









dress on the importance of spreading the Word of God broadcast over the world. To the astonishment of the members of the Society, Mr. Savage gave his opinion about the Bible in the following terms:

An examination of the bible itself will show that the authors who composed it did not dream of making the claim that what they were writing was written by God or spoken by God. It is not right for the Bible Society to publish and issue this book and call it publishing and distributing the word of God. The bible is, in reality, a large library of books; no one knows who wrote them, when they were written, and they are contradictory. The writers contradict themselves and each other. But if we find a book full of errors concerning all the things we can discover, it is necessary that we should trust in things that are beyond the reach of investigation? It would be impeaching the character of God to call the bible the word of God.

The Rev. Mr. Savage is one of a multitude of Protestant clergymen who entertain similar views in regard to the Bible at the present moment, both in America and Europe, especially in Germany. It is undeniable that such Lattitudinarian views are one of the inevitable results of Protestantism and private judgment, which are fast tending to utter infidelity.

We may well ask what the Protestant missionaries are going to bring to the Cubans and Philippines in place of the religion which the natives of these islands now believe and practice. When the Bible is thrown overboard, what will there be left in Protestantism to teach to those whom missionaries propose to convert?

The Protestant preachers have been accustomed to assert that Catholics have no respect for the Bible; but if they look at home they will surely find room to increase respect for the Bible among their own colleagues. In bringing this about, the missionaries will find plenty to do without carrying a knowledge of the gospel to those who have that knowledge already.

RITUALISM.

The following communication, which appeared in the St. John, N. B., Globe of Nov. 26, will be read with interest, while so much attention is being given to the Ritualistic movement in England and, to a somewhat less degree, in Canada and the United States. The communication describes very clearly to what extent Ritualism has imitated, while mutilating the Catholic ceremonies used in offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass:—

RITUALISM'S JUDGMENT ON "ANGELICANISM VERSUS THE WHOLE CHURCH."

To the Editor of the Globe:— Sir—This account of the practice in services and in prayers may interest any who found an interest in the present theory of Ritualism as given in Mr. Percival's "Digest of Theology." But "A Layman" writing to you fails to understand this present theory, or will not take the authors at their word. He says they ignore the Anglican Church. They reply, that is just so; we have nothing to do with the Anglican Church, except in so far as it is "Catholic."

A. As to their services, take a book, "Catholic Prayers for Church of England People," second edition revised and enlarged; London, W. Knott, 1893. It is bound up with the Book of Common Prayer.

I. "Holy Mass and Communion" begins with the Asperges, "sometimes sung before High Mass on Sundays." [This in the Roman Missal, the short introductory service, while the priest sprinkles the congregation with holy water, and the words are used, "Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, etc., and the prayer, "may it please thee send Thy holy angel from heaven to keep, cheer, guard, visit and defend all that are gathered in this place!"]

Then the service proper begins with the "Priest" and the "server" at the foot of the altar, confessing to Almighty God, to Blessed Mary Ever Virgin and the Saints, and mutually to each other. This with the psalm, "Judge me, O God;" "I will go unto the altar of God;" is from the Missal. Of course, the same service, if not exactly the same words, was in use in England before the Reformation. The "Hail Mary," however, was said in the old English Mass and is not said in the Latin Mass now generally used; and is not said here in this book.

The rubrical directions are given, as in the Roman Missal for the blessing of the incense, etc. It is not necessary to allude to them all.

Then is said the "Kyrie Eleison" from the Missal; and within brackets it is directed: "At the chief Mass of the day he may say the Lord's Prayer and the Collect and the Ten Commandments, as given in the Anglican Prayer Book."

That is how the service is managed throughout—the Mass is inserted, while the disjointed fragments of the Mass preserved in the Prayer Book are, of course, kept; for, as they say: "The Prayer Book . . . is the old office book cut and sliced and tampered with."

The first principal part of the Mass, the Offertory, is wholly omitted in the Prayer Book. Ordinary Anglican churchmen no longer knew the meaning of the word: the Offertory for them means the collection of the alms. The whole service of the Mass is here restored in toto—the Offertory of the bread and wine, the mixing of the wine and water, the preparation of the

sacrifice, the symbolic washing of the fingers, the invitation "Pray, brethren, that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God."

When that part of the Catholic service is ended, it is added, "after which done, the Priest may say 'the Prayer for the Church Militant, as found in the Protestant service."

In some Ritualistic churches it is the custom to say the Catholic parts secretly and the Protestant parts aloud; but in others "more advanced" we believe it is the other way.

This little book we are using is for private devotions, too, and so not all the proper prefaces are given. Of course, there are regular books published for the clergy arranged just in this way and giving more; and a Ritualist clergyman friend has told the present writer that "we all use them, and have long used them." Another said: "I should be afraid to say the service without putting in the parts from the Mass," meaning that it could not be the sacrifice of the Mass, with only the Anglican Communion service words.

"The Canon of the Mass" as here given is nearly all from the Missal—"Teigitur;" "Communicantes;" "Hanc igitur;" then the consecration words in the Prayer Book form; followed by "Unde et Memores;" the prayers for the dead; "nobis quoque peccatoribus;" and so to the "pater noster."

In some of the "advanced" churches the Latin, we are told, is used. Coming to the Communion, of course, all the prayers of the Missal are used, with the "Lord I am not worthy," and the striking of the breast and the warning bell.

The "gloria in excelsis" is put at the end as in the Prayer Book. The service concludes with the beginning of St. John's gospel as directed in the Missal.

II. "Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament" begins with the direction "when the priest opens the tabernacle, and incenses the Blessed Sacrament is sung the hymn 'O Salutaris Hostia,' 'O Saving Victim,' given in Latin and English." After which follows the Litany of the Blessed Virgin (given in Latin only). "Then is sung the hymn, 'Tantum ergo Sacramentum,' all present making a profound inclination, while the words 'Veneremur tibi' are being sung."

The whole service is the authorized Catholic one, unchanged. III. "The Stations of the Cross." This service follows, and is also the Catholic one, with the procession to each picture illustrating the suffering and death of our Lord.

IV. "The Litany of the Holy Name" and "The devotions to the Sacred Heart" are taken from the modern Roman Catholic books.

V. "The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin" is explained and the use of the chaplet of beads; "to each of these chapters is assigned one of the principal mysteries of the life of our Saviour, or His Blessed Mother, as matter for meditation while the prayers are being said."

VI. "The Litany of the Saints" from the Roman Missal.

VII. Finally, the devotion of the "Bona Mors" or "Prayers for happy death through the passion of our Saviour;" the Prayers for Extreme Unction—called here "Unction of the Sick" or "Holy Anointing;" the usual Litany and Prayers for the Dying; the Litany and Prayers for the Dead. "We must remember that it is one of the greatest Christian duties to pray for the repose of the faithful departed, especially for any who are near and dear to us."

B. As to the look of these churches. Take St. Alban's, Holborn, during the octave of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. On the notice board are announcements of the services for the feast, marked in our book as a day of "holy obligation to hear Mass." Near the chancel is a statue of Our Lady with beautiful white lilies around.

Then, near the door at all times is a life-size crucifix with a chair before it, as common in Irish and other Catholic churches, where people can pray according to the devotions suggested on the card found here as elsewhere. The little memorial chapel to a deceased rector is also close by this quiet and retired part of the church, with holy water at the entrance and an altar for "Requiem Mass."

At the chancel entry is "the Rood with Mary and John," as they said in Catholic England; and in the sanctuary the lamps and over the altar the tabernacle.

The confessionals are round the church, but only as chairs, with the name of each confessor.

The Stations of the Cross are a common sight now on the walls of Anglican churches. The service connected with them in common and public. But the service corresponding to Benediction is still held, we are told, with locked doors—unless, of course, in convent chapels or such like.

The Angelus of course is said. And many of the Ritualists who have submitted to the Catholic church had long said the Rosary.

The London Daily Chronicle, lately gave a letter of Dr. Creighton, the Bishop of London, ending with good advice to his people and in the following words alluding to their various opinions for and against Ritualism: "Especially when slight differences arise between them."

St. Alban's Holborn, is in Bishop Creighton's diocese.

Yours truly, N. C. D.

P. S.—It may be added that this book has a preface by the Rev. A. H. Stanton, of St. Alban's, and that the advertisement offers a large reduction

to clergy and others, for quantities." Mr. Stanton says: "It is not for a moment maintained that all the prayers are in accordance with the Book of Common Prayer. . . . May we not as Catholics pray outside the limits and aspirations of the Book of Common Prayer? Surely our private devotions (sic) are not regulated by the State, and our rights as Catholics give us an inheritance in any and every Catholic devotion which commends itself to our souls."

The present writer can say that this week he received a letter from a not unknown English Ritualist clergyman, saying that the anti-Ritualist agitation was "dying down," that "things would end in a compromise, as they always do in England," and that neither Bishops nor laymen want to turn out the "extreme" clergy, who are "working hard among the poor."

That seems now to satisfy reason or to suppress it. The Bishop of Worcester, indeed, still declares: "I do not question their honesty."

But there is no feeling of dishonesty. They seem to have lost power of reasoning as to objective revealed truth.

THE ISOLATION OF CONVERTS

Every effort should be made by pastors and people to prevent the isolation felt by converts and others who become members of congregations where they have no personal friends. It is, we believe, no exaggeration to say that there are some districts where a man may frequent the services in the church from year's end to year's end without being spoken to by a fellow-Catholic, except perhaps the priest. He may possess ideas and accomplishments which might be used with great profit for the advancement of religion, but no one suggests that they should be so used, and they go to waste. It seems to us that both born Catholics and converts should unite in carrying out some broad scheme for putting an end to this chilling reserve, which is retarding the progress of the Church.

For the rest, we would advise Catholics of every type not to be afraid of honest criticism. We all need it. Born Catholics are not all saints, but creatures in whose lives the most human elements are frequently visible. Theirs, however, is a religion which imparts hopes and consolations ineffably sweet; yea, fountains of grace in the Sacraments, and nothing less than the presence of the Saviour Himself in the Sacrament of His love.—The Catholic Times, Liverpool.

"IT IS A PERSONAL WORK."

At a meeting of the Catholic Truth Society at San Francisco Most Rev. P. W. Kierland, D. D., used the following forcible words in reference to our obligations to non-Catholics: "The message of Christ has a character of universality. It is addressed to all people, and the command imposed upon its teachers was to make it known to every creature. Here is a positive command laid upon them by divine authority: 'All power is given to me in heaven and in earth' a command to make Christians in every part of the world, and among all classes of people, to build up a new kingdom, a kingdom of souls, which was not to rest on the foundation of material force, whose conquests were to be in the intellectual and spiritual order, whose perpetuity was to be guaranteed by the possession of Spiritual Truth and by the indwelling of a Divine Presence. And that command was laid upon the Apostles and upon all Christians. All who believe in Him were to be witnesses unto Him' (Acts 1, 8). Every one who believes in Christ and loves Him, and believes that the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation, 'must be anxious to make Him and His teachings known; must bear witness to Him; it is a personal work. We cannot fulfil it by vicarious substitution. We cannot delegate it to others and place it exclusively on the shoulders of the clergy. It belongs to all. It is mine, it is yours. 'Ye shall all bear witness unto Me.'—The Missionary.

MR. GLADSTONE'S OPINION OF MR. PARNELL.

Decidedly the most interesting portion of Mr. Barry O'Brien's "Life of Parnell" is the record of Mr. Gladstone's opinion on the Irish leader. Mr. Gladstone said: "His knowledge seemed small. I never saw a sign of his knowing Irish history. . . . I thought him one of the most satisfactory men to do business with I had ever known. But the sum total of any of my interviews on business with him must, I think, have been under two hours. He was wonderfully laconic and direct. I could hardly conceive his ever using an unnecessary word. . . . Parnell was the most remarkable man I ever met. I do not say the ablest man. I say the most remarkable and the most interesting. He was an intellectual phenomenon. He did things and he said things unlike other men. His ascendancy over his party was extraordinary. There has never been anything like it in my experience in the House of Commons. . . . I do firmly believe that if these divorce proceedings had not taken place there would be a Parliament in Ireland to-day. I think Parnell should have retired not only from the leadership of the party after the divorce case but from public life altogether. There would have been a resurrection. He would have come back. Nothing, nothing could have prevented him. He would have been as supreme as ever, for he was a

most extraordinary man! a marvelous man! A terrible fall!" Mr. Chamberlain with whom Mr. Parnell often dined, is recorded as saying: "He is a very remarkable man—a great man and unscrupulous like every great man. I have often thought that Parnell was like Napoleon: he allowed nothing to stand in his way, and he stopped at nothing to gain his end." Mr. Chamberlain here lets in a sidelight on his own character.

IS IT INSANITY?

"Christian Science" has taken a pretty strong hold in Chicago; hence the death of Harold Frederic has led to considerable discussion of the alleged healing power. The physicians of the city are unanimous in condemning it; though they hold, with the lawyers of the city, that its devotees neither ought to be prosecuted nor can be.

The medical fraternity declares that whatever good there may be in Christian Science is the result of mental suggestion, which is now employed by all good doctors: the evil comes from neglecting natural remedies and trusting entirely to faith for a cure. How far this un-Christian and unscientific practice may go is clear enough from the words of one of the priestesses of the cult. She has a right to speak on the subject; for it was she who treated the late Mr. Kershaw, who died in circumstances very like those attending the death of Harold Frederic. This woman says:

"I work entirely through my understanding of God's power. God is mind and mind is God, and God is everywhere, and God is good; therefore everything is good. Evil is unreal. There is no such thing as evil except in the imagination. Thought produces any condition of the body. In sickness we work to relieve that thought. 'Suppose,' she was asked, 'a Christian Scientist should have the misfortune to cut off a leg, or gangrene should set in and blood-poison follow.' 'If a Christian Scientist should break a limb, the bones would knit together quickly, and there would be no gangrene,' she replied, dodging the question.

"But suppose," it was persisted, "they should cut off the leg and throw it away?" "Oh, well," she replied with a smile, "he would probably imagine he had lost a leg, but he would hobble around some way."

One reason why Christian Scientists are rarely converted is because no sane man can argue with them.—Ave Maria.

THE UNCONSIDERED INEVITABLE.

The accumulated recent disasters at sea—involving a larger loss of life within a few days than the total American loss during the three months war between the United States and Spain—reiterate a spiritual lesson so obvious that it should need no dwelling on; and yet of all the lessons of the sad event, the surest soon to be forgotten.

When men hear from a point of personal safety the trite text—"In the midst of life we are in death"—whether it be announced from the familiar parish church pulpit; or by the voice of a cyclone, or the shrieks of the perishing in a burning steamer, they give an intellectual assent to the proposition, as is the human fashion with any incontrovertible fact of little or no personal concern.

Cardinal Newman tells us that when in his boyhood he began to apprehend the fact of death, he regarded it as a calamity which must befall all other human beings, but from which he himself would in some way or another be preserved. He could not forecast the manner of his exemption—perhaps the end of the world would come; but, at all events, he should not die.

Many of us act through all our lives as if we were the victims of the delusion of Newman's childhood. We take everything but the inevitable into our plans. Indeed we say of all sorts of likely happenings which are, however, contingent on a host of unreckoned forces, that they are "inevitable," and forthwith, a belated letter, or a misplaced railroad switch, or a wind from the North, comes in as the divine agent to wreck the prison of our fears or the palace of our hopes for all time.

There is, after all, only one inevitable as fate forever; but how many let these certainties have their due effect in the shaping of life's plan.

The prudent business man, it is true, has his life insured and his will made, before engaging in a hazardous enterprise or embarking on a long sea voyage. But how about provision for that immortal part, which escapes out of the crash or falling stone and timber; out of flame or raging sea, to a strict accountability for the whole man's record to his Maker?

It is a sad thing when a man leaves his temporal affairs in such disorder that his family are grievously embarrassed in their adjustment. But it is infinitely worse to be confronted by death in an unforeseen and most frightful form with all the affairs of the soul at loose ends; a careless, self-indulgent life; long arrears of those transgressions which demand restitution as a condition of forgiveness; mischievous deceits of word or act to be undone; and lo! scarce an instant to realize the death which comes in a sheet of flame, or an icy mountainous wave—and then, the search-light from the face of God, and then Eternity.

We get off lightly and cheerfully some comforting axiom, as "God is equal to every emergency," forgetting that He expects creatures endowed with reason and free-will to do something themselves against emergencies. Day by day, the forces of nature utter many testimonies—but none in accents so clear as this—Be ready, for at the hour you think not, inevitable death will come.—Boston Pilot.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN TO FUTURE PRIESTS.

Honored by the Faculty and Students of Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis.

From Church Progress, St. Louis. Kenrick Seminary, with its love and veneration for the great Archbishop whose name it bears, took opportunity last Tuesday afternoon to manifest its appreciation for the bosom friend and former coadjutor of the founder of the seminary—Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. A very excellent programme was prepared for the occasion.

Archbishop Ryan, accompanied by Archbishop Kain and Bishop Glennon, of Kansas City, arrived at the seminary at 4:30 o'clock, and after meeting the reverend faculty and some of his old friends was escorted to the aula maxima of the seminary, where the exercises of the afternoon took place.

Upon the conclusion of the programme Archbishop Kain arose to thank the seminary for the honor shown him and his illustrious guests. He remarked that the name which the seminary bears—the Kenrick—was eminently proper for the bearer of that name in life was a model ecclesiastic as student, priest and Bishop. If the name Kenrick, both in the persons of Patrick Francis, of Philadelphia, and Peter Richard, of St. Louis, had no place among the canonized saints of the Church, still they are canonized in the hearts and memory of a grateful people who hold their name in benediction. He then introduced Archbishop Ryan, who spoke in part as follows:

ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S ADDRESS. "As the choir was rendering with sweetness and expression the magnificent chorus, 'Thoughts of Home,' I recalled in thought the thirty-two years of home which pleasure was mine in dear St. Louis. I thought of the many happy years that were mine and the many holy hours I spent within these walls as spiritual father of the Visitation nuns. I feel at home in an institution that bears the name of Kenrick, the bearer of which name in life was the model of student and priest. I remember a story told me by an old priest in Dublin some years ago. He said that shortly after the annual opening of Maynooth College a young man arrived, and as the rooms were all engaged it was found necessary to place the stranger in a room with another seminarian. When bedtime came the stranger was invited to occupy the bed in the room, and, thinking that his host would find a bed elsewhere, did as he was bid. What was his surprise upon awakening early the next morning to find the young student asleep on the floor, with his student cloak around him. That student was Peter Richard Kenrick, afterward the great Archbishop of St. Louis. And as he was then, a man of self-denial and self-sacrifice, so was he ever afterward as priest and Bishop."

The speaker said that for seven years he had lived in the same home with Archbishop Kenrick and told of the latter's piety, his deep devotion to duty and his saintly character.

ADVICE TO CANDIDATES FOR THE PRIESTHOOD.

"In the address of welcome to which we listened this evening," he continued, "the speaker remarked that many of you received the sacrament of confirmation at his hands. I am gratified to hear it. In this age, when the priest must face an incredulous world, it is necessary that he should possess in an eminent degree that gift of fortitude which so eminently becomes his sacred office. It is necessary for you if you would persevere in the spirit which the seminary inculcates. Your life as priests is peculiar; the world may not understand you, but if you live up to the ideals held out to you it will respect and admire you. To go out into the world and be in it, yet not of it, great courage is required; but if you ever remember your mission you need not fear the world. Be determined to live out the life of the true priest in this nineteenth century, when infidelity and voluptuous pleasures engage the thoughts of men. Your life should resemble the beautiful legend of Our Lady of the Snow, which snow fell in mid summer on a spot in Rome and retained its immaculate whiteness until the promise of building a church upon the spot was made. So should your life amidst the luxuries of the world be—pure with the radiant virtue of chastity, which is the singular privilege and ornament of the Catholic clergy."

"In the thought of the educators of the day there are various opinions as to methods in ecclesiastical training. There seems to be a general tendency to allow a larger liberty than was formerly the portion of the seminarian. There is a tendency to throw the student more and more upon his own responsibility; to allow a freedom and independence that will manifest and develop the character of the future man. It is argued that this independence will exhibit the qualities and traits of a student in such a way as to give more insight into his real nature. But whatever be the result of this discussion, there is one thing certain, and upon which we can rely with undoubted assurance, the maternal instinct of the Church itself, and to follow therein is the safest and surest way.

"In the age of St. Vincent de Paul a reform of the clergy was found necessary, but this man of God took the Church for his guide in all his undertakings. In this matter of ecclesiastical training there are found the two extremes—the one which looks to the supernatural for all, without due consideration of the natural or its necessity. Then there is found a reaction against this principle, for there are many who cultivate the natural

without sufficient dependence upon the supernatural. In fact, it would seem their tendency is to ignore the supernatural.

"There is nothing in religion that is opposed to the natural. Whatever is strong, whatever is beautiful in the natural is made stronger and more beautiful by religion. Religion elevates, religion refines human nature. It is like the character of our Lord, which united within itself all the strength of the noblest manhood with the tender gentleness of a woman. He was the model gentleman, with a gentleness that could win the love of all, and yet the courage to denounce the Scribes and Pharisees and drive the buyers and sellers out of the temple. So in you there must be that union of strength and gentleness, that harmonious blending of the natural and supernatural.

SECRET OF PRIESTLY SUCCESS.

"So I would advise you to prepare for the great work which is yours for the spirit and love of the great St. Vincent de Paul. And what is the great secret of this preparation? It is to cultivate a tender personal love for Jesus Christ, that personal love for our dear Lord which so peculiarly belongs to the heart of the priest. This is the secret of success of such great men as St. Vincent de Paul, St. Charles Borromeo and St. Francis de Sales. And if you, my dear young men, as candidates for the holy priesthood, do not love our Lord, who will love Him? If you, who are His chosen ones, will forget Him, who will remember Him? Let your hearts burn with the fire of divine love as did the heart of the humble St. Francis, who fain would inflame the world with the love of Jesus. Who inspired you with the thought of the priesthood? Who warned your young heart to choose this best of all lovers for your portion? Was it not Jesus? Thus it is in Him, in union with Him, that your strength will be found.

"The memory of your seminary life, of the many holy hours of quiet peace spent in your seminary chapel, heart to heart with your Divine Master, of the many holy Communions that brought grace and light to your soul, 'tis the memory of these things that will preserve and comfort you in your future life as a priest. Oh, see what one man can do who has the love of God as the inspiration of his life! What may you not do, an army of you, if this same love light up your hearts? Remember, my most dear young men, whatever your knowledge, whatever your strength, first and above all remember that your mission is divine one, and must depend for success upon the support of Jesus, whose priests you are to be."

BROWNSON RECALLED BY A PROTESTANT.

The "Listener" of the Boston Transcript is evidently a good one, if he is not always accurate in his conclusions. In the following paragraph he ably recalls to the minds of his Protestant readers one of the old-time converts to and champions of the Church:

"I was for a moment mystified the other morning to see in one of the papers over a despatch from Washington of some length and conspicuousness, the heading, 'Memory of E. A. Bronson,' and to read below that arrangements have been made to establish an endowment of the Catholic University in memory of Erasmus A. Bronson. A little reading convinced me that the movement was one instituted in honor of Great A. Bronson. I wondered if a man who made so much stir in the world as Bronson did could be so utterly forgotten as to make this blunder possible in a great newspaper; but when I spoke in wonder of the error to a cautious young person of college education I found that person unable to correct it. So soon, indeed, are we forgotten when we are gone. Bronson, I believe, only a little more than twenty years ago. If he is forgotten in Boston, there must be need of a memorial somewhere to revive his memory. There have been few stronger personalities in American history than that of this philosopher who came down from the Vermont hills, the kinsman of Webster and Whittier, with the mark of the same black eyes and big-browed ancestor on his powerful face to agitate and move his countrymen. His restless spirit, as so many others have done, sought calm in the mother Church; did he find it there? If he did, he fared better than the Church did as the result of his conversion."

The "Listener," as we indicated above, has gone a little astray in regard to Bronson's connection with the Church. He never had any quarrel with it, for he was an obedient, faithful, humble and devout Catholic, a weekly communicant whose religious life was in every way inspiring. He was aggressive by nature, but in the domain of faith he was as submissive as a child. Outside of his he would fight manfully in defence of his theories with every opponent, priest or layman. He may have nettled individual ecclesiastics by his persistency in maintaining views not essentially to belief in the Church, which they could not accept, but he was ever an ardent and consistent champion of the true faith. There is more latitude in discussion allowed in the Church than our separated brethren are always willing to admit, and no one understood this better than Bronson, who was one of the ablest writers in theology, philosophy, politics, civilization, literature and scientific and religious controversy that this country has produced. His writings, in twenty volumes, collected and edited by his son, prove this latter statement.—Sacred Heart Review.

Let me close a letter with a blossom from St. Bonaventura: "The best perfection of a religious man is to do common things in a perfect manner. A constant fidelity in small things is a great and heroic virtue."—Longfellow.

My children, if you wish for the gift of perseverance, be devout to Mary—St. Philip Neri.

Sacred Heart Review. PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

It is one of the commonplaces of history that Pope Alexander VI., having no manner of right over the new-found American territories, coolly assumed to divide them by a meridian of longitude between the Queen of Castile and the King of Portugal, obliterating at one stroke the independence of the Indian nations and the sovereign rights of their princes.

It is certain that this use was made of Alexander's Bull by Ferdinand, when, in 1500, after Iabella's death, he was acting as Regent of Castile in the name of his mad daughter, Queen Joanna. Las Casas, in his "Destruction of the Indies," describes the course of proceeding as follows: The Spanish captains would march into an Indian territory, and would fasten up somewhere a Spanish proclamation, of course wholly unintelligible to the natives, informing them that Almighty God, having come down to earth as Man, and having returned to heaven, had left St. Peter and his successors as His vicars, and that these had made over to Queen Joanna, with her husband, the sovereignty over all the American countries. The natives and their caciques were therefore required to receive baptism, and to pay tribute to the Queen of Castile.

The captains would wait till the next morning, and finding, of course, that the Indians had paid no attention to something which they did not in the least understand, they would then march against them with fire and sword. Having wasted and plundered them to their liking, they would then march off, leaving them, very commonly, says Las Casas, as completely heathen as they found them. For the most part, he says, they cared little to baptize them, and not at all to instruct them.

It was during these ten years of the King of Aragon's regency over Castile, apparently, that a good part of those exterminating ravages were wrought, which, according to the Bishop of Chiapa, swept off fifteen millions of the Indians. Before proceeding, therefore, to inquire into the true interpretation of the papal Bull, let us ask what we are to think of its motives.

We are to think of it, doubtless, what, according to the Spanish statistics of that time generally, that it is absolutely true. The Columbian discoveries had thrown over the Spanish mind of that age a glamour which incapaed it for seeing or describing anything in its true shape or proportions. Accurate calculation is to this day far from being a Spanish excellence, as our navy is very happy to bear witness. Less than a year ago a Madrid statesman gave the population of the United States as about twenty-five millions, and declared that a Spanish army could easily march from New York to San Francisco in a fortnight.

If anybody wants a bit of fun, let him hunt up the extracts put out some ten years ago from a Madrid encyclopedia. They are almost as droll as the little Portuguese manual, "English as She is Spoken." For sustained blunderingness they go ahead even of the English geography of our Civil War, when we were amazed to be told from London that the Union navy had landed a large force on the western coast of North Carolina, and were admonished, privately (I believe this did not get into print), of the folly of expecting to hold North and South together by the slender link of the Isthmus of Panama. The Spanish appear to have heard of the absurdity of the English of 1861 in the absurdity of their American statements. At least they bear it far away from the English of 1898.

If this is true of the Spaniards of the end of the nineteenth century, what are we to suppose as to the Spaniards of the beginning of the sixteenth? The means of correcting their bewildered estimates were not at hand, and they were not in a frame of mind to use them had they been. Above all, sobriety of reckoning was not a part of the sublime excellence of the Bishop of Chiapa. He stood, like Aaron in the camp of Israel, between us and saving the aborigines from their destroyers, everything concerning them was amplified to his vision, their numbers, their virtues, the extent of the destruction brought upon them.

The good Bishop himself puts a measuring-rod into our hands by which we are enabled to bring his exaggerations somewhere near to the sober fact. He was thoroughly familiar with the island of Hispaniola. Yet he tells us that it is larger than Spain. In fact, it is about one-sixth as large. Let us now divide 15,000,000 by six, and we have 2,500,000. Is not this terrible enough?

Let us now inquire this: Did Alexander the Sixth, and his successors, assume authority to give to the sovereigns of Castile and Portugal (Aragon was confessedly shut out) dominion over the American tribes? They certainly did not. We have Alexander's own word for this. As Professor Pastor informs us, in his History of the Popes, Alexander, in a supplementary Bull (which seems to have been curiously overlooked) explains that he means simply to authorize Portugal and Castile to exclude other Christians from the new discoveries, and to lay on the two sovereigns the obligation of sending missionaries to the Indians.

This explanation of Alexander is still more emphatically borne out by the Bull of Paul III., fulminated in 1537. Cardinal Farnese, as we know, had been raised to the purple by Alexander, and knew all his thoughts.

The irregularities of Borgia's private life in no way clouded the orthodoxy of his public action. Even Savonarola's accusations against him appear to infer nothing contrary to this. Now Alexander knew, of course, that the Catholic Church distinctly disclaims jurisdiction over the unbaptized. She says with St. Paul: "What have I to do to judge them that are without?" This is why Alexander, so soon as his attention was called to the possibility of misinterpretation, took occasion to signify that he did not pretend to bestow a dominion which he himself did not possess. This explanatory act, however, being issued on a special occasion, seems to have drawn little attention. Julius II. was very much absorbed in Italian matters, and took much heed of the obscure reports from the dimly deserted Western Indies. In fact, it was not until after the mighty conquests of Cortes, in 1520, followed by those of Pizarro in 1532, that Europe became aware that there were in America great commonwealths, compelling attention to the question of their rights. Before this nothing had been known but disjointed aggregations of Indians, who might be treated cruelly or mildly, but who could hardly raise any question of national or political rights.

In 1537, however, the matter was ripe for solemn adjudication. The conquest of Mexico, and then of Peru, had been consolidated. The preliminary contest with Protestantism had been fairly digested, leaving time for a little look around. In Spain the Dominicans, and in America all the orders alike, had been working night and day to establish the rights of the natives. The ruin of the aboriginal system was irrevocable, but it concerned the friends of the Indians to see to it that the Spanish conquests should not veil themselves under any mantle of ecclesiastical sanction. They should be known simply for what they were, ordinary worldly conquests, effected by worldly, and largely very odious, means. The Church and her ministers should be committed to the defence of every fragment of Indian sovereignty that survived, and should not recognize the Castilian monarchs as lords paramount of the Indies except so far as the Indians, and their princes, freely professed themselves their vassals.

Between the reign of Alexander VI. and that of Paul III. intervened the Fifth Lateran Council. At this Leo X. called attention to the fact that Bouffice VIII., in the stress of his life-and-death conflict with Philip the Fair, had couched his expression of papal authority, in the *Unam Sanctam*, in a generality of phrase which was open to misunderstanding. Bouffice says that by Divine right "every human creature" is subordinate to the Roman Bishop. This seems to obscure the impassible barrier between those without and those without the pale of baptism. As divines allow, a definitive Bull must be acknowledged as infallible in doctrine, but not necessarily as happy in expression. In this, says Cardinal Bellarmine, it differs from a sentence in Scripture. Accordingly Leo X. and the Council were not restrained by any Catholic necessity from substituting, as they have done in fact, for the phrase "every human creature" the more definite phrase "all believers in Christ," *omnes Christianifideles*. The authority of the former phrase is authoritatively limited within the compass of the latter.

Then, fully possessed, both by private and public knowledge, of the meaning of Alexander VI., and supported by the still more distinct explication of Catholic doctrine given in the Lateran Council, Paul III., willingly responding to the supplications of Las Casas and his Dominican brethren, issued in 1537 his celebrated Bull, wherein, under pain of excommunication, he forbids the faithful to deny to the Indians their true human status, to enslave or despoil them, and to infringe upon the legitimate sovereignty of their princes. The Church thus at length places an impregnable dike against future devastations. She could not do all she would, but she effectually stayed the work of destruction.

It was fortunate for the full effect of the edict of Paul that the King of Spain then reigning, the great Emperor Charles V., was a devoted disciple of Las Casas. Indeed, says Sir Arthur Helps, every succeeding King of Spain—Philip the Second not excepted—as he came on the throne earned for himself that title of Protector of the Indians which the great Ximenes, in 1516, had created for Las Casas. The title, Sir Arthur allows, was, indeed, borne by Bartholomew in an incomparable and incomprehensible pre-eminence. Yet he is the illustrious leader of a long line of illustrious followers, kings, viceroys, Bishops, abbots, statesmen. The selfishness and misgovernment of the Spanish colonial system scarcely touched the Indians at all, who were also exempted from inquisitorial authority.

Of those many Protectors of the Indians, the three most eminent, besides Las Casas, may be said to be Paul III., Isabella, and her mighty grandson Charles the Fifth. The whole body of Spanish Dominicans, however, went as one man with Las Casas, and the Bishop describes, with infinite satisfaction, how some of his brethren went so far beyond himself in zeal as to have misgivings whether so illustrious a patron of aboriginal rights could be in a state of grace. His confessor at one time was old and rather deaf, and the brethren were greatly diverted to hear the worthy priest, unconscious of the pitch of his own voice, thunder out: "Bishop, you will certainly go to hell,

If you do not wake up your zeal in behalf of those poor Indians!"

The history of the long contest between the Church, aided by the State, and unscrupulous private greed and cruelty, is so picturesque, and at the same time so obscurely known among us, that I purpose giving somewhat full communications upon it. Having read every word of Las Casas' works, as given in the French version published by Liorente, together with the full historical comments of Liorente himself, and with the corresponding works of Helps, Fiske, Helele and Prescott, I shall certainly have only myself to blame if I can not give an account that shall put our vulgar colonialism in this department of Spanish history to the blush. Charles C. Starbuck.

CHARITY.

The unity of mind which St. Paul would have us individually cultivate and practice as the effect of God's patience, is, without doubt, charity towards one another. For charity induces us to love even our enemies, to show our love for all men by wishing and doing them good, to foster feelings of truly Christian friendship for our neighbor, and by them effecting a lasting bond of charitable union between relatives, friends, and strangers, to glorify God and the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, as the early Christians glorified Him, with one mind and with one mouth.

But, alas! how often is the harmony intimated by St. Paul disturbed! How often is the agreement of friend and friend destroyed by petty quarrels and childish disputes! How often, in fine, is the precept of charity violated on account of the extreme sensitiveness in taking offence at trifles. If a person, perhaps unconsciously, does us an injury, we are at once enraged, instead of imitating Our Lord's patience under harsh treatment. Or if something is said in disparage of us, or at least not altogether in accordance with our wishes, we forthwith take umbrage, cherish feelings of anger and hatred for this delinquent, vow our resolution never to forgive, and thus live in a state of constant and sinful enmity. Some one says or does something by way of innocent pleasure, and we immediately feel ourselves ill-treated. We are careful to observe the conduct of others, and if, perchance, we notice anything that does not accord with our view of things, we but too readily condemn it. We are not scrupulous in making rash judgments by attributing to our neighbor bad motives. We accidentally hear of the sins and misdeeds of those about us, and, instead of compassionating them in their misery, and of being silent about their faults, we are uneasy until we have made known what we were bound in charity to keep secret. We are ever straining our attention with the curiosity of seeing what others do, while we are blind to what we do ourselves. We are, in fact, very forgetful of the record of God's precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

We do not wish others to injure us; why, then, are we guilty of injuring them? We do not like others to speak ill of us; why, then, are we not more cautious never to speak ill of them? We are offended at hearing ourselves judged falsely, on finding that our sins have been revealed to the public, on account of the peevishness and bad temper of our neighbor, by the refusal of friends to speak to us; and yet, with the most utter unconcern for the feelings of those we should love, we ourselves entertain unjust judgments, we ourselves sin by detraction, we ourselves are cross and impatient, we ourselves pass by others in the street or in social gatherings without offering them a sign of recognition.

Do to others what you would wish others to do to you. Be charitable after the example of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Remove from your minds all thoughts of hatred and ill will. Uproot from your hearts feelings of revenge. Judge not your neighbor, but you yourselves may not be judged. Be quiet about his sins, and do not refuse him the enjoyment of your friendship. Promote charity, peace, and benevolence as far as it lies in your power. And in this way you will practice one of the most profitable lessons of Advent, and be suitably prepared for the feast of Christmas. "To glorify God and the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, with one mind and with one mouth." Sacred Heart Review.

Pretty Spanish Custom.

The Bishop of Salamanca has by one of his latest pastorals made a most scathing denunciation of the inclination Spanish ladies have exhibited for substituting during divine service the French headress for the ancient, chaste and ladylike "mantilla," which when worn only by Spanish ladies foreigners have always admired so much and which national usage had sanctified and sanctioned by centuries of unbroken custom.

Weak Young Men and Women are seen everywhere. Heredity or over-study renders them unfitted to cope with the responsibilities of life, susceptible to compulsion or decline. Medicine has failed, and must fail, for they need food. Take cod liver oil! No! Their poor stomachs rebel. Take emulsion! No! They are equally disgusted. Nothing will effect a cure but Maltine with Cod Liver Oil. The oil, rendered palatable and easy of digestion, is quickly assimilated, and the maltine, equal in nutrition to its oil, and even surpassing it in energetic action upon the digestive processes, unite in producing increased weight, improved color, and that elasticity and buoyancy which herald returning health. Maltine with cod liver oil has a remedial value ten times greater than emulsions. Try it.

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FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON. Third Sunday of Advent. PREPARATION FOR CHRISTMAS.

All flesh shall see the salvation of God. This is the cry of the Church. This is the salutation with which we greet you to-day before the great of the Nativity of our Lord. We are happy, what a consoling, what a precious! Once more that glorious return, for which the patriarchs and which the prophets foretold and which the whole world anxiously sighed for four thousand—that memorable day on which heavenly Father will reveal the of His infinite love, in the birth only begotten Son. How anxious is that none shall be lost, but that shall obtain life everlasting! O us rejoice and be glad, and with whole heart, thank the Father infinite mercy!

If you wish to comprehend a day of joy the feast of Christmas, consider the disconsolate state into sin has plunged mankind. Our parents, the representatives whole human race, had fallen garden of Paradise, and had contracted an enormous debt by their sin obedience—a debt which Heaven against us, and every man which we added to this inheritance was an additional bolt, which closed the doors of the heavenly man. No man was able to unlock the creature could save us from perdition. The sentence had been pronounced, the arm of Justice had been raised to hurl the only begotten Son of God against the eternal Father and "Father of justice, have mercy upon children of men! The sinner and depraved your anger will be their mediator and savior will atone for the wrongs committed, and will suffer for crimes. I will become man, born in a stable amid cold and vain, for thirty-three years bear all sufferings and on the cross will give up my last drop of blood for their ransom. O Father, hear for sinners, and once more, let prevail, instead of justice! The Heavenly Father permitted Himself to be moved to mercy, accepted the sacrifice of His only Son, in satisfaction for them. The heavens opened, Son of God descended into the world. He became our teacher, our mediator and our savior, and enabled us to receive the grace, and enabled us to be the beloved children of God of Heaven.

Behold, this is the sublime and adorable mystery which we are to celebrate. This is the beautiful incarnation, as seen in the faith. Our hearts must be broken if we are not moved by what must be monsters of injustice standing before the crib of sacrificing God, will not waste the deepest sentiments of love and contrition. See, loved us with an infinite love, given Himself wholly up, to be happy here and hereafter, a still continue to hate such a man and by our sins make Him a scorn and contempt? He has us heavenly peace, the peace of divine filiation, and will be a slave of sin and of the devil, let us be said of any of us. We will listen to the pleading voice of the Church, and we will not let the grace of Christmas pass without our liberal share of spiritual fire will open ear and heart to St. John the Baptist, who cries last time: "Prepare ye the Lord, make his paths straight, valleys shall be filled and broad and hills shall be brought down, the crooked shall be made straight, the rough ways made plain, all flesh shall see the salvation of God." O my brethren, prepare the way for our Lord when we receive Him in our Communion. The mountains are our sins. Let us bring oblation to them by a sincere confession. The valleys are the virtues which we have. Let us plant therein humanness, the angelic virtues of purity of heart, so that we may find a worthy habitation for our souls. The crooked and wicked passions and sinfulness we wage constant war against and try to root them out, mortification, self denial and prayer. Then, indeed, we see the salvation of God, the promise of St. John, partakers of that peace angels, on that holy night to all men of good will.

Cataract and Hay. It's Hay Fever that is your life, you won't know freedom from it till you've got it. There are cases of consumption that Bickle's Eye Syrup will not cure, but it will give relief. For cures of the throat, lung a specific which has never before it promotes a free and easy action of the throat, thereby removing the phlegm, and giving a chance to do not delay in getting relief. Mother Graves' World is a pleasant and sure cure, child why do you let it stay so near at hand?

FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

Third Sunday of Advent. PREPARATION FOR CHRISTMAS.

"All flesh shall see the salvation of God." (Luke 3, 6)

All flesh shall see the salvation of God. This is the cry of the Church, this is the salutation with which she greets us to day before the great feast of the Nativity of our Lord. What a happy, what a consoling, what a joyful promise! Once more that glorious day returns, for which the patriarchs hoped, which the prophets foretold, and for which the whole world anxiously sighed for four thousand years—that memorable day on which the heavenly Father will reveal the glory of His infinite love, in the birth of His only begotten Son. How anxious He is that none shall be lost, but that all shall obtain life everlasting! Oh, let us rejoice and be glad, and with our whole heart, thank the Father of infinite mercy!

If you wish to comprehend what a day of joy the feast of Christmas is consider the disconsolate state into which sin has plunged mankind. Our first parents, the representatives of the whole human race, had fallen in the garden of Paradise, and had contracted an enormous debt by their sin of disobedience—a debt which barred Heaven against us, and every new sin which we added to this inherited debt was an additional bolt, which closed to us the doors of the heavenly mansion. No man was able to unlock the door, no angel could remove the bolt, no creature could save us from eternal perdition. The sentence had already been pronounced, the arm of divine justice had been raised to hurl us into the abyss of everlasting despair, when the only begotten Son of God approached the eternal Father and said: "Father of justice, have mercy on the unhappy children of men! They have sinned and deserved your anger, but I will be their Mediator and Saviour; I will atone for the wrongs they have committed, and will suffer for their crimes. I will become man, will be born in a stable amidst cold and privations, for thirty three years I will bear all sufferings and on the cross I will give up my last drop of blood for their ransom. O Father, hear my cry for sinners, and once more, let mercy prevail, instead of justice!"

The Heavenly Father permitted Himself to be moved to mercy, and accepted the sacrifice of His only begotten Son, in satisfaction for the sins of men. The heavens opened, and the Son of God descended into this miserable world. He became our brother, our teacher, our mediator and Saviour, He brought to us the lost treasures of divine grace, and enabled us to become the beloved children of God and heirs of Heaven.

Behold, this is the sublime and memorable mystery which we are going to celebrate. This is the benefit of the incarnation, as seen in the light of faith. Our hearts must be hardened to faith if we are not moved by such love, stone if we are not moved by such love, standing before the crib of our self-sacrificing God, will not awaken in us the deepest sentiments of love, gratitude and contrition. See, God has loved us with an infinite love, and has loved Himself wholly up, to make us happy here and hereafter, and will still continue to hate such a Redeemer, and by our sins make Him an object of scorn and contempt? He has brought us heavenly peace, the happiness of divine filiation, and will we prefer the slavery of sin and the devil? Oh! no, let this not be said of any of us.

We will listen to the warning and pleading voice of the Church, who assures us not to let the gracious feast of Christmas pass without receiving a liberal share of spiritual favors. We will open our ear and heart to the voice of St. John the Baptist, the great forerunner of Christ, who cries out for the last time: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. Every valley shall be filled and every mountain and hill shall be brought low, and the crooked shall be made straight and all the rough ways made plain and all flesh shall see the salvation of God." (Luke 3: 4, 5.) Oh! yes, let us prepare the way for our Lord, that He may enter our heart with His graces, when we receive Him in our Christmas Communion. The mountains and hills are our sins. Let us bring them low, obliterate them by a sincere and good confession. The valleys in our soul are the virtues which are wanting. Let us plant therein humility, meekness, the angelic virtues of charity and purity of heart, so that the Saviour may find a worthy habitation in our soul. The crooked and rough ways in our hearts are the inordinate desires, wicked passions and sinful habits. Let us wage constant war against them, and try to root them out entirely, by mortification, self-denial, vigilance and prayer. Then, indeed, shall we see the salvation of God according to the promise of St. John, and become partakers of that peace which the angels, on that holy night, announced to all men of good will. Amen.

Catarrh and Hay Fever. It is Hay Fever that is the bug-bear of your life, you won't know the pleasure of freedom from it till you've tried Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Arise, and take the child and His mother into Egypt," and Joseph with his family fled through the solemn darkness of the night.

The next day they came upon a man sowing corn. Some mysterious influence attracted him to the travelers. From the countenance of the mother, or from the earnest eyes of the Child she bore in her arms, a softening glance of grace descended into his heart. He was very kind to them, and permitted them to cross his field, and the young mother, folding her Babe yet more closely to her heart, leaned forward, explaining to him that they were pursued by enemies. "And if you come this way," said the sweet, low voice, "and ask if you have seen us?"

"I shall say you did not pass this way," was the eager interruption. "Nay," said the blessed mother, "you must speak only the truth. Say: 'They passed me while I was sowing this corn.'"

And the travelers pursued their journey. The next morning the sower was amazed to find that his corn had sprung up and ripened in the night. While he was gazing at it in astonishment, Herod's officers rode up and questioned an enormous debt by their sin of disobedience—a debt which barred Heaven against us, and every new sin which we added to this inherited debt was an additional bolt, which closed to us the doors of the heavenly mansion.

Yes, I saw the people of whom you speak," said he. "They passed me while I was sowing the corn." Then the officers moved on, feeling sure that the persons seen by the sower were not the Holy Family, for such fine ripe corn must have been sown months before.—A Legend.

Christmas Chronicle.

"In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-boy days."—Charles Lamb; "Old Familiar Faces."

This solemn festival brings with it special blessings for the children. The birth of our dear Lord has been honored by all nations and creeds, ever since the time of the Apostles. Our Saviour was born in a poor and lowly stable at Bethlehem, with nobody near Him but His Virgin Mother.

Yes, dear children, honor His lowly birth with your hearts, with a pure and tender devotion and a lively faith.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up thrice on the Feast of the Nativity, in honor of our Saviour's birth, and by the Holy Sacrifice being thus offered the Church honors the three births of our dear Lord. His eternal generation in the bosom of His Heavenly Father, and He also has a spiritual birth by His grace in the hearts of the just.

Dear children, your piety should prompt you to hear three Masses in honor of the birth of our Blessed Lord. We should also partake on this day of the holy joy which the angels announced to the shepherds on that glorious day and in giving glory to God for so incomparable a favor and enjoy the peace which by holy love is brought to men of good will. You should learn from the infant Saviour how to sanctify your souls and secure for yourselves the blessing of your redemption.

How the Tree Was Chosen.

On that holy night whereon our Saviour was born in Bethlehem, it was not men alone that rejoiced at His birth—the shepherds in the fields, to whom the angels announced the coming of the Redeemer; the three Wise Men of the East, who were led by the star; but also all nature was glad even to the flowers of the field, and the trees that grew in the neighborhood of the stable where the Child Jesus lay. They all wished to look at Him and greet Him, and they stretched themselves and tried to reach out their branches, to get at least a peep into the poor stable which had become a glorious temple of God, and to have one glance at the Holy Child. There was a movement through the grass and on the leaves of the trees, and a whispering which sounded like the prayers of men, and which expressed joy at the heavenly wonder, and thanks to the Creator of all things.

There were three trees growing side by side not far from the Crib. They had the best chance to take a good look at the sleeping Child. These were a stately palm, a sweet-smelling olive tree and a simple fir. The joyful rustling of their branches and leaves became louder, and at last they expressed themselves in words. "Come," said the palm to the olive tree, "let us adore the Infant Jesus, and offer Him our gifts."

"Let me join you," whispered the modest fir tree.

The two proud trees looked down with contempt upon their simple sister, and the palm tree said: "What can you offer to the Divine Infant? You have nothing but your sharp, prickly points, and even your tears are ill-smelling resin."

Then the poor fir drew back ashamed and hardly ventured to cast another timid glance on the Child who lay in the Crib, surrounded by a soft light. But one of the angels that were watching over the Child, heard the conversation of the trees and the harsh words of the palm, and felt compassion for the poor fir. He resolved to set things to rights.

The palm took the finest leaf from its crown, and shook it down near the Crib. "It shall be your fan, dear Child, and cool you in the heat of summer," said the palm. The olive tree from its countless little branches dropped down the sweet-scented oil, so that the whole stable was filled with the pleasant odor. The poor fir saw all this very sadly, but felt no jealousy at the splendid gifts offered by its sisters to the Child Jesus. "They are right," said the fir to itself, "I am too poor and do not deserve even to be seen near the sweet Child."

Then the angel said: "I have pity on you, and as in your modesty you humble yourself, I will raise you and adorn you more beautifully than your sisters." Thereupon the angel looked toward the blue sky, where countless little golden stars were twinkling. He made a sign, and behold one little star after another came down towards the earth, and they rested on the green branches of the fir, which now with thousands of lights shining on it, was far more beautiful than the other trees.

Now the Child Jesus awoke, but He took no notice of the palm-leaf fan that lay at His feet, nor of the delicious odor that filled the stable. His little eyes turned to the beautiful, shining fir tree. Then He smiled, and reached out His tiny arms towards it. The fir tree was hereupon very glad and happy.

Then the angel said: "You shall be rewarded for this, simple green tree! Henceforth, you shall be employed to adorn the Feast of the Nativity of Jesus with your evergreen branches, which men will light up year after year in memory of this holy and blessed night. You shall rejoice the hearts of the little ones; and the parents, too, who are pure of heart, shall be reminded by you of the golden days of their childhood. This shall henceforth be your task and your reward, most beautiful and glorious 'Christmas Tree.'"

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A man's character must be founded upon truth, and he must have God's word engraved on his heart. No matter how devoted he may be in other respects, if he is wanting in truth disaster awaits him.—Felix R. Hill.

Your Small Change.

Propriety now demands that the jingle of small change shall no longer be heard issuing from a man's pockets. Neither in the pockets of his waistcoat nor in the pockets of his trousers can coins be allowed to lie. All must be kept in a pocketbook, too, of a certain style. This is of the old-fashioned walletshape, oblong, and has a band around it. Every penny, nickel and silver piece, as well as every bill, must go into this, and even if a newspaper is being purchased, the pocketbook must be brought forth.

Ingratitude to Officials.

It often happens that one man in a society takes an active interest in its welfare. He gives time and pains and money to promote its interests. He is always willing to act on committees. When elected to office he works like a slave. He makes personal sacrifices to attend meetings. He thinks that there is nothing in all the world like the organization. What is usually his reward for all this? The "kickers" growl at his prominence, the listless sneer at his enthusiasm, the selfish conspire against him as a self-seeker studying his own aggrandizement. This ingratitude, this lack of appreciation, this enmity to the energetic worker seems to be one of the curses of human nature common to all organizations. Don't be guilty of it!

Take Stock of Yourself Now.

However we may scoff at New Year's resolutions, it is impossible to get away from the stock taking, the billing and dunning, the review and preview, the moralizing and the purposing. It is all around us and we might as well fall in line and do some figuring on our own account. There never will be an easier time of year for it, and a general stock-taking of physical, moral, social and spiritual progress or retrogression, ought to be taken fearlessly at least once a year. It is not easy to believe in the evil thing of some friends, much harder of one's self, and certainly it is not pleasant. However mean a sinner one may confess himself to be in a general way, where nothing specific is mentioned, and humility is always highly commended, it has a different aspect when, in the privacy of one's own judgment seat, one weighs himself for what he is actually worth. But it is well to be frank and do no shrinking from the truth about one's own self. It may be unpleasant but it is salutary.

Slight not the smallest loss, whether it be in love or honor; take account of all; Shine like the sun in every corner; see Whether thy stock of credit swell or fall; Who say, "I care not," those I give for lost; And to instruct them 'twill not quit the cost.

Immoral Banana Skins.

Fruit stands display the sign "\$10 fine for throwing banana skins on the sidewalk," and it is a good law that should be enforced with mercy to the careless person who "did not think where he was throwing the skin and never meant any harm." It would be a righteous thing to impose a heavier fine on any man who willfully or carelessly puts occasion of stumbling in his fellows' way, who tempts to do evil, who tempts to drink, invites into vile places, tells a smutty story. Don't drop immoral banana skins in your path for those who follow you to go to smash on.

Two Points for Purity.

1. Let your mind and heart be open to the best things and the best influences. Isaiah says: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is immovably stayed on Thee." The Psalmist says: "Thy word have I laid up in mine heart that I might not sin against Thee." Paul, writing to Timothy, says: "Keep thyself pure." Our Divine Lord says: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Accustom the mind to dwelling on pure things. Have lofty ideals. Shun the low. Seek strength from God through prayer.

2. Avoid all books, pictures and companionships that appeal to the lower nature. Shun indecent pleasures as you would a venomous reptile. The sting of an unclean story or an unclean act is worse than the sting of an adder. Hell will be full of unclean story-tellers. Flee youthful lusts.

The Men Are to Blame.

In the North American Review recently there was a discussion of the "Abdication of Man," by Miss E. Bisland, who undertakes to show that the tyrant man has lost his position of ruler of the family and society, not by reason of the rebellion of the "unquiet sex," but by reason of his own abdication of the position of lord and master. Time was when man was a hero. He went to war, he faced danger and brought back the spoils upon which his admiring women folks subsisted. As sole protector and benefactor, the husband in old times deserved and received the plaudits of submissive dependents. The circumstances of life gave him a glorious role, and he supported the dignity of his position by suitable dress. Our great grandfathers wore silks and satins, powdered their hair, sported gold buckles, rattled their swords and put on lordly airs, which greatly impressed the weaker sex. They appreciated the value of a handsome personal appearance, and took great pains to soffit their hold upon womanhood by the studied charm of courteous manners. The individual man thought highly of himself and tried at all times to sustain in dress. In conversation and conduct, the character of a hero, or at any rate of a chivalrous gentleman.

So long as the tyrant held himself up to this ideal, his mastery, according to Miss Bisland, was cheerfully conceded; but during the last four score years the average man has been taking a commonplace view of himself and life. He has become a slouch. Women sees with sorrow and disdain the transformation of the hero into "the unromantic man who goes patiently to business every morning in a cable car, sits on a stool at a desk, weighs tea or measures ribbon." The hero in his habits, more industrious, a better provided and more reliable in money matters than his predecessor of the same class eighty years ago, but all that was heroic about him has collapsed. The idea is lost and the idol is shattered. Man no longer fascinates woman by his masterfulness and splendor, but, bent solely upon his ease and comfort, sets himself against this need of the female. "He alone," says the writer, "fatuously prides himself on the dark bifurcated simplicity of his attire, intended only for warmth and ease and constructed with a calculated avoidance of adornment. He carries further this democracy of sex by adding rigid plainness of behavior to ugliness of appearance, forgetting that a woman, like a child and the savage, loves pomp of manner as well as a garment. What she does not see she finds it hard to believe. Every wise lover knows that tenderness of manner must be enforced by definite assurances of affection several times in every twenty-four hours."

The heroes of romance studied the female heart, and every woman wants her life gilded with some romance. Yet the modern man does not take the trouble to please woman's imagination. Hence the revolt. Woman has thrown off the yoke of a tyrant who discards the trappings and habiliments proper to a despot. She was prepared to obey a monarch who would dress and act the part of a monarch, but "man," says the writer, "has been seized with a democratic ideal, and after applying it to political institutions has attempted to carry it into domestic application. He is relentlessly forcing a democracy of sex on woman, industrially, mentally and sentimentally. He refuses to gratify her imagination; he insists upon her development of that logical selfishness which underlies all democracy." But this has results. Women are beginning to accept these stern theories—to look out for themselves by discarding domestic burdens. "The only considerations that can reconcile human beings to unattractive labors," Miss Bisland says, "are, first, the sentiment of loyalty—that such labors are for one who is loved and admired—and second the fine old habit of submission. These incentives to duty, these helps to happiness, man has taken from woman by weakly shuffling off his mastership." Such is the indictment. It seems to be well-founded. But if the glamour of chivalry has been cast off, has not the reign of real merit succeeded?—Catholic Columbian.

PRIEST STOPPED A RUN ON A BANK.

An incipient, unwarranted run on a Waterbury (Conn.) bank, which threatened to cost depositors the loss of their interest money, was neatly stopped last week by Rev. Father Sluicum, pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church. Knowing that the bank was thoroughly sound, Father Sluicum, as soon as he heard of the run deposited \$1,000, and this action arrested the run at once, for the depositors argued that Father Sluicum had confidence enough in the bank to put \$1,000 into it, they would run no risk in leaving their money there.

That Pale Face.

For nervous Prostration and Aneurysm there is no medicine that will so promptly and infallibly restore vigor and strength as Scott's Emulsion.

Look out for the first signs of impure blood—Head-Hot or the Saragapilla is your safeguard. It will purify, enrich and vitalize your blood.

VERY CLEVER.

One frequently wonders when some crucial test, such as the denial of all Scriptural authority or a protest against the main article of belief, causes a convulsion in one of the sects, why after a spasm of wonder it is no more heard of. Heresy is a matter of almost monthly recurrence in many of these communions, and after a brief wrangle it is put aside as a matter of no consequence. Nothing could more clearly show the want of a living faith in these makeshift religions, and while we may marvel at the tenacity with which some of them hold together despite those periodical shocks, we must conclude that the mere fact of an elementary belief in God, despite all provocations to doubt, suffices to preserve them from lapsing into sheer infidelity collectively. Individually there must be an immense deal of it, as witnessed by the comparatively small number of churchgoers in the whole country. Some clue to the means by which the full mischief of heretical and agnostic teaching is averted is obtained from Christian Work. We find that interesting organ of many sorts strongly advising the non-Catholic religious press to take no notice of dangerous preachers.

A minister recently declared that Presbyterianism is waging a losing battle. Leave him alone, this astute counsellor advises; only the Catholic papers take any notice of him; when nothing is known of his pessimistic views among Presbyterians, why bother about him? So, too, we dare say, with regard to Rev. Mr. De Costa. Hardy a line was given to him by any but the Catholic press. In other words, Christian Work shows that there is a conspiracy of silence as to the failure of the sects, and advises that the blockade of truth be rigidly maintained. This is fine policy—as fine as that of the ostrich who cleverly hides his head in the sand and turns his tail to the hunters. It may succeed for a little while, but what is now going on in England must convince those non-Catholics who are not so very astute that it is not a policy for permanency. The steam of truth will at last percolate the thickest embankment of obscurantism. The Church has not exhausted all her wisdom; another Newman is yet possible. When their successors arise in the United States a conspiracy of silence on the part of the non-Catholic press will hardly save the embankment or preserve the blockade.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

READ YOUR CHURCH PAPER.

The following paragraph from the Christian Standard gives us an idea of how Protestants talk to each other about reading their Church paper:

"The Church member who does not read his denominational paper will soon become shriveled, narrow, antimissionary, and then go into 'innocent desuetude.'" On the other hand, a Church member who reads and becomes an agent in his Church for a religious paper is a benefactor. He is performing a service for Christ and the Church which is second to none. A pastor who will from time to time call the attention of his people to important articles, special numbers and will urge upon his congregation the value and need of taking a religious paper, and will then follow it up with a little earnest solicitation, will strengthen himself among them. They will become informed, appreciative and responsive to the denomination and to Christ."

THE SHRINE OF SILENCE.

I understand that, in the Trappist cemetery at Gethsemane, there is one holy woman's grave, that of Mrs. Bradford, a kinswoman of Jefferson Davis. She had been a benefactress of the order and requested to be buried there. Her last wish was gratefully allowed. Her son told me how he had spent some meditating days with the monks. He was awakened betimes during the night to remember that he had to die some day. He shared some of the rigors of the ritual and partook of the lean fare. He declared that these silent and hidden, as well as self-denying monks, were the healthiest, the brightest-eyed and most cheerful men he ever knew. He went out into the world where he belonged and became acquainted with sorrow, ultimately winning success; but I am sure that one of the happiest and most profitable times he ever knew was at Gethsemane, and that he comprehends how sanctity and cheerfulness may be allied supremely and that "The saints shall rejoice in glory; they shall be joyful in their beds."—James R. Randall.

How it Hurts!

Rheumatism, with its sharp twinges, aches and pains. Do you know the cause? Acid in the blood has accumulated in your joints. The cure is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which neutralizes this acid. Thousands write that they have been completely cured of rheumatism by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, biliousness, indigestion. Price 25 cents. Chronic Derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Blood are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Paroeloe's Vegetable Pills. These pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Paroeloe's Vegetable Pills.

BUY Colman's Salt THE BEST

EX-REEVE CRAGG

A Prominent Dresden Citizen Tells an Interesting Story.

How Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him of Rheumatism and Gout, after the Best Doctors and Many Medicines had Failed.

Dresden, Dec. 12.—This town boasts a peculiarity of which its people may well be proud, as it proves beyond dispute, that they possess that desirable attribute, common sense, in no small degree. That peculiarity is the remarkable decrease in the number of cases of Rheumatism during the past few years.

Eight years ago, Dresden was afflicted by that curse of modern civilization, Rheumatism, to as great an extent, as any other place of its size in the Dominion. To-day such a complaint is practically unknown here.

A clue to the means by which this desirable condition has been brought about may be found in the following statement, given for publication by W. G. Cragg, Esq., ex-reeve of the town, and one of our most prominent merchants.

"For eight years I was a martyr to Rheumatism, of the inflammatory type, and during that period my sufferings beggared description. To add to my misery I was attacked by Gout. The best doctors failed to benefit me, and no good was done by the many patent medicines I used.

"At times I could not get about at all, and at the best, it was a severe task for me to make my way about my store.

"Hearing that Dodd's Kidney Pills had cured a Dresden lady of Rheumatism, I decided to try the medicine. Imagine my delighted surprise when after having taken half-a-dozen doses, I used six boxes of the pills and am now as sound and well as ever I was. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me. This I am ready and willing to swear to." Dodd's Kidney Pills are the surest, quickest and best cure for Rheumatism ever known. They never fail. And they cost only fifty cents a box, at all drug stores.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

As the holiday season approaches we begin to think about presenting our friends with suitable gifts—and what can be more appropriate than a good book? Here are a few which we have in stock and which we should be pleased to send to any one, at prices given below:

- Episodes of the Paris Commune in 1871, translated from the French, by Lady Blanche Murray..... 45
Scenes and Incidents at Sea..... 49
Marius's Crucifix..... By F. Marion Crawford..... 1 60
A Round Table of the Representatives..... American Catholic Novelists..... 1 50
Klara, By Mme. Augustus Craven..... 25
The Circus-Lady's Daughter, Translated by Mary A. Mitchell..... 1 25
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Arctic Voyages and Discoveries..... Tom Playfair, By Francis J. Finn, S. J., Claude Lightfoot, By Francis J. Finn, S. J..... 85
Percy Wynne, By Francis J. Finn, S. J..... 1 25
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