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THE LION OF FLANDERS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE

CHAPTER X.

Bruges being now entirely at the mercy of the French party, De Chatillon began to think seriously of executing the several commissions with which he had been charged; and the first that occurred to him was the securing, according to the queen's desire, the person of the young Matilda de Be thune. It might seem, indeed, as though nothing need stand in the way of his immediately carrying out this design, seeing that the city was occupied by his troops in overpowering force; nevertheless, a motive of policy restrained him for a time. He was anxious, in the first instance, to establish his dominion on a firm and permanent basis; and this he conceived could be effected only by breaking once for all the power of the galleys, and erecting a strong citadel in order to overawe the town; this accomplished, he was prepared without further delay, to seize Matilda and send her off to France.

The arrival and entry of the French troops had filled Adolf of Nieuwland with the most serious apprehensions for his young charge, now in the midst of her enemies, and totally without defence; for though Deconinck, indeed, visited her daily, and watched over her without intermission, yet this was not enough to set at ease the mind of the young knight. After the lapse of some weeks, however, finding that in fact no molestation was offered to the fair girl, he began to think that the French had either forgotten her existence altogether, or else that they had ceased to have any hostile designs against her. Meanwhile his vigorous constitution, and the skillful care of his physician, had done their work; the colour returned to his cheeks, and activity to his limbs; but not so peace and joy to his breast, in which was now opened, in truth, a fresh source of anxiety and sadness. Day by day it was his grief to behold the daughter of his prince and benefactor grow paler and paler; wasted and sickly, like a blighted flower, Matilda pined away in sorrow and anguish of heart. And he who owed his life to her tender and generous care could do nothing to help her, nothing to comfort her! Neither kind attention nor pleasant words would bring a smile upon the countenance of the sorrowing maiden; sighs and tears were the only utterance of her heart; sighs and tears for her father's unhappy lot, of whom no word of tidings reached her, and for the fate of the other dear prisoners, whom now she thought to see again no more. Adolf's endeavours to mitigate her grief were incessant and fruitless; in vain he sought out for her the oldest legends and the newest toys; in vain he sang to his harp of the Lion's deeds of valour; nothing could rouse her from her depression, or dispel her dark forebodings. Gentle, indeed, she was, affectionate and grateful; but without life, without interest in aught around her. Even her favourite bird, apart neglected, with dul' spiritless eye and drooping wing.

Some weeks had now passed since Adolf's complete recovery, when one day with samtering steps he passed the city gates, and struck into a narrow pathway across the fields, which led him on in dreamy mood towards the little hamlet of Serecote. The sun was fast sinking towards the horizon, and the western sky was already glowing with the tints of evening. With head bowed down, and full of bitter thought, Adolf walked on, following the path mechanically, and taking little heed whither he was going. A tear glinted from beneath his eyelids, and many a heavy sigh broke from his bosom. A thousand times had he strained his imagination to find some means of alleviating the young Matilda's lot, and as often had he fallen back into deeper despair, so sad and hopeless did it appear. And, for himself, what wretchedness, what shame I each day, and all day long, to watch her pining away with sorrow, and sinking into an early grave, and thus to stand by the while with folded arms, powerless alike to help, to console, or to console!

He was now at some distance from the city. Weared more with the burden of his sadness than with the length of the way, he seated himself upon a bank, and still allowed his thoughts to drift along upon the drowsy current of his reverie. As he sat there, with his eyes bent upon the ground, he suddenly became aware that he was no longer alone;—a stranger stood before him.

The unknown was dressed in a friar's frock of brown woolen, with a wide and deep hood; a long grey beard hung down upon his breast, and his bright black eyes were overhung by shaggy brows. His complexion was deeply bronzed; his features hard and strongly marked; his forehead scored, and deeply furrowed with wrinkles. Like some way-worn traveller, he dragged his weary steps to the spot where Adolf sat, and for an instant a gleam of satisfaction seemed to light up his features, as though he recognized one whom he was glad to meet. This, how ever, was but for a moment; the grave and cold expression, whether real or worn as a mask, with which he had first regarded the youth, instantaneously returned.

Adolf, aware of the friar's presence only when the latter stood close before him, immediately rose from his seat, and greeted the stranger in words of courtesy. But the melancholy tenor of his thoughts had communicated a tone of sadness to his voice; and, to say the truth, he had to put some violence on himself to speak at all.

"Noble sir," responded the friar, "a long day's journey has wearied me, and the pleasantness of the spot which you have chosen tempts me to let loose awhile to snatch a few moments' rest; but I pray you let me not disturb you."

Saying he threw himself upon the grass; and, motioning with his hand, invited Adolf to do the like: who

thereupon, moved either by respect for the friar's sacred character, or by some secret wish to enter into conversation with him, resumed at once his former seat, and thus found himself side by side with the stranger.

Something there was in the strange priest's voice, which had a familiar sound to Adolf's ear, and he endeavored to recollect when and where and under what circumstances he had heard it; but as all his efforts failed he was at last obliged to dismiss the notion as a groundless fancy.

A short pause ensued, during which the friar regarded the young knight with many an anxious and inquiring glance; at length, however, he proceeded to open a conversation.

"Noble sir," he commenced, "it is now long since I left Flanders; and I should be greatly obliged by any information you could give me concerning the present state of things in our good city of Bruges. I pray you be not offended at my boldness."

"How could I be offended, father?" answered Adolf, "it will be a pleasure to me to serve you in any way I can. Things go ill, enough truly, in our good city of Bruges; the French are now our masters there!"

"That seems to please you but indifferently, noble sir. Nevertheless, I had understood that most part of the nobles had renounced allegiance to their lawful Count, and done homage to the stranger."

"Alas! that is but too true, father. Our unfortunate Count Guy has been deserted by very many of his subjects; and still more of them there are who have renounced the glory of their ancestors by base submission. Yet there left some in who o'er veins the Flemish blood runs pure; still there are brave and loyal hearts, that have not given themselves up to the stranger."

At these words an expression of the liveliest satisfaction passed over the features of the friar. With more experience of life, Adolf might have perceived something both forced and feigned in the speech and countenance of his companion, betraying to a keen observer that he was playing a part which was not his own.

"Your sentiments, noble sir," he replied, "do you much honor. It is never a true joy to me to meet with one of those generous souls who have not ceased lovingly to remember our old Count Guy in this his sad estate. God reward you for your loyalty!"

"O father," cried Adolf, "would that you could look into the most secret depths of my heart, that so you might know the love I bear to our old lord—now, alas! so helpless—and to all my ancient house. I swear to you father, that the happiest moment of my life would be that in which I might pour out for them the last drop of my blood."

The friar had good experience of men's hearts, and of their words and faces too; he could well see that there was no feigning in the young knight, and that Adolf was in very truth deeply attached to Count Guy, and devoted to his cause. After some reflection, he resumed:

"What! you Adolf of Nieuwland! Then it is in your house that the lady Matilda de Bethune now is?"

"That honour has fallen to its lot," answered Adolf, "Your news, father, will bring it consolation; and not before it is wanted; for Matilda's life is fast wasting away with sorrow."

"Here, then, is a letter from her father, which I commit to your charge to place in her hands; for I can well perceive that it will be to you no trifling satisfaction to be the bearer of such happy tidings."

With these words he drew from underneath his frock a parchment secured with a seal and silken cord, and handed it to the knight, who received it in silence and with deep emotion. Already he seemed to be in Matilda's presence, and to have a foretaste of the joy which her delight would give him. The friar's pace was now too slow for him; so urgent was his impatience, that he always found himself a step or two in advance of his companion.

Once within the city, they soon stood before Adolf's house; and here the priest took general but attentive survey both of it and of all the neighbouring buildings, as though fixing them in his memory for future recognition. At last he said:

"Sir Adolf, I must now bid you farewell; ere the day close I will be here again; probably it may be somewhat late; meanwhile, make all the necessary preparations for your journey."

"Will you not, then, allow me to present you to the lady? Moreover, you are weary; I pray you do me the honour of taking refreshment and repose beneath my roof."

"Let me proceed, and you shall soon hear more of him. He lies in a darksome tower, at Bourges, in the land of Berri. Worse, however, his lot might be; for he is free from chains and fetters. The old castellan, under whose charge he is, long ago fought in the Sicilian wars under the banner of the Black Lion; and he is now a friend rather than a gaoler to our prince."

Adolf listened with intense eagerness; and many a time were exclamations of heartfelt joy upon his lips. He restrained himself, however; and the friar meanwhile proceeded:

"His imprisonment would thus be tolerable enough, had he only himself to think of; but he is a father, and has a father's heart, and it is that which suffers most. His daughter is left behind in Flanders; and he fears lest the spiteful and cruel Queen Joanna should persecute his child, perhaps even to death. This dreadful thought will not suffer him to rest, and his prison is become to him a very pit of despair; his soul is filled with the bitterest anguish and each day of his life is a day of torment."

"In the front room," replied the servant.

He hurried up stairs, and hastily opened the door of the chamber.

"Dry your tears, Lady Matilda," he cried. "No more sadness and sorrow! Light is breaking in upon our darkness!"

As Adolf entered, the young Countess was sitting disconsolately in the window, and from time to time sighing

"Weigh well now," resumed the stranger in a solemn tone, "whether you in very truth are ready to risk your life for the Lion, your liege lord. The castellan of Bourges is ready to set him free for a season, upon his knightly word to render himself on the appointed day; but he must find some better lot awaits you. See, here is a letter: does not the throbbing of your heart alight tell you from whose hand it comes?"

"Nay, but so it is, noble lady; a better lot awaits you. See, here is a letter: does not the throbbing of your heart alight tell you from whose hand it comes?"

"What mean you?" she cried at last; "what light can visit such darkness as mine?"

"More he would have said; but, even as he spoke, Matilda sprang from her seat, and snatched the letter from his hand. Her bosom heaving, her cheeks glowing with a colour that had long been stranger to them, and tears of joy streaming down her cheeks, she broke the seal and tore off the silken cord; and thrice had her eyes wandered over the writing on the parchment ere she seemed to catch its import. Then, as last, she understood it well; unhappy maiden! her tears ceased not to flow, but the cause of them was changed; they were no longer tears of joy, but of ne'er and bitter sorrow.

"Sir Adolf," at last she said, in a tone of deep suffering, "your joy adds torture to my grief. What was it you said? light! Read, and weep with me for my unhappy father."

The knight took the letter from Matilda's hands, and as he read it, his countenance fell. For a moment he feared that the priest had dealt treacherously by him, and had made him the bearer of evil tidings; nor sooner, however, had he fully possessed himself of the contents of the letter than his suspicions vanished; but recollecting his incantations, he was seized with self-reproach, and remained silent and lost in thought. And now compassion filled Matilda's breast; seeing him musing so sadly, with his eyes fixed mournfully upon the letter, she repeated her hasty words, and approaching him where he stood, while a smile gleamed through her tears.

"O joy!" exclaimed Matilda: "I shall see him! I shall speak with him! Ah! my father! how has my heart longed for one kiss of your lips! O Adolf, I am beside myself with joy! How sweet are your words, my brother! But who will be willing to take my father's place?"

"The man is already found," was the brief reply.

"The blessings of our Lord be upon him! How noble a spirit must his be who can thus devote himself for my father's safety! But tell me now, who touches me and mine. Believe me, Adolf, I am not ungrateful for your generous self-devotion."

"Prince lady," he exclaimed, "I have not raised your hopes too high. I repeat, there is light for you, and my joy is not in vain. All that the letter tells you was known to me already; but the difference of age is much too great. That, however, shall be no hindrance to us; in a few moments my art shall make up the deficiency in years."

"What mean you, father? how can you make me older than I am?"

"That indeed I cannot do; but I can change your face, so that the very mother who bore you should not recognize you. This I can do by means of herbs of which I have learned to know the virtues; think not that any unlawful art hath sought to do therewith. But, Sir Adolf, we are now hard upon the city; can you tell me whereabout resides one Adolf of Nieuwland?"

"Adolf of Nieuwland!" exclaimed the knight; "is it with him you are now conversing? I am Adolf of Nieuwland." Great seemed the friar's surprise; he stopped, turned full upon Adolf, and regarded him with well-forged astonishment.

"What! you Adolf of Nieuwland! Then it is in your house that the lady Matilda de Bethune now is?"

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"I pray you spare me, lady," he replied: "it is impossible. I must not, I cannot tell you more."

With each refusal or evasion of the knight, Matilda's curiosity grew more and more. Again and again she pressed him to disclose his secret; but all in vain. To curiosity succeeded impatience, to impatience irritation; till at last she lost all self-command, and burst into a flood of tears, like a child that cannot have its way.

Adolf could now resist no longer; he resolved to tell her all, however much it might cost him to be the herald of his own self-sacrifice. Matilda soon read her victory in his countenance, and drawing more closely to him, gathered him with a smile of pleasure, while he thus addressed her:

"Listen, hen, lady, since it must be so, and hear in how wonderful a man I am! To the letter and to those joyful tidings reached me. I had wandered out toward Sevecole, and was sitting upon a bank deep in thought, fervently beseeching heaven to have mercy upon my lawful and unhappy lord. Suddenly, happening to raise my head, to my surprise I saw before me a stranger priest."

"Sir Adolf," at last she said, in a tone of deep suffering, "your joy adds torture to my grief. What was it you said? light! Read, and weep with me for my unhappy father."

"Sir Adolf," she said, "I shall speak with him! I shall speak with him! Ah! my father! how has my heart longed for one kiss of your lips! O Adolf, I am beside myself with joy! How sweet are your words, my brother! But who will be willing to take my father's place?"

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"But tell me all he said," said Sir Adolf; "describe his prison, so to me, and how he occupies his time; that I may have the pleasure of picturing it all to myself, since as yet I cannot see him."

Thereon Diederik began a minute description to the castle of Bourges; and related circumstantially to the lady all that he thought could interest her; answering with ready sympathy her most trivial questions, and comforting her with the hope of a happier future. Adolf meanwhile had left the room, to inform his sister of the journey he was about to undertake and to give directions for horse and armour to be readied. He also charged a confidential servant to inform Deconinck Breydel of his absence, that they might keep closer watch over their young princess; a precaution, however, which was not in fact necessary, since Diederik Vos had already concerted measures with them to that end.

As soon as the young knight returned Diederik rose from his seat; "Now, Sir Adolf," he said, "we have not much time to spare; allow me, therefore, before we set out, to throw a little more light into your countenance. Sit down, and let me have my own way, and fear not! I shall do nothing that will harm you."

Adolf accordingly took a seat in front of Diederik, and leaned his head backwards. Matilda, quite at a loss to understand the scene before her, looked on in astonishment; with curious eyes she followed Diederik's fingers, as he traced many a deep line on Adolf's youthful visage, and darkened its complexion. Her astonishment increased, as at every stroke of the pencil Adolf's countenance gradually changed its expression, and assumed something that reminded her of her father's features. At last the work was completed, and Diederik desired his patient to stand up and show himself.

"Dose not the ancient blood of the Counts of Flanders flow in your veins? Are you not the be-oved daughter of the Lion—if he who is the glory of our common country, the benefactor to whom I can never sufficiently express my gratitude? My life, my life, are devoted to your illustrious house; and all that the Lion of Flanders loves is sacred to me."

daughter began, making the same
instantly at the same
and ardent recall the
sounded so suddenly she
id with eyes passionately

fore me my
thought that
had deserted
God, he has
it!

agast; his
woman's eye,
like chagrin,
and now stood
ore his youth;

to Matilda, exclaimed,

"I am sharp
and well known
had rather,
incognized;
you have per-
cessity for my
I pray you,
you breathe
it might cost
I have in
e, lady, wif-
your heart;
t decisive ac-
over. Never-
's captivity be
not cease the
the justice of
he we seen the
with him, d
whose char-
therefore, you
garding him,"

said, Sir Old-
on to me, and
me: that I may
uring it all to
not see him."

"Lady," he said,

"so great a reward
exceeds my poor deserts; but the day
may come when it shall be given me to
pour my blood for the House of Fland-
ers, and to show myself not unworthy
of your gracious favor."

"Come, a truce to compliments,"
cried Diederik; "it is time we were
gone!"

The knight received the pledge on
bended knee, and with a look which be-
spoke his thanks, he pressed it to his
lips.

"Lady," he said,

"so great a reward
exceeds my poor deserts; but the day
may come when it shall be given me to
pour my blood for the House of Fland-
ers, and to show myself not unworthy
of your gracious favor."

"Keep the children. In the year

1280 a terrible conflagra-

tion had caused the ruin of the old

town-hall in the market place of Bruges;

the wooden tower with which it was

surrounded had perished in the flames;

and all the charters and monuments of

the city together with it. But in the

lower part of the building some massive

walls had resisted the general destruc-

tion, and some few chambers were still

left standing, which were now used as a

guardhouse. At present these half-ruined apartments were the chosen ren-

dazou of the French garrison; and there they whiled away their time in

play.

A few days after Adolf of Nieuw-

land's departure, eight of these foreign

mercenaries found themselves together

in one of the most recesses of the

ruin. A large lamp of coarse earthen-

ware shed its yellow rays upon their

swarthy faces, while a thick smoke

curled upwards from its flame, and hung

sullenly in the groanings of the vault.

The walls still retained traces of dec-

orative painting; an image of Our Lady,

with the hands broken off, and the

features defaced by time or violence,

stood at one end of the chamber. A

heavy caken table sat four soldiers,

intent upon the dice with which they

were playing; others stood by, looking

on and following with interest the

chances of the game. It was evident,

however, that some other game was

afoot than that in which these men were

for the moment engaged; for, with hel-

ments upon their heads and swords at

their belts, they had all the appear-

ance of being prepared for action.

Soon one of the players rose from the

table, at the same time angrily dash-

ing down the dice upon it. "That old

Breton's bands are not clean!" he ex-

claimed; "else how should I lose fifty

times running? A plague on the dice!

"I'll have done with them!"

"He is afraid to go on," cried the

winner, with a provoking air of triumph.

"What the fiend, Jehan! surely you

are never cleaned out yet, man! I

that the fashion in which you face the

enemy?"

"Try once more, Jehan," said an

other; "the luck can't go one way

forever."

The soldier addressed as Jehan stood

for some moments as if in doubt

whether to try his luck again or not.

At last, passing his hand within his

shirt of mail, he drew from under it his

last reserve, a necklace of fine pearls

with richly wrought clasps of gold.

"There," he exclaimed, holding it

out so that all might see, "I will stake

these pearls against what you have

won from me to-night. It is as fair a

necklace as ever shone upon the neck

of a Flemish lady! If I lose this, I

have not a sterner lot of the whole

booty."

The Breton took the jewel into his

hand, and gazed at it curiously. "Well

here goes," he cried; "how many

throws?"

"Two," replied Jehan; "you throw

first."

The necklace lay upon the table, and

over against it a heap of gold pieces.

All eyes were fixed on the dice as they

rolled, while the hearts of the players

beat high with excitement. At the

first throw, the luck came to Jehan

again, for he threw ten, and his ad-

versary but five. But, while preparing

to throw again, and full of hope that

he might this time retrieve his losses,

he suddenly observed that the Breton

secretly put the dice to his mouth, and

misted one side of them. He was

now immediately convinced that it was

not ill luck, but foul play, that had

hitherto made him the loser. He took

no notice, however, merely calling to

his adversary.

"Come, why don't you throw? You

are afraid now, I suppose!"

"I suppose!"

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With a fierce exclamation he turned to his wife. Mary was breathing heavily; her face was deathlike; two little crimson drops—she had bitten her underlip till the red blood trickled down her chin.

"Have you ever thought, when you had done this dreadful thing—the child does not live for—what was to become of—of me?"

"You are a beautiful woman, Mary. I know plenty of men who admire you—you will marry again."

She made no reply. It was as if she had treated the remark with contempt. She asked him something else.

"When all your debts are paid, al-

your affairs wound up, shall I have any

money?"

"Very little."

She drew close to him. He heard the soft rustle of her gown; a faint, subtle perfume of violets wafted across his face.

"We lived on 'very little' once."

He glanced at her sharply. When had he seen that look before on Mary's face, that look of tender happiness, of love? Ah, he remembered. On that summer evening, years and years ago, when he had asked her to be his wife.

"And we were happy, too."

He stood as one struck dumb, gazing at Mary's radiant face, her shining eyes.

"Far happier than we have ever been

since we were rich."

The silence in the room was intense.

The ticking of the little clock on the mantelpiece, the only sound which broke the stillness, was like the beating of a heart.

Suddenly he felt a soft arm round his neck.

"John, you never knew it—you were

always so busy you never seemed to

have time to talk to your poor little

wife—but for years—I have hated the

money, too. It was all right for the

children—they were young and had

never known anything else; but we—

we're old folks, old fashioned"—she

smiled—"and whatever I might have

appeared outwardly, I could never

quite throw off the past. You thought

the new prosperity made me drift apart

from you. Well, I thought it made you

so occupied with your business, your

affairs, which I was too stupid to

understand. But now the money is

lost, and I am glad—yes, glad, for to

me, too—and there was a sob in the

low, tender voice—"it has been fitters

around my neck, John! Oh, my hus-

band, when I have always loved better

than any one else in the whole world!

Let us get back to the little cottage;

let us begin life over again."

She put the revolver back on the

table—she knew there was no more

need to hide it—and both the soft,

slipping arms were round his neck now.

And he was sobbing with his head

on her breast, sobbing like a child.

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Apostolic Delegation.
Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey.—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and that it has been used with a sincere Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Pope and the Church. It serves the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do even more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic friends. With much pleasure you will find his wishes for the continued success of Yours very sincerely in Christ,

DONATUS, Archbishop of Ottawa,
Apostolic Delegate.UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA—
Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1905.Mr. Thomas Coffey :—
Dear Sir :—For some time past I have read your excellent paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good and truly Catholic, and it will do much more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic friends. With much pleasure you will find his wishes for the continued success of Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa,
Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1908.

MODERN THEOLOGY.

Although incongruous, the picture of a Presbyterian advising Methodist theologians is commendable enough in sentiment not to rise the charge of heresy by any eaves-dropping disciple of the Westminster Confession. No fault could be found with the counsel given. The occasion to which we refer was an address given by Dr. Falconer, the new President of the University of Toronto, to the graduating theologians of Victoria College. All that the amiable President said was sincerely said and gently put, though there was no need of barring the new deacons from trying to get railway privileges which are bestowed generously upon members of other classes. When the President entered upon the subject of theology, he did not seem to be at home. Whether this was the moment at which the incongruity of his situation impressed itself upon him, or whether he felt it difficult to reconcile Calvin and John Wesley, doth not appear. He avoided controversial points, and struck out on Modernistic paths. Theology he considered to be like history, never complete but always growing. This means evolution if it means anything. Every additional page in history is a new one, swelling the volume of human experience, adding fresh lustre to the honor roll of mankind. The glory of theology is of a different order. If history be the curve traced by the march of men, theology is the centre around which this curve is described. Theology cannot evolve. There came, so far as this transcendent science is concerned, a fulness of time when the treasures of divine wisdom and knowledge were poured out most abundantly upon the activities of man. One came in whom the godhead dwelt corporally, who knew and saw the Father—the Word—made flesh. He was the living Teacher, yesterday, to day, and the same forever. All theology was henceforth His lesson, His life, His operation upon the souls and thoughts of men. It was not the struggle of human frailty to yearn for better life. It was the outstretched canopy of God's attributes, His life in eternity: it is the science of the supreme good. "Admit a God," says Cardinal Newman, "and you introduce among the subjects of your knowledge, a fact, encompassing, closing in upon, absorbing every other fact conceivable. If the knowledge of the Creator is in a different order from knowledge of the creature, so, in like manner, metaphysical science is in a different order from physical, physics from history, and history from ethics. You will soon break up into fragments the whole circle of secular knowledge, if you begin the mutilation of the Divine." It is the divine which has made history, which established the physical, the intellectual, and the moral order of the world. It is the Divine which has descended to man, not man by his unaided energies raising himelf to God, still less man adding to his knowledge of the Divine by his actual life. Theology is more than experience, more than physics or metaphysics. It teaches of a Being, Who, though highest, yet in the work of creation, conservation, atonement and retribution, makes Himself the minister and serv-

vant of all. Man with his motives and his works is from Him. Peace and civilization, justice, charity, order are His triumphs and blessings. No subject has such a telling influence upon its students, whom, whilst it enlightens, it sanctifies. We may judge of the sublimity and importance of this study when we bear in mind that it is life eternal. A university without theology is a cripple without a crutch. Supplied, however, by evolutionary ideas such as Dr. Falconer advocates, it is weaker and more helpless than without any. One other point in this address is also Modernistic. Dr. Falconer tells us that theology is under a cloud through fear of not being orthodox. That is strange advice from a Presbyterian to Methodist theologians. Does it mean that the theology of these young men was shadowy, or under a cloud, because they were careful and scrupulous in their Methodist belief? Or was the Presbyterian theology under a cloud because it could not lay aside its Calvinistic doctrine to join Methodism? There is nothing gained by such platitudes, resting as they do upon false sentiment and proclaiming peace and truth without the response of unity. No sadder spectacle can history present than that of divided Christianity. Its evils are becoming harder to bear, its remedy more eagerly sought. It is, however, the height of folly to throw away even the weak anchor of private judgment—telling your neighbor it is quite indifferent whether you are heterodox or orthodox, and that he is under a cloud who stands firm in his belief, that he is reactionary if he is not willing to accept novelties of doctrine. Presbyterianism and Methodism: "How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together." Not yet.

THREATENING PHILOSOPHY.

We were somewhat surprised the other day to read the following report of an address by the Rev. Mr. Macdonald of The Globe to the Y. M. C. A. of Chicago: "Your traditional believers," said the able editor, "would do well to give science and philosophy a wide berth unless they are well fortified by faith." This language, coming from such a source, is decidedly unexpected. To criticize science at all is bold enough for any man that he should be charged with being a Jeunit, and to warn students from its study, aspersive of truth and religion, is interfering with the right of private judgment, and placing faith above science. It is many years since the Toronto Globe entered into a tacit alliance with the Catholic Church. We were always under the impression that this cordial understanding was strictly limited to matters political. We had no reason to expect that the Globe, its directors or its editors, either at home or abroad, in journalistic writing or platform speaking, would be advocates of Catholic teaching and helpers or advanced agents of the Index Expurgatorius. So it is. It may not be palatable to old readers of the Globe to find its editor going abroad with his quiver full of Roman arrows. For our part we admire his courage. We hope he knows that he is imitating and abetting the Holy Father in his ecclesiastical against Modernism. The editor administers only homoeopathic doses—he warns, he does not forbid; he advises, he does not command. His patients are too delicate: they could not stand an encyclical unless as mere sugar-coated counsel. These physicians consult their patients rather than that their sick consult them.

Philosophy has become too subtle for our friend. Its growing tendency to emphasize the finality of the physical sciences, constitutes a real peril for the young man who is not well grounded in these abstract subjects. That is strange reasoning: philosophy subtle, its ground dangerous, therefore, to be secure, one must be all the more deeply immersed in it to escape its threatening perils. Philosophy is sceptical; in order to avoid doubt and strengthen faith go deeper into this scepticism. Philosophy is materialistic; in order to shun materialism and become more spiritual, drink more copiously of these material waters. If any one wishes to keep cool let him, upon these principles, throw himself into the fire. It is safe to say, with the learned gentleman, that philosophy is dangerously subtle. We go farther. Its principles are no better than quicksand; its methods vicious and distorted and its conclusions unsatisfactory in the highest sense and function of man. The explanation is to be found in the history of Scotch philosophy and the gulf created between faith on the one hand and knowledge on the other. When the Protestant sects accepted meekly and without protest the principle that faith was not knowledge, and that God, being Absolute, could not be known, then they gave up the whole field of philosophical investigation to materialism, which

is ever bent down to earth or to agnosticism, whose eye is fixed upon nothing. The false religious principles of the reformation are not strong enough to repudiate doubtful philosophical theories, for two reasons. First, they are based upon private judgment. Another and more dangerous tendency is that they minimize and destroy the intellectual character of the virtue and truths of faith. Since the intellect is the most active faculty in the soul, reason could not be content with a religion whose magistracy had no authority and whose doctrines no other standard than the dictates of one's own conscience. Faith is neither subtle nor sceptical. Its reasons, however, have to be all the broader and deeper, and its finality to be all the clearer; for otherwise it will be betrayed in the night of its prayer and dragged from court to court, the scorn of material reason, the mockery of human agnosticism.

We by no means are averse to review this interesting subject, which, more than ought else, runs parallel with, or counter to, the Church through all the centuries of its existence. Philosophy in one form or another has risen up to rival religion's claims for man's attention, or, weekly submitting, has proved the useful helmate of theology. If we look at the headings of the historical chapters of philosophy we find that system after system rose and subsided whilst the Cross silenced them all. Greek scepticism, Arabian mysticism, Platonic idealism were in turn rejected. Aristotelian peripateticism preserved most of its original character and served best the sacred cause of Christ. Modern philosophy, dating from Locke, is more objectionable from a religious and eruditional point of view. It lowers the ideal to earth, and confounding knowledge to experience it robes it of its intellectual charm and power. Truth becomes relative, certainty vanishes and sentiment wrongly exalted to the seat of judgment. We cannot without wearying our readers continue—but it is seen that the Holy Father and the editor of the Globe are standing on the same platform. It may be that there is a private wire between the Vatican and the Globe. The Sovereign Pontiff complains that modern philosophy is evolution and agnosticism, destructive of faith. Mr. Macdonald, although not so outspoken, warn all whose faith is not strong not to learn science. We hope that our friend will continue. The subject is most interesting. What is encouraging is that Mr. Macdonald is courageous enough to claim for faith and religion a foothold and a resting place superior to those claimed by rationalism and those skeptical.

THE USE OF CANDLES.

Candles are generally harmless enough, never affording too much light, nor, like beacon fires, indicative of war. An inexhaustible exception seems to have occurred in one or more of the Anglican Churches of Toronto which called forth the editor going abroad with his quiver full of Roman arrows. For our part we admire his courage. We hope he knows that he is imitating and abetting the Holy Father in his ecclesiastical against Modernism. The editor administers only homoeopathic doses—he warns, he does not forbid; he advises, he does not command. His patients are too delicate: they could not stand an encyclical unless as mere sugar-coated counsel. These physicians consult their patients rather than that their sick consult them.

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A NOTED CATHOLIC.

In the report of the civil service commission, lately issued at Ottawa, we are pleased to notice that the commissioners speak in the most complimentary terms of Dr. J. K. Barrett, Inland Revenue Inspector at Winnipeg. In commenting upon this the Winnipeg Tribune pays Dr. Barrett a high compliment. Our contemporary states that he organized the service of his department in 1885 and has brought it to its present high state of efficiency. "It is generally admitted," continues the Tribune, "that the Inland Revenue Department is the best conducted in the west and gives universal satisfaction to the business public, and this is largely due to Dr. Barrett's tact and thorough knowledge of his work." That these words of commendation are richly deserved will be the verdict of all who, like ourselves, are acquainted with this sterling, many Catholic Canadian. It will be remembered that Dr. Barrett is the gentleman who fought the battle for Separate schools in Manitoba, and a valiant fighter he was. That the battle was not won was not his fault. It will always give us pleasure to chronicle the success of our fellow Catholics who are in the public service. Dr. Barrett's life work has been such that we may point to it with pride.

PRAISE FOR THE IRISH MEMBERS.

From time to time many good and true Irishmen have almost given up hope that their country will receive fair play from the English House of Commons and House of Lords, and they are inclined to lose confidence in the Irish Parliamentary Party. We do not think this course a judicious one and we strongly recommend that the battle for Home Rule be fought to the end along constitutional lines. Cardinal Logue, who is now on a visit in New York, to take part in the Catholic centenary celebration, has been interviewed by a reporter. Upon being asked about conditions in Ireland, he replied that the south of Ireland was very poor, and that it grieved him deeply to see so many women and children seeking employment in Dublin and being unable to get it. He thought tariff reform in the United States could help Ireland by providing a market for Irish goods at a fair profit.

"The representatives of Ireland in the English Commons are doing nobly," he said. "They have secured by hard fighting certain measures that have been beneficial. It is better to fight and get a little than to stand idly by and get nothing."

The Cardinal's advice, it seems to us, is one of wisdom. Nothing can be gained by violence, nor can anything be achieved by putting. We should like to see all Irishmen stand shoulder to shoulder and present a united front in support of the Irish Parliamentary Party. The victory will surely be achieved sooner or later.

TEMPERANCE IN GLENGARRY.

We commend to the careful perusal of our readers the splendid sermon of His Lordship the Bishop of Alexandria, Right Rev. Dr. Macdonell, on the subject of Temperance, which appears in this issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD. That this sermon will have powerful influence for good far beyond His Lordship's diocese we have no manner of doubt. The drinking evil is one of the greatest obstacles to Church work in every part of the Dominion. More than this, it likewise retards to a very great degree the true progress of the country. One who is a persistent tippler, and occasionally breaks the bounds of moderation and makes a boast of himself, is not a good asset for either Church or State, and takes rank with the undesirables whom our Emigration Department turns back at the borders. We have knowledge of parishes in Ontario where churches are poor—where the priest's homes are scarce fit for habitation—where the collection plate on Sunday contains little else than a few copper coins—while the poison dispensers in the road houses leading to the Church have grown fat and fleshy, and fraternal, as becometh their trade, all the while wearing the swagger that betokens a bulky bank account. The dollars go to the road house and the copper coin to the Church. That this is not true of all parishes we have reason to rejoice. We speak but of a few. There should not be any. What a strange animal, to be sure, the human being is at times! The major portion of his wealth goes into the coffers of men whose trade tends to degrade and to impoverish, and, withal, only too often is but the finger post that points to the habitation of criminals, whilst thoughts of the rule of life that leads to all that is ennobling—that makes us meet subjects of God and country—are thrown on the scrap heap, looming up once in a while when conscience bites, but postponement of thought begins again and the journey on the downward grade continues. Temperance is one of the corner stones upon which nation building in the truest sense can be carried on and become a permanent structure. Temperance is a heavenly attribute and will lead to heaven. Intemperance is—the opposite.

NINETEEN MINISTERS BREAKING AWAY FROM THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

That nineteen ministers of the Episcopalian Church have come into the Catholic Church within the last few months or are on their way into the Catholic Church and will be received, it is hoped, before the summer, has not made much of a stir in Catholic circles, is altogether remarkable. The time was when the conversion of one minister would be heralded as a great news item, and would be given a double column of one of our great dailies, but now it is taken as a matter of course as just the proper thing to do. An Episcopalian minister can do nothing else but become a Catholic. Yet such is the startling religious fact of the day. Nineteen ministers, some of them in early life, others men of maturity, have or are breaking away from the Church of their baptism and the scenes of their chosen ministry, where the pleasantest days of their life have been spent, and for conscience sake submitting to the Church of Rome with all the uncertainties of the future in regard to living and work. One of the greatest martyrs of one's life is the soul-change that is implied by conversion. It is breaking one's life in two. It is a wrenching away from the associations of one's early life and conscience alone can compel such a change.

There are nineteen devoted souls who have gone through the crisis or are in the throes of agony about it. Who are they?

The list of very recent conversions leads off with Mr. Henkle, of Reading, Pa. He was in charge of a church and had many years in the ministry. He recently made a post-graduate course at Oxford under such eminent men as Driver and Cheyne. It was a great shock to his belief in the Anglican Church to have men of such eminent learning state emphatically that the "Anglican Church cannot justify its position. It is built upon a tissue of falsified historical facts." Mr. Henkle, however, was not identified with the advanced churchmen of this country. He made his submission and is now studying for the priesthood at Overbrook.

Following Mr. Henkle came F. A. Yost. He was a young man holding a responsible position at Roxboro. Father Alvhur Doran received him into the Church. Then came Rev. Edward Hawks and the Rev. James H. Bourne. Messrs. Hawks and Bourne were instructors at the Nashotah Seminary. They had spent some years in the ministry. Then came Rev. J. B. Haslam. His years in the ministry were full of fruitful work in Canada and afterwards in St. Paul, Minn. He was then advanced to be the Dean of Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul in Chicago, his work in the slum districts and his labors to uplift the poorest and most unfortunate classes of that metropolis had won for him a wide reputation. Mr. Haslam was received by the Paulists in New York.

Harry Kendall and Mr. Mason who were students at the Nashotah Seminary were received by the Jesuits at Milwaukee. Mr. Kendall is an artist and a pupil of the celebrated Hazell of New York. His people were Vermonsters of the strictest type of Baptists.

Rev. Russell J. Wilbur who was Archdeacon of the diocese of Fond du Lac was received by the Jesuits at Florissant, Mo., where he went to make a retreat. Wilbur is but thirty-one years old, a graduate of North Western University and has been in the ministry five years. Mr. Wilbur said "quite an exodus of the clergy of the Episcopal church is going on at the present time." Among the causes contributing to this state of affairs is the revolutionary policy teaching of ecclesiastical discipline adopted by the recent Triennial Conference.

Last week, too, the Rev. John G. Ewens, Rector of Holy Trinity church, Manistee, Mich., was baptized by Father O'Callaghan in the Paulist church, in Chicago. He is forty-five years old and for eight years served in the ministry of the Episcopalian Church. He is unmarried and will study for the priesthood.

There is still another minister under instructions in Philadelphia who will be received shortly and when received his conversion will be duly announced. Besides these already received there is a group of men now living in Philadelphia with Dr. McGarvey, Rector of St. Elizabeth's church. They are Messrs. Hayward, Cowle, McClellan, Bowles, Fay and Cowan. These men are disenchanted with the dogmatic position of the Anglican Church and they have said repeatedly that they can no longer find contentment in their religious life within their communion. Undoubtedly the most strenuous efforts will be made to hold them within the Church. They will be argued with, and some, who are of a vacillating nature, may not have the courage to take the step just now, but they must do it some day, and what a pity it will be if that day is so long deferred that they will have nothing to offer God but the burn-out ashes of a misspent life.

There is a great opportunity for those men now to work for the old Mother Church of Christendom. About the Apostolic Mission House, now there is centering a great conversion movement that will bring many souls into the ark of salvation. What a glorious Apostle these men will have if they come now into the true Church and help to bring the thousands who, like themselves, are seeking a rest for their souls.

It is Always so. A north of England clergyman recently preached against ill-natured gossiping and spoke pretty plainly to his congregation on the subject. One of the members of the congregation to whom he was especially alluding came up to him after the service. The vicar thought he had touched her and that she was about to express contrition, but she said, "Ah, vicar, I am so glad you spoke out, and what a good thing it was the Misses—were there to hear you."

MAY 9, 1908.

LEAVING
PISCOPAL

f the Episcopate into the last few years into the received, er, has not his circles. The time of one minute great news is a double column of it now; it is just the episcopal and before it is startling. Nineteen years ago, he was arch of their chosen days of and for the Church certainties of ag and work, sons of one's it is implied taking one'saching away's early life, compel such devoted souls crisis or are out it. Who

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Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD.
FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A CONVERT

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

It soon dawns upon the convert that not only at the altar, but also to some extent upon the street, does the priest present an unmistakable dissimilarity to most of the non-Catholic clergy. He also observes that a goodly portion of his time is taken up with a certain round of duties which the latter are not bound to fulfil; and, on the other hand the latter are compelled to perform certain labor from which the priesthood is free. Thus he may say, why are priests usually smooth-shaven, and their costume invariably clerical? Now that you are a Catholic and know the full significance of the priestly office, you will have realized that no layman, not even a monarch indeed, possesses so exalted a dignity, or so sublime a vocation as the anointed mouthpiece of the Most High God. For not even to kings did Jesus Christ say the awe-inspiring words "He that heareth you, heareth me!" It, then, it is customary and proper that, for instance, King Edward should lay down stringent rules as to the personal appearance, and dress, and deportment, of his ambassadors, (and even his soldiers may not wear the beard) how much more fitting that the the ambassadors of Jesus Christ — His priestly soldiers — who, though in the world, are not of it, should bear in their person and garb some distinct indications of their sacred character. And with regard to his time, unlike the non-Catholic minister, he provides the unceasing daily sacrifice in the temple; he is bound by his ordination vows to offer, unless prevented by most serious obstacles, an hour of every day for the welfare of his charge. And then there are the numerous weekly confessions to be heard, sometimes numbering many score, and from its very nature this duty cannot be postponed or hurried; and all this in addition to his ordinary cares and duties! What wonder, then, that, unlike the non-Catholic clergy, he is not expected to pay multitudinous social visits in order to keep his flock in good humor, nor to attend every little committee, and mothers' meeting. And think of the gossip he escapes!

But I've always been told that Catholics are so priest-ridden. Is it true? On the contrary, if you will undertake to answer his door-bell for a week, and watch results, you will be forced to exclaim "Priest-ridden, indeed! The poor man is people-ridden! The wonder is that he ever finds time to prepare a sermon!"

Will my pastor be able and willing to answer those "questions of the soul" which occasionally occupy one's thoughts, and are even apt, at times, to disturb the serenity of one's faith? For instance the existence of pain, and the sufferings of the innocent, etc.? He both can and will give a sufficient and satisfying answer, and that answer will tally with what every other Catholic priest will tell you. What is surely known, and is "of faith," he will explain to you without ambiguity; what God has hidden, and not revealed to men, he will tell you in not revealed. This thanksgiving was the beginning of a week's rejoicing in honor of the centenary that will be made memorable.

EMINENT CHURCHMEN PRESENT.

SUNDAY'S THANKSGIVING consisted of special Masses and the reception of Communion by fully seventy thousand persons in the archdiocese. The rectors in charge delivered appropriate remarks, reminding Catholics of the present day that the things that are resulted from the fruits of the struggles of the early missionaries.

CARDINAL LOGUE AT ST. PATRICK'S

Besides Cardinal Logue and Gibbons and Archbishop Farley, about fifty other prelates and provincials of religious orders were present, together with priests in very large numbers.

CARDINAL LOGUE AT ST. PATRICK'S

At the Cathedral, at eleven o'clock, Monsignor M. J. Lavelle, rector, was the celebrant of a solemn Mass and Archbishop Farley was the presider. Cardinal Logue occupied the Arch-bishop's throne. The interior of the Cathedral had been decorated with the papal colors, and the American flag is swinging in the breeze between the beautiful twin towers. Every seat was occupied, and nearly all present were the regular parishioners of the Cathedral parish.

Monsignor Sheridan, vicar general of the diocese of Erie; Monsignor Ferri, head of the Propagation of the Faith, and Father Michael Quinn, secretary to the Irish prelate, were among those in the Cathedral. At the end of the gospel the Archbishop of New York mounted the pulpit, and in a few words formally welcomed Ireland's representative to this country, then delivered a sermon taking for his text that section of the Apocalypse in which the apostle describes his vision of the new Jerusalem."

ARCHBISHOP FARLEY'S SERMON.

The diocese of New York has completed the first century of its existence. It seems proper that we should pause at the threshold of the second century and derive lessons of profit for the future by calling to remembrance the works of the fathers which they have done in their generations.

To day the Church is adored as a bride; she wears the green laurel of perennial youth, the fitting emblem of a Church that is ever young; she is clothed in golden raiment, the symbol of the enduring purity of her doctrine; she is aglow with many lights as becomes the abode of the light of the World; she makes the hallowed walls resonant of sweetest music and exultant hallelujahs in gratitude to Him from Whom all gifts descend, the manifold blessings vouchsafed to her during a hundred years.

Thanks be to God who hath given us the victory through our Lord, Jesus Christ. Thee shall my lips praise. I will give thanks to Thee in a great Church.

To day the Immaculate Lamb of God has been offered on nearly a thousand altars and hundreds of thousands of the faithful have partaken of the Bread of Life, and this "clean offering," this

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

holocaust from the hearts of priests and people, has ascended to the throne of the Most High as the most suitable, the most acceptable expression of adoration, thanksgiving and love. Verily she is the "holy city," the new Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God. And as I glance over those vast numbers gathered around so many altars and made one in holy communion, as I contemplate this mystic union of priesthood and people in the Eucharistic Christ, I hear a great voice from the throne saying: "Behold the tabernacle of God with men, and He will dwell with them. And they shall be His people and God Himself shall be their God."

A little more than a hundred years ago, while the country was still a colony, and even to the close of the struggle which gave liberty and independence to this young nation, and opened an asylum to the world's wandering workers and to the oppressed, the religion of Christ, which it is our privilege to possess and our pride to profess, was banished and banished wherever it ventured to show its head in the land.

WASHINGTON'S WORDS TO CATHOLICS

A change of condition in the government of the country brought with it, thank God, a change of conditions in the religious status of Catholics, who, few and humble as they were, had rendered signal services to the nation.

As to cursing and impure language, now becoming disgusting prevalent in America, it has always been forbidden by the Church. And with regard to his time, unlike the non-Catholic minister, he provides the unceasing daily sacrifice in the temple; he is bound by his ordination vows to offer, unless prevented by most serious obstacles, an hour of every day for the welfare of his charge. And then there are the numerous weekly confessions to be heard, sometimes numbering many score, and from its very nature this duty cannot be postponed or hurried; and all this in addition to his ordinary cares and duties!

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POLYCARPUS,

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GREAT CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK.

THE MOST IMPOSING CATHOLIC DEMONSTRATION EVER HELD IN AMERICA.

More than a million Catholics, scattered the length and breadth of the archdiocese of New York—the Irish and the Scotch, Germans and French, Hungarians and Poles, the Greek and the Bohemian, the picturesque people of the old Syrian nation and those from equally ancient lands, the rich and the poor, the East Side and the West Side, all unified by the faith of their fathers and proud of the land of their adoption gathered on Sunday in the numerous parish churches within the jurisdiction of Archbishop Farley and gave thanks for the progress the Catholic religion has made since its formal establishment a hundred years ago. This thanksgiving was the beginning of a week's rejoicing in honor of the centenary that will be made memorable.

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Besides Cardinal Logue and Gibbons and Archbishop Farley, about fifty other prelates and provincials of religious orders were present, together with priests in very large numbers.

CARDINAL LOGUE AT ST. PATRICK'S

At the Cathedral, at eleven o'clock, Monsignor M. J. Lavelle, rector, was the celebrant of a solemn Mass and Archbishop Farley was the presider. Cardinal Logue occupied the Arch-bishop's throne. The interior of the Cathedral had been decorated with the papal colors, and the American flag is swinging in the breeze between the beautiful twin towers. Every seat was occupied, and nearly all present were the regular parishioners of the Cathedral parish.

CARDINAL LOGUE AT ST. PATRICK'S

One reported that her pastor said "Theologians differ, but I am inclined to think, etc." another held that "it had no particular bearing on present day religion, being a relic of the days when men fought over trifles, but my opinion is etc"; the other shook his head and smiled placidly saying "you ladies should not trouble yourselves about such abstruse problems of religion." Hereafter, my dear convert, when you wish to learn the meaning of even less important things than an article of your faith, you will be told, clearly and distinctly. When you ask for bread you need have no fear of being handed a stone!

I am at a loss to know how much to give for the support of my pastor. Is any specified sum obligatory? There is usually no stated amount expected, but you are absolutely bound in conscience to give something and that something should be as much as you can conscientiously spare, with a leaning, if any, to the side of mercy to the pastor. Be willing to pay a reasonable interest on God's loans to you. I am a layman convert, myself, and had been filled up with all sorts of notions about the greed of the priesthood, but having had exceptional opportunities of learning the sources and average amount of their incomes, I have come to the conclusion that their actual personal stipends are far below one hundred cents on the dollar of what business men of like industry, and ability, and, far less education, would be satisfied with. And yet they are famous as debt payers, and givers in secret to the poor!

There seems to be some objection to joining the Y. M. C. A. Is it not good in its tendency? For non-Catholics, yes, for it provides a retreat for young men where they may get off the streets at night, and be brought under influences in keeping with good citizenship. But for Catholics it is distinctly non-Catholic and sectarian. Its religious manifestations are antagonistic to the Church. It accepts your membership fee and yet deliberately and openly bars you from a share in its management. And who would be so lacking in spirit as to support an organization which flaunts its religion and its manhood. Support the Catholic Young Men's Club if there is one, and if none lend a hand heartily and help to start one. God helps those who help themselves. You will earn a heavenly reward by such efforts!

Now that I am a Catholic some of my former co-religionists throw out hints that I can break the "Sabbath," drink, swear, and misbehave generally,

with more or less immunity from ecclesiastical censure. How do you account for such charges? Primarily they arise from dislike and ignorance of the Church, but there are some few unworthy and merely nominal Catholics who also are to blame—persons who, though calling themselves friends, are, in the words of the apostle "enemies of the Cross of Christ." As to keeping Sunday holy, you are now obliged to do what most non-Catholics do not do, namely, offer the first fruits of the day to God by joining in His public worship. But that is not all. Though you are not obliged to mope about and read your Bible all day, and turn a holy fast into a solemn fast, yet you should read somewhat of your Bible, and other elevating books, and in general sanctify the day. You should even refrain from anything, however innocent and lawful, that would be sure to wound the extreme Sabbatarian convictions of your non-Catholic neighbors and thus cause them to stumble to the faith.

With regard to drinking, though in itself there is no essential sin in taking a drink, yet, by reason of the insidious dangers and associations of sin and scandal which often follow its use, you will do honor to your new faith and to yourself by ruling it out entirely, or better still, by joining a branch of that splendid, powerful, and rapidly-growing organization, the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

As to cursing and impure language, now becoming disgusting prevalent in America, it has always been forbidden by the Church. And with regard to his time, unlike the non-Catholic minister, he provides the unceasing daily sacrifice in the temple; he is bound by his ordination vows to offer, unless prevented by most serious obstacles, an hour of every day for the welfare of his charge.

WASHINGTON'S WORDS TO CATHOLICS

A change of condition in the government of the country brought with it, thank God, a change of conditions in the religious status of Catholics, who, few and humble as they were, had rendered signal services to the nation.

As to cursing and impure language, now becoming disgusting prevalent in America, it has always been forbidden by the Church. And with regard to his time, unlike the non-Catholic minister, he provides the unceasing daily sacrifice in the temple; he is bound by his ordination vows to offer, unless prevented by most serious obstacles, an hour of every day for the welfare of his charge.

POLYCARPUS,

TO BE CONTINUED.

had been subjected to all sorts of prejudices. The truth had prevailed, he said, and the Church was now reaping the harvest.

"At one time," he added, "it was common in this city to see advertisements for help, with the line, 'No Irish need apply.' What was really meant was that no Catholic need apply."

TUESDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Tuesday morning the Cathedral was filled to overflowing. Seats were reserved for numerous public officials and the members of the general committee of laymen, headed by ex-Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, after they had been seated, it was first come first served, but the usher had a difficult task in making room. Before the service began there were fully 6,000 persons gathered in the beautiful edifice and as many more on the outside.

PONTIFICE'S MESSAGE TO ARCHBISHOP.

From the Holy Father the following message was received:

"Venerable Brother: Health and apostolic benediction. The recurrence of the memorable events in the history of the foundation of the archdiocese of New York, whose development has been extraordinary, must call forth unusual rejoicing because the constant increase in the harvests of a hundred years bears ample testimony that the highest expectations have been abundantly fulfilled.

"It seems proper, in view of these consoling results, that on the solemn centennial celebration of the see of New York, we should renew our fervent supplication to God that He may vouchsafe to it a more plentiful supply of the celestial gifts and more copious resources to accomplish things even more laudable.

"For these reasons, and as a mark of special honor, it affords us great pleasure to tender you and your devoted flock our heartfelt congratulations. For assuredly you and your loyal brethren have rendered many distinguished services to the Church and to the State and cherish the hope that these words may be an incentive to persevere in that vigilance and zeal of which you have thus far given such signs of proof, and thus bring glory to America and stand as an example for the entire world.

"As an augury of heavenly favor and an evidence of our good will, we most lovingly impart to you and your faithful people the apostolic benediction.

"Given at St. Peter's, Rome, the 9th day of April, 1908, in the fifth year of our pontificate.

"PIUS X, POPE."

SCORES OF COMMUNION REACHED THE ARCHBISHOP FROM MINISTERS AND LAYMEN OF ALL DENOMINATIONS, INCLUDING BISHOP GREER, RABBI SILVERMAN AND REV. DR. C. E. JEFFERSON.

FROM THE PRESIDENT.

President Roosevelt sent the following:

"My Dear Archbishops. Let me take occasion, on the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the diocese of New York, to extend to you my sincere congratulations and my earnest good wishes for the future of yourself and of your diocese."

"Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Cardinal Logue was celebrant and Cardinal Gibbons preached the sermon. He took as his text Isaiah ix, "Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. The Gentiles shall walk in the light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about and see; all these are gathered together, they are come to thee; they sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. Then shalt thou see and abound, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to the Gentiles shall come to thee."

The Cardinal's sermon was to a great extent an historical sketch, concluding as follows:

"When the Bishop, his clergy and people are united, there is no such word as fail. They form a triple cord that cannot be broken. They are engaged in a triple alliance more formidable and enduring than the alliance of kings and emperors; for yours is an alliance, not of flesh and blood, but a compact cemented by faith, hope and charity.

"Above all, take an abiding and a vital interest in all that affects the welfare of your holy religion. Let the words of the royal Psalmist be your inspiring watchword: 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I do not remember thee; if I make not Jerusalem the gleaning of my joy.'

At the close of the Mass, Monsignor Faconio, who represented the Vatican, imparted the Papal blessing.

THE CHILDREN'S PART.

There were services for the children on Monday in all the churches of the archdiocese, and in the larger parishes the children, wearing centennial badges, marched through the streets near the churches. At the cathedral a solemn Mass was sung by Monsignor Hayes, the chancellor, and Monsignor Lavelle preached. There were three thousand children present. Monsignor Lavelle took for his text, "Remember the early days, and keep the early years in mind."

He pictured to his young auditors the struggles and privations of the Catholic in this country, and reminded them that their ancestors in the faith

pointed seven young men full of wisdom and the Holy Spirit to assist them. Those seven were called deacons. They had supervision over the material concerns of the Apostles and the faithful who in those days had all things in common. They were associated to the Apostles also in the higher work of evangelization.

We learn in the same chapter of the Acts that Stephen, one of the seven, preached so powerfully that none could resist his eloquence, and in chapter the eighth that Philip went about the country of the Samarians announcing Christ and converting many. As time went on and the Church grew, the work of the deacons became heavier. There was more preaching to be done, more baptizing, more care of the poor, more journeys to make, more churches to provide for, still there was a prejudice against altering the apostolic number and having more than seven deacons in one city. The deacons complained it even with the seven

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON,

Third Sunday after Easter.

HOW TO WORK FOR SALVATION.

"The God of all grace, who hath called us to his glory in Christ Jesus, after you have so far rid a man perfect you, and confirm you, and establish you."

The time in which the Easter Commission should be made is now drawing towards its close. To day is the third Sunday after Easter, and Trinity Sunday, the last day for fulfilling the prospect, is only five weeks off. All therefore, who have not yet performed their duty should begin to think seriously about it.

There is very weighty consideration which I wish to lay before those who are still negligent. Indeed, what I have to say concerns all who remain for any length of time in the state of sin. This consideration is not merely the danger of dying in this state, and of consequently being lost for ever. This, of course, is a point which no prudent man will neglect. What I wish specially to point out, however, is that, even supposing that those who are in the state of sin could be certain that they would before the end recover the state of grace, and should actually do so, an' so secure eternal happiness, yet, for all that, the whole of the time spent in the state of sin would have been lost. Now, that this loss is no trifling one, will appear from what I am going to say.

As you well know, my dear brethren, Almighty God requires of each of us that we shall work out our own salvation. The happiness which we shall obtain, if we obtain it, will be the just reward of our labor. This reward must be earned. The crown of glory is not an alms thrown to a beggar; it is the payment due in justice for work done. But this is only a part of the fact. We have, indeed, to earn, to deserve the eternal recompense which God has promised; but that we may be able to do so God's grace is necessary. Not necessary merely in the sense that God's actual help must go before us and accompany us in all our good actions, but necessary in the sense that the who merits must be in the state of grace.

Now, given that a man is in the state of grace, every supernatural work at least—that is to say, every work which springs from faith and hope—is a meritorious action, and deserves for him who performs it an increase of never-ending joy and happiness. We may, perhaps, go even farther than this; for there seems to be good reason for thinking that not merely every supernatural action, but every good action, even though it springs from merely naturally good motives, is meritorious in God's sight. And not only are the actions of a man who is in the state of grace meritorious, but the greater part of them have also another fruit of great value. The temporal punishment to which, there is reason to think, the larger number of men are liable must be satisfied for, before we can enter into the kingdom of heaven. Now, almost all the actions which are performed in the state of grace satisfy for the temporal punishment which otherwise we should have to undergo. So that the works done in the state of grace have a two-fold value: they are meritorious of reward, and they satisfy for temporal punishment.

But now suppose that these same works are done by a man not in the state of grace, but in the state of sin, what are they worth? I will not say that they are worth nothing; that would not be true. But this is certain—they are neither really meritorious nor satisfactory. They do not earn for the recompence of eternal life, which cannot be earned. All the works done by a man in this state are lost, and the time is lost. It matters not how difficult or how good in other respects these works and actions may be, they do not deserve eternal life; they do not satisfy for past sin. If this is so, is not this in itself a sufficient reason for at once fulfilling our duty, and thereby obtaining such a value for our actions as to make our life really worth living.

A PROTESTANT EPISCOPALIAN ON THE CHURCH IN MEXICO

Corroborative of the statement made by Archbishop Blenk concerning the condition of the Catholic Church published in last week's Review is a letter from a Protestant Episcopalian which appeared January 12 in the New Orleans Picayune. The writer of this communication heartily endorses, "with as much emphasis as he can command," the words of his own words, the stinging rebuke administered by Archbishop Blenk to Bishop Kinsolving, the Protestant Episcopalian bishop who had gone out of his way to depreciate the work of the Catholic Church and its priesthood in Brazil.

"Archbishop Blenk is correct," says the Picayune's Protestant correspondent, "when he protests against the efforts of the Protestant churches to proselytize Catholics in Latin America, or other countries. Bishop Kinsolving will read the articles written on that subject by the late Senor Romero, who was for many years the honored diplomatic representative of Mexico at Washington, as well, if he be a man of intellectual integrity, admit that the argument there made by Senor Romero, is absolutely convincing. Indeed, it is so convincing that the Anglican (or Protestant Episcopalian) clergy in Mexico have, under the wise admonition of Bishop Aves, the Protestant Bishop of Mexico, studiously refrained from attempting 'to convert' Roman Catholics in that country, and have concentrated their attention upon the spiritual needs of members or descendants of their own church."

The remainder of this letter is so excellent a reply to the oft-repeated, though oft-refuted, statements concerning the Church in Mexico and other Latin American countries, that we take pleasure in presenting it to our readers. The Bishop Aves referred to by the correspondent (the name is

wrongly given "Aves" in the paper from which we quote) is an American, a native of Ohio, and has been Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Mexico since 1904. The correspondent writes:

"While in Mexico last year I had occasion to talk with Bishop Aves on this subject, and what he said of it was characteristic of his apostolic spirit, religious tolerance and sound common sense. Under his direction his Church is doing excellent work in Mexico, ministering to its communicants and attendants, and winning everywhere the respect and affection of the people. With some Protestant ministers in Mexico the most enlightened Roman Catholics there are not only non-Christian" and "unChristian," but are absolutely "heathen." In the judgment of Bishop Aves these enlightened Catholics, as well as the most ignorant Catholic poons, are members of the historic Roman Catholic Church, which ministered to their spiritual needs one hundred years before the Anglican communion was established at Jamestown or the "Mayflower" landed at Plymouth Rock.

And what is the effect of this liberal and just attitude of Bishop Aves upon his influence and that of his Church in Mexico? A single instance will illustrate. Last year at Monterey a religious controversy sprang up by reason of the fact that some ministers of so-called "evangelical" churches indulged in criticisms similar to those circulated at New Orleans by Bishop Kinsolving. As a newspaper man it was given me to interview the Roman Catholic priest of the American, or English speaking, Roman Catholic congregation there. He stated his opinion, and, in conclusion, said to me: "I wish you would see my dear friend, Bishop Aves, on this subject. There is no man in Mexico for whom I have greater respect than I have for Bishop Aves."

It should be stated that Bishop Aves, while in the United States, enforces the policy that he maintains in Mexico, studiously deprecating any act or word that might reflect unhappily upon the Roman Catholic Church, or upon its work in Mexico. The Bishop is too busily and too seriously engaged in "his Father's business" to indulge in criticisms that make only for crimination and recrimination.

Comparisons are odious, to be sure; and yet in this case they are not a little enlightening and not a little also encouraging to the vast majority of members of the Anglican communion in the United States. It seems to me incredible that Episcopalian in "New Orleans, a community which is not only 'the sweetest mannered,' but also the least religiously intolerant in the world, would find it difficult to determine whose opinion on this subject is the more acceptable—that of Bishop Kinsolving or that of Bishop Aves.

Everyone who has lived in Mexico and examined conditions with a mind open to conviction knows how thoroughly shallow—let us say hypocritical—is this cry, confined usually to the "evangelical" missionaries, though in this case uttered by a Bishop of the Anglican communion, that "the benighted Catholics of this or that Latin American country need to be converted;" that "the field is whitening for the harvest;" that "the workers are needed to go into the Lord's vineyard;" and that "God is blessing the work of evangelization."

In Mexico City there is an English-speaking Protestant population of at least ten thousand. The Episcopal Church is there, and many of the "evangelical" churches are there. All of them combined will not average an attendance of one hundred and fifty or two hundred each Sunday throughout the year. And yet while those Protestant churches are empty, hundreds of churches and chapels are filled daily, as well as on Sunday, by devout Roman Catholics. Will dear Bishop Kinsolving kindly remind us of the name of the dear old, old, old lady who attempted to sweep back the waves of the ocean with a broom?

There is work for Protestant churches to do in the Latin-American countries, but it is not along the lines indicated by Bishop Kinsolving. With the increasing facilities for intercommunication a great many American Protestants are settling in Latin America. If they are not spiritually cared for, they drift into agnosticism or atheism, or, at least, become unchristian. Here lies the field for Protestant effort, and the only thing that is this field is in too many cases neglected!—Sacred Heart Review.

PROTESTANTS AND CONFESSORIAL

A former cabinet officer the other day, in a public address, said that although he was a strong Protestant, he believed in the confessional. He is not the only one outside the Church who recognises the advantages of confession. Francis E. Willard, the great temperance worker, once said:

"I am a Protestant, but there is no blinking this fact: The Catholics are, in this country and in Ireland, ahead of us in social purity. You can take a Protestant family into a London slum and put them into a dirty room on the right-hand top of the stairs, and then put a Catholic family on the other side of the stairs, and you will find, after two, three or four years, half of the girls of the Protestant family have gone to the bad, and every member of the Catholic family has retained her virtue."

"I was astonished when I went to Ireland, by the contrast between that country and our own. I heard from Protestant and Catholic, Unionist and Home Ruler alike, that, although they may be packed together, you will find that they are the most virtuous people in the world. How is that? I tell you, it is because the priests have preached sedulously and insinuated in the confessional and in families the duties of parents to children and the duty of young people to each other.

In this matter the result is, I say frankly, a moral miracle, before which we Protestants have reason to bow our heads in shame."

MR. WINTER'S TRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH.

One of the most eloquent tributes to the Church is that from the pen of William Winter, the noted dramatic critic of New York, who writes in the Tribune of that city:

"To think of the Roman Catholic Church is to think of the oldest, the most venerable, and the most powerful Christian institution existing among men. I am not a churchman of any kind; that, possibly, is my misfortune; but I am conscious of a profound obligation of gratitude to that wise, august, austere, yet tenderly human ecclesiastical power which, self-entitled amid the vicissitudes of human affairs, and provident for men of learning, imagination and sensibility throughout the world, has preserved the literature and art of all the centuries, has made architecture the living symbol of celestial aspiration, and, in poetry and in music, has heard, and has transmitted, the authentic voice of God."

Mr. Winter speaks of the great English cathedrals, some in ruins, some still standing but in the hands of the Anglican Church and he says:

"With awe, with reverence, with many strange and wild thoughts, I have lingered and pondered in those haunted holy places; but one remembrance was always present—the remembrance that it was the Roman Catholic Church that created those forms of beauty, and breathed into them the breath of a divine life, and hallowed them forever; and, thus thinking I have felt the unspeakable pathos of her long exile from the temples that her passionate devotion prompted and her loving labor raised."

Mr. Winter is not a Catholic. In one sentence of this tribute to the Church, he expressly disclaims membership in any church. Yet he sees and feels the injustice of having magnificent English medieval cathedrals in the possession of a religious organization which has no right to them what soever.—Sacred Heart Review.

GIORDANO BRUNO AGAIN AND THE Y. M. C. A.

Every now and then the case of Giordano Bruno is brought up once more as an example of how the Church opposes science because Bruno was put to death by the Roman Inquisition, and there is no doubt that in his writings there are many anticipations of modern scientific thinking. Bruno, however, was not put to death by the Roman Inquisition because of scientific opinions, but because of views with regard to government that we would call anarchist at the present time. Some recent experiences with the forces of anarchy in this country have made us much more sensitive as to so-called liberty of speech and writing than in the past. We begin to appreciate why Governments had to prevent people from making declarations with regard to the rights of Government, and as Government and religion were closely allied in the olden time it is sometimes hard to draw the line in a distant historical matter between a prosecution for anarchy and one for subversion of religious principles. Giordano Bruno, however, was a teacher of the right of revolution, of free love and of many other abominable doctrines that have unfortunately become associated with the word socialism in the modern time and that constitute one of the principal reasons why real socialism does not make more headway among educated people generally.

While the socialists have made much of Giordano Bruno he himself had very little sympathy with the lower classes, and least of all with those who stand around the marketplaces and talk much about the rights of man, though they themselves are not very early in the morning to get up rather early in the morning to get the worm. The coal that comes to Locust Point here from West Virginia could not come unless it was dug from the ground by labor of man. Practice labor and economy. Labor to-day and let God take care of to-morrow. To-day, the present, is your time. Make the most of it, and if you fall through no effort of yours look to God.—He will not desert you."

"God gave you life, my dear brethren. Is it not reasonable to believe that He shall watch over you and know your needs. He will provide sustenance for the life he gave. This does not mean that one is to lead an idle life and expect every need to be suddenly and mysteriously supplied by Divine Providence.

"God helps those who help themselves. Remember that the birds of the air, which are spoken of in the Gospel as creatures who neither sow nor gather into barns and which are provided for by God, have to get up rather early in the morning to get the worm. The coal that comes to Locust Point here from West Virginia could not come unless it was dug from the ground by labor of man. Practice labor and economy. Labor to-day and let God take care of to-morrow. To-day, the present, is your time. Make the most of it, and if you fall through no effort of yours look to God.—He will not desert you."

"Do not worry. You cannot help it by worry. Watch of you, as the Bible says, can add one cubit to your stature by thought? The cares of the world, if they cause worry, gradually weaken the powers of the soul until you fall into despondency. Before you worry—if you do worry—think of the promises of God. Be industrious and all things will straighten themselves out and you will be happy."

If you can not find the divine everywhere you will find it nowhere.

POULTRY.



EGGS FOR HATCHING.

Pure bred single comb white leghorns, three grand pens; pen one headed by cockerel that took first prize Collingham Show, 1907, and won the same show 1908, and full brood to 1st and 2nd and 3rd cockerels at Ontario, Guelph, 1908 mated to 5 hens and 4 pullets, scoring from 93 to 100%. These birds are selected from a fine pure cockerel at Grey Northern Exhibition, Selby, last; pen No. 3, headed by a black class cockerel and exhibition hens; eggs, \$1.25 per dozen.

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G. A. LUNNEY, Collingwood, Ont.

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When these are the heroes that the people opposed to the Church must honor in order to have martyrs for their cause, it is easy to understand in what straits they are for a hero to rally about.

For us here in America it is well to realize that the Young Men's Christian Association in Rome has always made it a point to make much of Giordano Bruno. He stands for everything—free love, anarchism and the worst forms of socialism that the Young Men's Christian Association in this country would be the first to condemn. Because he was put to death by the Roman Inquisition, however, the Y. M. C. A. in Rome uses his name to draw young men away from what they are pleased to call the tyranny and intolerance of the Pope. When foreign branches are doing things like this the Y. M. C. A. in this country cannot be surprised if Catholics are suspicious of its influence over our young men. We are coming to the time of the year when, owing to the athletic features of the Y. M. C. A., many of our young men are tempted to join it. It must be distinctly understood that apparently whenever and wherever it can, its influence is used against Catholicity. It does not directly solitizing for Protestantism, but its influence is distinctly anti-Catholic.—Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

THE WORRIES OF LIFE.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' SERMON ON THE GOSPEL OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

"This gospel shows, my dear brethren, the great confidence we should have in Divine Providence. While we of this generation are burdening our minds with the worries of life—worrying over this want or need, or perhaps some luxury which we can ill afford to have, we should look back and pause at the sight of those of 5,000 followers of Christ, who without one thought of whether or not they would get anything to eat, unhesitatingly followed Our Blessed Lord into the desert. That such confidence in God is rewarded is shown clearly in what followed—the miracle of the loaves and the fishes.

"I do not pretend to read your hearts here this morning. I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but I am quite sure that many of you here now in this church this morning are preoccupied with the thoughts of worldly cares. You are worrying over something which has gone wrong. You are trying to evolve in your own mind a plan to be more successful in business. Perhaps sickness is in the family and your mind is harrowed with the fear of approaching death for a loved one. You may be thinking of cloisters—this is the springtime and many of the younger ones may be planning their spring vacation—worrying how and when they may get it.

"All these things burden the soul until the person is miserable. They seek vainly for surcease of sorrow, and there seems to be none. One care is followed by another, it seems, until the person becomes a chronic pessimist and worries over every little thing. Even the smallest trifles which may go wrong or not to one's liking may cause them perturbation of mind.

"It is all wrong, my dear friends. The Catholic Church, in her mother-like way of treating her children, has prepared itself and you against this condition. It has provided the sacred consolations of divine truth and the sacraments. It places before us to-day the words of Christ Himself, Who says, 'Be not solicitous of what you shall eat or drink, or how ye shall be clothed, but seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all things shall follow after.'

"God gave you life, my dear brethren. Is it not reasonable to believe that He shall watch over you and know your needs. He will provide sustenance for the life he gave. This does not mean that one is to lead an idle life and expect every need to be suddenly and mysteriously supplied by Divine Providence.

"God helps those who help themselves. Remember that the birds of the air, which are spoken of in the Gospel as creatures who neither sow nor gather into barns and which are provided for by God, have to get up rather early in the morning to get the worm. The coal that comes to Locust Point here from West Virginia could not come unless it was dug from the ground by labor of man. Practice labor and economy. Labor to-day and let God take care of to-morrow. To-day, the present, is your time. Make the most of it, and if you fall through no effort of yours look to God.—He will not desert you."

"Do not worry. You cannot help it by worry. Watch of you, as the Bible says, can add one cubit to your stature by thought? The cares of the world, if they cause worry, gradually weaken the powers of the soul until you fall into despondency. Before you worry—if you do worry—think of the promises of God. Be industrious and all things will straighten themselves out and you will be happy."

If you can not find the divine everywhere you will find it nowhere.

The hand does not reach very far nor very helpfully without the heart.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

7

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.
THE CONTRIBUTION OF YOUNG MEN.OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.
HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.By Rev. George Bamfield.
CHAPTER XVIII. CONTINUED.

In one of his articles on "The Business Side of Religion," Father Roche quotes the experience of a certain pastor with the young men of his congregation, and comments upon it. The pastor said:

"I found, of course, a certain percentage of my young men who are doing splendidly in the matter of contributing toward the support of our Church and its institutions. They are generous on all occasions, and can always be relied upon to do what is right. I found, again, that young men's salaries seem to play no part in their comparative generosity. Some of them receiving good wages never give anything. Others, again, with a moderate weekly allowance are what might be justly called generous contributors. About one-third of my young men belong to the last class, the other two-thirds can be divided again into two classes—the one-third that never give anything, for the simple reason that they are very irregular in their attendance at church and very careless, of course, about everything which pertains to their duties as Catholics; the other one-third are generous by fits and starts. They give occasionally, but are by no means regular contributors. A strange thing in connection with these young men is this: the ones who give nothing are the ones who talk most about the moral tendency of the Church at the present day. The favorite pretext for not coming to church is that we are always taking up collections. I think at bottom it is not a question of money, but of morals, and that if we could do something to improve their moral conditions, the financial question would solve itself. It is the old story repeated daily under our eyes. They have come financially crippled only when we ask them to sit in the solution of our parish problems. We have a school with almost a thousand children. This work done in this school reflects the highest credit upon the parish. We have socio-sies for the mental and physical advancement of our boys and young men. We are straining every nerve to fit the coming generation of men for the responsibilities of Christian citizenship, and one of the chief sources of discouragement is the indifference of those most directly interested. We do not want those young men's money such as their sins, but my investigation has shown me clearly that the fact that the Catholic young man who is a poor pay is generally a poor Christian. I do not know if this general summing up be true of our young men taken as a whole, but I do know that altogether too many of them regard themselves as having no responsibility, as far as the support of the Church is concerned. It does not seem right that young men receiving good salaries should be exempt, while married men and fathers of families, receiving the same and smaller salaries, should be required to make real, and sometimes great, sacrifices in order to do their duty in this matter. The burden ought to be equated. Such young men ought really to pay more than husbands and fathers with domestic problems of their own to solve. Our young men frequently complain that they are preached to and preached at a great deal, and that there is a general tendency towards faultfinding as far as they are concerned. The real truth of the matter is that they are the object of the deepest solicitude on the part of priests and pastors, and that those who show a disposition to do what is half right are treated with every consideration."

There is a saying amongst priests which runs to the effect that if we look out for the young men and boys, the future growth of the Church in any locality is thereby assured. This saying seems to be based on the assumption that the girls and the young women will remain Catholic, even if no specific attempts be made to keep them faithful. Experience has shown, however, that this assumption is not always a correct one. The mixed marriage has been "the great destroyer" as far as the latter are concerned, and the young men have not by any means responded to the efforts made to uplift them socially and morally. We have never yet been able to organize a Catholic young men's society similar in general scope and purpose to the Y. M. C. A. That there is a real need for an organization of this kind no one will deny. If we could once succeed in arousing them from their apathy and indifference, and convince them of the necessity of standing shoulder to shoulder in the great struggle for God and righteousness, the future growth of Catholicity in this country would be assured. There is little ground for hope from this army of carefree, lukewarm, indifferent, Mass-missing young men. At bottom we do not want their money so much as we want them to be true to their convictions, to be honest, upright, sober, industrious, God fearing young men. We want to cease apologizing for that form of misnamed Catholicity which is the Church's reproach! We want them to keep out of "dirty" politics and dishonorable means of making a livelihood. We want their religion to be something more than an empty name, and when that time comes to pass we feel that they will have no complaint to register against the Church of their fathers. I have found in my experience that the men and women who complain most about the exactions of religion are they who are striving to trump up a pretext for not practicing that religion. They are giving up the service of God and they are trying to convince themselves and others that He has been a hard Master. They have yet to learn that the devil whom they have begun to serve is not by any means an easy one.—Rev. J. T. Roche in Standard and Times.

The angels' song can always be heard when love leads you into the ways of the lowly.

after some three weeks, holiday, to Brother Richard.

Southend, Sept. 4.

Dear Brother Richard—I am down here at Southend for a week with Joseph. Mrs. Muttlebury has brought all the children down for a little sea air, as one or two of them have been a little out of sorts; and Joe would have his mother take me along with them. He is a good fellow, is Joe, and we have been talking over what we are going to be, for of course they expect us to be getting our own living now, and not to be eating their salt for nothing.

Dear Brother, since I was a little fellow fresh at Thornbury you have always been nothing but kindness to me, and I have not been to you as I ought. I am so sorry about my folly in the "Frog" scene. I don't know what took me, but I know I would have given anything, as the train went out of Thornbury Station, if I could have jumped out and asked your pardon stamped upon it.

Father McReady came at last to the Head Class amidst much excitement among the boys. Was it to be Popwich or Muttlebury? The doubt was soon settled.

"It gives me," said Father McReady, "an unusual pleasure to call up the next boy, a boy who now wins a prize for the first time, who has not always shown the industry which his talents deserve, who has been, never indeed a bad boy, but perhaps a little given to boyish mischief, which now in his more thoughtful youth he has, I rejoice to say, entirely given up."

There was much applause here among the audience and not a little chuckling among the boys, to whom Johnny's pranks at the academy were already known.

"He has," continued Father McReady, "by steady work as well as by talent fairly won the prize, and with the esteem of his masters. The boy is John Popwich."

At this the whole school, with whom now Johnny was a real favourite, burst into a roar of cheering which continued while he received his prize and a few words of encouragement from the Bishop whose ring he knelt and kissed. Nor was this his only prize. A special prize for mathematics, for a Latin composition, and, not least in boyish eyes, a presentation baton being the best all-round cricketer, fell to the lot of Johnny Popwich.

Bravo! Joseph Muttlebury! you deserved it. Not even with every prize taken from you by your rival and with your back sore from his mischievous whip did you lose your generous kindness, and it was but the simple truth which Father McReady said, when at the end of all he asked pardon for keeping his kind friends a little longer while he gave what was better than a prize.

"There is a youth who has been with us for some years, and throughout those years has steadily done his duty in every way. Not by fits and starts, but by a quiet onward course, he has made progress in every study and in all goodness of character. He is, we fear, about now to leave us; in one way or another he will have passed out of the school before the next Academy; and the masters one and all wish to present him with a token of their esteem. I need not mention his name" and the whole school shouted "Joseph Muttlebury," and his mother shed a quiet tear or two of joy, as her son knelt to receive the Bishop's special blessing and the four handsome volumes which showed the esteem in which his masters held him.

And with the Bishop's blessing and a few words of praise from him, in which he did not forget to mention the natural acting in the Greek scene, and the moving grief of Croesus at his son's bier, all went away delighted.

"Oh!" said Martha, when she was relating the adventures of the day to Michael as he sat smoking at his desk. "I wonder who shall rear him after all," she says, the thought in his mind. "I don't half like it."

The next day Brother Richard looked at Johnny, as they shook hands before the going home, with a puzzled doubt as to what Johnny understood.

"Don't be angry with me, Gorney," he said, forgetting Brother Richard for the moment. "I don't mean any harm, old fellow!"

But Richard stood quiet, looking after the boy as it sailed out of the station. "I wonder who shall rear him after all," she says, the thought in his mind. "I don't half like it."

Susan and her husband knelt with quiet joy for the priest's blessing; but Martha poured forth a river of words,

and when the time came for Father Richard to lay his hands with Father McReady and the others upon Joseph and John, or Brothers Angelo and Camillus as we ought to call them, who were being ordained to be his fellow priests, his grateful happiness almost shewed itself in tears.

Those who knew all he had done for the young rascal Johnny, could not help feeling a little touched as they saw him kneel before Father Camillus

"Yes; he is a lovable saint, John, so full of charity!"

"But it was not that quite only—was—"

"Well! my son, it was what?"

"Why! Father, some saints are so good from the beginning, that you feel as if they were quite above you, a sort of angels; but S. Camillus—"

"Was not always quite good when he was young but full of high spirits which sometimes led him into mischief. You are right, my son; they are encouragements for us and are no doubt meant to be so. So we will call you Camillus; and see to it, dear son, that if you have ever been Camillus the mischievous, you become Camillus the loving and the self-forgetting, Camillus the cross-bearing, the servant of all."

"I will try, Father," said John, as he knelt for the Father's blessing; and he meant what he said.

As so on the same day the two friends became Brothers Angelo and Camillus; and great was the glory of Susan and Martha when they came down with their husbands on a Sunday by special invitation of Father McReady and saw their boys sitting amongst the Brothers in the Church. And certainly the hearts of wise mothers than were Martha and Susan might have been forgiven for beating high with joy as they saw the fine young men heading the procession as acolytes, with faces comely to look at by nature but still more beautiful with the stamp of grace and devotion.

Michael fairly blubbered outright as he said goodbye that night to Father McReady.

"It's your Reverence has done everything for him; he'd have been a wild lad about the streets else."

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numerous even for her. When at last they had left the door Mrs. Popwich still found a word to say, and turned back to say it.

"I give him up to your Reverence, and I know you'll take care of him; but you'll see, Father, won't you, that he wears his flannels; and don't let him leave 'em off till June sets in. It's the care I took of him as a boy that makes him now the strongest lad you have got about you. God bless your Reverence; don't forget his flannels.—These Mike," said she, as she caught up her husband. "I always said I'd make a man of him. Didn't he look fine? I'm glad he takes the shine out of that Joseph Muttlebury."

"Woman," said Michael, and some what sternly, "If you had finished the sitting on that egg of yours, it had been added as sure as eggs are eggs. Never you cackle about it again. It isn't you that took me, but I know I would have given anything, as the train went out of Thornbury Station, if I could have jumped out and asked your pardon

make a man of Johnny."

CHAPTER XX.

JOHNNY BECOMES A MAN.

Some years have passed on, and there is a day of joy such as had not been at Thornbury till then, and may never be again. It was the day for the Midsummer Academy, but that alone would not account for the many signs of gladness in Church and school; nor for the preparations which have been going on for weeks rather than days. In the Church especially at an early hour all things had been made ready for a function clearly of another kind than the High Mass of greater Feasts days.

There was to be an Ordination at Thornbury Church and this was the secret of the unusual gladness.

As we look along the lines of boys standing on parade, while the band plays before they march to church, we shall of course miss many a face which we had seen at the grand Academy of which Popwich was the hero. The world is ever changing, but few things in it change so quickly and so certainly as a school. The lads of that day are scattered, and Father McReady's posting holds now letters with the stamps of all countries on them from old scholars, soldiers now, or sailors, or in the civil service in China or Burma or where you will, amongst others Hardwick not doing so badly with his regiment in India; others there are at home working their way upwards, none of them grubbing now at the education which as schoolboys they void "of no good."

It was a happy day for Father McReady, but his joy still persists for Father Richard while Martha happily was deprived of such by tears, "you have made a man of Johnny."

"Ah! Jagers, old fellow!" said Richard, "is that you?"

"It is my very self, Father Richard I mean, only myself doubled. I heard that Muttle and Pop—beg pardon, I haven't learned their new names yet—were to be ordained to day; so I thought I'd bring down Mrs. Jagers and the baby for their blessing. Here Elton, my dear, bring the duckling and get the new priest's blessing."

"Does he still go with his big words, Mrs. Jagers?" laughed Camillus.

"Oh no!" said Jagers, "she soon cured me of that. But you should have heard me propose that she should become the participant of my substantial happiness and vicissitudes, or some such nonsense: ah! marriage does change a man; I never use a big word now; she wouldn't let me call the boy Nabuchodonosor; said she liked John."

But our tale is told: the long day came to an end at last. "God bless you, Father," said Mrs. Muttlebury, "you have made an angel of Joseph, and 'God bless you, Father,' stammered Michael, while Martha happily was deprived of such by tears, "you have made a man of Johnny."

"Yes," said Father McReady, "and a good man, I believe, Mr. Popwich, and somewhat more than a man, a priest. But I say again," he cooed to him, "that he is his hand affectionately on Richard's shoulder, "it is to Father Richard that we all owe our day-to-day Father Camillus. There is no power in a school like the power of a good boy, and it was years ago that Cornelius Wrangle began to make a man of John."

When the time came for Father Richard to lay his hands with Father McReady and the others upon Joseph and John, or Brothers Angelo and Camillus as we ought to call them, who were being ordained to be his fellow priests, his grateful happiness almost shewed itself in tears.

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