

# 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, July 13, 1901.

### LANGUID CATHOLICS.

It is rather curious that some of the Catholics who are summering in the country are very languid on Sundays. They tramp around during the week, deeming a jaunt of a couple of miles or more quite necessary for health, but on Sunday the same distance prevents them from hearing Mass. They have excuses galore: It is too dusty or too hot or too rainy—anything in fact to condone their effeminacy—and then there are no electric cars to bring the city folk, tired out with merry-making, to the church doors. Any sacrifice for time—nothing for eternity. They might, and with profit, watch the country folk who believe they are called to the constant service of God in spring, summer, autumn, winter.

### AN IDEAL FRIEND.

We were invited a few days ago by a friend to visit him at his country home—not what one would call a villa, but just a little cabin hard by the sea, and on either side "glooms of the live oaks beautifully braided and woven." He is a little unconventional and a bit of a philosopher, content with himself and his surroundings, and can derive much pleasure from such simple things as "the whistle of the curlew or the wild mixed cadence of a troop of plovers." Perhaps Burns taught him the secret. But we think that the normal-minded know that earthly happiness is composed of unceasing material. A little love and sympathy and a song for the road—a ready hand to the weary—a few thoughts from the Master, and we are rich so far as this world goes.

### AN ANONYMOUS WRITER.

This week's mail brought us a letter or rather a curious document abounding in lines and splashes—punctuation marks we suspect. At first sight we deemed it a contribution in a language unknown to us, and we confess that we even imagined that some kind friend had, for reasons best known to himself, honored us with a manuscript found in a land haunted by antiquarians. But after a few moments of painful examination we contrived to make out the words "ink slinger"—an allusion doubtless to our humble self. Now, please do have your next effusion, dear anonymous maker of runes, typewritten. It will save time and temper and merit for you our courteous attention.

### "QUO VADIS."

"Quo Vadis" we understand, is being "boomed," again. This work of the Polish novelist has, so we are informed by the correspondents who delight in ministering to the gullibility of an unreflecting public, received the warmest approval of the highest dignitaries in Rome. Perhaps so—but we doubt it.

There are individuals who still regard it as the biggest thing that has ever happened, but some of us may be permitted to say that its sale and commendation by some who have a claim to the title of critic has been a wondrous phenomenon to us. Why some people also who do not on propriety read and recommend it to others has also astonished us. We are not prudish, but we confess to a distaste for descriptions of lorgie echevelés. And then the whole thing—to quote Andrew Lang, the nice good Christian girl with a Roman District—the luxurious Roman, a winking at her with his wicked old eye, the arena business, etc., has been done so often that it requires a good deal of courage to tackle an early Christian story.

### OUR GRADUATES.

The individuals who "do" the "humorous" for the newspapers are just now manufacturing quips for the delectation of the graduate. Well, he may be self-opinionated and imagine he knows everything. But time will cure him, and even in his raw state he is more worthy of respect than those who agree with everybody, who follow the crowd, and who are never guilty of having an independent opinion.

We envy, too, the enthusiasm, the glory, and beauty of life rioting in the veins of most of our graduates. We

are growing old apace, and somehow or other the heart throbs less bravely than of yore, but we can understand the feelings of the young men who are longing to run a course in the lists of the world—good knights and true, ready to break a lance for the truth. Never a possibility of defeat, but ever the stout heart and hand nursing them and bearing them on to victory. Perhaps so, but let us hope they shall never cause a moment's sorrow to the little mothers who believe them to be the best boys in the world. It is a blessed thing, the memory of kind words to her who loves him God knows how unselfishly—of deeds that give her cause for pride—of a manhood that is a benediction to the one who crowned him to sleep in the days long passed.

### THE EDUCATED MAN, WHO AND WHAT HE IS.

A notable address was delivered by Mr. Thos. J. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University, at the scholarly commencement exercises of Holy Ghost College, Pittsburg. Space does not permit its entire reproduction. We glean a few of the most striking passages.

"Education," said Mr. Conaty, "aims to develop character, to lead men to give the best in them to life and its duties. College trains the mind, the heart, the body, that all may combine in the building up of character and will stand the tests of life. The college man should give the best expression to character, which, after all, is the possession of the best of which our nature is capable. Character is in being, and not in having, in living in the world, and not in conquering worlds; in assimilating the true, the good and the beautiful, more than in acquiring knowledge of their history and meaning; in a word, in being good, more than in discoursing on goodness."

"The educated man should be an example of strong, sturdy manliness which tells of a soul in all his acts, and a faith in God, which spiritualizes his entire life. In him should be the hope which argues immortality, and the will which finds its perfection in obedience to the eternal laws. Herein it to be found the Christian gentleman, whose life is a blessing to his fellow countrymen, because his character exemplifies his faith in God and his hope in immortality. College adds culture to his knowledge and aims to make him a model man, a good citizen, and a true scholar. Without religion, which alone can answer the questions of life, college instruction lacks the soul of true knowledge and cannot form the character which makes the Christian gentleman and the Christian scholar, who alone can save society and preserve the ideals of true manhood. The college man needed in the new century and competent to do the best work in any field of endeavor, is a man with faith in God and in his fellow man, as well as with a knowledge of classic and scientific learning."

"Conscience is to character what the soul is to the body, what the sun is to the earth. Give to the exterior of character the greatest possible accomplishments, without conscience, and you have but Dead Sea fruit. No teacher but religion can inform, instruct and guide conscience. Human law reaches but to the surface, nothing penetrates to the conscience but the eternal law of God. To us religion means Christianity as taught by the Catholic Church, and character means Christian character, modeled upon Christ, who is the ideal of manhood. All human society exists to help man obtain his destiny. Nations have their missions and are but instruments for man's happiness and God's glory. A common Father created all, and a common Redeemer died for us. Equality, liberty, happiness are the birthright of the children of God and the sources of a nation's glory and an individual's progress. Other men may have other views, but these are our views, and we feel the duty to build our educational systems upon them as our foundation stones. Christ is greater than Socrates or Aristotle; Christianity is superior to the intellectual idolatry of a science without God. National prosperity is a vain bubble unless it be a stepping stone to a better manhood and a higher life. Christianity, the teacher of our conscience, is the moulder of our character."

"I am aware of the fact that this is an educational age, an age of general, free education; and no one rejoices more than I do in general education, but I insist that the Christian parent should have a voice in determining its character. He is a citizen and a taxpayer, and he has rights which even a modern State should respect. What is to be feared most is the tendency in education to make religion a simple sentiment, and not an informing force. You remember that Milton says, in speaking of education, that 'a complete and general education is that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully and magnanimously all the public and private offices of life,' and he also says that education 'should make a man hate the cowardice of

doing wrong.' You cannot do this except by the voice of religion, that teaches what is just and what is right. Education is a much abused word, and in its name many crimes are committed against conscience and against God. Education, if it means anything, is development in line with man's destiny. It is the answer to the questions of life and eternity. It is the agency in character building which lays hold of everything in revelation and nature, and by its harmonious action on man, moulds and shapes and perfects the character which fits him for his place in life. Disorganize these different elements, set them up in antagonism one with the other, or overlook some that are essential, such as religion, and what is the character which results? A stunted, dwarfed, deformed, sightless, animalized being, all mind and no soul, intelligence with no heart, the fullness of a man is not in him."

"The Catholic college man has a special responsibility to the age and country. Trained in the Christian life he should be a leaven for good in the world of thought and action. He represents not merely the human side of scholarship, but he also represents the supernatural. His scholarship is Christian, and his guide is the Catholic Church, which has given to the world the inheritance of the civilization which it enjoys. No man is better prepared to enter into our active life, and shape and mould its thought along the lines that lead to true progress. Grounded in the principles of sound philosophy, with a conscience trained in the knowledge of the eternal laws, and a character formed to goodness by the morality of Christ, he should be the one whom men would respect because of the message of truth which he bears to the individual and to the nation. Fearlessly he should proclaim that public and private morality spring from the same source, that the nation as well as the citizen has its obligations to God as well as its rights, that the Ten Commandments equally bind both, and that the State which violates the Divine law must expect punishment. Men of law are not preaching the gospel of public utility, the advancement of trade, the success of business, the enlargement of territory as the goals of a nation's ambition, the tests of national life."

"No matter what material prosperity may come to a people, it still remains true that the eternal law is the underlying principle of all law. It alone gives sanction to law and guarantee to confidence. Ignore it and the passions of the human heart are in control, fear of detection and punishment are the controlling influences, might prevails over right, popular promises are forgotten in the greed for gain or the avarice of mercantile success, human rights become a myth, free government a caprice, the autocracy of the dictator and the despot is in sight, anarchy is at hand. The Christian scholar, the man educated in the spirit of truth has the responsibility to preach the gospel of truth, to punctuate the reforms of materialistic theories and boldly lead the people along the lines of truth, which alone can save our liberties and preserve our manhood. He rules the people best who has first learned to obey God."

### THE PRIEST REFORMERS.

Futile Attempts of British "Reformers" to Wipe Out the Catholic Faith in Ireland.

The official records of Ireland in the seventeenth century are full of accounts of the imprisonment and execution of "Popish priests" in the determined policy of the British "reformers" to wipe out the Catholic faith. One of the grandest tributes that can be paid to the sublime courage and apostolic zeal of the Catholic priesthood of Ireland is the record of history that they stood faithful to their sacred mission, undaunted by persecution and undimmed by death.

In 1696 the Irish Parliament was assembled, and the first measure was that a committee be appointed to consider what penal laws were already in force against the Catholics, not for the purpose of repealing them, but to add others. An Act was passed to derive Catholics of the means of educating their children, at home or abroad, and to render them incapable of being guardians of their own or the children of others. A second Act was passed to disarm all Catholics, and lastly an Act to banish all Catholic priests and Bishops from Ireland.

The Protestant historian, Prendergast, testifies that in 1696 the Government had noted the great increase in the number of priests, in spite of their persecution, and ordered a general wholesale arrest by the justices of the peace in the month of April. On May 3 the governors of the respective provinces were ordered to send the arrested priests with guards to Carrickfergus, to be there put on board ships to be transported to the Barbadoes.

But even in Barbadoes the Government did not seem to consider them secure, or perhaps the cost of transporting them may have been too heavy. For on Feb. 27, 1697, they referred to His Excellency to consider where the priests, then in prison in Dublin,

might be most safely disposed of; and thenceforth the Isles of Arran, lying out thirty miles in the Atlantic, opposite the entrance of the bay of Galway, and the Isle of Tunishciffin, off the coast of Connemara, became their prisons.

In these storm-beaten islands they dwelt in colonies during the three concluding years of the commonwealth rule in Ireland, maintained on an allowance of sixpence a day. Yet still in all parts of the nation there was found a succession of these intrepid soldiers of religion to perform their sworn duties, meeting the relics of their flocks in old raths, under trees, and in ruined chapels, or secretly administering to individuals in the very houses of their oppressor, and in the ranks of their armies.

Rev. Thomas Walsh, in his "Church of Erin," writing on this subject, says: "The embers of persecution were rekindled; the education, foreign or domestic of Catholics was prohibited. All Popish prelates, vicars general, deans, Jesuits, monks and all others of their religion who exercised ecclesiastical jurisdiction in Ireland, were ordered by Parliament to depart from the kingdom, and in case of return were subjected to imprisonment and transportation to foreign parts; whence, if they returned they were liable to be arraigned as traitors, and hanged and quartered."

As a pendant to the foregoing and to form an idea of what the Irish people suffered, suffice it to quote from a pamphlet written by T. D. Guard and published in London in 1647. It serves to show what the sentiment of the English people were, and what the topics were that excited their interest and their approbation.

At the time there was in preparation an expedition to go to Ireland, but it was delayed for some time. The author of the infamous pamphlet, voicing the sentiments of the English people, thus protested against the delay: "I beg upon my hands and knees that the expedition against the enemy be undertaken while the hearts and hands of our soldiers are hot, to whom I will be bold to say briefly: 'Happy is he that shall reward them as they have served us; and cursed is he that shall do the work of the Lord negligently. Cursed be he that holdeth back his sword from blood: that maketh not his sword stark drunk with Irish blood.'"

### A PRIEST PREACHES AT HARVARD.

Father Herman I. Heuser, professor of exegesis in St. Charles Theological Seminary in Overbrook, Pa., and editor of the American Ecclesiastical Review, conducted service in Appleton Chapel, Harvard College on the 30th ult. He spoke to a crowded chapel. He chose his text from the gospel and the epistle for Trinity Sunday in the Catholic ritual, found in Mark iv, 8, 21, and Matthew xxviii, 18, 50. He spoke in part as follows:

"On this day Christ laid down the foundations of His Christian university. By His wish to establish the doctrines of the New Testament for all nations—the university that would one day reach the heights and depths of human life. The first member appointed to the corporation by Christ to carry out the doctrines were to instruct, baptize and educate. Mark the record of that charge in Mark, 'Go ye and teach all nations.' In the old text it was: 'Teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, teach them all things, whatsoever I have commanded you.' In the old days the Christians when once baptized marked themselves with the cross as the badge of trinity and as the symbol of absolution from sin."

"But the function of this great university was not only to teach abstract truth, and laws and understanding; this was not even the main purpose. The Apostles were to teach all things which Christ had commanded. 'Your University shield has emblazoned upon it the word 'Veritas' it is a military shield. Charged upon it is the likeness of three open books upon which we read the single word 'Veritas.' The motto expressed in that shield is that every student who seeks allegiance in those ranks comes to seek truth; that the University has for over two hundred and fifty years propagated the highest maxim of Christ and His Church. For through that Church that Christ has said He would be active to the end, knowing that He had full power in heaven and in earth."

"You gentlemen, of this University, whom I have come particularly to address, seek truth not in the abstract, but in the concrete. The student goes to Harvard to be instructed in that wisdom that will fill his after life; that he may better learn the real use of the faculty of his mind and soul. The search after truth expresses the highest aim in the individual life."

"The search after truth divides itself into three main heads, first, the study of self; second, the study of an ideal outside of self, and, thirdly, the study of endeavor to conformity of self with the ideal and higher self. This third effort is always accompanied by reflection, which is but another word for religion. To the ancient colliers of words these two words were synonymous. Religion means the control of self, along the lines of a more noble path."

Reflection begets motives, for in thinking we create motives in the heart; these motives beget actions; these actions habits, and these habits beget character.

Religion as well as reflection fashions man into the image of his Creator. If we who have come from a divine creation, but have suffered from the fall, allow ourselves to be remodelled, we will yet become supremely beautiful, devoid of all ugliness. God made the face, but man has the regulating of the countenance. And it is the function of religion to make the countenance, which is but the outward expression of a deeper inwardness.

"This transformation, which is the purpose of religion and the result of reflection, is nothing more than self-examination, getting away from one's self to get an exterior view. Of this self-concentration is the very opposite, and the greatest detriment. 'But in the study of self for the reform of self, we must constantly have the ideal before us toward which we are striving. The testimony of centuries points to Jesus Christ as this ideal. And this university points to the same example—truth devoted to Christ and to His Church—truth received from Christ and from His Church."

"I have said that Christ is the ideal reflected in the mirror of the Christian Church. But in order that the image may be clear, three things are necessary as in the working of a camera. First, the mental vision must be so adjusted as to admit the rays of the ideal, Jesus Christ. Then let us assume that we have gained all the knowledge to admit those rays. The next thing necessary is that the film upon which the image is to be reflected must be without fold or wrinkle. That is the human mind must not be contracted by prejudice or learning, and, thirdly, the lens, which is the purity of conscience, must not be marred by any ingrained flaw. For the cleaning of the lens the Catholic has the confessional."

### THE DANGER OF INDIFFERENCE ABOUT FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

The most exquisite torture of those who are so unhappy as not to attain the final reward of the just in the world to come, will be the ever present thought that it might have been otherwise but for their careless thoughtlessness and indifference. A thousand times they were warned, both internally and externally—by the dictates of conscience and by providential dispensations—but they would not listen. They were absorbed in business, in schemes of earthly pleasure and selfish ambition, and they deliberately refused to give attention to the infinitely more important concerns of eternity; and now they are beyond all hope. Oh, despair! despair! how terrible is the thought. It is for all eternity. And it might have been otherwise! It would have been so easy to listen to the voice of conscience and follow the dictates of duty. They see now that they ought to have done so. It was the most reckless imprudence—the most daring presumption—in them that they did not. They see, too, the frivolousness of the excuses with which they sought to justify their indifference and neglect of the all-important concerns of eternity. There was absolutely nothing that ought to have delayed a sensible man one moment from the earnest, persevering effort to find out the truth, satisfy his doubts and set about fulfilling the great end of his creation.

He can not help being convinced of the extreme folly of trying to justify himself in his indifference and inaction by pretending to doubt or, perhaps, disbelieve in future punishment. It is made very clear to him that doubt, instead of being a cause of indifference and inaction, is just the contrary—especially where such awful consequences are involved—a just cause for the most serious, persevering and indefatigable action. Doubt involves the possibility that one dreads may be true, and in this case it was the wildest extravagance of dangerous folly for him to live on, from day to day, as if it were a matter of entire indifference whether he should take pains to decide the momentous question for himself or not. Ten chances to one, it was his natural or acquired repugnance to religious duty and obligation that the enemy of souls took advantage of to fill his mind with doubt and incline him to disbelieve in future punishment, so he strove to fortify his mind with arguments against, rather than in favor of, the belief. He sees the folly of it now when too late, and it adds poignance to his suffering.

To us, there is nothing more deplorable in the religious trend of the times than the growing disposition, even among the so-called orthodox sects, to discard the doctrine of future punishment. The temporal, as well as the eternal, interests of mankind require that the dangerous delusion—for we can call it nothing less—should be combated and exposed.—Sacred Heart Review.

O Lady! you have all power to save sinners. You need no other recommendation to God, since you are His Mother.—St. Joan D'Arc's words.

### THE HOLY ROLLERS.

Such is the name of an obscure religious sect who recently became better known through the dedication of a church in the State of New York. Virginia is honored with the title of "Mother of Presidents," but to New York belongs the distinction of "Religion Maker."

Central New York is prolific in strange religious sects. Ever since Joseph Smith heard the voice and saw the vision which was the beginning of Mormonism at Palmyra, N. Y., the sequels have been strange and medley. The Shakers, the Oneida Community, the Holy Order of Kneebenders, are succeeded now by the Holy Rollers, whose inspiration and prophet is N. L. A. Eastman.

Ten years ago Eastman was a country school teacher. Seized with a religious fervor, he gave up his school and organized a small band of worshippers, whose methods and beliefs were unlike those of any other sect. Their meetings were held out of doors, on hilltops preferably, and the services were continuous, with a relay of leaders, and only a few hours allowed for rest between midnight and daylight. This strange sect takes its name from the peculiar custom of rolling on the floor, or ground during religious ecstasy, much after the manner of the high-tempered child. This act is frequently followed by a feigned suspension of life.

In addition to these juvenile demonstrations the services are marked by shouting and embracing and kissing among the men. They suddenly leap from their seats and jump about the aisles, uttering incoherent cries, much after the approved fashion of fractious lunatics. They also believe and profess to practice healing.

For all forms of religious lunacy we must commend the "Holy Rollers." There is nothing outside of the asylums of the demented to compare with them. Neither is their anything inside to surpass them. So let the Holy Rollers roll along. If men can roll into Heaven, the walkers should certainly find consolation in the fact.—Church Progress.

### FACTS ABOUT CONVENT EDUCATION.

We have had some experience as a teacher and we do not hesitate to say that the training received in convent schools is far superior to that given in other schools. The influence of a school dominated by the spirit of sanctity and gentleness inseparable from the religious state, is necessarily and essentially elevating and refining. The chief ends of education are to develop the faculties of the soul, to broaden and establish the character, train the mind in harmony with carefully nurtured heart. In view of the subject, as applied to the education of girls, the conspicuous requirements, it will be perceived, inherently belong to the system controlled by orders of religious teachers. The convent bred girl invariably possesses a "manner" that distinguishes her from the less favored of her sex in all surroundings, and a "manner" means a great deal to a woman, no matter what her sphere, especially that product of the high and sympathetic element of Christian culture, engendered in the genial radiance of the religious academy. The future of the Catholic world depends largely upon the preservation of the faith and cultivation of the character of the women. The greatness of the work of convents in training and elevating those who, as the Catholic wives and mothers of the future, are to contribute such a large in the shaping of destiny cannot be overestimated. Intelligent Catholics of to-day must appreciate the fact, and should act accordingly.—American Herald.

### A MIRACLE IN WALES.

The Shrine of St. Winefride was recently the scene of a remarkable cure. A Mrs. Fenner, of Manchester, arrived in Holywell some few hours before noon, and returned home the same day perfectly rid of her infirmity. For a period of about two years she had suffered acutely from deformed feet. Walking was a most painful task to her. She visited a professional man in Manchester, but found no respite in her painful suffering. Mrs. Fenner, who is a Wesleyan, heard of St. Winefride's Well through relatives, and hastened to Holywell as a last remedy. Before entering the Well she spoke fervently of her faith in God and St. Winefride. She had no sooner touched the water with her feet than she cried but that she was healed. The amazed bystanders crowded round her praising God for His great mercy. All pain had vanished, for she walked with ease. In the evening she returned home full of gratitude, promising to become a Catholic, and further, to dedicate her boy to the priesthood.—The Catholic Times.

Men love naturally all that comes from the heart, all that is great, all that dazzles and even all that is strange. A heroic act or a simple act of generosity moves them infallibly and provokes their enthusiasm. They see these acts; they do not see the cause in the heart of the man.

LLANFAIR COURT.

CHAPTER I.

The sun was setting in a sea of glory behind the fir wood that surrounded Llanfair Court. The golden rays pierced the heavy foliage and caught the jagged pink trunks of the old trees, turning them into ruddy, flaming rods of every tone and shade.

Fervently along the terrace paced the master of the court and his daughter, Gwyneth, a tall, slim maiden of fourteen.

He gazed at the setting sun and smiled at its wondrous glory.

"This beautiful, 'tis beautiful," he murmured; then his smile faded away and his face was overcast by some sad thought as in the strong sunshine by a heavy cloud.

His face, pale and handsome, was set off by the thick raven locks and the deep, flashing eyes, which lit up his entire countenance.

A short beard, pointed as was the custom of gentlemen of the Elizabethan period, covered the chin and half hid the mouth.

Some great sorrow seemed to hold him in his way and had imprinted lines of care and anxiety on the high brow.

Perhaps it was this that had traced that gentleness on his countenance and drew all children to him, and made his own daughter Gwyneth worship him with all the ardor of her being.

It seemed to her that her father and herself had been entwined together round her heart and were inseparable. Her earliest recollections had been connected with her mother's death.

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Sir Rupert smiled at her enthusiasm. "Nay, they shall not find him," he said; "a priest's life is very precious in these troublous days. I feel quite secure about our hiding hole.

"None who knew not the secret would ever dream of it, so cunningly set behind the chimney. Ah, here comes Dick; let us tell him our news."

The girl could not explain it, but at that moment a sudden chill struck her heart; she clung to her father's arm.

"Nay, do not tell him," she said in an undertone; "he leaves again to-morrow morning for London; 'twill be of no avail for him to know; he will not be here. I pray thee, father, do not speak of it."

"Nonsense, child," he answered, enraptured at her manner; "all certainly tell him that he may postpone his journey. 'Tis not often the poor lad gets the chance of a Mass, and I would indeed be lacking in my duty were I not to give him the opportunity of assisting."

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in my service to lead the life of a lazy dog? 'Tis time thou bestir thyself! Track out that rascal Morgan or in the baggage name I'll out thee, bag and faggots. What a chance! Here is this Morgan flying to my very arms! Norton and his hand are scarce thirty miles away; I have but to ride hence and make my terms. Ah! I forgot my uncle! Should they capture a priest beneath his roof he will be in danger. 'Twill be certain imprisonment, if not death. Nay, Sir Rupert, 'tis been more than a father to me all these years. And little Gwyneth—I love her, too—shall I cause her this bitter grief! Nay, I have not fallen thus low. Yet the reward—the money—God knows I need it. And Norton's favor—in a moment he can turn me into a penniless and in debt. Surely there is a way between the two. I shall find it—must. And he paced feverishly up and down. All at once he drew up. "I have it!" he cried. "It shall be done! The money shall be mine and yet my uncle shall be safe. They think I lie in London on the morrow. I shall return quickly with pressing tidings to Sir Rupert. His sister, the Lady Marjory, shall be in danger of death and implore his presence. He will go. In his absence Norton and his hand shall come. The priest discovered, I shall hide after my return, and earn him to keep away. As for Gwyneth, the child will be safe enough in Dame Rachel's care."

And so the night wore away and the household of Llanfair slept peacefully on, all unconscious of the danger brooding in their very midst.

CHAPTER II.

On the morning following Father Morgan's arrival Gwyneth set out on her palfray to tell an old servant who lived at some distance of the priest's presence and suspicions which would creep upon her upon her return.

"How rejoiced he will be," she thought as she passed the avenue gates, and gaily shaking her bridle she set off at a brisk canter across an open bit of country. Her soul was happy within her—for had she not assisted once more at the great sacrifice which would free the woman whom she was ready to suffer so much? Coming to the cross-roads she paused a moment. Her eyes followed the white line winding far away to the left.

"In a few days," she thought, "Dick will be returning from London by this way. I will be here to meet him and learn his news."

She turned her horse's head in the opposite direction, along the less frequented lane which passed by the old man's dwelling. Trotting briskly she turned a sharp corner and came unexpectedly upon a horseman riding slowly toward her. He was a man of her own age, and she was glad to see him, so that she could not see his face. She glanced at his horse inquisitively.

"Surely that is Black Saladin," she said, unconsciously speaking aloud. "How comes a stranger to be riding him?"

"At the sound of her voice the man raised his head, and she saw that it was indeed Dick. "Richard!" she cried in amazement. For a moment she was utterly taken aback. "Dick! I cannot be thee!" she exclaimed again, approaching him.

Apparently startled he drew in his horse, quickly thrusting the papers into his doublet.

"Nay, 'twas not, forsooth!" he replied, hastily; "have I not as much right to ride on the Queen's highway as thou thyself, Mistress Gwyneth?"

"Yes, yes," she half laughed, but continued, still in amazement. "I thought thou wert still in London; how comes it that thou art here? What business was so quickly despatched?"

"Thou art not overjoyed to see me, methinks. Does my unexpected presence disturb thee or my uncle or interfere with your devotions? If so I can return from whence I came, and he half turned his horse and rode back.

"Nay, stay, Dick, stay! Thou knowest I mean not that. I was but surprised at this unexpected meeting."

Suddenly a thought struck her. "But Richard, say! thou canst not have been to London, for thou comest from the wrong direction!"

"Sending over his horse he hesitated before replying. "Black Saladin cast ashore, and I sought the nearest ferry at hand. But come, sweet Gwyneth, let us return together; and tell me how fares it with Father Morgan; wouldst thou see him again, and he laid his hand on her bridle to lead her home."

"Nay, Dick, I must ride on, for my father hath but now made me seek out old Daniel and tell him the glad news. I will speed swiftly and will be with thee ere long."

"The girl's eyes spoke her surprise. "And why not, forsooth? My father's errands are not to be so lightly discarded. Leave my bridle, Richard, and let me go."

"Dear cousin, I have good reason in seeking to hinder thee. My father has a purpose in what I say; thou canst not go."

"But I must, I will go," she cried. Seeing her prepare to ride on, the lad became exasperated and angrily clutched her arm.

"Thou shalt not, I say. Look thee, wench, in yonder hollow a whole company of troopers lies hid. Thinkest thou I will let thee ride by, to be jeered at and insulted, perchance?"

"Soldiers, Dick, soldiers!" she passed her hand over her brow in a dazed manner. "Why are the soldiers here, Richard?" She caught his arm and gazed anxiously into his face. "How dost thou know, good Dick, that they are here?"

"Because I have seen them, thou silly wench," he answered, sullenly; "but come, I have looked long enough; let us ride home." He spurred on Black Saladin and caught the bridle of the white palfray.

Once again that sudden chill struck the girl's heart and a heavy foreboding fear passed over her. Silently she rode by her cousin's side, thinking deeply. And they gained the terrace Sir Rupert appeared in the doorway.

"What now, my Richard! Art back again so soon? This is indeed sweet fortune."

"Ay, good uncle, I have made great speed, for, alas! I bring evil tidings. Thy sister, the Lady Marjory, lies in London dangerously ill, even at death's door. I fear me, and greatly desire thy presence."

"This sad news, indeed," groaned Sir Rupert, "but God grant she may yet recover. I will be there this very day. Look thee, lad, do thou prepare my own good horse for my journey to-night. I have many things to do ere I start, but with

God's grace I will set forth at sunset. Will see to it, Dick?"

"Gladly, uncle," and he led the palfray away, Black Saladin following by his side.

"And now, my Gwyneth, let us visit the good priest and tell him of this fresh sorrow; he will succor us by his prayers."

"But, father, I have also evil tidings: the soldiers are hard by, encamped beyond the wood. Thinkest thou, my father, that they have heard a priest lies here?"

"Tut, tut, child, the soldiers are ever on the move just now. Their presence here portends no evil to us. But I am glad, sweet child, thou hast told me, for it behooves us to use every caution. I grieve to hear of the lady's illness, but yet I think my absence will tend to allay all suspicion. They will never dream that a priest is harbored here while I am elsewhere. Thou art growing fanciful, child, and seemest danger at every turn. Come, my Gwyneth, kiss thy father, then run and bid Richard prepare for my journey about sundown."

With his own hands Richard saddled Sir Rupert's horse that evening and led him from the stables. Twilight was settling on the country side, beginning to shroud all things in its sombre, mystic gloom. Dick knew that now every moment was precious, and it was with difficulty that he restrained his impatience. At length his uncle appeared on the doorstep, closely followed by Gwyneth, who was bravely trying to force back the tears which would rise up in spite of herself.

"Ye have not taken the very act of setting while I am away, Dick," said Sir Rupert, cheerily. "Well, John, what is it?" he added, as the old man came hobbling up, apparently in a great state of excitement.

"Please, yer honor, there's the Queen's men, soldiers, acoming over the hill at the back. They be making for the court, yer honor!"

Gwyneth grew deadly pale; for a moment she could scarcely stand.

"It has come at last!" she thought. Dick muttered an angry exclamation under his breath. He must make one more effort, now or never.

His face flushed with excitement and there was a strange quiver in his voice as he urgently addressed Sir Rupert.

"My uncle," he said, "I implore thee, postpone not thy journey another instant! Will but draw down the suspensions to see the back of the man who is making for the hill. Believe me, go as though nothing were amiss. Leave the rest to me. I assure thee it is best!"

"Perhaps thou art right," replied Sir Rupert, slowly, "and yet I like not to leave the child—"

"Nay, 'twas not of her," interrupted Richard, chafing with impatience; "I shall make her my first thought. I undertake to disarm all suspicion. Leave all to me!"

"I trust thee, Dick; I shall go." It was almost more than even Richard could bear; he turned under the honest, candid eyes of his uncle with a grateful, turning away to hide his confusion.

"I go to parley with the captain; 'twill better cover thy departure."

"Rachel, have you my saddle bag?" called Sir Rupert, his foot on the stirrup. "Is here, master." He re-entered the house, but as he took the bag the old servant stayed him. Her small, sharp eyes looked keenly into his as she well nigh hissed the words:

"Beware! we are betrayed! See here!" and she produced a paper signed by Thomas Norton to the effect that a certain sum of money should be paid to Richard in favor of his delivering one James Morgan, Popish priest, into the hands of the State.

"I found it but now in Master Dick's room," she said; "there are few who can go undetected when Rachel is about!" and she almost smiled in triumph at her own cunning.

Sir Rupert grasped the back of an oaken chair for support; for a moment everything seemed to reel about him. He saw it all—Richard's absence, his prompt re-appearance with a forged story, his impatience to get his uncle safely away; and he was as clear as day, that the man before him was a well-worn and desperate traitor! With a well nigh superhuman effort he will be collected his thoughts. But a few moments for action remained. The priest must be saved, but how?

"Rachel," he said, "I charge you, speak of this to no one, and without another word he had turned and bounded up the stairs.

Meanwhile Gwyneth, who had followed her cousin to the corner of the house, stood gazing at the distance, watching with a strange fascination the band of men as they baited down the steep road toward the house. At first she was too dazed to think, they did all manner of doubts and questions crowd into her mind, almost overwhelming her by their force and persistence. Had Richard—no, no, it could not be; she must not allow these wicked thoughts to creep upon her. The soldiers were but coming as a matter of course, but as clear as day, that the man before her was a well-worn and desperate traitor! With a well nigh superhuman effort he will be collected his thoughts. But a few moments for action remained. The priest must be saved, but how?

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isms from the living, fighting at every point, for justice with bravery and perseverance. This is the religion pure and undefiled. This is the religion that will win the age of God's Church.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

General Intention for July. THE RIGHT USE OF LIBERTY.

American Messenger Sacred Heart.

We are all free agents. We are masters of our own actions, and can determine our own conduct; we can act in a given case, or choose one course of action in preference to another; we can act on such decision of choice and adhere to it in spite of every solicitation to the contrary.

This does not mean that we are independent of all law, relieved of every restraint. We are subject to laws divine and human, and liable to restraint physical and moral; we are bound to obey just laws and submit to reasonable restraint; but we can disobey the one and resist the other; no despot can force the consent of our wills, no chain can fetter our power to choose between right and wrong.

This is so clearly the testimony of our consciousness that one, at our first thought, wonders why an explicit revelation has been made of it. With surprise as well as delight one reads in the fifth chapter of Ecclesiastics: "God made man, from the beginning, and left him in the hands of his own counsel. He added his commandments and precepts: If thou wilt keep the commandments, perform acceptable fidelity for ever, they shall preserve thee. He hath set fire and water before thee: stretch forth thy hand to which thou wilt. Before man is life and death, good and evil; that which he shall choose shall be given him; for the wisdom of God is great, and He is strong in power, seeing all men without ceasing. The eyes of the Lord are towards them that fear Him, and He knoweth all the work of man. He hath commanded no man to do wickedly, and He hath given no man license to sin; for He desireth not a multitude of faithless and unprofitable children." Yet we shall not be surprised if we go back to the text preceding this passage, and read: "Say not: He hath caused me to sin; for He hath no need of wicked men. The Lord hateth all abominations of error, and they that fear Him shall not love it." Among the worst abominations of errors are the blindness and obstinacy with which men have from the first refused to admit the testimony of their own consciousness to free-will, and attributed to God the evil of their ways. Instead of being surprised at this explicit revelation, we should be amazed at the perversity with which false teachers have denied this fact, at the failure of men, even of Christians generally to recognize it in its true light, and their disposition to pay more attention, if not more respect also, to the unfounded theories of those who deny it than to the testimony of consciousness, the universal judgment of mankind and God's own repeated revelation of it.

If it does not startle us to consider that we dwell in a world which denies the freedom of the human will, and which, therefore, denies any such thing as obligation, merit, retribution, repentance, remorse, and all moral responsibility, it is because we have to some extent, either wittingly or unwittingly, suffered the baneful influence of this doctrine. It is impossible to escape it. Entire nations of men live and die believing in fatalism, in some external cause or combination of causes which determine or necessitate their actions, and their literature helps to spread their fatalistic belief. A number of religious sects, notably the Lutherans and Calvinists, profess to believe either that human nature is so corrupt and perverse that it could not exercise freedom rightly if endowed with it, or that God so predetermines our actions as to make it impossible for us to determine them freely.

School after school of so-called philosophers and political economists, pantheists, materialists and utilitarians, have been busy, the past century more than ever before, proclaiming that some hidden and unknown cause regulates our actions, that a self-determining will is inconceivable, a contradiction in terms, that the strongest motive, desire, the character, or peculiar physical temperament, determines it in every case. The books and lectures of these schools spread their pernicious doctrines broadcast. A glance at the books commonly recommended for psychological study or reading in our own universities, colleges, and particularly in our teachers' colleges and normal schools will be enough to convince one that we are training a generation of young men and women, many of them teachers of the future, to deny the existence of this greatest of God's gifts, the one which all the others, reason, imagination, sense—nay, the very soul and body, life itself—need for their preservation and protection, without which there can be no solid progress, material or spiritual, no hope, no human satisfaction here, no reward hereafter.

It is not very reassuring, truly, to know that the only motive which prevents our most respectable neighbor from damaging my life, reputation, virtue, or property, is dread of the penalty of the criminal law, and that the courts which judge him are only too ready to accept pleas of temporary insanity, momentary aberration; irresponsibility, irresistible impulse, lack of moral sense, and the like. It may be true that all do not act on their

principles, that an innate sense of right and wrong saves most of them from acting on the principles they affect to believe. Still it is shocking to consider that the society one is forced to cultivate is made up of men and women who are convinced that human nature is a creature of impulse, the victim of circumstances, of heredity, previous training, present associations, climatic influences, and who credit no one with believing or acting differently from themselves. To keep this in mind may help us to account for the crimes and revelations of crimes that happen daily in our midst; but what an abominable error it is that makes men ignore or suppress their most honorable faculty and reduce themselves to the level of the beasts of the field. "Man when he was in honor did not understand; he hath been compared to senseless beasts, and made like to them."

Deploable it is certainly, and all the more so because those who have the correct view of free will, either do not regard it as the precious gift it is, or fail to cultivate and perfect its exercise. Too often we allow ourselves to be infected by the pestilential atmosphere of fatalism which we live. We encourage delinquents to invent excuses for their sins by attributing too much, if not all, of the weakness and depravity of the will to heredity, early training, parental neglect, good nature, environment. Too often we are disposed to extenuate our own misuse of liberty by pleading with ourselves one or other of the reasons enumerated above—temporary aberration, irresistible impulse, irresponsibility—which we would not think of admitting to others or suffer them to attribute to us. It is not strange, then, that intemperance, impurity, dishonesty, ingratitude, cowardice and all the other vices which shock us, we do not stop to think of the meanness there is in imputing to parents the guilt of their children, as well as some possible predisposition to evil; we do not reckon the advantages which people commonly have helping to counteract evil influences past and present; we forget the clamor of the God given voice of conscience and the power of the will assisted by Him to resist, and to persevere in resisting the fiercest temptation even unto death.

It is precisely because we lose sight of the assistance of divine grace that we gradually underestimate the extent of our freedom. Destined for an end which is entirely above our natural powers we have been endowed with supernatural light and strength from above to elevate and fortify our intellect and will, not only occasionally, as one or other action may require, but habitually, so that we need never be without the support needed. To one who contemplates the power of divine grace and "liberty of the glory of the children of God," with which it endows us, there can be no difficulty about free will.

The taint of inheritance, the lack or inadequacy of early training, the influence of environment, the warp of character, personal depravity and every other specious excuse for sin ceases to impress us when we think of the agency by which we are lifted up from the degradation of slavery to enjoy the inheritance of God's children. Liberty is from God, and God is not wanting in resources to enable us to use it in a manner worthy of Him. We must use it to obey His laws and the just, but not the unjust laws, of those to whom He has given authority over us. We can give Him no higher tribute of our service than to consecrate this gift by vow to Him when we are called to make this sacrifice. Many deluded men blindly swear away their liberty to unknown masters in evil secret associations. If they fatuously ridicule the "blind obedience" of our religious congregations, we should hold it an honor as the obedience which is blind to everything but God's honor and the perfection of the human will.

If liberty is God's greatest natural gift to man, we are doing something very pleasing to Him when we pray that men may acknowledge it as a gift from His hand, and use it rightly for His glory and their sanctification.

The devotion to the Most Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord has assumed new importance in the present age says Father Preston. We behold on every side the evidence of an awakening in the Church of God; and piety and zeal are all directed to the tabernacles of the Most Holy, to Jesus on His Eucharistic throne, to the Sacred Heart of the Man God, filled with love and tenderness for our race and for all its miseries.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF A HAPPY DEATH.

As soon as we are born we begin to die. The seeds of death are planted in our mortal bodies, and it is only a question of time when sooner or later, they shall crumble into dust and be buried out of sight.

But our death is, really, only the beginning of our life. This world is not our home—we are made for eternity. At death our state will be forever fixed, and, what is of infinite importance to us, our condition in eternity will be irrevocably decided by our conduct in this world. What infinite interests, then, hang upon our death—eternal bliss or eternal misery! The mass of men try to shut their eyes to the awful thought, but there it is and there it will remain—they can not shut it out. Christianity is true; You might as well shut your eyes at noonday and deny the shining of the sun, as to deny the truth of our holy religion. But the responsibility of man for his actions, and the fact that we shall have to give account for our conduct in this world at the day of final judgment and be rewarded or punished according to our deserts, lies at the very foundation of the Christian system. The New Testament bristles all over with the most solemn warnings, the most awful threatenings, and we know that God, though merciful, is a just God. The awful manifestations

of His judgments, even in this world, should be enough to dissipate at once all levity, all indifference, all trust in a happy go lucky concurrence of circumstances to set us right; at last and give us a happy entrance into the mansion of eternal bliss.

Now, if we want to die well we must live well. If we desire to enjoy the Christian's hope we must have the Christian's faith, and that faith must be a living, active faith that works by love. If we wish to secure a good title to the inheritance of the saints in light, we must look carefully after the title and see that we are surely fulfilling the conditions on which the inheritance is offered to us.

Indifference, carelessness, negligence in view of the awful risk he runs who dances daily with careless levity on the brink of eternity, might almost set one down as a madman. We have no lease of life. We may fall into the grave to-morrow, to day, any moment. Then where will the soul go? We can not afford to risk a single moment. God is good and merciful, but He expects us to comply with His requirements and fulfil His will. It is really a very awful thought to contemplate the multitudes who are daily going into eternity—dying and making no sign.

—a man of positive virtue and decided Christian character—a man who has not lived for himself alone, who has not sought supremely the goods and pleasures of this life, but has lived for God and for the good of others—when such a man dies, what a happiness mingled with our grief. What universal commendation of his good life and that confidence of his eternal welfare. One would suppose that such a death would preach a sermon that would penetrate the hearts of the most hardened and indifferent, and lead them to pray with the prophet of old: "Let my soul die the death of the just and my last end be like to them." — Sacred Heart Review.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

If people knew how infinitely pleasing to the Heart of Jesus is the devotion to His Divine Heart, there is no Christian with only a little love for that amiable Redeemer who would not practice it.

The life that is lived hidden in the Sacred Heart is free from turmoil and distractions. The storms may rage, the winds blow, the tempest devastate, but in the Sacred Heart all is peace and contentment. Nothing more is desired because it gratifies every desire. No fears ever assail the dwellers in the Sacred Heart, as they know they are safe from every danger. And when at last that dread summons comes to prepare to meet death, the very thought of which fills with fear the stoutest heart, then the Sacred Heart encompasses the soul with strengthening grace and so fills it with joy that there is no room for fears.

"I will give them the graces necessary for their state." (First promise of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.) This promise is in favor of those who practice and promote devotion to His Sacred Heart. If this were the only promise He made, ought not it be sufficient to induce everyone to practice this devotion? If they have the graces necessary for their state, they are well supplied with the means of salvation, and they are well provided for the trials of this world, and assured of their eternal happiness in the next.

A picture of the Sacred Heart should be in every Catholic home. Our Lord says: "I will bless the house in which the image of my Sacred Heart will be exposed and honored." There are a great variety of these pictures, some very nice ones, suitable for framing, can be had as low as 25 cents. If you have none get one at once, and hang it in your living room; teach your children the beautiful devotion to the Sacred Heart. Teach them that the love of that Heart is, in truth, the beginning of wisdom. The child that loves the Sacred Heart will grow to be an honor to the Church and a comfort to the parents that inculcated the devotion.

The devotion to the Most Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord has assumed new importance in the present age says Father Preston. We behold on every side the evidence of an awakening in the Church of God; and piety and zeal are all directed to the tabernacles of the Most Holy, to Jesus on His Eucharistic throne, to the Sacred Heart of the Man God, filled with love and tenderness for our race and for all its miseries.

From the Supreme Pontiff in his prison, looking to his crucified Master and begging mercy for the Church committed to his care: from churches, exiled or in prison; from the religious, driven from their homes for the faith of Christ and the confession of His truth; from holy souls all the world over, who are yearning for God and the life eternal, cometh now the cry: "Sacred Heart of Jesus be our refuge in the hour of our distress!" When all human help seemeth to be vain; when there is no arm to save, no power to uphold; when the Church of Christ begins again, as it were, to repeat the story of her ancient persecutions, "Sacred Heart be our refuge: by Thy tenderness draw our hearts to Thee, and by Thy power disperse the enemies of Thy holy faith."

To reach the Tabor of God's permanent glory, the just and the good must carry their cross up the narrow, rugged heights of Calvary. — Bishop Magin.

EVIDENCE AND REASON.

"Every church claiming infallibility, whether of a Pope or of a book, is hampered by this fatal logical defect—this 'vicious circle, as the logicians call it—that it has to employ reason and conscience to set up the very authority which is to override reason and conscience."

This does not correctly present the real process. If it did, it would follow that no infallible authority, not even that of God Himself, could affirm itself to man and be recognized by him. The real process is this: The Church presents herself, affirms her divine mission and infallible authority and submits the evidence to man's reason. Man examines the evidence just as he should that of any other claim presented to him. It convinces him of the truth of the claim, or it does not. If the former, he recognizes it and submits to the authority which his reason tells him cannot mislead him. If the evidence does not convince him he rejects the claim and the case is closed. There is no vicious circle here. It is a plain, logical, common sense proceeding. It is like that which is observed by governments when a man presents himself and claims to be the appointed ambassador of a foreign nation. He presents his credentials. They are examined and found to be authentic. He is identified as the person referred to in the documents. Does the government that recognizes and receives him gyrate in a fatal, logical, vicious circle? Suppose a man introduces himself to the writer and states that he is about to arrest him. He will ask, "Who are you and what is your authority?" The stranger presents his commission as sheriff. He examines it, finds it all correct and submits to arrest. In doing this does he circulate viciously? Certainly not. Nor does the man who, on being convinced by satisfactory evidence of the divine commission of the Church, submits to her authority and direction.

The writer refers to infallible authority as something we put up, create and substitute for our fallible judgment. With such a conception as a starting point he cannot fail to misconceive the logical process, and, as a consequence, misrepresent it. A thing put up or fabricated by man would, of course, not help us in the least. But we do not put up or fabricate the world about us, because we believe in its existence. It affirms itself to us; we apprehend and recognize it as a thing, a fact. We may afterwards reject it or disregard it as much as we please. It is still there. In the same way we may come to a knowledge of the fundamental principles, the axioms of science—for instance, a whole is greater than any of its parts; a thing cannot be and not be at the same time, two things that are like a third thing are like each other, and so on. Once having apprehended these, we may try to reject or disregard them, but they still remain absolute truths, independent of our assent or dissent. We did not put them up, and we cannot take them down.

Now the Church is a reality, as real as the world about us, a cognizable phenomenon. Like every other external thing, she affirms herself to our consciousness. It is infallible—a question to be determined by the evidence—her doctrines are truths as true as the axioms of science. Like the world itself, she is a creation of God. We did not put her up, and we cannot put her down. We are the ephemeral, she the permanent. We may reject her authority, but that does not take it away; her infallibility, but if it be there—a question of evidence—it still remains. God commands us to hear her. We may disobey, but the command stands.

Having seen the evidence and recognized the infallibility, we are not free on the hypothesis that we desire to be reasonable—to fall back on the fallible phenomenon. Like every other external thing, she affirms herself to our consciousness. It is infallible—a question to be determined by the evidence—her doctrines are truths as true as the axioms of science. Like the world itself, she is a creation of God. We did not put her up, and we cannot put her down. We are the ephemeral, she the permanent. We may reject her authority, but that does not take it away; her infallibility, but if it be there—a question of evidence—it still remains. God commands us to hear her. We may disobey, but the command stands.

Logically submit to an authority that overrides his reason and conscience? There is a fallacy in the worst external "rides." It suggests the idea of crushing out, obliterating, destroying, and the whole force of the writer's statement of the case depends on this suggestion. Infallible authority does not override reason; it directs it, enables it to proceed with unerring certainty toward its objective, the truth. Nor does it override conscience; it enlightens it, enables it to distinguish clearly the right from the wrong. It is to reason and conscience what the compass is to the wanderer in the wilderness.

Human reason does not degrade or annihilate itself by recognizing and submitting to a greater, a truer than itself; to the supreme, infinite, infallible reason of God. To submit to this supreme reason is the most exalted act of finite reason. It is in the ability to recognize, and submit, that man's true nobility consists. He alone of all God's creatures on earth can do consciously. It is this conscious correspondence with supreme reason that makes man the king in this visible world of ours.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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NO MORE WEEDS.

The Protestants of France, taught, no doubt by sad experience, are not receiving so unrestrictedly and unconditionally the unfortunate priests who occasionally, through some reason or other (always unworthy) leave the Catholic Church. They voted at their last synod that no such "converted priest" should be ordained in the Reformed Church of France without having made for five years a public profession of Protestantism. In other words, he is placed on probation. They want to see if the weed from the Pope's garden will develop the quality of producing flowers. He mostly does nothing of the kind. They know this, and hence they are placing restrictions upon him. They are beginning to know the kind of men who leave the Catholic Church.

That is not an enviable nature that bears no strange melodies hitting of heaven through the marches of the year, that sees no glorious signs hung out in the earth and sky of an infinite love that is never forgetful and never unkind, that pauses not with reverent spirit to ponder the lesson that is told in grass and tree and flower and that feels no benediction in the bright air and palpitating sky. He may be just to his neighbor, industrious and virtuous, but he does not understand the meaning of Jesus in the fields of Galilee pointing to the birds and lilies and telling of our Father's care.

HINTS OF HEAVEN.

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If you cannot be great, be willing to serve God in that which is small. If you cannot do great things for Him, cheerfully do little ones. If you cannot be an Aaron to serve the altar, or a Moses to guide the tribes, consent to be "a little maid" to Naaman the Syrian, for the honor of God's prophets, or a little child, for Christ's sake, to beset by Him in the midst of the people, as an illustration of the sweetness of humility.—S. P. Smith.

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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 admirable paper, and I am glad to see that you are congratulating me 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. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

London Saturday, July 13, 1901.

A NOBLE INSTITUTION.

We hear now and then that some of our educational institutions do not avail themselves as they might of the advantages of advertising.

Some of us would wish our schools to be better known, and have no hesitation in saying that press notices would help establishments now struggling to peace and comfort.

But still our convents that seem to dread publicity, and depend on their graduates for testimony to the kind and amount of work done by them, manage to exist.

Despite innumerable difficulties, the Madames of the Sacred Heart, for example, have covered America with splendid buildings, and have never at any period of their history resorted to devices that are commonly supposed to be necessary for success.

There were times, indeed, when their work seemed to be doomed to failure. But the devoted women who are among the recognized leaders of education, many of whom living in affluence, heard the voice of the Bridegroom, and followed Him, toiled on until they established the schools of which we are justly proud, and wherein have been, and are, trained the children of some of the best people of the country.

Surely the cultured Ladies of the Sacred Heart have some business secret! Is it because the Cross is a pledge of success, or because, being pupils of the Master, they know that the efforts of the hidden heart and that prayerful activity cannot but attain results? However, that they have achieved distinction in the cause of education is undeniable.

During the last year the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries have paid the Order many a glowing eulogy and some of the notable preachers have delineated in striking sermons, its origin and progress—its tenacity to its ideals—the excellence of its educational method in strengthening the mind and character—in a word, its success in giving to society the thousands of graduates who have not only mental culture but the virtues also that make woman a living and enterprising power for good in the community.

We, of course, know what the Sacred Heart Order has done for the Catholic population of London. To write that we have learned to reverence and to appreciate its labors is to pen a very commonplace remark.

More might we say—but to be brief, the Sacred Heart is here what it is in every part of the world, one of our prominent institutions. It sends out its graduates, dowered indeed with learning, but also with what is more important, the attributes of sterling womanhood and that indefinable air of distinction that seems to come from the methods of the Order.

We know, too, that many difficulties confronted those who laid the foundations of the present excellent establishment in 1831. There were bigotry and lack of funds and the apathy of those who looked askance at the undertaking because it was a new departure. But against all this was the quenchless enthusiasm and the unceasing prayer of the good nuns.

As time went on the non-Catholics began to have something more than respect for them, and we venture to say that to day no citizen of London would deny them his meed of praise. They recognize that the accomplished and devoted teachers who aim at leading souls to God, and who, however, neglect nothing in the way of pedagogical progress, cannot but influence the moral and intellectual life of the community.

Disappointments may await them, but we are sure that this century shall witness other and more brilliant triumphs for the daughters of the saintly Sophie Barat. They have their traditions and prestige—a system that has stood the test of a hundred years—a glorious record woven of trials and victories; and, glancing at the past, we feel confident that at the close of another century the Religious and friends and pupils shall assemble in their beautiful chapels to thank God for a still more abundant measure of success.

CATHOLIC PROGRESS.

Most encouraging reports of the progress of the Catholic Church in England and Wales are given in the latest Catholic Directory.

The progress has been uninterrupted ever since the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Bill in 1829, and during the past year there has been an increase both in the number of churches and of priests.

In 1900 there were 1,526 churches, chapels and stations, and 2,812 clergy.

In 1901 the churches, chapels and stations number 1,536, and the clergy 2,837.

Adding Scotland, the total number of priests in Great Britain is 3,298, of whom 2,908 are seculars, and 990 members of religious orders.

A SET-BACK TO ZIONISM.

After the triumphant note recently sounded by the Zionists, or those Jews who are promoting the notion of re-establishing the Jews in Palestine as a new nation, we are sure now suddenly informed by a telegraphic despatch from London that a recent order issued by the Sultan of Turkey, in whose dominions Palestine lies, will seriously retard the Zionist project even if it do not entirely upset it.

Jews entering the country are forbidden by the new order from remaining longer than three months, whether they come as traders or pilgrims, and the acquisition of landed property is completely forbidden to Jews.

The cause of this action on the part of the Sultan is that he and his government fear that if the numerous Jews who have left Russia and Roumania during the last few years settle in Palestine, they will become there a formidable body which may swamp the Turks, and perhaps aspire to set up an independent State of their own.

This is all the more a disappointment, as it was stated very recently that the Sultan had received Dr. Herzl, the leader of the Zionist movement, very favorably, and had seemed to encourage it, though, in fact, he did no more than listen with interest to Dr. Herzl's plans.

There is another influence also which is generally believed to have been brought to bear on the Sultan. Most of the Jews who have gone into Palestine and those who are preparing to do so are of German origin and speak German.

The astute German Emperor has taken advantage of this fact to further his interests in the East, and has thus roused the jealousy of the Czar. The Czar is a large creditor of Turkey, and can with great show of justice press the demand for immediate payment of the war debt due to Russia, whereas the Sultan is always anxious to defer and even to evade payment of his debts.

The Czar, therefore, called the Sultan's attention to the devices of Germany towards increasing its influence in Turkey, and finding the Sultan indifferent on the subject, reminded him of the debt, and delicately informed him that if German Jews were allowed to settle freely in Palestine, it would become necessary for Turkey to settle the war indemnity at once.

The hint was effective, as the Sultan would do anything rather than pay down the hard cash, and the talk among the diplomats is that this is why the Sultan has issued his anti-Jewish order. It was a much easier matter to do this than sign a cheque for the payment of the war indemnity.

It is not a matter of great surprise that many Jews entertain the belief that their nation will be restored and that they will again have Jerusalem for the capital of their restored kingdom. They expected in Christ's time that the Messias promised by the prophets would come as a conqueror to re-establish anew the temporal kingdom of the Jews, by driving the Romans out of Palestine. Understanding the prophecies in this sense, they rejected Christ, who disappointed their expectations, as His was a spiritual and not a temporal kingdom.

But since the destruction of Jerusalem with its temple, they have continued to hope for a restoration of the kingdom of Judea, though there is no clear promise of this even in the O.T. Testament. The promises there, vice, which are referred to by St. Paul in his epistles, seem rather to mean that many Jews shall be converted to Christ, and shall be Christ's subjects in the glorious spiritual kingdom of His Church which He has established on earth, and to which all nations, Gentiles as well as Jews, shall come to receive the good tidings of salvation.

PEACE AND GOOD WILL.

The celebration of Dominion day in Toronto under the auspices of the Citizens' Committee was of a character which promises well for the future of the country.

It was remarkable from the fact that it was not characterized by any of those sectional appeals to passion which have sometimes been made in the past when large crowds of the people had gathered for a day's amusement.

We heartily congratulate the citizens of Toronto on this change of manner, which if continued is more likely to cement the union of the hearts of the people of all the provinces than an indulgence in abuse of a portion of the population, whether on the ground of racial or religious differences.

The parade of the citizens from the Armories to the Queen's Park was very grand, and was carried out in truly national and patriotic style and was participated in by all classes and creeds.

When the procession arrived at the Park, Lieut.-Col. Mason acted as chairman of the proceedings, fulfilling with ability the duties of the office. He introduced as the first orator of the occasion the Hon. Mr. Brodeur, "the first Commoner of Canada, the Speaker of the House of Commons."

It was a graceful act on the part of the Committee to invite a French-Canadian to take a prominent part in the patriotic celebration of the day of the foundation of the Canadian Confederation in the chief city of Ontario, and Mr. Brodeur by his friendly and patriotic utterance showed that he was quite equal to the occasion.

As representing the Province of Quebec, he declared amid applause that national holidays and festivals in which the people rejoice are a great bond of union, and that Dominion day, celebrated throughout Canada, as it was being celebrated in Toronto, would tend to unite all the provinces more closely than ever.

He admitted that there are prejudices both in Quebec and Ontario, but expressed the hope that the people of both provinces will unite to kill these prejudices. He reminded his audience that the British Empire was formed in a large degree by the Normans who came over from France to England in the eleventh century, and Normans also had founded Canada, and should not the descendants of these Normans join hands to make Canada a great nation?

He continued: "Our Confederation is dear to all the people of this country, and has a place in their hearts. Let us, therefore, cultivate peace and harmony. Let us not forget that we are all Canadians first and Canadians ever, and under the protection of the British Empire and the British flag, we will write a page of history that our children will be glad to read and glad to emulate."

We have constantly maintained these same sentiments in the columns of the CATHOLIC RECORD, and we are more than pleased—we are delighted—to find that their utterance by the Hon. Speaker of the House of Commons, was loudly applauded by a Toronto assemblage composed of the citizens of every creed, origin, and race. In conclusion he urged on Canadians, whatever may be their nationality or creed, to unite for their common good, and the good of their common country.

Mr. Brodeur was followed by Mayor Howland, who, as representing Toronto, approved heartily of the aspirations of that gentleman for harmony and peace between the various provinces which compose this Dominion; and he believed that the combination of the two races in the population of this country makes up a character which will endure amid the world conflicts and problems that are to come.

The Hon. George E. Foster, who was the next speaker, expressed the same desire for a union of hearts which was expressed by the speakers who preceded him, and said that "the way to bring this about is to cease talking about existing prejudices. If the politicians and newspapers would stop talking about mutual prejudices for a year, these would never be heard of again."

Mr. Foster next spoke of Canada's

illimitable reaches of fertile soil and valuable ores to north and east and west, and showed that a precious heritage is within reach of every Canadian who makes his country his true home, and assists in making his country great. He continued.

"There is a paper bond uniting the provinces, and that bond is thirty-four years old to-day—and ladies, you are thirty-four too." (Laughter.)

"The wisest and most hopeful Canadians were fearful the bond would never be any more than a paper one, but we stand here to-day to declare Canada a united nation."

Mr. Foster illustrated the completeness of the union by describing how he, an Englishman, had been obliged to submit like a docile boy to the decisions of Mr. Speaker Brodeur, a Frenchman, in the House of Commons, because we are all equal here, with equal rights modified by the requirements of law and the official positions of individuals. It is the duty of all Canadians to obey the law, to build up that Empire and to support that flag with which Canada's flag is entwined for glory and honor.

The celebration was closed with three cheers for King Edward VII. and the singing of the "Maple Leaf Forever" and the National Anthem.

Such gatherings as this one in the Queen City, conducted in a spirit of peace and good will are well calculated to assure the future prosperity of the country, and we hope that all future gatherings of the kind in Toronto will be conducted equally with this one, in a spirit of harmony.

We are happy to find that the patriotic sentiments uttered by the speakers in the Park are echoed by the press of all shades of politics, and we believe with sincerity.

AN EFFECT OF CONFESSION.

On June 22nd, the Department of Finance at Ottawa received the sum of \$1,000, conscience money deposited by a priest with the Bank of Montreal at Montreal.

This is a despatch coming from Ottawa, from which it appears that some one who has wronged the Government of the amount mentioned has made restitution through the confessional.

It is a matter of frequent occurrence that restitution of sums of money large and small are made through the confessional, though we do not often hear of the restoration of such large sums as this; and it is one of the proofs of the efficacy of the confessional in bringing sinners to repentance that these things occur. Yet many Protestants are possessed of the notion that the confessional is merely an instrument whereby the secrets of families become known to priests so that they may make use of them to gain influence for evil. This notion is industriously propagated by ministers in order that they may have some kind of an argument against this essentially Catholic practice. This representation of the case is a vile calumny without any foundation in fact to support it; but the good effects of the confessional frequently come to light, as in the case of the restitution mentioned above.

The seal of confession, which, as everybody knows, obliges the priest to the greatest religious secrecy, is an efficacious protection against any knowledge obtained thereby to the injury of any person or of the peace of families. It is a thing well known to all that there is no instance on record that the secrecy of the confessional has been violated, and there need be no fear on this ground. God Himself, Who instituted the confessional, guards its privacy, and thus the strongest objection which is brought against its use is shown to be merely the fruit of a too lively imagination.

THE ACCESSION OATH OF THE KING.

The Select Committee of the House of Lords appointed to consider the "accession declaration" of the King whereby transubstantiation is declared to be idolatrous, and this as well as other doctrines of the Catholic Church superstitious, has presented its report.

The finding of the committee is that the language of the oath can be advantageously modified without diminishing its efficacy for the maintenance of the Protestant succession.

The committee suggests a form of declaration which might be taken, in which the phrases relating to idolatry, superstition, etc., which are the chief cause of the objection raised by Catholics, do not occur.

There is now little doubt that the oath will be modified to suit the views of the Committee, and to remove the chief objection raised by Catholics against the present abominable oath.

The Kingston Orangemen are not at all satisfied with the prospect, and

are taking measures with the view to stop the cataract of sane public opinion on this subject. They have resolved to send petitions to all parts of Canada, to be signed in duplicate and forwarded to the Government at Ottawa, and London, England, warning them "against any interference in Great Britain's long established Protestant principles, and protesting against any change being made in the oath."

They propose to send out a hundred thousand pamphlets from Kingston dealing with the question from the Orange point of view.

These innate bigots deem themselves the only true champions of Protestantism in the British Empire, and imagine that the safety of the empire depends entirely on their being allowed to dominate both Church and State.

Still the world moves on, even though the King and the Imperial Parliament do not manifest the least intention to abdicate their functions of ruling the empire in order to hand its management over to Mr. N. Clarke Wallace and his followers.

We may take it for a certainty that the protests of the Kingston Orangemen, who in 1860 took very special pains to insult King Edward, then Prince of Wales, most grossly, will be treated with the contempt they deserve.

HOME RULE.

Despatches from London, England, state that Archbishop Keane, who is now in London, stated in an interview

"I have just arrived from Ireland, where I performed the pleasant duty of preaching a sermon as dedicatory of a cathedral in the diocese in which I was born. I met many substantial, thinking Irishmen, and found them practically all optimistic as to the final outcome of their struggle for self-government."

"After all, Englishmen love fair play, and ultimately they will yield to Ireland everything that fair play demands. They will give Ireland a Catholic university. Mr. Balfour has not abandoned his intention to press that bill. His withdrawal of it was a strategic move, not a confession of defeat."

We freely admit that much progress has been made during recent years toward making Ireland prosperous and happy, but the progress has been very slow, and the impression has been left by many speeches delivered by Lord Salisbury himself that so long as the present government may remain in power, Home Rule will be withheld—which is the only conceivable measure which can give satisfaction to the Irish people, and produce that union of hearts between the people of the three kingdoms, of which William O'Brien was so fond of speaking anticipatively when a prospect did exist that Home Rule would be attained.

The Archbishop continued: "Englishmen will continue to liberalize their policy until not only Ireland but Scotland and Wales will have their own Parliaments. Then these countries, knit together geographically, will be represented in an Imperial Parliament which shall knit them together politically. The world will see in these isles a second realization of the American system of government. When that time arrives there will be no more chafing, no more enmity, no more talk of tyranny and revolution. All will join to make the British Empire the greatest Empire of history."

The Irish Party in Parliament can scarcely be said to have given much reason for us to anticipate that they will ever accept the British Empire; yet we do agree with the Archbishop in believing that if Ireland were well governed, by being permitted to govern itself, the dissatisfaction which is at present universal would cease. The present irreconcilable attitude of the Irish party would scarcely continue if Ireland were once made to feel that the British people wish to do justice to Ireland. But whatever course the politicians might follow, in the event of such justice being given, we believe the people would force acceptance of a fair measure of Home Rule such as Canada enjoys.

The Irish people as a rule would gladly form a part of the great British Empire, if the Empire treated them justly; though some irreconcilables would still be discontented. But the voice of the multitude would dominate. It would certainly be to the advantage of the Empire to do justice to Ireland once for all, and ascertain how the experiment would succeed. There would, in that case, no longer exist that dislike for joining the army which at present exists.

That there is improvement in the condition of the people is evident from the decrease of emigration from the country during the last decade; but the fact that the diminution of population during the decade which has fallen from 16 per cent. of the previous

decade, was still 9 per cent. during the last ten years, shows that the improvement has not been sufficient to make the country prosperous and contented; and the laws governing Ireland must be still oppressive, even though less so than before.

The Archbishop continued: "Canada, Australia and South Africa, will never have the same relation of federation which I contemplate for England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Those distant lands do not possess the geographical unity of the British Isles, nor that close unity of interests which will obtain in this sisterhood of States."

"It is a mistake to suppose that the people who are shaping the life of Ireland want absolute independence for that country. They are willing to belong to an associated British Empire, but they want Home Rule."

We believe that this is a correct statement of the case; and if the British Government and Parliament would concede Ireland's demands ungrudgingly, we are convinced that the Empire would be made stronger and firmer than it has ever been.

If Canada is loyal to-day, it is because it has enjoyed self government, and if Ireland enjoyed the same, it would earnestly uphold the honor of the British Empire and flag, and the Empire would become by so much the stronger in itself, and more respected abroad.

THE INSURANCE COMPANIES AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

The Life Insurance Companies are beginning to appreciate the results of so-called Christian Science and the Faith Cure on the lives of their devotees, and, as a consequence, are beginning to refuse them policies of insurance on business grounds.

The newspapers report from day to day many instances of deaths of Christian Scientists and Faith Curists who have received no medical attendance, it being against the principles of these sects to use medicines or to call in a physician on any consideration.

Recently in Marquette another deplorable case of this kind occurred, when the seven-year old daughter of Christian Scientist parents died of diphtheria after a week's illness. The city physician examined the child and notified the parents that it must have medical treatment, but no heed was paid to the notice, and the child died.

Of course, it is possible that death might have occurred, even if the child had had the best medical treatment, but in this as in many other instances the physicians state that the patient would have been easily restored to health if she had been properly attended, and there is great indignation in Marquette on account of the culpable and superstitious conduct of the parents.

Similar cases have been so frequent in all parts of Canada and the United States that several Insurance Companies have already taken action by refusing to issue insurance policies to Christian Scientists, Dowrites, and Faith Curists, three Faith Cure sects which, though almost identical in their method of treating the sick, have differences of doctrine and theory which cause them to hate and anathematize each other. This is, however, a matter of dollars and cents, for the pastorate of one of the Churches of any of these jarring sects is very productive of filthy lucre, and therefore, the leaders of each one of them hate lustily those of the others who interfere greatly with their gains by limiting the number of converts to their respective faiths. So true is this that all the principal personages in each of these sects have become immensely wealthy through the large sums received from their dupes. This is notoriously the case with Mrs. Eddy and John Alexander Dowrie, yclept the Reverend, and the prophet Elijah, newly come to earth.

Among the insurance companies which now refuse to issue policies to the followers of these sects are the Knights of Honor. It is officially announced that it would not be reasonable for these Knights to take risks upon the lives of persons who refuse to avail themselves of the accumulated knowledge of medical science when they are ill.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, which is one of the greatest and most conservative companies in the world, without any public announcement or parade of the fact, also refuses to issue policies upon the lives of Christian Scientists. In doing this these societies act as common sense and business policy suggest. Thus, viewed from a business and commercial standpoint, it is understood that Christian Scientists and Faith Curists do not take ordinary or average care of their lives, any more than

drunkards, or those who follow vicious occupations.

It is expected that other insurance companies will soon follow the line those above mentioned.

We notice that by a recent message issued by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy her palatial residence at Concord, H., that she disclaims any pretense of being "the second Christ," says: "I am nothing more than an amanuensis, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science, and the blessing has been to mankind which eternal folds." She claims, however, that Christian Scientists have found new writings, teachings, and exact greater degree of this spirit of God than in others, and that the "a right to declare it."

These writings, as we have before now, are thoroughly patriotic, confounding God with material creatures in general. All credit to God, according to this view—an absurdity which really offends God. Yet in the present manifesto lady declares that it would be a disgrace to speak of her as "a Christian God. Mrs. Eddy is evidently gifted with first-class logical or she would not utter such inconsistencies. The fact is she admits to be the fancies of a mind to the dignity of a divination, and she is thus guilty, even in manifesto, of the very sacrilege she repudiates so loudly.

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD by SANDWICH

In the Days of the Huron Mission

PART II.

"In his deerskin covered chair overlooking the St. Clair River, Rippling to its marshy edges, sat the Jesuit Father, thinking. And the summer colors drinking from the wind-blown, weedy, wide the mission lodge before. 'Twixt the forest and the shore

Twice and thrice, with zeal unspent, Urgent messages had he sent To the Jesuit colleges. In far France, over land and sea, Begging help of their devotion To convert the savages. That the Church might find an Healm and empire broad and free.

The destiny of New France was tied on the Plains of Abraham 12th, 1759. The requiem of Gallant Gen. Montcalm was a requiem of the Bourbon lilies in Quebec. From Quebec to Detroit the conqueror with its blue shield and with golden fleur de lis was more, but in its place the wind the crimson banner of Briton.

The change of government produced a new order of life in the country. Old names, old customs, old traders disappeared; the life of English blood gave a general new people to the colony. Changes did not occur in a day, were the result of time and the action, influence and endurance of Anglo Saxon civilization.

On the shores of the Detroit with the change of flag, the name of the post, "Fort Pontchartrain" retired from the vocabulary of legend. In its place the settlement summed the name of Detroit, with Lemoine as a military attachment. On the south shore of the river name Pointe de Montreal was replaced by the name of Sandwich, family names also underwent a metamorphosis. La Blanche Miller; La Black; La Blanc, White; La Stone; Charboneau, Cole; La boise, Berry; La Jardin, Garden, etc.

The mission of the Hurons at de Montreal was founded and reported through the benevolent paternal home government; the mission of the Hurons at Sandwich be self supporting, or perish. Ricardie, S. J., was dead. In Father Salleneuve, S. J., was found a retire to the country of the Hurons. Father Peter Potier remained in of the mission. He was the representative of his Order in the of a Jesuit missionary among Indians, let us turn to Relations, Jesuits, Vol. 91, Vol. 67, and Relations.

"After Mass I catechise the children and the young people; a greater number of older persons are present, answer with docility to the questions which I ask them. The remainder of the morning, until noon, is devoted to those who have anything to say. At that time they come in crowds to tell me their griefs and annoyances, or to consult me about their marriages, or their other private affairs; I instruct some and others; re-establish peace in dissatisfied families, and calm troubled consciences, and correct a few others with mildness, mingled with gentleness and charity. In fine, send them all contented, as far as I can.

"In the afternoon I visit the sick, go to the cabins of those who need special instructions. I am holding a council, which happens amongst the savages, send one of the chiefs of the mission, who begs me to be present at deliberations. I go immediately to the place where the council is held. If I think they are talking wisely, I approve it; if, on the contrary, I find anything amiss in their decision, I declare my own

drunkards, or those who follow hazardous occupations.

It is expected that other insurance companies will soon follow the lead of those above mentioned.

We notice that by a recent manifesto issued by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, from her palatial residence at Concord, N. H., that she disclaims any pretension of being "the second Christ." She says: "I am nothing more than what I am, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science, and the blessing it has been to mankind which eternity unfolds."

These writings, as we have shown before now, are thoroughly Pantheistic, confounding God with matter and creatures in general. All creation is God, according to this view—which is an absurdity which really destroys God. Yet in the present manifesto the lady declares that it would be a sacrilege to speak of her as "a Christ" or a God.

Mrs. Eddy is evidently not gifted with first-class logical powers, or she would not utter such inconsistencies.

The fact is she raises what she admits to be the fancies of her own mind to the dignity of a divine revelation, and she is thus guilty, even in her manifesto, of the very sacrilege which she repudiates so loudly.

Written for THE CATHOLIC RECORD, SANDWICH

In the Days of the Huron Missionaries.

PART II.

"In his deerkin covered chair Overlooking blue St. Clair, Rippling to its marshy edges."

Sat the Jesuit Father thinking, And the summer odors drinking.

From the wind-blown, wavy sedges Wide the mist-lodge before.

'Twixt the forest and the shore.

Twice and thrice, with zeal unspent, Urgent messages had he sent.

To the Jesuit colleges In far France, o'er land and ocean, Begging help of their devotion.

To convert the savages, That the Church might find and keep, Realm and empire broad and deep.

The destiny of New France was set tied on the Plains of Abraham, Sept. 12th, 1759.

The requiem over the gallant Gen. Montcalm was the requiem of the Bourbon lilies in Canada.

From Quebec to Detroit the white banner with its blue shield emblazoned with golden fleurs-de-lis was seen no more, but in its place the wind kissed the crimson banner of Britain.

The change of government introduced a new order of life into the country.

Old names, old customs and old traditions disappeared; the infusion of English blood gave a generation of new people to the colony.

These changes did not occur in a day; they were the result of time and the inspiration, influence and endurance of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

On the shores of the Detroit river, with the change of flags, the name of the post, "Fort Pontchartrain," was retired from the vocabulary of the day.

In its place the settlement assumed the name of Detroit, with Fort Lemoyne as a military attachment.

On the south shore of the river the name Pointe de Montreal was replaced by the name of Sandwich.

French family names also underwent a change. Meunier became Miller; La Noir, Black; La Blanc, White; La Priele, Stone; Charbonneau, Cole; La Fromboise, Berry; La Jardin, Gardner; etc., etc.

The mission of the Hurons at Pointe de Montreal was founded and supported through the benevolence of a paternal home government; the mission of the Hurons at Sandwich must be self-supporting, or perish.

Father Ricciardi, S. J., was dead. In 1761 Father Sallineuve, S. J., was forced to retire to the country of the Illinois.

Father Peter Potier remained in charge of the mission. He was the only representative of his Order in the place.

To become familiar with the daily life of a Jesuit missionary among the Indians, let us turn to Relations of the Jesuits, Page 91, Vol. 67, and read:

"After Mass I catechize the children and the young people; a great number of older persons are present, and answer with docility to the questions which I ask them. The remainder of the morning, until noon, is devoted to all those who have anything to tell me. At that time they come in crowds to reveal to me the griefs and anxieties, or to tell me the causes of complaint which they have against their tribesmen, or to consult me about their marriages, or their other private affairs. I must instruct some and console others; re-establish peace in disunited families, and calm troubled consciences and correct a few others with reprimands, mingled with gentleness and charity. In fine, send them all away contented, as far as I can.

"In the afternoon I visit the sick and go to the cabins of those who have need of special instructions. If they are holding a council, which often happens amongst the savages, they send one of the chiefs of the meeting, who begs me to be present at their deliberations. I go immediately to the place where the council is in session. If I think they are taking a wise course, I approve it; if, on the contrary, I find anything amiss in their decision, I declare my own opinion, which I support with a few sound reasons, and they conform to it. My advice always determines their decisions. I am invited even to their feasts. Each guest brings a dish of wood or of bark; I bless the food; then the prepared portion is placed upon each dish. The distribution having been made, I say grace, and each one withdraws, for such is the order and custom of their feasts.

"In the midst of these continual occupations you can hardly believe with what rapidity the days pass away. There has been a time when I scarcely had leisure to read my Office, or take a little rest during the night, for discretion is not a virtue of the savage, but for some years past I have made it a rule not to speak with any one from the hour of evening prayer until after Mass the next day; and I have forbidden them to interrupt me during that time, unless it were for some important reason—as, for instance, to aid a dying person, or for some other matter that could not be delayed. I use that time for attending to prayer and resting from the labors of the day."

After reading this letter we can readily believe the story as told in the Pontiac manuscript, that the Huron nation divided into two bands governed by two different chiefs of different character, were both led by the same Jesuit, their missionary, Father Peter Potier, who was revered by both Frenchmen and Indians as a saint upon earth.

The year of 1763 was memorable for the conquest of Pontiac. (See Parkman's History.) This great chief of the Ottawa conceived the plan of a concerted action on the part of the Indians to destroy all the English forts on the same day, drive the invaders from the country, and re-establish the ascendancy of the French.

The Ottawa Indians and their allies the Foxes and other tribes were encamped in the Ottawa village at Windmill Point, above the site of Walkerville and opposite Belle Island. The chief Pontiac had retired to Isle of the Fishes, now Peach Island. There he lived with his squaws "in savage royal state."

On Friday, the 6th of May, numerous bands of Indians arrived in the Ottawa village willing and eager to join Pontiac in his attack on Detroit. Major Gladwyn was in command of the Fort. He was a brave soldier, but his heart was troubled with the prospect before him. On the one hand the Indians thirsting for bloodshed, on the other hand the supplies were running low, and starvation, if not torture, was at hand for the garrison. Mr. Solomon White, late M. P. P. for Essex, and son of Joseph White, the last chief of the Hurons, has in his possession a map of this section of the country drawn about the time of which I write. The original of this map is preserved in the colonial archives at Paris. On the map we located the village of the Hurons at Sandwich, the homes of the few settlers along the bank (where to-day is the city of Windsor). The large encampment of the Ottawas opposite Belle Isle is plainly marked upon this ancient map.

On Wednesday, May 11th, Pontiac with four chiefs held council with the Hurons in order to engage them to join in the attack on Detroit. "The bad band of Hurons" were soon won over to be his allies; "the good band of Hurons" held aloof and resisted his persuasions, but as they had not shaken off their allegiance to the tribe, they were closely pressed and threatened. At last reluctantly they gave their consent to join in the attack upon Detroit, and promised that the next day after Mass they would join the Foxes, but "the day was too high a holiday to go into a fight without having held Mass."

Thursday, May 12th, 1763, was Ascension Day. Early in the morning the Hurons assembled near their church, and there they were addressed by their chiefs, Teata and Baby (the latter was a Frenchman who had married into the tribe and was adopted as a chief). Immediately after the address of the chiefs, they took their tomahawks, chanted the war-song, and ordered their men to do the same until the hour of Mass, to which they listened very devoutly. Tradition tells us that during this historic Mass, the women chanted the death-song, whilst the sad-eyed braves knelt in prayer. What a trial had come upon Father Potier! His spiritual children driven into shedding innocent blood! How his heart must have been near unto God in prayer during the Mass, asking that the bitter cup might pass away untasted by his faithful Hurons! Mass being over, each went to his tent, took the arms necessary for attack; they crossed the river in twelve canoes, going directly to the Foxes, who uttered cries of joy to see them arrive. Father Potier was a man of action, he determined to save the Hurons from bloodshed at any cost. Mr. Labadie, a resident of Detroit, had been staying with the missionary for some time. Father Potier sent Mr. Labadie across the river to invite several of the old settlers who were respected by the French and Indians to come and help him to stop the whirlwind which in threatening the English, seemed also to threaten the French.

The gentleman invited by Mr. Labadie did not hesitate to go to Father Potier at his request. After deliberating with the missionary twelve of the most respected of the French went to the camp of Pontiac, who was surprised to see him.

In vain these gentlemen protested against the war, which would ruin the French as well as the Indians.

Pontiac's reply was, in order to get over the trouble sooner, they had nothing to do but to join him for driving

out the English and afterwards they could retire to their farms and await for the French, who must come.

The Frenchmen had to bring Pontiac's answer back to Father Potier, who advised them on their future course of action, and besought them to pray with fervor and faith to heaven, who chastised them with this war. They went home tired and discouraged by their useless efforts with Pontiac.

Father Potier, who was a man of commanding presence and of great determination of character, crossed the river, went to the Hurons, exhorted them to return to their village, threatened them with refusing them the sacraments if they continued in the fight. The power he had over them brought them back, especially "the good band of Hurons," and tranquility was restored in the village of the Hurons at Sandwich. On Friday, June 17th, the chiefs of "the good band of Hurons" who since Father Potier had refused them the sacraments in order to stop them, had taken no part in the hostilities, were admitted into the fort at Detroit by a secret door, and treated for peace with the commander, making many excuses for what they had done. On Saturday Father du Jannay, S. J., missionary of the Ottawas of Michilimackinac, arrived with seven Indians of the nation and eight Sautaux of the same place, commanded by the son of the great chief of the nation. Father du Jannay slept in the old mission house, the guest of Father Potier, and lost no time to hold council with Pontiac and sue that haughty chief to withdraw from the besieged garrison, but the latter could not be turned aside from his purpose. The battle between the Creeks, ever afterwards to be known by the name of "Bloody Run," was fought with its terrible consequences, but the Huron Indians had no part in this bloodshed. They were at the time safe under the spiritual control of their saintly missionary, Father Peter Potier, S. J.

Father Targeon, S. J., in his reply to Hon. Mr. Mercier on that memorable November morning, when the settlement of the Jesuit estate by the province of Quebec was consummated, alluded to the part taken by Father du Jannay, S. J., and Father Potier, S. J., as loyal to British supremacy. It is an historical fact that the prompt action of Father Potier exerting his spiritual authority over the Hurons broke up the sacred work, and saved Detroit from massacre. The Hurons were the bravest of all the allied tribes under Pontiac. At the time of the conspiracy they counted two hundred warriors among the band. To withdraw that number of braves from a force of eight hundred and fifty Indians on the day of the proposed fight was to change the attack into a siege—a siege so long and enduring that Pontiac retired and his conspiracy was at an end. The storm of conflict between English and Indians passed away leaving unbroken friendship between the English settlers and the French settlers. Father Potier resumed his pastoral work, not only attending to his Hurons, but ministering to the French settlers and their numerous progeny on the south shore of the river; but the life of the Jesuit was to be one of persecution like the life of His Divine Master. In France the days of Madam de Guicherville, the gentle Pèrre La Chaise and other friends of the Jesuits near the throne, had passed away. A storm was at hand—a storm evolved from the fury and hatred of Pampadour, Choiseul and Company. In France, and soon in all the Latin countries excepting "White Russia," the fox had his hole, but the Jesuit had not where on to lay his head.

There were but thirteen Jesuits in Canada when the Royal Brief suppressing the Order reached Quebec in 1764.

The youngest of the group of Jesuit missionaries was Father Cassot, aged forty-six years; the eldest was Father du Jannay, aged seventy years.

Father Potier, at the time, was sixty-six years of age.

Governor General Carleton was advised of the Brief before its arrival and forbade Bishop Briand, the sixth Ordinary of Quebec, to promulgate the decree in Canada. In consequence the edict was ignored as a public act, but the Jesuit was required to sign the act of submission. A copy of this act, signed by Father Potier, is on record in Sandwich.

Father Potier was now growing old—nearly forty years a laborer among the Hurons. He suffered from attacks of vertigo. It was a warm mid-summer day; he was in his study—a room of the old mission house. He stood on the hearth near the mantle, he fell, and falling, his head struck the round iron top of one of the andirons. His skull was fractured; he lived some time, but never regained consciousness until the end came on the 13th of July, 1781, at the age of seventy-three years.

Father Potier was born at Blandin, Flanders, April 21, 1708. He was ordained in 1741, made his final vows as a Jesuit, February 2, 1743. He immediately volunteered for the Indian missions of Canada. He embarked on the Ruby, at La Rochelle, France, on May 9th, the same year, but did not reach Quebec until October 1st. From Quebec he went to Loretto, where he spent a year studying the Huron language. From thence he came to the Hurons of Detroit River in 1744, and labored continuously with them until his death. He was the last Jesuit missionary of the Huron Indians in Canada.

Father Potier was buried under the sanctuary of the church that he had built. The obsequies were held on July 18th. Vicar General Hubert, pastor of St. Anne's, Detroit, officiated. When the "church of the Hurons" was vacated for the new church of the

parish of the Assumption the remains of the saintly missionary were transferred to a crypt beneath the sanctuary of the new church. The bodies of Father Du Four, who died Sept. 10th, 1796, and of Father Marchand, who died April 12th, 1825, were transferred at the same time from the old to the new church. The remains of Father Potier were identified by the length of the skeleton. He was very tall, and the round hole in the skull gave positive proof that it was the remains of the saintly Jesuit.

Father Potier was, in course of time, succeeded as pastor at Sandwich by Father Hubert, V. G., who subsequently was consecrated Bishop of Quebec.

Shall Father Potier's name remain forever unwritten on wall or floor of the parish church of the Assumption? Shall the site of "the old church of the Hurons" remain forever in obscurity without a cross of granite to mark the spot that speaks to us of the struggle and triumph of our grand old Faith?

MARGARET CLAIRE KILBOY.

A NON-Fossilized CHURCH.

In one of its recent numbers the Independent had an ominous and pessimistic editorial on the "very sad" and "most lamentable" condition of subjection and obedience to one's spiritual masters, which, in its infallible judgment, "explains the decadence of the Catholic Church and of the Catholic countries." In precisely its following number appeared a striking paper by Henry A. Simson, D. D., which certainly goes to show very distinctly that the Catholic Church is by no means either dead or decadent yet. While largely influenced by the editorials of Gambetta's former law-partner, whom the writer evidently follows closely in this article, the strong, strange, telling admissions of Dr. Simson indicate a state of mind that must often be felt by men outside the Church, and was forcibly expressed years ago by one now within her fold: "Next to the mystery of original sin, the Catholic Church is the greatest mystery on earth." These admissions we now proceed to eliminate from the cloud of provisions, ifs, and ipse dixit in which they are enveloped.

"The political and social evolution of the Church of Rome, or, as it prefers to be called," says Dr. Simson blandly, "the Catholic Church, is in some respects the most important event of the twentieth century."

If the Papal See succeeds in the course upon which it has entered, the result will be that, possessing itself of the direction of modern democracy, as in other times it did of the State of the Middle Ages, it will, in the face of the loss of temporal power, find itself invested in the twentieth century with the most formidable power that humanity has ever known.

It works for other than terrestrial ends, but it works as always.

It is but twenty years since, in the loss of its temporal power, it had ceased to be absolute master of the things of earth, and now it is suddenly seen placing itself at the head of the numberless multitude of the laborers in all lands.

The fact alone that the Catholic Church, for motives which are not now under discussion, makes overtures to the universal democracy, suffices of itself to give to the beginning of the twentieth century a character and interest, an attractiveness and a historic relation, which henceforth challenge supreme attention. The method of the Church is the same as that of the socialistic leaders; all alike speak of a justice to be sought and realized. The word on that of the other, human brotherhood; at bottom there is no difference among the Popes have ceased to figure among the temporal powers of the world, but at the same time and by the same stroke their infallible authority has been raised above all the moral denominations which govern opinion in every country of the world, at once as authority, as influence and as action, direct and indirect, everywhere effective, incoercible and incompressible.

Religion, which was at something of a discount under the Third Empire, has become a discredited power in France, where Catholicism is the only creed which the masses recognize.

Notwithstanding the persecution of the government, the monastic institutions exceed, if not in wealth, at any rate in number of inmates, what they were at the close of the last century. There were, in 1789, 37,000 nuns in the country; in 1866 there were 86,000; in 1878, 127,758, and in 1898 the number had reached 142,832. The number of monks does not to-day exceed 25,342, exclusive of Christian Brothers and non-cloistered orders of teaching friars. To this must be added 100,000 secular priests under the direction of 93 Archbishops and Bishops. All this goes to show that the thorough secularization of France, which was attempted at the organization of the Republic, has not had the anticipated effect of arresting the growth of the Catholic Church, but has served to hasten the evolution by which the Church has adapted itself once more, as it has so often done in the past, to the new situation. No thoughtful man can for a moment imagine that the experiences which are recorded for France are confined to that land. It is simply incontrovertible testimony to a movement that is of world wide significance, the full force of which is to be realized, and ought to be studied and understood, in America.

Whether for good or for evil in the development of human civilization in the immediate

future remains to be seen, but for better or for worse it is the great fact which thoughtful men will do well to ponder."

Dr. Simson makes the mistake of thinking that all this implies change on the part of a Church which claims to be changeless. In this mistaken idea he is not alone. But the Catholic Church is no fossil of past ages. She is living, active, irrepressible, immortal, with the fresh, warm life-blood running through all her veins. She is changeless, indeed, in that she is one, catholic, apostolic, holy; but she has the divinely given grace of adaptability to all classes and conditions of men. This is from no "ambition of the Church to clutch after power," no desire to "dominate humanity," except that she may, as the chosen spouse of the world's Redeemer, lead that world closer to the Redeemer's Heart and ever nearer to His perfect service.

Dr. Simson, or his elected authority M. Spuller, may talk dictatorially of the "irrevocable abolition of the Pope's temporal power," but Catholics regard that power as based upon a higher word than theirs. The world's spiritual ruler must have his home where all his children, the wide earth over, may come and know themselves in their Father's house, untrammelled and free.

It is a wonderful thing how this Church is forever "decadent" when non-Catholics choose to brand her with that epithet, and yet immense vitality is found in her when they choose—strangely enough—to comment on her strength. Nearly 125,000 priests and 150,000 nuns in France to-day—teaching the ignorant, feeding the hungry, caring for the poor and the sick, taking the part of angels on the battlefield, walking through the pest-house, praying for their enemies; in short, serving God—this is, indeed, "a great fact, which thoughtful men will do well to ponder."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE KNOCKING SISTERS.

In an old number of Notes and Queries (published in London) the following interesting account of the "Kloppes" or Knocking Sisters, and of how Catholics heard Mass during the days persecution in Holland, was contributed by William Bernard McCabe, who translated it from a French journal.

The Catholic Churches (if such a name be given them) that were built in Holland in the seventeenth century exhibited in a very palpable manner the dangers to which Catholics were exposed in performing their worship.

The place universally selected was a house situated in the most solitary part of the town. The interior was literally pierced with a guard of galleries, like an ant's nest, and every cornice, even the smallest, was made use of as a place for the auditors.

These galleries ran up for four, five and even six stories, whilst transversal openings in all directions were made to enable the faithful to see what passed at the altar. There were in the outer wall spy holes looking out upon all the streets by which the officers of the law might approach.

Very frequently these houses were apparently a portion of some adjoining tavern. Thus there are to be found at Amsterdam the Churches "The Pigeon," "Moses and Aaron" of the "Green Tree" and "The Parrot."

When it was requisite for Catholics to meet together, or when some danger was apprehended, use was made of the "Kloppes" or "Knocking Sisters," to apprise or warn them. With such as these it was not possible to have the rules of a religious community, or the wearing of an unusual costume.

The Sisters remained in the houses of their families, and from thence visited villages, attended the sick, taught the Catechism, distributed alms and very often made more converts than the priests themselves.

They were the constant objects of attack in furious placards from the government, which had forbidden, under the severest penalty, more than two of them being together at the same time, or to have the power of making a will or to inherit any fixed property. At Utrecht the "Kloppes" were to be found near the Church of St. Gertrude, in an isolated part of the city, and not far from the road leading from Amsterdam to Gorcum. Whoever has assisted in the offices of the Church cannot have been surprised in seeing the numerous passages and gates affording the means of egress and escape in case of danger.

The last of the "Kloppes" died in Utrecht in 1853. The name is doubtless, derived from the Dutch word "Kloppen," to knock, and this had reference to the mode by which they gave warning of some imminent peril.

Each Sister had special charge of some particular article used in divine worship, such as the chalice, coppaten, paten, burettes; and when magistrates unexpectedly presented themselves in a church all such articles disappeared with incredible rapidity, and might then be discovered but bare walls and empty galleries.

Jesus went on His way through the streets of Calvary. John the Virgin and Magdalen the outcast stood by the Mother of the Son of God. The Apostles had fled. Jostled by the crowd Mary stood at the corner of a street by which her Son would pass. He saw her blue mantle. They eyes met. Oh! what a meeting! One moment,—but it was equal to an age of grief. Higher, darker surged the waves of sorrow of the Mother's soul. Grace held her up. The next moment Jesus fell under the weight of His cross and His Mother's sorrow.—Father Ryan.

"CHRIST IS NOT GOD."

Mrs. Eddy is flying her Christian Science kite again. The deluded followers of this revamped pantheism, who have so stoutly proclaimed their belief in Christianity, will find little consolation in the latest utterance of this misguided old lady. "God is the Infinite person, but not three in one," "Christ is not God, but like God," are two samples of the kind of Christianity taught by "Christian Science." We have held from the beginning that so-called Christian Science, from its very principles, necessarily destroys Christianity. Time and again some misguided follower of this latest lunacy has called us to time for stating our convictions. This positive statement of the mother of "Science" is proof positive for quality of not some new and superior quality of Christianity, but that it denies it absolutely. For if Christ is not God, the whole fabric of Christianity is a delusion. Christian Science denies Christianity, therefore destroys Christian faith. It was only natural after that that it should deny the principles of Christian morality: "Evil has no existence;" "Sin is a lie and an illusion;" "Sin is a lie and a false entity, unreal like a mirage."

And saying that sin is a delusion and has no existence, the founder of Science, with her usual consistency, says that "Christian Science lays the axe at the root of sin and destroys it." Only a full fledged Christian Scientist could lay the axe at the root of a thing that has no existence and destroy it. About the only grain of truth in the whole bundle of contradictions is the following: "I have read little of metaphysics, and what I have written of metaphysics is the result of my own study and experience." And even this, in so far as it claims some originality for her grotesque theories is as groundless as the rest. Christian Science is only the skeleton of pantheistic realism, taken out of its almost forgotten grave.

Like other teachers of error, she begins by denying the divinity of Christ, and ends by denying immortality. Christ came to save sinners, but she says there is no such thing as sin. It needs no prophet nor the son of a prophet to see where such principles lead.—Cleveland Universe.

Unfailing Sign.

The recognized hall-mark of the exemplary Catholic is his frequent reception of the sacraments. Unfailing regularity in attending Holy Mass on Sundays and festivals of obligation, with at least habitual presence at Vespers, Benediction and other public religious services, may suffice to secure for one the reputation of a practical, as distinguished from the nominal, indifferent or lax Catholic.—Ave Maria.

A Protestant Mass Book.

A treatise of the ceremonies of "High and Low Mass" is to be prepared and issued by the High Church clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for the purpose of making the ceremonies uniform. In this the Ritualists make a decided stand against Bishop Paret, of Maryland.

ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

Itinerary of the postal trains.

The Ontario pilgrimage to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, under the distinguished patronage of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston and his diocesan clergy, will take place this year on Tuesday, July 23rd. Tickets for the return journey will be good to leave Ste. Anne's up to evening of Monday, July 23rd. Thus, all those who desire to remain over, will have an opportunity of being present at the shrine and of taking part in the grand procession on the feast day of La Bonne Ste. Anne; Friday, July 26th being the day which the Catholic Church has set aside for the special honor of the mother of the Blessed Virgin. After the arrival of the morning regular Express trains from Toronto, special trains will start from Whitby and Myrtle—stations on the main lines of G. T. R. and C. P. R., a short distance east of Toronto—and will reach Ste. Anne de Beaupre early on Wednesday morning. Excursion rates will prevail at all stations of the G. T. R. from Whitby, Lindsay, Haliburton, Peterborough and all points east thereof as far as Morrisburg; and at all stations of the C. P. R. from Myrtle and all points east thereof including Peterborough, Parry Sound, Smith Falls and Carleton Place as far as Chesterville included. The exceptionally low rates of \$8.05 and \$8.00 have been secured for return tickets from Whitby and Myrtle with proportionately low rates throughout the eastern part of the Province. Tickets will be good, only on the special train going, but valid on any regular train returning, up to, and including Monday, July 23rd. Passengers from Haliburton and Lindsay will take regular train and connect with special at Port Hope. Passengers from Morrisburg will take regular train and connect with special at Whitby Junction. Excursionists from Toronto, Western Ontario and other points will leave Toronto by regular morning Express trains on Tuesday, procure regular return ticket as far as Whitby or Myrtle, purchase pilgrimage tickets at either of these stations, and then take special train which will be awaiting them and proceed to Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

The Archbishop of Kingston has signified his intention of accompanying the Pilgrims to Ste. Anne de Beaupre and uniting with them in prayer at the Holy Shrine. The Pilgrimage will be under the immediate direction of Rev. D. A. Twomey, Tweed, Ont., who will promptly send Posters containing the fullest information to intending Pilgrims.

"That Old Oaken Bucket That Hung in the Well."

Editor World: That "Old Oaken Bucket" described in your issue of June 18, as being discovered by workmen while excavating on the site of the Palace Hotel, East King street, is an appendage of the first jail of the old Home District. The jail premises in the year 1824 (at which time I resided in Little Neck street, situated on the south side of King street, and east of the new lot occupied by Mr. L. Bostwick, and is described by Dr. Seck, in his "Toronto of Old," as "a squat, unpainted wooden building, with hipped roof, concealed from persons passing in the street by a tall cedar stockade, such as those which we see surrounding Hudson's Bay posts or a military wood-yard." A new jail was erected on the north side of King street in 1828, nearly opposite the old one above described.

M. TREFF.

Richmond Hill, July 1, 1901.



OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A YOUTHFUL KING.

Prophetic Scene on the Plains of Old Nazareth.

It was evening, and the setting sun dipped gloriously into the Mediterranean behind Mount Carmel, tipping the hoary summit with gold. The slopes of this mountain of the prophets in one direction and those of Mount Tabor in another were already tinged with the purple shade of evening, and in the many small valleys of this hilly country was the gathering darkness; yet from the plateau from which Nazareth stands, the quiet, simple folk of that town could see in the distance across the valley of Jezreel an expanse of the great sea all ablaze in the evening golden glory.

The white, flat roofed houses of Nazareth appeared pink in the evening sunset, and the red pomegranate blossoms in the gardens grew more brilliant as they caught the slanting rays, and presented to the eye an appearance as of many luminous orbs. The beauty of these rich flowers and of their companion roses was heightened by their dark background of olive and palm trees, which covered the valleys and even the lower hills in the neighborhood. All was motionless in the evening air and no sound was heard save the hum of the insects, the tinkling of a distant sheep bell, or an occasional peal of merry laughter of some happy boys who were at play in an open space near the village.

In two houses, however, of the peaceful town there was more than ordinary activity, arising from the pleasant duties of hospitality. Simple and lowly, and even despised as these Nazarenes were, they were, nevertheless, remarkable throughout all Galilee for the warmth of the welcome they always extended to their guests and for the willingness with which they entertained strangers who chanced to come among them. This cordiality was manifested in no small degree in a dwelling that stood a little apart from the cluster of buildings that formed the town. It was a small and humble house, having only a few rooms. About it could be seen in the marks of soil; shavings and pieces of wood were lying around the ground which told a stranger that the dweller therein was a worker in wood. It was the home of Joseph, the carpenter.

All signs of labor had on this day been early laid aside, and Joseph and Mary were busy in making comfortable and attending to the wants of two guests who had honored their dwelling with a visit. No less a personage than a priest of the temple at Jerusalem was Joseph's guest. The venerable Zachary, with Elizabeth, his wife, had come on a visit of charity to Mary and Joseph. Old as they were, they had travelled a distance of nearly seventy miles through the hill country of Judea, Samaria, and Galilee to see once more ere they were gathered to their fathers that wonderful Child whom Zachary two years before had seen disputing with marvellous wisdom amid the learned men of Israel at the temple porch in Jerusalem. The remembrance of this event had remained with him ever since. It had become a part of his life and was ever present with him in his waking moments, and filled his dreams at night, and he longed ere his dust was laid in the grave to see and know more of this wonderful Being whom he recognized as the Messiah foretold by the prophets.

Already Joseph, according to the custom of the East, had brought water for the old man's feet, and, notwithstanding his guest's protestations, had washed them himself, and now the two men were sitting outside of the house engaged in quiet conversation, while Mary was entertaining Elizabeth in a no less kindly manner within doors.

In another house, not a stone's throw away, other scenes of hospitality were also being enacted. That afternoon Zabdai from the little fishing town of Bethsaida, had brought his wife, Sakme, and their two sons, James and John, on a visit of friendship to Geddiel Sodi, who was a relative of his wife. The host in this case was a rich farmer owning more flocks and herds than any one else in this region. His household consisted of Miriam, his wife, and three sons, Subael, Abner and Ezri, together with numerous women and maid servants.

A more sumptuous meal had been prepared for these visitors than that offered to Zachary and Elizabeth. A lamb had been killed to celebrate the event, and delicious grapes, apples and citron graced the board. Moreover, the master of the house was no longer a strict Nazarene, and therefore did not hesitate to place on his table rich wines, cooled in snow, which had been preserved in huge boxes buried underground.

With this display there was to be observed slight traces of ostentation, and both Zabdai, or Zebadee, and his wife Sakme, as the best progressed, were conscious of being slightly patronized. James and John were too young to perceive this, and they enjoyed the good things that Geddiel Sodi set before them as only boys can. James was nearly sixteen, and his brother John was two years younger, and both were already learning the trade of their father, a fisherman on the lake of Tiberias. Their browned faces and hands told of being much in the open air, after the Jewish fashion, while the other three boys affected a Roman custom of cutting the hair short, as did their father, much to the grief of

his fellow-townsmen, who regarded him as one of the leading men of the place, but deplored the fact that he had departed from the traditions of their forefathers and had ceased to be a strict follower of their sect.

After the meal was over the five boys went out to the plateau, where most of the children of the town were accustomed to gather in the summer evenings, and it was their shouts that could be heard on the hillside where Joseph and Zachary were resting. The two elderly men had now been sitting for some time in silence, quietly enjoying each other's company with that satisfaction that does not seek to find expression in words, when suddenly Zachary started at the beautiful vision presented to him.

Standing under the arch of the doorway, with the fading light of evening shining full upon him, was a most beautiful youth of fourteen years. He had returned home from an errand upon which Joseph had sent him before his guests had arrived. His gold brown hair was parted in the centre and fell in long waves just reaching the shoulder. The high and noble forehead shone in the light like polished marble. His large, mild, but penetrating eyes were over arched with rich eyebrows, and the eyes themselves spoke of meekness, ardor, and love. The nose was straight and rather long, the lips exquisitely formed, with the redness of health. The chin was moulded into perfect masculine grace, and the partially exposed neck enhanced the noble poise of the head. The outer garment was woven of one piece and reached to the ground.

The Nazarene mothers—those women whose beauty had made them famous even as far distant as Rome—admitted that the Son of the carpenter, Joseph, surpassed their own children in beauty, and conceded to him a winning grace they failed to find in their own. Today he seemed more beautiful than ever, even to Joseph, for the usually calm and placid face was brightened with pleasurable emotions caused by the visit of Elizabeth and of the priest Zachary.

The youth stood silently behind Joseph's seat, with his arms folded over his breast, in an attitude of deepest respect towards the two men. The old Levite was awed. His whole being thrilled. Trembling with rapture the priest hastily rose and was about to prostrate himself and kiss the feet of the beautiful Child. He was prevented from doing this, as Jesus took him by the hand just as he was about to kneel, and so, instead of kissing his feet, in a half-stopping, half-kneeling, wholly reverential attitude, he kisses the Divine Child's hand, uttering passionately as he did so:

"My Lord and my God." The youth then led the aged man back to his seat, saying with wonderful dignity as he did so: "Blessed are they who know the things you know." Having performed this kindly office to their guest, He once more assumed the attitude of modest expectancy on Joseph's will. Joseph, who had risen when Zachary rose, now sat down again. Once before he had seen this calm dignity assert itself in the youth. That was two years ago in the temple of Jerusalem, when Jesus had said: "Know ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" Joseph realizing that as head of the family he represented all source of authority, called Jesus forward and said to him:

"The children of Zabdai of Bethsaida are on yonder plateau. Lest we should seem wanting in hospitality, go and bid them welcome to our town." With a slight inclination of the head towards Joseph, Jesus obeyed with alacrity the behest of His foster father. Zachary watched Him depart and with the glow of exalted enthusiasm still upon his face, exclaimed:

"O Israel! O Nazareth! If you did but know! If you did but know!" "Good master," replied Joseph, "His time is not yet come, and he added prophetically, 'nor shall you or I behold the mighty works He yet shall do. Our years shall close before His work begins.'"

TO BE CONTINUED.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

The Joy of a Good Conscience.

The glory of a good man is the testimony of a good conscience.

Keep a good conscience, and thou shalt always have joy.

A good conscience can bear very much, and is very joyful in the midst of adversity.

A bad conscience is always fearful and uneasy.

Sweetly wilt thou take thy rest, if thy heart reproach thee not.

Never rejoice but when thou hast done well.

The wicked have never true joy, neither do they feel interior peace; because there is no peace for the wicked saith the Lord. (Isa. lviii, 22.)

And if they shall, "We are in peace, evils will not come upon us, and who shall dare to hurt us?" believe them not; for the wrath of God will arise on a sudden, and their deeds will be brought to nought, and their projects will perish.

To glory in tribulation is not hard to him who loveth; for so to glory is to glory in the cross of our Lord.

That glory is short-lived which is given, and taken by men.

The glory of the world is always accompanied with sorrow.

The glory of men is in their own consciences not in the mouths of others.

The joy of the just is from God and in God and they rejoice in the truth. He, who desireth true and everlasting glory, valeth not that which is temporal.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

True glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living to make the world happier and better for our living in it.—Pitny.

A Definite Purpose Needed.

He who lives without a definite purpose achieves no higher end than to serve as a warning to others. He is a kind of bell buoy, mournfully marked by the waves of circumstance to the rocks or shoals which are to be avoided. What the sun glass does to the sun's rays—converge them until they become a blazing and irresistible point—that a definite purpose does to the energies of the soul. It brings them to a focus, and achievement follows as a matter of course.

The Catholic College Man.

Mgr. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University, says:

"Among Catholic men, the college man has a tremendous responsibility in this work of saving society to Christ. He has had the training to fit him for life. He has obtained the knowledge by which he is able to understand the relations between man and society, and between both and God. He of all men should be a leaven in society, to sustain and develop it according to right ideas. He belongs to a Church, one of whose characteristics is a holiness, whose doctrines aid to a holy life, and whose precepts urge him to holiness. In a life of Christian virtue, morality has its safeguard, character its source, and its precludes dishonesty, it detests untruth, it shuns impurity, it is supernaturally guided, it finds things material stepping stones to eternal life. In Christ it lives and moves and has its being. It is not satisfied with mere material success as the end of life; but it realizes the true purpose of life which find its rest in God alone. It believes in a Redeemer Who as God, assumed humanity, was born at Bethlehem, and expiated the sins of mankind at Calvary. It believes that He came as a teacher, with positive religion as the conditions of salvation and finds its life in conformity with the will of Christ.

Elements of Success.

The world is full of people who bemoan their hard luck and are constantly pitying themselves because fate is against them, because they cannot succeed as other people do.

The real cause of their failure is lack of heart. They do not throw their whole souls into their work. They only touch their employment with the tips of their fingers. They do not fling their whole life into their vocations. They are half-hearted, and lack energy, push, perseverance; they have no ambition fires to melt the obstacles in their pathways, to weld together, into one continuous chain, the links of their efforts.

Futile endeavor, half-hearted effort, never accomplished anything. It takes the fire of determination, energy, push, and good judgment to accomplish that which counts, or life will be a failure. It is the enthusiastic man with fire in his blood and ginger in his brain, who makes things move, and pushes to the front.

We see the half-hearted floating aimlessly with every current. They have lost their grip, and are pushed aside by the more vigorous and more determined; they lose heart and cease struggling, and then they become drifters, and are tossed about on the sea of life.

An excellent character is a fortune. To be generally respected and beloved is better than to own the wealth of the world. Few men are indifferent to the esteem in which their fellow mortals hold them, and no other mad recognizes this as much as the man who holds a public trust. Thomas Carlyle shrewdly remarked, "Even the man who occupies the highest social position is, in some degree, dependent on the lowest." You do not need that I should urge you to pursue wealth. I leave men alone for that. All are bent on making money. From the lucky stockbroker or merchant who, by means of a few successful leaps, finds himself in affluence—from the renowned consulting physician who rakes in his golden fees until he finds himself independent, to the humblest clerk or artisan—nearly everyone is making it his aim to be as rich as he can.

If money comes to you honorably and goes from you usefully, the more of it you have, the better. It is a great privilege to be rich under such circumstances. But the first thing I would impress upon you is this: a good name must be the fruit of one's own exertions. You cannot possess it by patrimony, you cannot purchase it with money, nor will it come to you by chance. Of all the elements of success in life, none is more vital than a determination to be the creator of your own reputation and advancement.—Cushman K. Davis in Success.

For Working Overtime.

The story printed by one of the New York papers that the salary of Mr. John A. McCall, president of the New York Life Insurance company, is to be raised an additional \$25,000 a year, recalls the incident that proved a turning point in Mr. McCall's career. It reads like a chapter from the books of boys, and incidentally shows that it pays to do more than your mere duty.

In the seventies, Mr. McCall, then a young man with a wife and two children, received an appointment in the New York state insurance department, in return for work done for his political party. When he entered upon the

stage of nature's virtues, which is the oration of America and of America's children; it will add the defying treasures of super-natural life.

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Mother and child, run down—there are hundreds—lucky if you are not one. And what do you think they want? They want rest and a change, and can't get either. Pity to speak of it! Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is almost rest in itself! SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, TORONTO. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

