.—Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, has written a long letter to the clergy of his diocese, which is dated at the English College, Rome. This letter will be read in the Catholic churches on January 27. It is full of the sincerest tributes to the memory of the Queen, for whom, it says, the Holy Father was most assiduous in his enquiries and anxiety during her sufferings, and who sent messages of condolence and said prayers for her recovery. The letter continues: "Of public religious services for the dead the Catholic Church knows none, but such as she has instituted for the souls of her own children. No one would feel it right that in our grief we should so far forget ourselves or the properties due her deceased Majesty and the official position she filled as to even appear to claim her as a member of our Church, which we should be doing were we to perform in her behalf the religious rites that are exclusively applicable to deceased Catholics. At the same time we may remind you that it is lawful to those who believe that any persons who have departed this life in union with the soul of the Church, though not in her external communion, to offer privately prayers and good works for their release from purgatory. The Church itself forms no judgment upon a matter which must remain a secret between God and the individual soul; what can we do? Everywhere a deep sentiment of loyalty and patriotism is swelling within the heart of the Catholic community in England, and seeking some outward expression. Gladly and eagerly shall we join in the purely civil and social mourning that will be generously offered by the nation to the memory of such a Queen. Where there are church bells they will be tolled, and the national flag may be placed at half mast either within or without the precincts of our churches. We fully and actually share the national sorrow, and the anxiety inseparable with such a period. We trust and pray that the noble traditions established by the mother will be carried on and perfected by the son. The attachment of Catholics to the throne and dynasty is beyond suspicion."

### LIBERAL CATHOLICS.

Our London contemporary thus defines "liberal" Catholics, in referring to the joint pastoral letter recently addressed by the Cardinal Archbishop and Bishops of Westminster to their flocks, on "The Church and Liberal Catholicity."

"Liberal Catholics are those who, being wanting in fidelity and reverence, would fain take upon themselves the task of disposing of the doctrine, practices and discipline of Mother Church without the least reference to the mind of the Church or to her ministers. As the Bishops aptly describe him, a Liberal Catholic is like one who, having received a gracious invitation from his Sovereign to reside in the royal palace, should take advantage of his position to destroy, or dispose of the royal furniture according to his own caprice or that of his friends outside, and even to make structural alterations without any kind of warrant or authority for so doing."

When we are unable to believe in the divinity of Jesus, the source of life flows dry within us, and our life withers like a tree whose root has been cut.—Bishop Spalding.

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE.

XXXVIII.

In the second month of the spring Ned was to be married; a quiet ceremony performed in Rahandabad, followed by a wedding breakfast, after which the young couple were to take a brief trip to New York, Washington, and a few other prominent cities. In deference to his aunt, to whom Carnew was especially grateful for her kind treatment of his betrothed, he had agreed to make the trip this short, but he intended to take his bride to Europe the ensuing winter.

And Dyke and Meg must be at the wedding; Ned sent the most loving letters to them, letters with affectionate postscripts appended by Carnew, entreating them to attend. But Meg was confined to bed from an attack of rheumatism that the doctor said would render her unable to travel for three months to come, and Dyke wrote in his tender, loving way that he could give no decided answer yet. She did not dream that his indecision came from the cowardice he felt in his heart for her. He doubted if his own heart could bear to see her given to another; whether his very manhood would not forsake him at the sight. He kissed her letter and put it away, but not with the packet of her former letters; those in some sense were more precious, more his own.

It became incumbent upon Ned to write at last to Edna, from whom she had not received a single line in all those months, in order to apprise her of her approaching wedding, and to write also to Mr. Edgar, which she did in her kindly way, thanking him for all that he had done for her, and asking him to forgive any annoyance or displeasure she had ever caused him.

What was her amazement to receive from Edna the following reply: "MY DEAREST NED:—Can you imagine anything more singular? At the very instant I received your letter, I was about to write to you to apprise you of my approaching wedding. Only I shall be married at an earlier date, three weeks from now; yours will be three weeks later. My engagement has been very brief, and the ceremony will be quiet and hurried. We are going to Europe immediately after my husband's return, and I shall be well enough to accompany you. But all this time I declare, I have not told you who is to be the bridegroom. No less than our old friend, Mr. Brekbell."

Ned could read no further, for a moment, from astonishment. Brekbell, who had been the butt of Rahandabad, had only departed a month before; whose insipid conversation she had heard Edna frequently ridicule, who had told her to recommission him, gave his wealth, and Edna surely had no need of that; could it be possible that she was about to give her heart and hand to that man? And how had her father's consent been won to such a union? She resumed the letter, but it explained nothing that so puzzled, and in some sense shocked her. It only said:

"You know how devoted the poor fellow used to be to me. I felt I must reward him. As our wedding is to be so quiet and hurried, I cannot invite you to be present at it; and as we shall leave in such haste, there will be no time to see you; but I know, my dear Ned, that you will give me your very best wishes, as I give you mine.

A postscript stated that Mrs. Stafford had gone to England to make her permanent home there. She also received an answer from Mr. Edgar, an answer that chilled her to the very soul—it was so coldly courteous. Miss Edgar having chosen to remove herself so completely from his authority or advice, he knew not why she should deem it necessary to ask his forgiveness for anything, or even to apprise him of her intended change in life. There was not the most remote allusion to his daughter's marriage, nor the slightest wish for Ned's happiness.

She crushed the letter in her hand, and thrust into her pocket, with an uncontrollable feeling of anger and disappointment. This cold, aggravating man might surely, at such a time, have given her one kind word.

Edna's letter she showed to Carnew. He read it through without a word, and then he looked at her—a peculiarly amused and lingering look. For once, masculine wisdom had been greater than feminine astuteness; he divined, or imagined that he divined, the motives which prompted Edna's hurried and ill-matched marriage—pique at her disappointment in securing a more eligible offer, and ambition to be married before Ned should be. But seeing that his guileless companion had no such thoughts, he did not tell her what his own were, but returned the letter to her with a broader smile still, and a hope that Edna would be happy. She was on the point of showing him Mr. Edgar's letter also, but she refrained, thinking that, if she did, it would make Carnew dislike him; and since she owed her education and her home, for a part of her life, to the gentleman, she could not bear, in common gratitude, to diminish any friendship he might have won.

That same afternoon, Magillivray brought a message to her from Josephine. "She's so sorely at there," said the honest, sympathizing fellow, who expressed his sympathy of putting that her mind was not right," and the doctor says she'll die in a few days. She's ails terribled, Miss Ned, an' ails a couple o' times for you. Perhaps you wad aae min' gang to the pair creature."

Of course, Ned did not mind; she even gave up her afternoon ride with Alan, leaving a little note of excuse for him left, did she tell him, he might object to her visiting Josephine just then. He had already disapproved at the frequency of her visits to the unfortunate creature in every other way than in allowing her any of the society of his intended. He could not bear the thought of his pure, lovely betrothed sitting at the bedside of that erring woman. But the erring woman was soothed and benefited by Ned's visit to such a degree that the old Scotch wife, with whom she stayed, regarded the young lady as little less than an angel; and Ned's own tender charity disposed her to minister in whatever way she could, to the comfort of Josephine, even to the verge of offending Carnew. But, generally her plea for the poor girl was so far yielded as not to forbid her visit.

The secret that the poor French girl so well kept, not even telling it to Ned, preyed upon her with bitter effect. It made her ill, and sent her to her bed before even the birth of her child. For days she lay there, silent and uncomplaining, but her strain went to her brain, and she was "not a there," as Magillivray

had expressed it. Then she called for "Madoiselle Ned"; it was the one name upon her lips all that night and all the next morning, and the Scotch wife watched for Magillivray when he drove to the village, which he did every day, either with or for guests, in order to ask him to tell the young lady.

When Ned arrived at the little cottage, she found all in commotion. Josephine's baby had been born two hours before, but still-born, and the young mother would hardly live through the night, the doctor said. But she was quite herself, with a consciousness of and a resignation to her circumstances almost touching. She asked for "Madoiselle," begging that she might be sent for, and when informed that Magillivray had promised to tell the young lady, tears of gladness and relief came into her eyes. When Ned came, she extended both of her thin hands to greet her:

"The doctor has told me that I will not live," she said, "and I would be so glad, only for my poor little sister—she has no one to care for her, and when informed that Magillivray had promised to tell the young lady, tears of gladness and relief came into her eyes. When Ned came, she extended both of her thin hands to greet her:

"I shall see to her," said Ned, "always see to her; only yesterday Mr. Carnew paid her school bill a year in advance, and he has told the managers of the institute to draw upon him for all her expenses."

"O madoiselle, how can I thank you? What have you not done for me; you are an angel. If the blessing of a poor, sinful creature like me can be of any use to you, have it; but God will bless you."

She covered Ned's hands with kisses, and shed her happy tears upon them. "They told you about my baby," she resumed, "didn't they? And how glad I am that it is dead; for poor little Ned, madoiselle, for I want to say something very secret. I want to tell you, you who have been so good to me, and now that I am dying, who the father of my child is; but you must promise me not to tell any one, for I love him, and I want to show my love of him by going down to his grave without giving his name to any body. It is—" with a sort of gasp in uttering the words, "Harry Brekbell."

Ned gave a violent start, and for a moment she became as pale as the poor sick creature beneath her.

"You are surprised, madoiselle; you did not dream of him, for he never looked at me before anybody; but we were many times when there was no one to see, and he told me how he loved me from the first time I came to the house; and I grew to love him, until now, madoiselle, even now, I love him so much I cannot say one word against him."

"But he has wronged you so," burst from Ned; "he has deserted you when it was his duty to marry you."

"I shall be dead, madoiselle, and as my child is gone it makes no difference."

"Oh, no, madoiselle!" and she tried to raise herself in the bed in order to make her entreaty more effectual, "I could not die if his name were told."

There was but one course for Ned to pursue; to tell the dying girl that Brekbell was about to be married, and that it would be criminal not to reveal his character to the lady he would marry. Her very soul shrank from the task, for she feared the shock it would give to her who "loved too well"; but it was the only way to save her from the revelation of his name. And in the interest of justice, for the sake of Edna, whom she imagined as having full trust, at least in Brekbell's upright character, it seemed to be her duty to do so. She stepped down and told it as gently as she could.

But all her gentleness did not temper the shock. Josephine could bear his heartless desertion in her hour of trouble, his cruel forgetfulness, for she was still buoyed with the hope that her devotion to him in the matter of not revealing his name would touch him, and that her very death would cause him to have a tender memory of her; but to hear that he was about to marry, proved so conclusively that he no longer cared in the least for her; indeed, that he had flung away all recollection of her, that every vestige of the slender hope that had animated her, fled.

"O madoiselle!" she said, taking in her hot grasp both of Ned's hands, "that is the last pain. You can tell the lady his name, for my heart has broken now."

It seemed so, for relinquishing Ned's hands she turned her face to the wall with a great sigh, and she did not speak again. The young lady waited a long time, and the old Scotch wife came in and leaned over her.

"She's amsat awa'!" she said, nodding her head at Ned. "She'll noo bide till night."

he most unwise for me even to hint that I had heard of his folly. Was the heart that she had written to me, a deeper wisdom in the future, I remain, Yours, "EDNA."

Ned was disgusted, and for once she fairly contemned her cousin. Was the heart that she had written to me, a deeper wisdom in the future, I remain, Yours, "EDNA."

In little less than three weeks all preparations making for the wedding ceased. Mr. and Mrs. Brekbell, and also the girl and the heartlessness of Brekbell's father; it must be so, else how could she so easily and so soon forget poor Mackay?

"That beautiful girl," said Mrs. Dolan, "to marry such a monkey; but that just proves my theory about women; they're fools from the first to the last of them," evidently forgetting that she was including in the same category herself and Ned, for whom she now professed such an ardent affection.

"And that stiff, unmanly old father of her," she resumed; "it's a wonder how his pride could ever be reconciled to such a match—why, he snubbed that fool Brekbell when he was here."

And Alan and Ned wondered also, but they were too much absorbed in the preparations making for their own wedding to give the subject over-much thought.

Dyke wrote at the very last that he was not coming; and it was true that his business (he being the newest partner in the firm) claimed very close attention, but he did not say that he was glad it was so, for he felt now that he could not witness unmoved the marriage of Ned. She had written that he must give her his name, that Alan said so, and that that fact contributed so much to her happiness, all of which Dyke answered in the immitably tender way so peculiarly his own—a way that told so much, and yet that told nothing he would conceal.

Ned cried from disappointment when she received the letter. Neither Meg nor Dyke to be by her wedding! All Rahandabad could not make up for their absence, and Carnew coming upon her, still in tears, also read the letter.

"It is too bad," he said, sympathizingly; "but we shall punish him, Ned. We shall stop long enough in New York to have him call upon us, and if his driving business of his won't even let him do that, we shall call upon him, if necessary."

"O Alan, how good you are! I never thought of that," looking at him with smiles and tears.

"Well, prove your gratitude by drying your eyes at once, and permitting me to tell Ordotte that you will let him give you away. He is most anxious to have that privileged position."

"I shall be, really?" half interested and half amused.

"Why, yes; he has been talking most mysteriously about his right to do so, and if I were not familiar with his strange innuendoes and strange insinuations, put forth to excite my aunt's laughable curiosity, I would say he knew some secret about you, Ned."

"No secret about me!" she rejoined, laughing. "Everything plain as the day. I have had it from Meg a hundred times—a poor little English waif in whom Mr. Edgar became interested because I happened to bear the same name as his daughter, and he knew my parents; only for those fortunate facts, I might have grown up a poor, neglected orphan."

Alan did not answer; he loved her so well that he questioned nothing about her. She was the queen of his heart, and he wanted no more.

The wedding morning arrived, and even the weather seemed to have some nuptial design, for never had the sun shone more brightly, nor the foliage about the grounds of Rahandabad looked greener. The very birds were carolling in such a way that they woke up Ned in the morning in the matter of not revealing his name would touch him, and that her very death would cause him to have a tender memory of her; but to hear that he was about to marry, proved so conclusively that he no longer cared in the least for her; indeed, that he had flung away all recollection of her, that every vestige of the slender hope that had animated her, fled.

kissed her again and again, and then she hugged Alan, and kissed him, and after that she turned to Ordotte, and in her excitement seemed about to snub her in the same ordeal, only he divining her intention, slipped out of her reach.

Magillivray, honest, delighted Magillivray, drove them to the station, and as he afterwards expressed to his fellow-helpers: "A bonnier bride ne'er steppit."

Never having travelled, beyond her journey when a child to the Pennsylvania School, thence to Harristown, and afterwards to Albany, the journey was a constant source of delight to Ned, and to Carnew, who had travelled so much both in the old world and in the new, her simple, unaffected enthusiasm was most refreshing. He loved to watch her silently, as with the glimpses that she caught of the pretty places along the river, the color rose in her cheeks, and the sparkle came to her eyes. She was hardly wearied when they reached New York, and the thought of seeing Dyke seemed to imbue her with fresh spirits.

"I think, Ned," said Carnew the next morning, after an elegantly appointed breakfast in their own apartment in the Astor House—at that time one of the leading hotels in the city—"that we shall call on Mr. Dutton. I am afraid your impatience would never brook the delay of sending him to call upon us. So if you see, we shall go immediately."

"Shall we?" he wide eyes alight with pleasure. "How very thoughtful and good you are, Alan!"

"Am I?" He was standing near her, and he could not resist the impulse to draw her to him and fold her in his arms.

"My own," he murmured. Was it the spirit of prophecy which occasionally, all unconsciously to ourselves, comes upon us, that impelled her to say almost as if another and not she were speaking:

"Will the day ever come, Alan, that you will not find it in your heart to call me that?"

And he answered firmly; clasping her closely: "Never!"

Neither dreamed of the black, cruel, horrid phantom which was so soon to separate them.

Dyke, in the private office of his business house in consultation with the senior partner, was told some one wished to see him.

"Let the party come in here," said the senior partner, and he retired to a desk in a remote corner of the room.

Mr. and Mrs. Carnew appeared. It was Ned's plan to send in no cards, in order to surprise Dyke, and never was a surprise more effectual. Though knowing that their wedding trip was to include New York, he never dreamed of their visiting him, and now as he looked at the lovely, blushing, smiling bride, it seemed to be all a dream. But she did not leave him in dreamland long. Forgotten of everything but that the honest fellow whom she loved with all a tender sister's warm affection stood before her, she rushed to him, put her arms about his neck, and kissed him heartily. Even the senior partner could not help looking up, and wondering, and almost envying Dyke, for Ned was so lovely.

Dyke was crimson up to the roots of his hair and down to his shirt collar with surprise, delight, and a host of emotions. Something even like moisture came into his eyes, but he managed to conceal that and to avert a recurrence of it.

Ned drew him to Carnew, introducing: "My husband!"

with a naive and pride that was charming, and Dyke wrung Alan's hand and congratulated him in a voice that to himself was unexpectedly steady. It was no use for him to beg to be excused from giving the day to the couple, for the senior partner, from his corner, over-hearing some of Mrs. Carnew's entreaties, came forward, apologizing for his intrusion, but saying that, having heard the young lady's solicitations, he could no longer refrain from adding his request to hers that Mr. Dutton would take the day. These few words, instructions to the gentlemen, and Dyke finally was induced to go on with his friends.

A LITERARY VENTURE.

I have some imagination and a great many near relations. These two facts go far toward explaining why I nearly became an author, and did not quite.

As a child I was fond of imagining things and for this reason was considered untruthful; but all the punishments and scoldings endured on this account from nursery maids and governesses failed to entirely crush my love of inventing. Indeed, when I became emancipated from the thralldom I found the early habit return in greater force, and at last, some years after I had been "out," it occurred to me to try my hand at authorship.

The reason that I had not done so before was not because I was entirely given up to gayeties. I went to dances more as a duty than a pleasure; and in my secret, very secret soul I disliked dinners and loathed afternoon teas—social functions, be it understood, for I have a very healthy appetite. No; the main reason why I did not seek this outlet earlier lay in Family Influence.

I write it with a capital, for in our household Family reigns supreme. It is not so much a matter of pedigree—though I believe we go back to the Edwards. One of my brothers declared once that Edward V. was an ancestor in the direct line. But I have never troubled to hunt it up myself, though I suggested to Fred that it might be as well to study the history of England before making statements, not thoroughly corroborated, about the history of the Gwenslons.

However, to return to family influence. My people, I had, perhaps, better explain at once, are of the old fashioned type, and the idea of any female member of the Gwenslon family ever doing anything is undreamt of by them. I and my four sisters drift in our old country home, sewing and chatting and visiting our neighbors, as our aunts and great-aunts and great-great-aunts have done before us for generations.

When my friend Edith Marsden took a studio and turned from an elegant amateur into a professional painter, who actually sent her pictures to exhibitions and offered them for sale, the news was received by my family with every expression of sympathy.

"Sold her pictures!" cried my eldest sister, Marianne. "Poor girl! has she really come to that?" while my Aunt Sarah, who, with her sister Ellen, lives in the dowry house on the father's estate, said in a shocked tone of voice that "it did not seem to her quite nice."

"But it does to Edith," I could not refrain from saying. "She thinks it very nice indeed."

"Well," said Aunt Sarah, with a still more horrified expression, "all I can say is that I don't know what can have possessed the girl. She has a good home and kind relations—what can she want more?"

"Don't you think," said my gentle little Aunt Ellen, "that we ought to play rather than blame her? It seems so sad to be reduced to really making money for her pictures. She must be very poor."

But Aunt Sarah was not to be mollified. "Ellen, my dear," she said, severely, "in our young days a gentleman would have preferred starvation to remunerative work."

It would, of course, have been quite useless for me to attempt to explain that Edith had not even the excuse of poverty and had sold her work for choice, not necessity, preferring to do so, even if the returns did little more than cover the outlying expenses, as they at least gave her the means of pursuing her art. It was soon after this, and probably as the result of Edith Marsden's success, that it suddenly occurred to me that I, too, might earn an honest penny and add to my scanty supply of pocket money by turning my taste for imagining things to account; so I wrote a story. It is not necessary to relate the plot in detail here; perhaps it is better not to revive what has long since been forgotten; let it suffice to say that it turned partly on the idea of a woman giving her love unknown to and unreturned by the man on whom it was bestowed. The subject seemed to me serious enough, and I endeavored to treat it in a befitting spirit. For weeks before I put pen to paper I thought of my characters, and tried to imagine how they would act, and what they would say, until at last I felt as if I were actually living with them, and knew them far better than the people really around me, though at the same time I flattered myself that they were all entirely the creatures of my imagination, and unlike any one whom I had ever met or known.

At last it was completed and sent up, with much trepidation, to the editor of Morris' Journal, which was the only magazine I was in the habit of seeing, and which was taken by most families in the neighborhood. It was so characteristic of our neighborhood that we all followed each other, even to the matter of the magazine we took in, thereby losing the advantage we might have had from interchanging different ones. For a few days I was in a state of feverish excitement every time the postman came; but after a little time this subsided, and I had, indeed, almost ceased to think about my story, when one day, a few weeks after it was sent up, I opened a packet in an unfamiliar writing, and was greeted, to my surprise, by my story in print, with a note requesting me to correct the proof and return it immediately.

About a fortnight later I received a copy of the magazine containing the story, and by the same post a letter from the editor inclosing a cheque for £5.

I don't believe that any one who has never earned a penny entirely by the

fruit of their own brains can imagine the joy with which I beheld that little piece of paper; but my spirits were slightly checked when, on opening the magazine, I saw at the end of the story my name, Dora Gwenslon, in full. Of course I had signed it as I should a letter, unthinkingly. The fact of my name really appearing, to proclaim to all the world that I had written a story, never struck me, even when I saw it in print.

However, the joy of being accepted and of having my £5 outweighed my momentary discomfiture; and feeling that I must share my delight with some one, I made a confidante of Dolly, my youngest sister, the one of us whose role was that of the family beauty, as mine was of the family book worm—if, indeed, any of us could be said to be allowed enough individuality to have a role at all.

"Dolly," I said, "I have written a story in this month's Morris'."

"Written a story!" cried Dolly, pausing with a pair of curling tongs in mid air, for she was dressing for dinner at the time. "What on earth have you done such a thing as that for? What will papa say?"

"I don't know," I said. "Perhaps he won't find out; but as the editor had inserted my name after it I am afraid he will."

"Dora," cried Dolly, "how could you? You thought it was only people like—well, the sort of people one doesn't know, who really wrote and had their names in print."

"I don't see that it matters much," I said. "I have done nothing to be ashamed of, and I've got £5 for it."

"Five pounds!" said Dolly, looking at me with rather more respect. "What a joke. What shall you do with it? It would almost buy you a new evening gown."

I did not answer, for the idea of spending such precious earnings on a dress that would be done for with a few evenings' wear seemed to me almost sacrilege, and I felt that Dolly would never understand such an attitude of mind.

"Shall you tell the others?" was her next question.

"They will soon find out," I replied. Adelaide always reads Morris' on the first evening.

The next afternoon, when I came in from a walk, I found my two elder sisters seated in front of the fire, and on Adelaide's lap was the copy of Morris' containing my story.

"Oh, Dora," she cried, on seeing me, "such an annoying thing has occurred; some one has written a miserable story in Morris', and they have taken your name! It must be some one who has heard it, for no one would ever have hit on such a name as Gwenslon of their own accord."

"Yes, is it not dreadful!" echoed Marianne. "Papa will be quite put out to see our name used like that. It is very impertinent of whoever has done it. You don't seem to mind much," she continued, as I made no reply; "and surely you are the one who ought to resent it most, since it is your name in full that appears."

"But I can't resent it," I said, meekly, "because, you see, the person who wrote the story has every right to the use of my name, since it was myself."

"You wrote it!" and "How could you do such a thing! You have disgraced the family!" were the remarks which greeted my announcement, though the surprise displayed struck me as being a little too great to be natural, and I largely suspected that the authorship had not been unguessed by my sisters. This surmise on my part was strengthened by the inconsistency of the next remark I heard.

dreamy that the world might tumble to pieces under your very nose and you would never notice it. But it makes no difference. Every one will think you knew, and it will bring all the family into bad odium just the same."

Now, as a matter of fact, if any one had had a fancy for Major Cunliffe I should have said it was Louisa herself—not that I thought of her any more than of Missie Watson in writing the story which really was planned before either of them had met Major Cunliffe at all.

"Yes, that's just it," said Adelaide, chiming in with Louisa's last remark. "It is what the country will say of us that I cannot forget. We shall all be talked about and looked upon as so peculiar."

"No one has ever called us that before," said Dolly, who had now joined us, and who always went with the majority in any discussion; "and now it will always be said that one of us writes. Sophie Mortimer told me a story about some one she knew who knew some one who wrote, and one day a man came to the house, a very nice man, good family, lots of money and everything, I believe, and Sophie happened to mention that they were expecting a woman who had written a book, and he said at once, 'Then I'm off.'"

"What a solemn warning," I could not help saying. "I see that you are afraid of the effects of my scribbling on the matrimonial prospects of the family."

"Really," cried Adelaide, "you might at least spare us your vulgarity."

"I am sorry if I am vulgar," I retorted; "but does it never strike you that it is a little dull to be always exactly like every one else?"

"Surely," said Marianne, "one must be a lady before anything else."

"Even before a nice woman, I suppose," I said.

"Why, certainly," she said; "one's cook may be that."

"You are very flippant," replied Adelaide. "I wish you would try to remember your family."

If by remembering was meant not forgetting, there was not much chance I should not.

And next afternoon my Aunts Sarah and Ellen appeared, and I could see at a glance that they too had read the story. After a few frigid remarks Aunt Sarah plunged into the subject. "Dora," she said, coldly, "is it indeed true that you have allowed your full name, your family name, to appear in this month's *Morris*?"

"It is my family name, of course," I said. "You see I have not any other."

"It is then, indeed, true that the name which was also that of your sainted grandmother, and which can be seen any day on our family tomb, actually appears after a story in a magazine?"

"I fear it is," I said.

"Well, all I can remark is, that I blush to think that any niece of mine should have come to this," she replied. Here my Aunt Ellen's soft, cooling voice chimed in.

"We should not mind it so much—at least, I think not, should we?" she said, with a depressing glance at her sister. "If the story were rather different—how shall I say? rather different in tone—and yes, not quite so unmanly—was not unmanly the word you used when speaking of it, Sarah?"

"I believe it was," said Aunt Sarah; "and I must confess that, in addition to every other consideration, there was a touch of immodesty about it which pained me very much as coming from so near a relative. In my young days it would have been considered a shock to have any young lady to give away her heart unasked."

"From this statement I felt sure that I might conclude that Aunt Sarah had never given her own."

"It was indeed," she continued, "considered bold and forward for the idea of love even to occur to a young lady until an actual proposal had been made. But your heroine, Dora, gives her affection when the man has not even asked her father's consent to paying her his addresses. I cannot think where you can have come across such an idea. Certainly my tendency in that direction is inherited from the Gwentlions side of the family."

"I may not seem strange after this if I mention that the Gwentlions family has always been noted for the number of its unmarried women."

So much for the aunts; but I knew the worst would not be over until I had faced my rather. This, however, was not as bad as I anticipated. His language, as usual, was forcible, but, at the same time, it was brief. Our conversation on the subject was as follows:

"So I hear you have been writing a story, eh?"

"Yes, papa."

"And under your own name?"

"Well, I'm afraid my own name has appeared."

"Well, mind this: if I hear of any more of this to-day, I shall pack you off to your Aunt Sophia for a six months' visit."

Aunt Sophia was my father's only married sister, and a visit to her was among the most painful of our duties, and never, as he knew, extended beyond the regulation fortnight if we could possibly help it. After this interview with my father I began to breathe more freely, but I found even more trying experiences were in store for me. The next day a great friend of mine, named Laura Chorlister, called, and after chatting pleasantly for some time managed to make an excuse to get me to herself in the garden.

"D'ar old Dora!" she cried, "how I feel for you!"

"Feel for me!" I said in bewilderment. "On yes," she said. "I have read your story, and I assure you it went to my heart. Other people may not see beneath the surface, but it has that touch about it that I, as your friend, cannot mistake. I know it is your own inner experience that you relate."

In vain I tried to assure her that she was mistaken. She only shook her head and smiled.

"It is no use, dear, trying to have concealments from me," she said. "I knew as I read the story that it came straight from your own heart. How you must have suffered, and I never knew."

Hardly had Laura left me when an other intimate friend, Geraldine Barton, called.

"Dora," she said, almost at once, in her blunt way, "we have read your story, and think it very clever and all that, but, at the same time, I must tell you that we are very angry with the way you have made use of that unfortunate experience of Sydney's. It is very unjust, and he never encouraged the girl a bit, as your horrid hero does."

"I don't know what you mean?" I said. "I never knew that Sydney had an experience."

"But you must have known," said Geraldine, "or how could you have described it?"

After such logic as this I felt powerless to say more. The climax of my literary experiences was, however, reached the next day, when Adelaide came so me in great excitement.

"I have just been to see Cousin Susan," she said, with what I could not help thinking an air of rather malicious triumph. "She is very angry about the portrait of herself in your story, and says you are an impudent puppy, and that you shall not have a penny of the £100 she was going to leave to you in her will."

When I added up the results of my story I found I had gained much respect, some misplaced sympathy, several enemies and £5. Against this I had lost £100 left me by Cousin Susan. I came to the conclusion that it was hardly good enough.

"This was how I didn't become an author,"—Noriey Chester, in Temple Bar.

latter ceased against them the bloody blade of persecution. Perhaps no other dissenting body has such a record to exhibit. In a paper laid before Parliament in 1659 it was stated that during the previous six years 2,000 Quakers had suffered in their goods or persons. Under Charles II. 14,000 were fined or sent to jail, while 300 died in the prisons of this land. Thousands of books and pamphlets were written against them, and the Friends proved themselves as prolific penmen as their opponents. Smith's Bibliography of Quaker and Anti-Quaker literature fills four goodly sized octavo volumes. In England their bitterest adversaries were the Nonconformist divines, while in New England across the seas their barbarous treatment at the hands of the Puritans is notorious in the annals of Protestant intolerance.

In the dream of George Fox, Quakerism, far from being limited by local or even national aspirations, was a missionary organization seeking to enclose the whole world within its fold, teaching the younger civilization to leap the Quaker creed and to live the Quaker life. Hence its votaries preached over Europe and Asia and Africa. In Austria and Hungary, in Malta and Rome, they helped to saturate the gloomy of inquisitions, so that at one time there were no fewer than 3,400 in their dungeons. Mary Fisher set out on a mission to win over the Sultan, Mahomet IV. then encamped with his vast army near Adrianople, and met with a kindly reception; while John Perrott, with a companion named Luff, undertook the arduous task of converting the Pope through the medium of the English tongue. These two arrived in Rome and sought an audience with His Holiness, who met them in St. Peter's; but whether from want of acquaintance with their language, or owing to other reasons, the mission did not bear the desired fruit.

A LANGUISHING MORIBUND CREED.

The fortunes of Quakerism considered in connection with those of Catholic Christianity suggest a remarkable comparison and contrast. Both underwent in their early stages the fiercest trials in the struggle for existence. In both cases bitter persecutions developed wonderful vigour within their communions, and created intense sympathy from outside, particularly among the influential classes of society and among those who had been their hardest assailants. But the result was not the same. True it is that in both instances persecution combined to crush out a certain extravagance of belief and conduct; but whereas Catholic Christianity emerged therefrom, purified, refined and all the more vigorous for its terrible chastisement, Quakerism in its first fervour and enthusiasm had put forth its strength preternaturally, inducing an exhaltation from which it has never recovered. In dealing the death blow to its vagaries, persecution had wounded even unto death the creed to which they were so inseparably allied. If Quakerism still lingers it is as a languishing, moribund creed, sadly changed, permeated with Socialism, its "Friends" hopelessly split up as well in principles as in practice. The doctrine of the uselessness of human effort, the system of an unpaid ministry, the tendency of sustained silence to degenerate into somnolence and torpor, the fatalism of its dogmatic principle of private judgment, its countless fluctuations, were fatal to its conception of man with God, but the link which united man with man in the religious as in other spheres neither liberty nor authority is fitted for a solitary life. For as surely as authority without liberty tends always to tyranny, so surely does liberty without authority lapse freely into license.

for works of mercy, for the feeding of the souls of men by means of instruction, for the feeding of the bodies by bread, then the Church in the name of God, offers you what Christ offered, the mitigation of the penalty due your sins. The Church, in the name of Christ, accepts the aims deeds as part of the penalty, and then Christ gives you something more than you would have otherwise deserved in the possession of the kingdom of heaven. The Catholic Church, in granting Indulgences, is altogether acting according to the teaching of Christ and the Bible.

ing and considering that extension without reference to limitations. Of course, the result of such a process gives us no real space; at best it is only potential or possible space. The imagination of an unlimited space is only an attempt of the imagination to follow the understanding in the abstraction of extension."

Sansonevino, after examining the various theories on space, concludes that "Space is nothing separate from bodies, and therefore before creation, had no existence; but was created by God in creating the world. This capacity, then, of receiving bodies which exists outside the limits of the universe and in which we conceive the universe to be created is not real, but imaginary space; namely, a phantasm, devoid of all reality, which the imagination pictures to itself, and which St. Augustine calls 'Speciosus nothing.'"

Sansonevino does not here mean that space is positive and direct creation of God, but that it followed from the nature of creation. God created extended and finite things, and extension and limitation came into being as a consequence, just as, when He created light and opaque objects, shadow followed as a concomitant. Space, then, is the result of secondary causation.

Tonghergi came to the same conclusion that Sansonevino reached, that absolute (or what Munn & Co improperly call universal) space is not anything existing outside the mind. Rotherham says actual, that is, real, space is the relation between actual or real things and possible space is the possible relation of possible things. And he concludes that space (absolute is nothing more than the possibility of extension. From all that has been said the conclusion seems to be: (1) That actual, real, existent space is limited to the limits of extended things. (2) That absolute space, that is, space distinct from and independent of extended things, has no existence outside the mind, or, rather the imagination.

We hope we have said enough to prove that the problem of space cannot be solved in a few words.—New York Freeman's Journal.

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Newton held that space was nothing else than the immensity of God. Kant held that space had no objective reality; that it is only a subjective condition, a priori, no real thing external from the mind.

Leibnitz held that space is "A relation, in order, not only between things existing, but also between possible things if they existed." Here in making space a relation or order between things he denies it any real extension distinct from and independent of extended things. Since it is only a relation between things it does not and cannot exist where related things do not exist.

Aristotle, like Descartes, Kant and Leibnitz, denied the existence of space as something distinct from bodies capable of existing by itself.

Balmes, the great Spanish metaphysician after devoting a whole book to his Fundamentals Philosophy to the subject concerning space:

"Space is nothing real distinguished from the extension of bodies." From this it follows that where there are no bodies, extended things, there is no space. Consequently, beyond the limit of corporal things there is no space. 2 "Where there are no bodies there are no distances. 3 The idea of space is the idea of extension in the abstract."

That is, we derive our idea of space from considering extension as we see it in extended bodies, and by generaliz-



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

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.  
Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.  
Blessing you, and wishing you success, Believe me, to remain,  
Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,  
+ D. FALCÓNIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

London, Saturday, February 2, 1901.

**A PIOUS ACT.**

An evidence of the solid piety of the late Marquis of Bute, who was a convert to the Catholic faith, is found in the fact that when he learned that the municipal council of a town of Brittany in France where there was a historic chapel dedicated to St. Ninian, intended to turn it into a school, he purchased the chapel to preserve it from destruction, and at the same time presented a school site to the town.

The chapel had been erected by Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, in commemoration of her landing in France in 1548 to be married to the Dauphin. St. Ninian, to whom the chapel was dedicated, is reckoned as the first Apostle of Scotland, as he preceded St. Columba by about seventy-three years, his mission being to the Southern Picts in or about the year 490, whereas St. Columba preached to the Picts of the North, and to the inhabitants of the Isle of Iona in 563.

**THE LETTER CARRIERS' PETITION.**

The letter carriers of the city of Toronto have sent a petition to the Postmaster General asking that the salaries of that branch of the Civil Service be increased by 20 per cent. We trust the Hon. Mr. Mulock will comply with their request.

It is well known that the letter-carriers are a hardworking and faithful body of men, and it is also well known that their remuneration is not at all commensurate with the task they perform. Their duties are especially burdensome about the holiday season.

The Postmaster-General has shown himself to be a most capable and energetic Minister, having, since his assumption of that office, made many needed improvements in the department which are highly appreciated by the public. We trust he will add to his laurels by granting to the letter carriers the desired increase in their salaries. We are satisfied, if he does, the public, from one end of the Dominion to the other, will commend him for his course.

**FRANCE AND THE HOLY SEE.**

It would be premature to say what we suppose will be the upshot of the present strained relations between France and the Holy See. Mons. Waldeck-Rousseau is an enigma which cannot be readily solved, and it is impossible to say whether he will declare open war against the Church or not. The Pope in a dignified way has given him to understand what will be his course should the Government get a measure passed by the Chamber, practically suppressing the religious orders in France. The Holy Father has signified plainly that a Government which aims at destroying the religious orders at home shall not be relied on to protect them on the missions of the East; and then—adieu to the protectorate of the Christians of the East which France has regarded as a great privilege because it gave her prestige in China, Japan and the Mahometan countries of Asia. It has been said that Waldeck-Rousseau is already appalled at the prospect thus brought home to him, and that he will withdraw his obnoxious bill, but we do not presume to say that he will do so. He has brought on the battle, and it rests with him to say if it is to be fought to the end. The enemies of France are delighted with the prospect, and already the German papers openly express their pleasure at the situation. The English and Italian papers say the protectorate is over; but we can scarcely come to this conclusion. It may mean M. Waldeck's withdrawal of the obnoxious measure, or a moderate government. We shall soon see.

**THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.**

On Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 6:30 p. m., which time corresponds with 1:07 p. m. in this city, Her Majesty Queen Victoria passed peacefully from this life. As the CATHOLIC RECORD was already in press, it was impossible for us to do more than merely record the fact in last week's issue.

The death occurred at Osborne House near the village of Cowes on the Isle of Wight, where Her Majesty was staying for some time in the hope that the salubrity of the climate might restore her strength to some degree, but God willed otherwise, and she succumbed to the severe attack of the paralysis which, as we stated in our last issue, had fallen upon her. The news was conveyed to Canada in a simple despatch which said: "Her Majesty the Queen breathed her last at 6:30, surrounded by her children and grandchildren." The whole British Empire is plunged in grief at her loss; for she was deservedly loved by her subjects, not merely for her queenly dignity and the ability with which she fulfilled the functions of her high office, but also and chiefly for her virtues as a woman and a mother; and in these sentiments not only the people of the British Empire, but those of most foreign nations shared. This is made evident from the tone of the press, even of those countries whose traditions have been some what those of hostility to Great Britain and her policy. In Russia, France and the United States, the press has almost vied with that of Great Britain and the colonies in its expressions of regret for the death of a noble-hearted sovereign and a Christian woman. Even in France, where there have been many occasions of late years wherein the interests of the two countries clashed, and with which country it has been several times feared that open hostilities were on the point of breaking out, there are only a few journals of no influence which have spoken in depreciatory terms of the dead Queen, and their discordant note has not met with any responsive echo from the people generally.

President Loubet, Prime Minister Waldeck-Rousseau, Foreign Minister Delcasse, and many other persons of prominence in Paris lost no time in calling at the British Embassy to express their sympathy, and kindly expressions of condolence were sent to our new king Edward VII. to console him and the English people in their great family and national bereavement. The Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., we are also informed by the cable despatches, fell upon his knees in prayer for the Queen when he was notified of her death, and offered for her the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, at the earliest moment when he could do this. It is not the practice of the Catholic Church to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in a public or ostentatious manner for those who die outwardly out of communion with the Church; but for those whose lives were such that there is a presumption of good faith in their favor, so that they may be regarded as belonging to the soul of the Church, prayers may be offered, and private Mass celebrated.

The President of the United States, the Czar Nicholas, and their respective Governments also expressed their sincere sorrow; and suitable, touching replies to all these telegrams were sent by the new king.

In Washington, for the first time in the history of the United States so far as is known, on occasion of the death of any foreign ruler, the flag on the Executive mansion was placed at half-mast, as a mark of respect to the memory of the Queen. The Czar Nicholas also, it is announced, will send a representative to assist at the funeral, which will take place on February 2, or he may attend in person with his wife the Empress, who is the Queen's daughter.

The Emperor of Germany, who is a grandson of the Queen, was at her bedside with the members of the royal family when she breathed her last. Notwithstanding the paralysis from which she was suffering, she recognized the Emperor, and at her request both he and the Prince of Wales, who is now Edward VII. of Great Britain, and Emperor of India, knelt down by her bedside and solemnly promised that they will do all in their power to preserve a lasting peace between the British and German Empires.

The scene was a touching one, and it manifests the sincere love of peace between Christian nations which was always in the heart of Queen Victoria. There have been, indeed, wars during her reign, such as those with Russia and with the Transvaal and Orange Republics of South Africa; also with

Afghanistan, China, and some barbarous states, but these have all arisen out of the circumstances which could not be controlled, and it must be said that in every instance it was with most profound regret that in the necessity of each case the Queen gave her consent that an appeal should be had to the last arbitrament of the sword.

It is positively stated that the anguish of the Queen on account of the sufferings of both the English soldiers and the liberty-loving Boers during the South African war hastened her death. It is certain, too, that her influence and authority prevented this war from breaking out sooner; and we may be sure that, at all events, if it could have been avoided, this sad episode of her reign would not have occurred.

In common with all the Queen's subjects throughout the British Empire, the greatest and most widespread which the world has ever seen, we mourn the loss of a noble and worthy Sovereign, whose long and glorious reign has been associated intimately with the prosperity of our own Dominion, as with that of all the British Colonies.

Albert Edward, late Prince of Wales, ascends the throne of the Empire under prospect of a bright future. For years his life has been spent in the endeavor to assist her late Majesty by making her duties as Sovereign less onerous, and he has thus prepared himself for the important functions he will have to discharge. He assumes the throne amid the best wishes of the people who have come to regard him as "the first gentleman in England." He has declared that in ruling the nation he will be guided by the principles which actuated his mother, and if this promise be adhered to, the morality of the court will be assured during his reign as it was during that of her late Majesty. That this may be the case will be the ardent expectation and hope of all loyal British subjects, with whom we join in the prayer which is now general: "God save the King."

**MR. JUSTICE MACMAHON'S TRIBUTE TO THE LATE SOVEREIGN.**

His Lordship Mr. Justice MacMahon was holding the Assizes at Toronto on the 22nd inst., when the news of the death of Her Majesty was received, and immediately ordered the adjournment of the Court to the following Thursday, and said:

"A great calamity has befallen the empire in the death of the noblest woman in the land. It is hardly fitting now that I should say anything concerning the grief and sorrow that must prevail in every part of the vast empire over which Her Majesty has so long and so wisely ruled, by reason of the passing away of our well-beloved Sovereign. We all know what she has been to her subjects; we all know to what position she has raised the empire over which she has held sway for a longer period than has ever been the fortune of any other monarch. We all know what she has done for those who have been under her mild administration. And perhaps in no country in the entire circuit of the globe will there be found a people who will not sympathize with us in the loss we have sustained. We know what she felt for us, and we all know from what she said to those who had the great honor and pleasure of meeting her just a few days ago on their return from fighting the battles of the empire, what she thought of the loyalty and devotion of her people here. As I said, it is a great calamity, and one of which I cannot trust myself to speak, as it is difficult at such a trying moment to find words in which to properly express the great, the overwhelming calamity the Empire has sustained in the death of Victoria, the Good and Great."

**LOOTING BY PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES.**

In connection with the absurd charges which some Presbyterian and Methodist missionaries lately returned from China have been making against the Catholic missionaries in that country to the effect that the latter are the cause of the Boxer uprising, it is interesting to note that the Protestant missionaries in Peking held high revel in the Chinese public temples, palaces, and other buildings, looting without stint after the allied forces occupied the city. A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser who was staying at the house of Dr. D—, one of these missionaries, in an interview with Li-Hung-Chang, was rather taken aback by the Plenipotentiary's jocular questions which were poured upon him as if coming from a machine-gun.

L. How long have you been in Peking?  
Reporter. Six days.  
L. Have you secured any loot?  
R. Not a bit.

L. How much loot did Dr. D— secure?  
R. I don't know.

Li-Hung Chang here began to laugh and talked in Chinese to his interpreter who explained that the Earl was joking about the preachers' looting. Li continued:

L. Do you know that Dr. — of the — Missionary Society, and Dr. — of another Missionary Society secured vast quantities of loot in the shape of silver, furs and jade, and have held frequent auction sales, realizing enormous sums of money from these sales?

R. Yes, I have heard much about this, and have seen some articles sold, but I do not know how the missionaries secured them.

L. Do you imagine China will know when the day of reckoning comes and indemnities are demanded?

R. Have you maintained a secret service, Your Excellency?

Here Li laughed heartily again and cracked another Chinese joke. He then remarked that he had read the Christian ten commandments, and had found in them one, "Thou shalt not steal." He suggested it should be amended by having added to it, "but thou mayest loot."

Of course the love with which the returned Canadian missionaries say they were regarded by the Chinese will be greatly augmented by their knowledge of the facts told by Li-Hung Chang.

The reporter admits that he did not himself pass seatless through the ordeal to which he was subjected, as the following conversation shows:

L. Have you purchased any article from the missionaries?

R. Yes; I bought a Chinese trunk from Miss — of the London Missionary Society.

L. What did you want with a trunk more than you brought with you to Peking?

R. I have purchased a few little curios for myself and friends.

Here Li laughed again and cracked another joke.

**THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE OF 1212, A. D.**

M. B. enquires of us whether the story of the Children's Crusade of A. D. 1212, as related in a recent issue of an eastern paper, is correct in every particular. In reply we have to say that it is in part fabulous and exaggerated, and in part true, so that it cannot be entirely denied, nor can it be said to be true "in every particular." It will be noticed that the year 1212 is the date of the Children's Crusade, lies between the dates of the 5th and 6th Crusades.

The Crusades proper were undoubtedly encouraged and blessed by many Popes in succession, who desired ardently that the Holy Land, the scene of our Divine Lord's life on earth, should be delivered from the domination of the Saracen Sultans, who treated with cruelty all Christian pilgrims who made journeys to Palestine to visit the sacred spots which had been sanctified by the presence of our Lord during His life on earth.

These expeditions, viewed as wars carried on for a special purpose, were not so successful as we should wish they had been. Many thousands of devoted and brave men died in these attempts to rescue the Holy Land from the rule of the Saracens. It was a noble thought, though many disasters followed these expeditions, owing chiefly to the dissensions and jealousies of kings and princes who took part in them. It was morally impossible to foresee such results, and it is not fair to charge them against the Popes and monks who encouraged the expeditions undertaken with so noble a purpose. Yet even amid all the disasters which followed, or were the consequence of the crusades, it must still be said that at times the prospect of the Crusaders to gain their objects were encouraging, as a Latin kingdom was actually established in Jerusalem which lasted so long as to give the hope that it would be a permanency.

No human foresight can tell to a certainty what will be the result of a political movement, or a warlike enterprise; and in the instance of the Crusades we should pardon the want of success for the excellence of the motives of their chief promoters.

Besides this consideration, it is admitted that the Turks meditated a determined incursion into Europe at the period of the Crusades, and the invasion of their own territory by the Christian soldiers prevented Europe from being overrun by them. At a later period it was actually invaded, and the Turks were driven back only by the most indomitable courage of a few small Catholic nations. Even now they retain a foothold in South-eastern Europe which they gained at the time of this invasion. The Crusades were not, therefore, in all respects a failure.

The Children's Crusade was not encouraged by the Church or by the Popes, but was the result of an uncontrollable wave of enthusiasm or fanaticism for which it is impossible to account fully. Two grown boys, one in Germany, named Nicholas, and one in France, named Stephen, were the chief promoters of the enterprise, and some hot-headed and irresponsible grown-up people encouraging them, the story is that they succeeded in getting about 80,000 French and 20,000 German children, boys and girls, to start for the conquest of the Holy Land, and to rescue it from the Turks. These figures are, however, probably exaggerated.

The details of this story are not very well authenticated, and may be said to belong rather to the region of romance than of real history; but there is no doubt that these little ones met with a dreadful end through disasters by land and sea, and many were sold in the Turkish slave markets.

This event is one of the unaccountable things of history; yet it is not without a parallel even in our own times. After the siege of Paris in 1870, the antagonism of the people to each other as Communists and Republicans extended to the children, and a battle between them was agreed upon, and before their parents were aware of it several thousands of children came out as two opposing armies, armed with knives, daggers and sharp sticks to fight the battle which their parents were carrying on with more elaborate arms, and hundreds of the children were killed before the fray could be stopped.

How these children were brought to such a state of frenzy it is hard to tell, but it is certain that they were excited to it by fanatical and enthusiastic lads who urged them on, and the same thing appears to have occurred to bring on the Children's Crusade of the year 1212.

The parents of these children, for the most part, had taken a share in the unsuccessful fifth crusade, and had returned home, and the notion was propagated in some unaccountable way that a new crusade must be undertaken by the innocence of childhood in order to prevail against the infidels, and this unfortunate expedition was the result.

**THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.**

The Rev. Dr. Langtry, who is one of the most prominent of the Church of England clergymen of Toronto, and who is generally regarded as being of very advanced High Church views, on Tuesday, January 21, addressed the General Ministerial Association of that city on the subject "Christian Unity."

In the report of his address as given in the Toronto papers we are told that he spoke of "the woful division of the Church, causing an enormous waste of men and money," and of the "rivalry of the sects with their bidding for the popular ear."

It is somewhat strange to read of an Anglican High Church divine giving us to understand that the sects compose the Church, and we can hardly suppose that Dr. Langtry meant this when he thus spoke, though his language certainly, at first sight, would appear to have this meaning, and it would seem that this was the meaning which was generally attached to his words. We are inclined to think, therefore, that he here deplores the divisions within the Church of England itself, and in the next place the divisions of Christians generally into sects.

The Church proper cannot be divided into sects; for by the exercise of the supreme authority which Christ vested in the true head of the universal Church, the essential unity of the fold of Christ is maintained, and sectaries are cast out. They refuse to "hear the Church" and so become no better than "the heathen and the publican."

We believe that Dr. Langtry himself would admit this, in theory, at least. We therefore understand that when he deplores that the dissensions among Christians are the cause why "the only things a teacher in the schools is not allowed to teach are the truths of the Christian religion."

The rev. doctor states that "the Bible stands upon the testimony of the Church;" and "if that testimony were hesitating and divided, it would in many cases be denied altogether." This is undeniably correct, for we could not know that the Bible is inspired if the Church of Christ had not plainly instructed us on this point. Neither would we know even the humanly historical truth and the authenticity of the Bible if it had not been attested by the uninterrupted tradition which comes to us from the

apostolic age. But the Church which has preserved to us this tradition is not the Anglican Church, as the doctor seems to wish us to believe, nor any of the sects, all of which date back only to the sixteenth century at the furthest. The Catholic Church alone has preserved the Bible throughout the generations which have elapsed since it was written, and it is solely on her authority that its inspiration is accepted and believed by Christians. It is, therefore, a strange phenomenon that a learned divine like Dr. Langtry should propose a reunion of Christendom which leaves the Catholic Church out of the account—the Church which alone attests and establishes the foundation on which that reunion is proposed to be brought about. This is, surely, to attempt to make an omelet without eggs.

But Rev. Mr. Langtry proposes to base the union upon the Lambeth resolutions adopted by the Church of England Convocation some years ago. He is not very distinct in setting forth the conditions of these resolutions, probably because he might well foresee that they would not be acceptable to the multiform assembly he was addressing; but presuming that he stated accurately these conditions, he would not leave the Bible only as the basis of a reunion, but would in addition insist upon the return of the sects to "the Historic Episcopate," and to the Book of Common Prayer for a statement of doctrine and form of liturgy.

The Mail and Empire report, in fact, quotes the doctor as saying:

"The desirability of Christian Union is generally admitted. I favor a corporate union, that is the union in one organization, professing one faith, and governed by one set of laws. Some years ago they [evidently the Lambeth Convocation] had agreed upon three principles of reunion—the Holy Scriptures as the source and final court of appeal in all matters of doctrine; the administration of the Sacraments with unaltered use of our Lord's words in instituting them, and thirdly the Nicene Creed, as a sufficient standard of doctrine. I think the preservation of the historic continuity of the Church could be adopted without the sacrifice of principle on the part of the denominations."

The World in its report states these conditions more clearly, as including the principle of Episcopacy, and the adoption of the Common Prayer Book, and explains the Rev. Dr. Langtry's position as plainly proposing that the sects should join the Church of England if they desire reunion. This, of course, the sects will not do; and why should they? Have they not based their "thorough godly Reformation" on the same principle of individual infallibility in interpreting Scripture as is claimed by the Church of England to be its justification in making a "godly Reformation" when separating itself from the Catholic Church which possessed at the time jurisdiction over the whole world, in deciding matters whether of faith or discipline?

The truth is there cannot be any reunion on the basis proposed by Rev. Mr. Langtry. The Scripture taken by itself never was and never can be the ultimate rule of Christian faith. The Church of England itself tests the faith and liturgical practices of its clergy by the Prayer Book. The Presbyterian General Assembly tries its recalcitrant clergy by testing whether their teaching accords with that of the Westminster Confession. The Methodist Conferences insist upon their followers clinging to the Book of Discipline, and even the Congregationalists and Baptists have their formularies of faith beyond which they will not suffer their clerical teachers to wander, though they profess to give entire freedom to their congregations to settle for themselves both what they are to be taught and what form of worship shall be used in their Churches.

The sects also know well enough what the boasted "historic Episcopate" of the Church of England amounts to. They know that its claims rest upon the validity of orders avowedly derived from the Catholic Bishops who occupied the English Sees in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign. The Catholic Church repudiates, and has always repudiated, the validity of the orders thus claimed; but even if it were conceded, the Presbyterians would declare at once that orders claimed to spring from "the synagoge of Satan," and the "great anti-Christ" cannot be of any avail in the reconstruction of the Church of Christ. For a similar reason neither Presbyterians nor Methodists nor Baptists will ever consent to adopt the Book of Common Prayer or the Nicene Creed as the standard of Christian teaching, for that, too, has been borrowed, mostly from the Catholic standards of faith and liturgy.

The Rev. Dr. Langtry's plan for the reunion of Christendom can never succeed. The only hope for such a reunion lies in a return to the unity of faith by submission to the authority of the one Church which Christ instituted.

and commanded all to hear under penalty of being cast out as the heathen and the publican, the "Church of the living God which is the pillar and ground of truth."

This Church still exists, unchanged from the beginning, and it teaches without hesitation or doubt "the faith once delivered to the saints." It is in that Church only that the real "historic Episcopate" of nineteen centuries is to be found. That Church is the Catholic Church, the same to-day as she was when Christ built it upon a rock against which the storms of heresy and persecution, and all attacks proceeding out of the gates of hell shall not prevail.

When Luther, Calvin, Zwinglius, Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, John Knox, John Wesley, John Calvin and others established their respective heresies, the voice of that Church was heard condemning them, and calling upon all good Christians to remain within the one fold of which Jesus Christ is the Shepherd; and now the only way to establish a reunited Christendom is to be obedient to the authority which comes from Christ, and which is to be found only in union with the lawful successor of St. Peter.

We are not without hope that such a reunion may be in a great measure effected within the period of the lives of many now living. There are signs of the return of many Eastern schismatics to the one fold, and it is not merely possible, but very probable, that a large section of the Church of England itself will make its submission to the Pope, the centre of Catholic unity. In any case the proposals of the Rev. Dr. Langtry cannot come to any practical result, for a house or kingdom divided against itself cannot stand. The Church of England must settle the meaning of its own doctrinal standards within itself before it can hope to be the nucleus of a reunited Christendom.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY, 1901.

The Family for Christ.

Recommended to our prayers by His Holiness Leo XIII.

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The ideal and model of every Christian home is that of the Holy House of Nazareth. Galilee, in which Nazareth was situated, was that part of Palestine where the home life of the ordinary people was admitted to be purest and best. The choice of that place was not a matter of accident. According to a writer, who is not a Catholic, the little town nestled among the hills which closed it round and made it like a sanctuary. Most of the great events of the Old and the New Testament occurred near it. On the west was Mt. Carmel, where the prophet Elias fought against the idolatry that had invaded and desolated his country. North of it were the hills and glens which form the scene of that Song of Solomon whose subject is the marriage of the soul with God. Beyond that again is the giant of the far off mountain chain, snow tipped Hermon, whose fertility and beauty the psalms were continually singing. To the east, the eye is arrested by the wooded height of Mount Tabor, where the Lord was to be transfigured. Below it is the harp shaped Lake of Genesareth, upon whose waters Christ was to walk and on whose borders He was to work so many miracles. There was Capernaum, where He was first to reveal the mystery of the Blessed Sacrament. Past the little town went the great highway for the caravans that led to the Holy City, and Nazareth itself was one of those great "priest centres" where, in due course, the ministers of the altar went up to Jerusalem to offer sacrifice, while those who were unable to go spent the week in fasting and prayer. The great traffic of the world, coming from east and west, passed by without disturbing the peace of the town, which, at the time when the Holy Family dwelt there, was a scene of tranquil, homely beauty. To borrow again the words of the writer, "It stood out against the clear sky and was almost embowered in its watered and terraced garden, its gnarled, wide-spreading fig-trees, its graceful, feathery palms, scented oranges, silvery olives, thick hedged and rich pasture lands, with the bounding hills to the south and, beyond, the seemingly unbounded expanse of the wide plain of Esdrasion."

By similar holy visions of beauty should every Christian home be surrounded. Under the influence of the great mysteries which God has revealed to mankind, the Creation, the Redemption, with all of the radiant and inspiring scenes of Christ's life on earth; on the highway that leads to the temple of God and to the holy city of heaven, bathed in the glory and light of the sacraments, amid the incense of prayer and the dim mysteries of the holy sacrifice of the altar, the dwellers in every Christian home are to abide, making it, though as poor as that in which Jesus and Mary and Joseph dwelt, a centre of happiness of which the natural beauties which surround Nazareth are but the figure and the type.

The one who is the centre of that home, though not the greatest in dignity, was that Blessed One whose maternity was so glorious and so sublime, that it did not take from her the marvelous privilege of her immaculate virginity. Next to her, was the patient, faithful and holy Joseph, whom the Scriptures, in order to declare that in him was every virtue, describe as the Just Man. His labor brought him in contact with the world outside, but did not unfit him for the associations with Mary and Jesus in the Holy Home, for which it was his duty and his joy to provide, and in which, though the least favored of God, his word was law. But the care and love and devotion of this holy couple centred in One Object; the Child, who, under their guidance, was growing in wisdom and age and grace before God and men, and was preparing for His work of redeeming the world.

Such is the home as God would have it for all His children. It is in order to realize this ideal in every Christian family that He has made the natural love of husband and wife a sacramental channel, by which divine life is entered their souls, rendering their love for each other deeper and more intense; converting the trials and hardships of life into occasions of stronger and more tender affection and enabling the married couple to see the wondrous privilege of being His associates and co-workers in providing for the temporal and spiritual wants of the children whom He sends them, or we might say, whom He lends them, in order to make the earthly home a preparation for the eternal home, which our Father who is in heaven, is preparing, and in which the great family of the Children of God shall be gathered together.

That is why Christian Marriage is modeled on the mystic union of Christ with His Church—a union where the husband is to love his wife as Christ did the Church, to whom He imparted every spiritual beauty, and for whom He died—a union in which the wife is to love her husband as the Church loves Christ, gladly dying for him, if so the beauty and the power of those virtues which are Christ's be developed in him, to exert their influence upon the family and upon the world. That is why the first marriage took place in the Garden of Eden, when the two lovers stood before Him in all their purity, and amid the throngs of the angels, heard God pronounce them one. That is why, in the Christian Dispensation, when marriage is celebrated, as it should be, with all its beautiful rites and ceremonies, the pure virgin who is to be a wife enters within the sanctuary enclosure at a time where even a consecrated nun is excluded, and amid the awful mysteries of the Sacrifice of the New Law, where angels unseen are bowed in adoration, the blood of Jesus Christ seals her marriage bond, and makes it so strong and so holy that only the Angel of Death, when he comes to separate soul from body can sever her from him to whom she is then united. That, finally, is the reason why the Church will face any danger, and be overwhelmed by any disaster, rather than consent to the breaking of that nuptial bond. It matters not whether the woman be the highest or the lowest, a slave or a queen, the Church will suffer any persecution, nay, as she has done already, will permit whole races of men to be torn from her and be plunged into schism and heresy rather than say that what God has joined together any man can put asunder.

We can well imagine that if married and family life were such as God intended it to be, and such as Christ has made it in the beginning, the condition of the world would not be as it is to-day.

For any one who has even a superficial knowledge of the history of the world, this fact stands out in very startling prominence, viz., that where laxity of the marriage bond was permitted, and the practice of divorce introduced, corruption of morals had been eating out the heart of the nation, and the decay and destruction of the state were sure to follow. What, then, are we to think of our own country and of what the future has in store for it, when we are confronted with the grim and hideous fact that within twenty years there were no less than 484,683 applications for divorce in the United States? A half a million families in which sin had trampled on the sacredness of this union; more than a million of people driven apart from each other with hatred and other sins in their hearts; and their children flung upon the world to be brought up not only with disbelief in the permanency and the holiness of that contract, upon which we may say all morality and all natural stability depend, but, as almost commonly happens, left with no moral training at all to shape their lives and save them from ruin. Well may we say, with the Protestant minister who, struck with horror at this condition of things nowadays, exclaimed that "Marriage is abolished." The "divorce mills" are grinding our country to powder; for if you destroy the family you destroy the State. One depends on the other. If one rots the other falls to the ground.

Catholics are, thank God! conspicuous for their attitude of opposition to this assault upon the commonwealth. But there is a thing for which some among us may incur bitter and well-deserved reproach, and that is the increasing number of "mixed marriages," which are unhappily noted, especially among some of those who have achieved worldly prominence, or who are anxious to do so, and whose education should have led them to know and do better.

We understand perfectly that there are some marriages of this kind which have been almost unavoidable on account of attendant circumstances; that there are some of them where all the evils that commonly ensue do not, perhaps, take place, and we have no intention of being harsh and censorious, especially where there is question of one party converted to the faith, the other not yet having received or accepted the grace; but it is merely to fulfil the obligation of stating the attitude of the Church with regard to such unions, and which even, in spite of herself, she is compelled to admit, that we now advert to it.

The Church is not the first or the only one to condemn "mixed marriages." We read, in Genes. 12, "that after men began to be multiplied on the earth, and daughters were born to them, the sons of God, seeing the daughters of men that they were fair, took to themselves wives of all which they chose." The sons of God were of the holy race of Seth and Enos; the daughters of men were of the unholy race of Cain. What was the consequence? "All flesh," says Holy Scripture, "corrupted its way," and degenerate and destroyed the human race. That was God's punishment of His hatred of such unions.

On Mount Sinai, God commanded the Hebrews not to intermarry with the idolatrous nations around them. "Neither shall thou make marriage with them; nor shall thou give thy daughters to their sons, nor take thy daughters for thy sons, for she will turn away thy son from following me, that he may rather serve strange gods and the wrath of the Lord will be kindled and quickly destroy thee."

St. Paul (2 Cor. 6) commanded the early Christians "not to bear the yoke with the unbeliever," and from the earliest times Popes and Councils have reiterated that command.

The reason of it is so clear, almost certain, viz., that of perversion. It is so clear that during all the times of persecution in England the Government forbade Protestants, under heavy penalties, to marry Catholics, and to this day the Jews detest any union with Gentiles for the same reason.

When a Catholic is united with a non-Catholic the very first thought of the heart, and the one that is necessarily deepest there, viz., religion, or the bond which unites a man to his Maker, instead of being a strong link of affection and love is a subject of dissension; commonly it grows to be a subject that is detested by the family because of the strife it engenders, or if the question is never brought up, the conviction that it is of little or no importance, fastens itself on the child's mind and can with difficulty be dislodged. The division of the family in different churches, or their complete abandonment of church attendance, the restraint of the Catholic party even if faithful, in receiving a priest, let us say in time of sickness, for Confession, Communion and Extreme Unction, and the almost unavoidable apostasy of all if removed from Catholic centres, all these things explain how the Church deplores such unions because of the impending peril of being compelled to count her losses by millions in consequence.

It must be so. They are not the marriages that God intended and there is little left in them of the beauty, the holiness and the peace of the Holy Home of Nazareth. God's blessing is not on them, and at best they are tolerated and wept over.

But the main object and intent of Christian marriage is the child, whose generation makes the parent co-operator with the Infinite Power that has breathed into human flesh an immortal soul, that has entrusted to His creatures not only the care of the marvelous body which they have procreated, but makes them responsible for the immortal soul that came directly from the Divine hand; and allayed the spiritual storm of conscience which had raged for years in their souls. From Galveston I went to a town of some five thousand people, situated on the Rio Grande, a river which is the boundary between the Republics of the United States and Mexico. A majority of the population of the town is Catholic, composed for the most part of Mexicans. They look with disfavour on a priest who cannot speak Spanish, and not having acquired that lingual accomplishment, I was a victim of their suspicions. They said to me, "Catonien, no Romano." A liberal translation of which is: He may be a Catholic priest, but not Roman Catholic. I tried to counteract this imputation by the usual mutual and Vesper salutations in Spanish, when I met them, but with doubtful success I think. This part of the State has been under the jurisdiction of the self-sacrificing French priests from the beginning; and the mission I gave was the first that they ever had in the English language. I received two converts into the Church at this place, and the confession was prolific in good results. Confessors were heard of those who had not been to their religious duties in the way from three to thirty years. At this place I met the pastor of the

colletole which Joseph and Mary had for the Divine Child.

That fathers and mothers may understand this sacred duty; that the children, both by the education they receive at home and the instruction that is imparted in school, may develop first of all into good Christian men and women; that marriages with those who are not of the household of the Church may be regarded as God regards and hates them; that the sanctity and inviolability of the marriage bond may be a standing reproach to the iniquity that is desolating the world in that respect at the present moment and be, at the same, an abiding promise of stability to the country's institutions; and that all Christian homes, to some extent, reflect the beauty and enjoy the peace of the Holy Family over which the Blessed Mother presided, and which the authority and virtue of St. Joseph directed, is the object for which we are to pray in the month which succeeds the one that has celebrated the Epousals of the Blessed Mother and devoted its last Sunday to the honor of the Holy Family.

HIS LORDSHIP MR. JUSTICE MACMAHON'S ENCOMIUM.

King Edward VII. Has Shown the Proper Spirit.

At the re-opening of the Assize Court yesterday, Mr. Justice MacMahon passed an eloquent eulogium on the new King, as follows:—

"Although we have entered upon a new reign we have the assurance of the Sovereign, King Edward VII., in his speech on his accession to the throne, that it will be his constant endeavor to walk in the footsteps of his illustrious mother.

"We shall, then, during his reign, have a continuance of the absolute security and well-ordered liberty which have, during the sixty four years' reign of that great Sovereign and Empress, Victoria, been productive of peace and widespread prosperity which has made Great Britain the envy of the nations.

"It has truly been said that a great spirit befiteth a great nation. And, assuredly, it requires such a spirit to rule an Empire of four hundred millions of people—an Empire whose 'morning drum beat circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England!'"

"We know and feel that King Edward VII. is possessed of that spirit, and that, in emulating the life and following in the footsteps of such a high example as that of the late illustrious Sovereign, we shall have a continuance of that Government which has made the name of Great Britain the synonym of constitutional freedom.

"The King to whom we now transfer our allegiance will, I am sure, adopt as his motto that which guided his illustrious mother in all her relations in life: 'Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's, thy God's, and Truth's.'"

The audience in the court-room remained standing while the judge was speaking.—Toronto Mail and Empire, January 25, 1901.

TILTS WITH PROTESTANT MINISTERS.

Interesting Account of Father Brannon's Debates With non-Catholic Clergymen on the Platform.

The following is a portion of the report of Rev. P. F. Brannon of the Catholic Missionary Union. Father Brannon's detailed account of some of his missions to Protestants, and of the way in which the non-Catholic population flocked to hear Catholic truths; of how the Protestant ministers objected and how he refuted them with nothing but Scriptural quotations from their own Bibles, makes interesting reading. Father Brannon writes as follows:

Since my last report, three months ago, I have talked to people of two Republics and five different States. After leaving Colorado, I began my first work in Houston, Texas, a city fifteen miles from Galveston. The usual fruit was harvested in the confessional, the recent storm in Galveston being a great auxiliary to my work. Some who had been derelict in their religious duties again made friends with God, and allayed the spiritual storm of conscience which had raged for years in their souls.

From Galveston I went to a town of some five thousand people, situated on the Rio Grande, a river which is the boundary between the Republics of the United States and Mexico. A majority of the population of the town is Catholic, composed for the most part of Mexicans. They look with disfavour on a priest who cannot speak Spanish, and not having acquired that lingual accomplishment, I was a victim of their suspicions. They said to me, "Catonien, no Romano." A liberal translation of which is: He may be a Catholic priest, but not Roman Catholic. I tried to counteract this imputation by the usual mutual and Vesper salutations in Spanish, when I met them, but with doubtful success I think. This part of the State has been under the jurisdiction of the self-sacrificing French priests from the beginning; and the mission I gave was the first that they ever had in the English language. I received two converts into the Church at this place, and the confession was prolific in good results. Confessors were heard of those who had not been to their religious duties in the way from three to thirty years. At this place I met the pastor of the

church at Dal Rio, where I had given a mission a year previously. He asked me if I had heard the result of mission I had given at his place. I said I had not. He told me he had received thirteen persons into the Church a short time after I had left.

THE BIBLE A WEAPON.

At this place I had a great audience every night. The Methodist minister was out every night except when I lectured on confession. I had borrowed his wife's Bible, his own being at his church. Everything was so enthusiastic for the work that the Methodist preacher thought something must be done. I stated that I would have to leave on Monday for another appointment. The night before I was to leave I got a document challenging me to meet him in debate. I read the challenge to the audience, and told them that I would stay over Monday night especially to accommodate the preacher, who thought I would have to go next day and could not meet him. He was holding services in his own church, but being Sunday night, so I sent him an acceptance of his challenge by a young man after I finished my lecture at 10 o'clock at night. I told him he could choose any subject he wished, and I would meet him next night, staying over specially to accommodate him, and that we would use no book except the Protestant Bible. He is a young man about thirty years of age. He wrote an answer stating he would call to see me next morning. He must have been laboring under great excitement, as his note appeared to have been written by a palsied hand. He came next morning on his wheel. I met him at the door. He was pale, and in a tremor of excitement. I greeted him pleasantly, and told him to sit down. I said: "Well, what subject do you choose?" "Confession," he said. "Very well, I have the opening and conclusion, you know, having the affirmative of the proposition." He acquiesced. "We will use no book except the Protestant Bible," said I. He assented, of course. Next morning I had several hundred hand bills printed announcing the debate, had them scattered all over town, and sent a number of them to Mexico. There never was such a crowd in that court-house before. Every English speaking person from the neighboring city in Mexico was there, as well as every adult white person in Eagle Pass. The court-house was filled an hour before the time for our meeting. I was there first. The minister arrived fifteen minutes after the appointed time. The crowd made way for him, and when he came forward he extended his hand, which I accepted as a preliminary to the coming battle. It is said: "There is nothing new under the sun." But to engage in controversy with no weapon but the Bible of your antagonist's wife, I am constrained to think, is a novel proceeding under the solar luminary.

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WHEN I AROSE.

all was as silent as death. We were to have an hour and a quarter each. I opened the argument in about fifteen minutes, having given him in the morning all my Scriptural authorities to be used at night. When I was through, my preacher friend arose and began his talk in a tremulous tone. He warmed up later and did very well from his standpoint. I saw he was about to conclude after he had been speaking fifty-five minutes, so I said: "You have twenty minutes more," but his material was exhausted and he sat down. I had only an hour and no time to throw away, and I began with the heaviest artillery in the armory of Catholic truth.

AN INTERLUDE.

After the firing had continued about ten minutes I saw that I had mortally wounded a man behind me. It was the old Baptist preacher. He could stand it no longer. When he spoke he excited the whole audience by the interruption. I was not as mild as a morning in May. Turning towards him, with my index finger pointed at him, I said:

"O! man! you must keep quiet. You and this Methodist preacher are at daggers' points when I am not here, but in your opposition to Catholic truth you are as thick as thieves."

This rebuke was received with repeated showers of applause, and the old man subsided, taking his medicine quietly to the end. It takes an artist to tell about his triumphal achievements without disgusting others, and as I am not an artist I will simply say that it took me a half hour to receive the congratulations and hand shakings which followed the conclusion of the debate. The consensus of opinion was that the preacher would debate a long time with himself before debating with another priest.

From Eagle Pass I went to UVALDE; TAYLOR TEXAS AND THEN TO JONESBORO, ARKANSAS.

This is a very prejudiced town. The Methodists had been holding a revival for several weeks, and were to have concluded on the Sunday on which I was to begin; but it was extended another week so that I might not, among other things, prove to their people that John Wesley was never a Methodist, and that under certain circumstances, he claimed the power to forgive sins in the sense in which it is claimed by Catholic priests.

I always get a Protestant preacher's Bible when I can, but sometimes they won't let me have it. Here I borrowed the Bible of an intelligent Protestant physician, and he came every night to see what I would do with it. Having found out how much he didn't know

about "that old Catholic Church," he is now engrossed in Catholic books as a supplement to the information received from the "old Catholic priest."

The minister of the "Old School" Presbyterian Church was an interested attendant every night. He sent in an objection against Purgatory which was easily and readily answered. He said his big gun till the last night. He introduced the hackneyed falsehoods about the Arian heresy, claiming that it was accepted by the whole Catholic Church at the Council of Nice, and was later on repudiated by the Church; that Pope Liberius subscribed to it, etc., etc. I made an exhaustive and elaborate answer to these objections, which were presented in a very courteous and dignified style. This preacher was Mr. Lady, and I took occasion to state then, as ever now, that he was the only Lady I had ever met who was also a gentleman.

I was not a little surprised, when returning to the house after the lecture on the infallibility of the Church, to find that he was there waiting for me. He said he had come to make his capitulation, to ask my prayers, and to send him some books. The people of his congregation were much impressed that he should attend "that old priest's lectures" instead of being present at the Protestant revival going on in the Methodist church. When he went to preach the following Sunday he had no congregation. They refused to attend on Sunday, and he at once resigned. Poor Lady! Wretched gentleman! What he said I don't know. Let us all say a prayer for him.

SOLEMN HOMAGE TO CHRIST.

The century has ended with acts of solemn homage to Jesus Christ in all Christian lands. Whatever, says the Liverpool Catholic Times, we may think of the moral condition of the world, this testimony to the vitality of Christ's doctrine is full of encouragement for His followers. In welligh every Catholic church throughout the world the holy Sacrifice was offered up exactly at the opening of the new century. And at the same solemn time multitudes of non-Catholic Christians joined earnestly with one another in adoring and worshipping the Redeemer of the race. It was a sublime, a magnificent acknowledgement of God's sovereign power and abounding mercy. The earth was, as it were, covered with worshippers. And in addition to regular services and prayers the expressions of the gratitude to the Saviour took many forms. Bonfires were lighted on hill-tops in Italy and other countries; bells were rung; processions were held at sacred shrines; memorial crosses were blessed; in a word every striking method that could be suitably employed for honoring Our Lord was adopted by the hundreds of millions who reverently recognize Him as their Master and King. Let the enemies of Christianity say what they will, it is clear without the shadow of a doubt that faith in the Divinity of Christ is not a moribund belief, but that on the contrary, it enters upon the new age as a conquering and vivifying creed.

WASHINGTON'S GREAT NIECE.

Miss Eugenia Washington, who died recently in Washington, was one of the few remaining relatives of George Washington, and took the initiative in founding the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Some thirty years ago, Miss Washington, while visiting relatives in Louisiana, attended a Catholic mission held by the Paulists in a neighboring church and after careful study, joined the Catholic Church. She spoke of the step she was about to take to a clergyman of the Episcopal Church she had been attending with her relatives. Naturally, he was somewhat shocked and advised her to reconsider. She said, "O! no, I must act up to my convictions, and," she added, laughingly, "I shall pray hard that you may be given the same grace." She returned home and some years later had the gratification of meeting her former pastor as a prominent lecturer of the Catholic faith.

THE TRANSVAAL.

The news from the seat of war in South Africa is meagre this week, yet what has been received about the Boers are still remarkably interesting. One of the most interesting night attacks on posts along the railway between Pretoria and Delagoa Bay, as distances covering 60 miles in a straight line from Brack Pan on the west and Novitiedachs on the east, though, measured along the track, the distance is much greater. These attacks have not usually inflicted great loss on the British, but in some instances the Railway has been greatly damaged.

There have been several encounters with the Boer commandoes of Delarey and Haastbroek, but General Kitchener in his despatches speaks of them as unimportant. From German sources it is stated that the Boers will no longer respect the neutrality of Portugal, and that Gen. Louis Botha will endeavor to seize the Delagoa Bay Railway, while Delarey will lead an invasion of Natal. This news may be regarded as doubtful, at least in some of its parts.

In the north-eastern part of Cape Colony there are not now any considerable bands of Boers, but there are still detachments near Clanvillen and Brand Vlei, all of which localities are within its district. Gen. Kitchener is disposing large forces in a semi circular position with the intention of dispersing these Boer commandoes, and if possible, of capturing them.

Distrust is the last wisdom a great heart learns; and noble natures feel that the generous class is, in the end, the true view. For them life means good; they find strength and joy in this wholesome and cheerful faith, and if they are in error, it can never be known, for if death end all, with it knowledge ceases. Perceiving this, they strive to gain spiritual insight, they look to God; towards Him they turn the current of their thoughts and love; the unseen world of truth and beauty becomes their home; and while matter flows on and breaks and remakes itself to break again, they dwell in the presence of the Eternal, and become co-workers with the Infinite Power, which makes goodness good, and justice right.—Bishop Spalding.

Beehive Candles for sale at the Catholic Record Office, London, Eng.

Sacred Heart Review. PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY. BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER. CXXII.

Dr. Hodges, as we have seen presents the Spanish Inquisition as having been set up, first, as against the Jews and Moors, for their expulsion from Spain, second, having accomplished this work, as having been found convenient to turn against Christians...

Here is a muddle, indeed. The Dean betrays not the slightest consciousness that neither the Episcopal, nor the Dominican, nor the Spanish Inquisition had ever dreamed of summoning before it a Jew or Moor to give account of his creed...

In like manner, the expulsion of the Jews, in 1492, although it was strongly urged by the Grand Inquisitor, Torquemada, who was also, I believe, the queen's confessor, was purely an act of the sovereigns, who neither needed, nor used, the Inquisition for the purpose...

Mr. Henry C. Lea might have advised the Dean that neither the elder nor the newer Inquisition ever claimed jurisdiction, in the question of faith, over Jews or Saracens. Indeed, Mr. Lea, by an absurdity peculiarly his own, and pointed out in a friendly way by the Nation, actually reproaches the Church of Rome that, punishing heretics, she did not punish Jews and Moors...

No one who knows either Spanish history or Catholic doctrine with measurable distinctness would ever make such a queerly caricatured statement as that the Castilian Inquisition was set up, first, against Jews and Moors, then, against Christians. It was set up over baptized Christians first, last and not least.

However, although Dean Hodges inextricably confuses Spanish history for the century after 1481, he does not exactly falsify it. Reasoning (as we must always renounce in reading these lectures) any hope of precision, we do get a vague impression that the Holy Office and the crown first worked against Jews and Moors, and after a while against real Spaniards. If, for "Christians," he had put "Old Christians," he would not have gone so very far amiss.

Dr. James Martineau, however, directly falsifies history. In Schaff's Church History, vol. vii., page 689, Note, Martineau, there quoted, speaking of the severities of Torquemada, declares that his victims were put to death "not for offences against the moral law, or crimes against society, but for thoughts of their own about religion which only God, and not the Pope, had allowed."

Here we have the statement of a monstrous falsehood. Dr. Martineau, the great light of English and of universal Unitarianism, tells us that the Grand Inquisitor of Spain used to summon Jews before him, would demand of them to abandon their religion, and on their refusal would burn them alive, something which has never happened in the whole history of the Church, something the very attempt of which involves the greater excommunication!

I must give another paper to this matter, for the Protestant world in general, involving such a man as Dr. Martineau, and such a paper as the Spectator, entertains a belief of Roman Catholic doctrine and practice in this matter which is almost the exact reverse of the truth.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Fourth Sunday after Epiphany. THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

"And behold, a great tempest arose in the sea." (Matt. 8, 24). In the beautiful gospel of this Sunday, brethren, we find not only a true picture of St. Peter's bark, i. e., the Church, sailing through the storms and waves of time, but also a true representative of our own life. What indeed, is our life but a voyage on the great ocean of time?

Happy, indeed, the man who trusts himself to the guidance of this Divine Pilot and permits himself to be guided by His holy Church; truly, he needs not tremble, even if the storms rage and the surging waves dash against his frail bark; under the holy protection of Jesus, he will arrive in safety at the long-desired port of eternity. Woe to the unfortunate who rejects the Divine Pilot and closes his eyes to the beacon light of the Church, as a ship without a rudder, he will be tossed to and fro on the surging waves of life, and will never arrive at the eternal port; his frail bark will be dashed to pieces on the cliffs, and he will be buried in the depths of destruction.

It often happens that on a sea voyage the beautiful blue sky is suddenly overcast by dark and fearful clouds; in a similar manner, it often happens during our voyage of life when we are rowing gently and quietly; all things are to our hearts' content, but at once a storm arises, the smiling sun hides his features behind the dark clouds, the ocean of passions is agitated, and the unknown rocks of poverty, sickness and innumerable woes of life make their appearance. Painful situation, indeed, my dearly beloved Christians, but come they must, for as in nature, although the storms arouse fright and terror, and often cause great destruction, yet they are of great benefit, for they even necessary and indispensable. Without cross or sorrow, without strife or battle, we poor, miserable beings will become so engrossed with the goods of this world that we would have no desire for the eternal.

Why are we fearful in the dark hours of suffering; when the lightning flashes and the thunder rolls, Jesus is with us. "Why are you fearful, O ye, of little faith?" If we do not voluntarily banish Jesus from our ship, He certainly will not leave it; He, as whose commands, the storms related in the gospel of today were stilled, will also command the storms of sufferings to cease; when in our hearts the passions, tower up like billows; when impure, proud, uncharitable temptations, like dangerous rocks, appear in our hearts, will He not calm those winds and tempests? Ah, if we look up to Jesus and cry: "Lord, save us we perish," will He not also hear our cry? Will He not also save us from these dangers?

It is true, God does not always grant our prayers immediately; sometimes He appears as if asleep, as if He were not mindful of our dangers and would have to be awakened by our cries, but God does this for His own wisdom. He hesitates with His assistance, that we may perceive our own weakness and that with greater humility and confidence, we may the more earnestly beg for His assistance.

Happy, indeed, the man who, during the storms of life, perseveres in confidence and in prayer to God; he will experience the divine aid, Jesus will be his Saviour in all dangers, and at the end of his life, Jesus will command all storms to cease and after a dangerous and tempestuous voyage, He will lead His true disciples into the haven of eternal bliss, where all storms cease; into eternal bliss, where all faithful servants will receive the crown of eternal glory. Amen.

IMITATION OF CHRIST. Of Judgment, and the Punishments of Sin.

In all things look to thy end, and see how thou wilt be able to stand before a severe Judge, from whom nothing is hidden; who taketh no bribes, receiveth no excuses, but will judge that which is just.

O most wretched and foolish sinner, what answer wilt thou make to God who know all thy evil deeds—thou, who sometimes art afraid of the looks of an angry man?

Why dost thou not provide for thyself against the Day of Judgment, when no man can be excused or defended by another, but when every one will have enough to do to answer for himself?

At present thy labor is profitable, thy tears are acceptable, thy sighs are heard, and thy sorrow is satisfactory and may purge away thy sins.

A patient man hath a great and wholesome purgatory, who, receiving injuries, is more concerned at another person's sin than his own wrong; who willingly prayeth for his adversaries, and from his heart forgiveth offences; who doleth not to ask forgiveness of others; who is easier moved to compassion than to anger; who frequently useth violence to himself and laboureth to bring the flesh wholly under subjection to the spirit.

It is better now to purge away our sins and cut off our vices, than to reserve them to be purged hereafter.

Truly we deceive ourselves through the inordinate love we bear to our flesh.

What other things shall that fire feed on but thy sins? The more thou sparest thyself now and followest the flesh, the more grievously shalt thou suffer hereafter and the more fuel dost thou lay up for that fire.

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PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE. Monday, the Eighteenth day of February next, will be the last day for receiving Petitions for Private Bills.

Monday, the Twenty-Fifth day of February next, will be the last day for introducing Private Bills to the House.

Friday, the Eighth day of March next, will be the last day for presenting Reports of Committees relative to Private Bills.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

DENNIE MURPHY.

BY CHARLES NEWTON HOOD. Dennie Murphy was a shining example of enthusiasm in work. He was a telegraph operator, and I have always taken some pride in the fact that I taught him the Morse alphabet. This was done long ago, for he would have learned it anyway, whether I helped him or not, once he had wished to do so.

By and by he got his first office; he was given charge, at night, of the wires in a village railroad station. In such a position most young operators rest, do what work they are positively obliged to do, sleep all they can without being caught and if they improve in their work at all, do so because of the practice which they cannot avoid.

Nothing pleased him better than to have me or some of the other "old-timers" consent to spend an evening with him at the station and "send" for him to "receive" on a "short-circuited" set of instruments. It made no difference to Dennie what was sent. Anything would do—matter from an old newspaper, the contents of a timetable or extemporaneous matter; he would "take" the stuff all night if he could be induced to stay so long.

It was in the early days of the perfected Phillips code and of receiving telegrams on typewriters. Now the Phillips code, as most telegraphers and newspaper men know, is a system invented to enable the telegraphic circuit to match the speed of a typewriter. For instance, in "code" "t" stands for "that," "r" for "there," "e" for "the," and when the operator jerks out the code word "s o c o t a," the receiving operator at the other end of the wire hurries, and in the brief time it takes to transmit those letters pounds out in full on the typewriter, "Supreme Court of the United States."

When it occurred to him to go to St. Xavier's College and support himself there by working half of each night on a "press wire," he found the code very handy in his college work. It took the place of shorthand, and his notes of the college lectures were practically verbatim reports.

It was at about this time the men in the telegraph room at the Chronicle office began to have trouble with a flippant operator who had been put on the other end of the Pittsburgh wire. He was a skillful machine operator, and he was aware of the fact to an extent which made him a nuisance. He was disagreeable, supercilious, sarcastic, mercenary, exasperating, conceited, overbearing and all of the other things which a good many men are, and which are ten times as exasperating when the man is in communication with you—although five hundred miles away and out of reach of bodily harm. And because he was an excellent operator he seemed ten times as exasperating.

Night after night he caused gnashing of teeth in the Chronicle office. Picked men were put at the key, but it mattered not to Pittsburgh. When the picked man would be sending at his utmost speed and the sounder seemed to be making a mere clatter, Pittsburgh would open up lazily and say something like, "Please hurry up all that you can. We go to press in about three hours," or, "Can't you put on a man to hustle things a little?" and the porpoising victim in the Chronicle office would grit his teeth and do his best to make the Pittsburgh man "break," but without legitimate success. For a good operator never stoops to intentionally poor work, or, as it is called, "poor Morse," even in an emergency of this kind.

The response was not courteous and betokened exasperation. "When you are ready please say so and I will begin," telegraphed Dennie, slowly and evenly.

The haughty "G. A.," or "Go ahead," which came back sounded as if the characters had been bitten off. Then Dennie began, slowly and hesitatingly, spading his letters carefully. In less than a minute Pittsburgh fell into the trap and, opening the wire, snapped out, "Hustle it! Hustle it! Or get somebody who can!"

Then Dennie grinned and opened up. Faster and faster he sent, and the work was faultless. He sent code abbreviations which the Pittsburgh man had never heard of, and tapped them off at the speed of a limited train. It was a battle royal between two experts. The Pittsburgh man was plucky, and it was all of five minutes before the end came, and then he "broke." And when he broke, twenty-two words behind, the office forces embraced one another in their delight and danced wildly about and flung their arms and sent up a shout of victory which brought in numberless angry copy-holders, proof readers, desk men and other slaves of the eye shade to expositulate.

For thirty minutes Dennie kept up the fusillade, and then he rose and remarked: "Gentlemen, he'll be quiet as a lamb after this. The office boy can send to him now. He's tamed." And so it proved.

Poor Dennie! He did not live to make the name for himself which he was certain to win. He was killed in the terrible railroad wreck at Yonkers, N. Y., some years ago—for this story is all true.

He would have escaped alive, the newspapers said, but he remained in the wrecked and blazing car, amid the scalding steam, to assist other injured passengers through a window to safety. I have often wondered if, in those last terrible moments, he didn't enter cheerfully into a contest of speed with time to see how many lives he could save before he was himself overcome. The act would have been like him.—Youth's Companion.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

If you want to succeed in the world you must make your own opportunities as you go on. The man who waits for some seventh wave to toss him on dry land, will find that the seventh wave is a long time coming. You can commit no greater folly than to sit by the roadside until some one comes along and invites you to ride with him to wealth or influence.—John B. Gough.

Self-Reliance a Poor Boy's Secret.

Any degree of success I may have attained I owe more to the fact that I was brought up in the country than to anything else, writes Elbert Hubbard in Success. My parents were poor people, and the necessity of making the most of time and money was a part of our lives, as a matter of course. Then all the early lessons in doing things with my hands taught self-reliance. To weigh, measure, contrive and decide, are very essential parts of every child's education. Just now, science, with costly apparatus and carefully devised curriculum, is trying to teach children by the "Natural Method" to think things out with their heads and to do, an with their hands. That is to say, advanced methods in teaching try to overcome the "advantages" which are the disadvantages of civilization.

To be born in the country of poor parents, who have only a few books and know them, is a rich birthright to any child. He may not succeed, but his chances of success are better than if his father had an income of \$25,000 a year and sent him to college and gave him every "advantage."

Moeling Your Row.

A homely phrase, suggestive of patient work under a broiling sun, a hand-to-hand conflict with the soil; the secondary meaning is that of persistent, energetic and steady performance of duty. It may not be pleasant; it very probably there is something else going on which you would much more enjoy; perhaps you are tired, and this drudgery is obscure and you will get no thanks for it. Nevertheless you have to do it; it is your task; you must hoe your row. Having begun, you must persevere until you have reached the appointed conclusion of your particular stint. Nobody else can do your share for you; do it yourself.

monition on the dangers of immoral conduct among youth. They point out in grave and weighty words the increasing evils, both physical and intellectual, which result from yielding to the temptations which surround young men in the most critical period of their life, and too often lead to future ruin of both body and mind.

They declare that in their letter they are writing strictly as medical men, interested in the preservation of physical health, and presiding from all ethical arguments: "But let it be observed," they add, "that in scarcely any other matter is the deterioration of character, thought and feeling so easily involved in that of the bodily frame as in this." They urge upon young men to think not only of their personal future, but also of that of their Fatherland: "You are the noblest and the most precious first-fruits of the nation and State; on you rests the hope of the future. A copy of this appeal is being handed to each student who matriculates at a university. The professors who sign it are: Buchner (Munich), Esmarch (Göttingen), Finkler (Bonn), Fischer (Kiel), Flugge (Breslau), Forster (Straßburg), Frankel (Halle), Gartner (Jena), Galky, (Glessen), Gruber (Vienna), Heim (Erlangen), Lehman (Wurzburg), Lode (Innsbruck), Löffler (Greifswald), Neisser (Breslau), L. Pfeiffer (Rostock), H. Pfeiffer (Königsberg), Prasnitz (Graz), Schottelius (Freiburg, Baden), and Wyss (Zürich).

Look on the Bright Side.

Happy is the man who forms the habit of taking all the light and warmth and cheer he can get with a fine glow of appreciation, looking meanwhile somewhat aside at those opposite experiences he cannot escape. Let him squint a little, or look the other way. He will be a happier man, as well as more popular, than the grumbler who sedulously notes the mugginess of the weather, the feebleness of his pulse, or the fact that he is "tired"—which we all are—until we get rested.

He will be a happier man, moreover, for two reasons and by virtue of two distinct forces which his act of attention enlists in his behalf. In the first place, by removing the constant irritation to his mere body, his viscera and nerves and muscles, which has resulted from his morbid attention, he leaves a clear stage for the benign action of the tendency to health. A man's body is not the normal object of his attention. Just as the normal focus of a sense-organ is an external object (of the eye, a sight; of the ear, a sound) so the normal focus of the mind as a whole is the Almighty God and His universe—the breathing, colored world outside itself, and particularly the absorbing world of other people. The very indolence of sickness is that it tends to seduce the mind from this wholesome outlook, and concentrate it upon inner sensations. The process once begun, proceeds apace, and soon the healthy activity of the body is still further deranged by the meddling attention, precisely as clearness of execution on the piano, for example, is deranged by particularized notice of fingering or other mechanical processes which should be automatic. Conscious thought always bungles the delicate acts properly cared for by the subconscious mind. The remedy is, in both cases, to direct the attention elsewhere.

His Next Job.

It is a rule that a workman must follow his employer's orders, but no one has a right to make him do creditable work. Judge M—, a well-known jurist living near Cincinnati, loved to tell the anecdote of a young man who understood the risk of doing a shabby job, even when directed to. He had occasion to send for a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared.

"I want this fence mended. There are some unpleasants—use them. You need not take time to make a neat job. I will pay you only \$1.50."

Later the judge found the man carefully planning each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job, he ordered him to nail them on just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned the boards were all planned and numbered ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vine," he said angrily. "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was done, there was no other part of the fence so thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" asked the judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

"Why did you spend all that labor on that fence, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No, I'll only take \$1.50."

Ten years afterward the judge had a contract to give for the erection of several magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among the master builders, but the face of one of them caught his eye. "It was my man of the fence," he said. "I knew we should have only genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him." It is a pity that young men are not taught even in their earliest years that highest success belongs only to those whose work is most sincerely and thoroughly done.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

"Jesus invites all hearts to Himself, and by a promise of great rewards He entices man to correspond with His desires."—Leo XIII.

Nothing so affects the Heart of Jesus as to see His sufferings lost on so many.—Cure D'Ar's.

It is said that the heart is the first to live and the last to die. Then hast indeed proved it to us, sweet Jesus! Thy Heart was the first to live for us, and the last to die, the first wounded during life, the last wounded after death. At the same time that death closed Thy eyes, death opened Thy Heart to show us the excess of Thy love.—P. Nouet.

O Eternal Father! I adore Thee through the Divine Heart in place of all that do not adore Thee, I love Thee in place of them that do not love Thee. I visit in spirit every part of the world to seek for all the sons of the world to embrace them all to present them to Thee and I ask their conversion to Thee through the Sacred Heart of Thy Son.—Ven. Mary of the Incarnation.

"After the immortal words of Pope Leo XIII., addressed now nearly a year ago to the human race, we cannot now insist too much nor too long on devotion to the Sacred Heart," writes the Paris Universe. "The Sovereign Pontiff has in fact placed this worship on an incomparable pedestal."

He has performed two acts unknown up to his time. He has taken the whole world and placed it in the Heart of Jesus. Then recalling the apparition of the Cross to Constantine, he points to the Sacred Heart, and says: "Behold the new sign."

LA GRIPPES VICTIMS

Are Left Weak, Suffering and Dependent

A NOVA SCOTIAN WHO WAS ATTACKED ALMOST GAVE UP HOPE OF RECOVERY—HIS EXPERIENCE OF VALUE TO OTHERS

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N. S.

Mr. C. E. Johnson is about twenty-eight years old, a gold miner by occupation, is well known about the mining camps in these parts and is thoroughly posted in his business. Not long since Mr. Johnson chanced to be in Porter's drug store, in Bridgewater, when a case of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was being opened, and he remarked to the clerk: "I saw the time when a dozen boxes of those pills were of more value to me than the best gold mine in the country." A reporter of the Enterprise happened to hear Mr. Johnson's rather startling remark and asked him why he spoke so highly of the pills. Mr. Johnson's statement was as follows: "About four years ago I was attacked with la grippe which kept me from work about three weeks. I did not have it very hard apparently, but it left me weak all the same. Anyhow, after losing three weeks I concluded to go to work again. The mine I was working in was making a good deal of water and I got wet the first day. That night the old trouble came back, with the addition of a severe cold. I managed to get rid of the cold, but the whole force of the disease settled in my stomach, kidneys and joints, and boils broke out on my body and limbs. My back was so weak I could scarcely stand alone, while food in every form distressed me, and I became so nervous that any unusual noise would ever come to me. I tried several sorts of medicines, but none seemed to do any good. I next went to a doctor. His medicine helped me at first, but after a short time lost its effect. He then changed the medicine, but with no better result. About this time a clergyman who called at the house advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a box and used them, but they did not materially benefit me. I had now been some weeks idle and was feeling desperate. A friend strongly advised me to go to a hospital for treatment and I had just about decided to do so when an acquaintance learning I had taken but one box of the pills suggested that I should try three boxes more before giving them up. The matter of money decided me on trying the pills again. I got three boxes and when used I was quite a bit improved. Could eat light nutritious food, slept better, and felt noticeably stronger. But I was still an unwell man. As the pills were doing a good work, however, I sent for eight more boxes. I continued using them till all were gone, when I felt that I was re-

stored to health. All my stomach trouble had disappeared. I was fully as fleshy as before the first attack of la grippe, my nerves were strong as ever, and I knew that work would give strength to my muscles. So, after about six months, I went to work again and have not had a sick day since. One dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and gave me better health since than I had before, and that is why I said they were worth more to me than any gold mine, for all that a man has he will give for his life."

A HUMBLE SAINT.

Among the Indians on the west coast of Vancouver Island, and one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest white settlement, lives and has died for twenty-six years, a Father Brabant, a Frenchman, a hero, and certainly of close kinred to the saints, says the Sacred Heart Review. His white visitors are the sailors whom the tempests drive to his neighborhood; and with whom, if living, he shares his poor fare and humble shelter; if they are dead, he buries them with kindly prayers. In a small epidemic, it was he alone who nursed the sick and buried the dead, for his fear-stricken flock gave him no help, as the Indian stands in mortal fear of that dread disease. Once a chief shot the good Father in the hand, and he, thinking it an accident, stooped to wash the wound in the creek, when the Indian shot again with such effect that the priest still has some of the lead in his back. Yet he will not declare that his assailant was malicious. "It is only a wanton freak," he says of his poor spiritual child. "We can feel small wonder when we learn that such Christ-like meekness, and charity have brought about what is called 'a marvelous transformation' in the habits of his dusky flock. Such men are apostles, indeed, and deserve the world's title of hero as well.

THE HOLY FATHER.

"Three Hundred Million Children Obey His Least Command."

"It is five years since I saw the Holy Father before," said the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, in his cathedral church of St. Eugene, Derry, on the occasion of his recent return from Rome; "and ten years since I saw him first, and it is almost impossible to discern a change in him. In every sense of the word he is the most remarkable man of the age. He is now closing his nineteenth year, yet his faculties remain vigorous as when in his prime. From the early hour at which he rises he engaged the entire day with the duties of his high office—giving audience, receiving ambassadors on affairs of state, conducting negotiations with kings and emperors over ecclesiastical affairs, appointing Bishops throughout the world, creating Cardinals, receiving day after day bodies of pilgrims from every country, directing and superintending the work of the various congregations which have the charge of the Church government; throughout the whole earth, writing those wonderful encyclicals that electricity every gradual society. His life is one of incessant labor. Yet he neglects nothing, and when his weary day is done, no matter how late the hour, no matter how exhausted with toil, he gathers around him his household and servants in his private chapel, and joins with them in the devout recital of the Rosary and night prayers. What an example for us? If every father of a family was anxious to gather around him at night his children and domestics and join with them as Leo XIII. joins with his household in the devout recital of the Rosary and night prayers, what blessings would it not bring upon the land. Yet this venerable old man, for the twenty-two years of his Pontificate has been a prisoner in his palace, depending for his support on the charity of his children throughout the world. Most of us well remember that Victor Emmanuel entered Rome and seized on the states of the Church, how prophecy was re-echoed that the Papacy was ended, and that the reign of anti-Christ, as they termed the Pope, was no more. How false were their prophecies the event has proved. Christ said of old His kingdom was not of this world, and therefore which man could not destroy it. His kingdom still exists on earth in His Church, and the kings of earth cannot overturn it. They may rob and plunder it, as has been done a thousand times; they may imprison or murder its Supreme Head, as has been done again and again; yet they are as far as ever from accomplishing their wicked designs. Its Divine Founder has promised that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and therefore no matter how violent the persecution the children of the Church never doubt Christ's fidelity to

His promise. Notwithstanding that the Pope is a prisoner, that he is stripped of all his possessions, yet never was the Papacy stronger. His slightest word reaches to the ends of the earth, and three hundred million children obey his least command."

LA GRIPPES VICTIMS

Are Left Weak, Suffering and Dependent

A NOVA SCOTIAN WHO WAS ATTACKED ALMOST GAVE UP HOPE OF RECOVERY—HIS EXPERIENCE OF VALUE TO OTHERS

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ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL.

St. Michael's Cathedral was filled by a large congregation last Sunday, the Rev. Father...

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We hail with delight the accession to the throne of King Edward VII. and trust same will be a source of joy to all Catholics...

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ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA

Previous to reading the circular letter of His Grace the Archbishop referring to the death of King Edward VII. on Sunday, Rev. Father Whelan said in effect: The close of the nineteenth century witnessed the accession of a King to the throne of England, who was to reign for a long and glorious reign...

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DIocese of London

Last Sunday, in St. Peter's Cathedral, the Rev. J. T. Agnew, made the following remarks in his sermon: To-day, as we gather here for the celebration of the feast of St. Joseph, we are reminded of the great love and devotion which St. Joseph had for his family...

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THE QUEEN'S DEATH

Winchester, Ont. 22.—When news of the demise of the Queen reached here His Worship Mayor Davis had a special meeting of the City Council in the morning, at which the news was received with deep sorrow...

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OBITUARY

Mr. William Ryan, formerly of Brampton, died at his residence on Monday, Jan. 29, at 3:30 p.m. He was 70 years of age. He was a native of County Wick, Ireland. He was a member of the Holy Name Society and a communicant of the Holy Name Church. He was a very kind and generous man. He is survived by his wife and several children.

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THE DREAM OF THE DEAD

Have you dreamed of the dream, the sweet dream of the dead? As they lie in the quiet of the grave, do you think of the life they led? Do you think of the joys and sorrows that were theirs? Do you think of the friends who loved them? Do you think of the work they did? Do you think of the love they gave? Do you think of the life they lived? Do you think of the dream of the dead?

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SIR FRANK SMITH'S WILL

Toronto, Jan. 28.—The will of Sir Frank Smith was filed this morning. The total sum left is \$1,275,000. The will is a very interesting one. It provides for the education of his children and the support of his widow. It also provides for the care of his property and the distribution of his estate. The will is a very generous one. It is a testament to Sir Frank's character and his love for his family and his country.

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