

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, December 22, 1900.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

Our old friend is very thoughtful at Christmas time. He tells us that he has nothing for dinner but memories. We know that his life has been one of much worry and sorrow, and that some of the memories would take the edge off the keenest appetite, but one would never think it, in looking at the fine old countenance, radiant with the sunshine of an unwearied and unspooled nature. He is ever a boy at heart—trustful in the midst of deceit, and sure that in every one, no matter how deceived, there is a well-spring of nobility. "Look, my boy," he says, pointing to his violin, "everyone is like that Strad. Lots of music in them if you can but come at it." And then the old fingers clasp lovingly around the violin, and one hears music that, somehow or other, purifies us and makes every nerve vibrate with the harmony of noble things and attunes our hearts to the Christmas hymn—to the jubilee of praise that long years ago rolled out over the sleeping city on the hillside. The world is not so old that it has forgotten the story of the Christmas day. Time's burden indeed lies heavy upon it, and men have strewn its way with bones and marred it with bloodshed, but the glad tidings that thrilled it with joy still makes music in its heart. And as we listen to the pealing of the bells we must think what a wondrous answer it was to the cry of men for the God whom they had lost.

They looked everywhere for Him, into the external world—that mysterious temple dedicated to the eternal God—but they could not read the inscription above the door into their own hearts and allayed for a time their anxieties with foolish conceits—into books—and their quest was ever the same—their quest was useless. And as answer God came, not as they expected, but in a manner so marvellous that faith alone firmly received it. When we put away our cap and bells and endeavor to bring to our minds that the word "that was set up from eternity and of all before the earth was" was made flesh, we must live for a time in an atmosphere of unselfishness. The thought that God placed Himself among human things and wore the vesture of poverty and suffering, and went down at last a dishonored criminal—and all that for us—must make us nobler and braver and more desirous of proving in our own small way that the Love has not been given in vain.

And when we look at the manger, at the poor mother, at all the surroundings that according to the standard of the world made for failure, and consider the stupendous work and the means employed by the Child of Bethlehem for its accomplishment, one can get an idea of the success that means anything. Open the world's map and look over the strong places of the world built up and matured during a thousand years that the Child had to attack and to destroy. It was no weak race of men that He sought to bring under His yoke, but men who had fierce warrior blood coursing in their veins, who brooked no order that might stay them from deeds of lust and vengeance, and to whom the success of centuries was a guarantee of the prosperity of the future. What meaning could a gospel other than that they knew have for them?

We know, however, that He took poor Humanity into His arms and soothed its querulousness, as a mother might a suffering child; cleansed it of defilement and set its feet on the pathway of hope and immortality. He broke down the barriers that shut out the sunlight of truth and let it stream into palace and hovel, to bathe woman and slave, in an atmosphere of purity and freedom and to reveal to man his origin and destiny. They who at first regarded Him with distrust, and sneered at His assumptions, learned in time to revere Him as God and Master, and, with no weapon but a cross, to go for His sake on the most forlorn hope the world has ever seen. Since the time that the Child-God looked with human eyes upon His own world men have grouped themselves around Him in love and adoration

His worship, to quote a dying infidel, will grow young without ceasing. His sufferings will melt the hardest heart: all ages will proclaim that amongst the sons of men there is none greater than He.

Conversing with Monthalon at St. Helena, Napoleon said: "There have been but three great generals in this world—Cæsar, Alexander, and myself. In spite of all their exploits, Alexander and Cæsar are but mere themes for school boys. Who loves them now? So it is with myself. My memory will live perhaps fifty or sixty years in the hearts of some brave men, and after that no one will love me more. One being alone is loved on this earth after eighteen hundred years. He is Jesus Christ. Monthalon! Monthalon, I know something of men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ was not a man."

AN IMPORTANT LESSON.

When we examine the preparation made by the Redeemer for His undertaking we begin to understand what are the conditions that must accompany the success that has any element of permanency. The heroes of the Church have dominated whole generations, not by material force, but by a faithful imitation of the virtues of Him who came on earth and taught in His school the lessons of humility, poverty and obedience. When once we grasp the fact that, without these, success is but failure, and that they are infallibly certain of effect, we have learned something.

We hear it heralded broadcast that the methods of years ago would be out of place in this century. But it is all nonsense. Human nature is the same. The world troubles little with methods: it deals with men. So long as we portray in our lives the creed which we profess to believe, we are bound to succeed.

A SUGGESTION.

Many of us are just now sorely perplexed over the question of Christmas presents. In some countries they send flowers, but in these regions our tastes run to something more durable and of the earth earthy. The result is that we unload on our long-suffering acquaintances a medley of objects that have no significance and that represent nothing save money. What is a poor chap going to do with an embossed calendar adorned with verses from some poet or other who was in this mundane sphere afflicted with a bad liver, when he can get a plain article, and tenfold more serviceable, from the nearest insurance company. The same may be said of the majority of gifts that we receive from well-meaning but mistaken friends.

Instead of spending money needlessly and foolishly, why do not we try to make Christmas joyful for the poor family whose provider is out of work, and for the little children to whom Santa Claus is ever a myth. A pair of boots and a simple toy for the urchin of the tenement, a load of coal or a barrel of flour at the door of the needy, will go far to solve satisfactorily the question of what to give at Christmas.

A CONTRAST.

Carlyle used to say that the one achievement of the century was the bringing into existence of an almost incredible number of bores. His liver may have been out of order when he made the remark, and he may have been disturbed in his ruminations by some idle chatterer. But what would be said if he lived in our days? Possibly his remarks would not be printed or disinfected so as to be amended or disinfected so as to please the aesthetic tastes of those who can wade complacently through pages of pornographic literature and yet cannot abide anything bordering on profanity. However, the Diogenes of Chelsea used polite language in expressing his horror of the windy individual yclept the bore. The loquacious specimen is bad enough, but when it poses as a critic and assumes its vocal exercise to be Wisdom's sweetest melody it is beyond vituperation. Then it becomes an affliction to be borne only with the assistance of Providence. It is like the measles—you cannot escape it. It will come in the shape of man or

woman into your busiest hour and regale you with the provender with which it feeds its own little soul: topics picked out of the cess-pools of slander in an accomplished and deprecatory manner,—because they never indulge in gossip, you know—or entertain you with airy criticisms on things in general. It is wonderful to hear it descant on the vanity and falsity of the world, especially when you know they are on the hunt for all the vanity in sight and on the watch for a word upon which to build a fairy tale; and when we rid ourselves of these caricatures of humanity we go out into the world outside our sanctum and view the real players of Life's drama—the men and women who suffer and cry it not on the house tops, who are too much in earnest to mind every hurt: who believe in helping up and not pushing down their fellow-workers and that the sunshine that rays out from a truly Christian heart does more to gladden the wastes of the earth than any amount of chattering and complaining.

THE INFLUENCE OF CALVINISM.

In a recent issue of the Nineteenth Century Fiona MacLeod has something to say of the influence of Calvinism—the religion "that is veiled in gloom and darkness, with lightnings of cursing, vengeance and destruction floating through the sable clouds upon the Gael." "I do not think," she says, "anyone who has not lived intimately in the Highlands can realize the extent to which the blight of Calvinism has fallen upon the people, clouding the spirit, stultifying the mind, taking away all joyousness and light-hearted gaiety, laying a ban upon music, even upon songs, making laughter as rare as a clansman landlord, causing a sad gloom as common as a ruined croft."

"THE MASS."

First of a Series of Advent Sermons by Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.

At the Vesper services in St. John's Church, Altoona, on Sunday last, Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, the rector, preached on "The Mass." This was the first of a series of sermons to be delivered at Vespers during Advent. The discourses to follow will be on the following themes: "Is There a Purgatory?" "What is the Confession?" "Some Things Catholics Do Not Believe." Non-Catholics who desire to know Catholic belief are invited.

The sermon on "The Mass" was heard by a large congregation. Those who were present, especially non-Catholics, got a very clear understanding of this great act of Catholic worship. The speaker began by calling attention to the growth of ritual in the various denominations outside the Catholic Church and to the very notable trend going on in the Church of England and its sister church in this country toward the ritual and beliefs prevailing in Christendom before the so-called Reformation. In spite of great opposition, this trend has been steady, until at this moment more than half the Anglican parishes are dominated in more or less degree by what is called "Catholic principles and practices." And the same, but in a lesser degree, may be said of the Episcopal churches in this country. In this connection he referred to the recent consecration of the coadjutor Bishop of the Episcopal See of Fond du Lac where the function followed in the celebration of Mass and the rite of consecration of a Bishop was the Roman Catholic usage. Of this function the "Living Church," the organ of the High Church party, says that "it was perfectly loyal to the best Catholic traditions." In all our American cities the Mass is daily said in other churches than the Roman Catholic, and many beliefs are held and practiced so similar to our own that it is difficult to distinguish them. Whether this is a sign of Christian unity or not, this is undoubtedly a return to doctrinal beliefs and practices reprobated as "grossest superstition" for the past three centuries.

Turning to the evening's subject, "What is the Mass?" he cited the words of the prophet, Malachi, "from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same, My name shall be great among the Gentiles, and in every place incense shall be offered to My name, and a pure offering." The Mass is a pure offering. It was fulfilled in every place from the rising of the setting of the sun. It was offered with the incense of prayer and praise. It was a clean oblation, a pure offering, and it made the name of the Lord great among the Gentiles. The parts and ceremonies of the

Mass were explained. It was shown how the Mass is almost entirely made up from the Bible. It begins with the forty-second psalm and proceeds with part of the Litany; then follows the song of the angels, the Gloria; we have the collect or prayer proper to the day; the lesson and gospel from the New Testament, the Nicene Creed, the Offertory, the Lavabo, which is part of the twenty-fifth psalm; the canon, the Consecration, the Lord's Prayer, the Agnus Dei, the Communion, the blessing of the people and the last Gospel. Thus we see that the Mass is, as has been said, made up largely from the Holy Scripture. It was Carlyle who said, and the sage of Chelsea had little sympathy with Catholic things, that it was the most sublime act of Christian worship, and John Henry Newman declared that "he could attend Masses for ever and not be tired." It is this deep religious faith that gathers devout Catholics round the altar in all kinds of weather and in the early dawn to assist at this great Sacrifice of the New Law.

Attention was called to the fact that the Russian Church and the Schismatic churches in the East that separated from Rome between the fifth and ninth centuries have a large party in the Anglican Church marks an important step in the return to ancient belief and us age.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

In the distant East they saw the star
With its gleaming radiance from afar
And they followed its light, as it led the way
To where the Babe of Bethlehem lay.
Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

In the lowly cave they knelt and adored,
For the veil of flesh hid the Master and Lord.
Then they rose and went on their homeward way
To announce to the nations the Dawn of Day.
Gloria in Excelsis Deo.
Et in terra pax hominibus.

Would you go with the Kings of the Orient
To walk 'neath the blaze of the heaven-star
Would you kneel at the crib of the Infant King
And a message of joy from His cradle bring
Gloria in Excelsis Deo
Et in terra pax hominibus bonas voluntatis.

Go where your crimson beacon tells
That a God 'neath the Eucharist hidden
Adore with the Magi in lands afar
The Babe revealed by the vigilant star
Gloria in Excelsis Deo
Et in terra Pax hominibus bonas voluntatis.

F. T.

A SECTARIAN VIEW.

The Church and its Uragers From a Non-Catholic Standpoint.

A writer in the Boston Transcript is engaged in making a study of different religions, and the approximate attendance at worship. In his investigations he has now reached the Catholic churches, and makes the statement that the proportion of men present in Catholic churches is larger than in Protestant ones. Mr. Cooke describes himself as a Protestant of Protestants, not only by education, but by nature and conviction. Nevertheless he may be said to give a fair presentation of what the Church is from his point of view, looking at its worship, as he does, and as do all Protestants, from a purely material, instead of a spiritual standpoint. Mr. Cooke says:

"After attending seven services and hearing four sermons in Catholic churches, I do not feel that I am sufficiently informed to pronounce any final judgment on them. I can only give such impressions as I was able to form under these circumstances. Of course, to one who has known only Protestant church services, those of the Catholic Church are novel, and not easily understood. It is as a Protestant I must judge of them, and my impressions will have all the limitations that grow out of that fact."

Speaking of this strangeness of the Catholic service to a Protestant he says: "The symbolism of the Catholic Church is one of its most marked features, always present, and demanding to be understood, and imaginative a high degree of poetic or idealistic power for its right appreciation. It clothes the things of the spirit with the rich garb of imagery, and makes the earthly shadow forth the heavenly light with a new alphabet to learn, a new language to acquire; and the Protestant who wishes all things brought to the level of common sense or direct logical statement is quite at a loss in the midst of all this symbolism."

The Latin of the priest's intoning and of the singing will also be an offence to many a Protestant, who likes to have everything put into the plainest speech and to know the exact words of the hymn sung by the choir. The Catholic has his translated service-book, however, and has learned to follow the meaning of it without the book in hand. The Vespers are in English, at High Mass the Bible is read in English; and the preaching is in as simple and direct language as any one could desire. The Latin, therefore, can be no hindrance to Catholic worshippers, and is far less obtrusive than any one would at first suppose."

Is the Catholic more worshipful than the Protestant? Apparently he is, when you see him making oblation to the altar on entering and on leaving the church, and kneeling frequently during the service. When you see every person in the congregation kneeling for many minutes during the most solemn part of the Mass, you may conclude that devotion in Protestant churches cannot reach such a height. It is a marked feature in Catholic churches, too, that the whole congregation is more intent upon the worship than in the case in any Protestant congregation, not turning about to watch the choir or to see who else is in church."

In regard to the much bruted idea that Catholics do not read the Bible Mr. Cooke further says: "Those who have not recently attended Catholic churches may not be able to fully realize the extent to which the services have been brought into harmony with American conditions. I have already remarked on the small degree to which the Latin seems to obtrude itself. The Bible is read and expounded as faithfully in Catholic churches as in Protestant. The idea is certainly not so at the present time in this country. Preaching is made as much in Catholic as in Protestant churches. The sermons are shorter, more simple and direct; but they are not less effective. Evidently the priests are thoroughly trained in the art of forcible expression and effective discourse. They not only preach without manuscript, but they know how to deal with human nature, how to appeal to its hopes and its ideals. Few Protestant preachers are there who might not learn many a lesson in good preaching by attending Catholic churches."

"Somewhat to my surprise I learned that the Catholic preaching is thoroughly evangelical, using the word in the sense in which it is employed by the more orthodox of Protestant denominations. It is not the Church which the Catholic sets forth as the centre of his system. He regards the Saviour of the world—Christ—as the Church as Christ's present representative on earth, the guardian and conservator of His teachings for salvation. No Protestant can present this more clearly than it was done in the sermons I heard, or exemplify the evangelical spirit more sincerely. I am somewhat inclined to think that the most faithful evangelical preaching is now to be heard in Catholic churches. Those who wish for that type of preaching, as it was heard fifty years ago in the Protestant churches of New England, I am sure are more likely to hear it in Catholic than Protestant churches.

Putting aside those illustrations and references that belong to the Catholic Church exclusively, and those are not the most important or most insistent features, it seemed to me that the old-fashioned Protestant preaching is about what you now get in Catholic churches. The Catholics I heard preached fear of future punishment, but I have not heard it in any Protestant church. The Catholics remain true to the old theology throughout than do the Protestants. So far as the preaching was concerned this seemed to me the chief difference between Catholic and Protestant. So far as evangelical fidelity is concerned, I do not think the Protestants have any advantage. I was nearly inclined to accept the statement of a neighbor, who said that now the Catholics are the evangelicals of the evangelicals. I hope that some of my most orthodox readers will state to me, I am right or wrong in this statement. This is the impression I have received; but I am subject to correction."

"I am not inclined to accept the notion of many Protestants, that Catholics are faithful to the Church because the fear of hell is held constantly over them. When the people no longer feel that their salvation depends on fidelity to the Church," say many Protestants, "they will at once desert it." Possibly this may be true to some extent, but this kind of romance is not comprehensive enough to cover the whole situation. What needs to be recognized is that the Catholic Church ministers to a wider range of human interests than does the Protestant, and that it is far better organized for the accomplishment of its work. The Catholic Church has inherited and perfected the vast administrative system of the old Roman Empire, and it has developed the most perfect system of organized human activities the world has ever known. That counts for much; but it counts for even more that the Catholic Church inherits the primitive worship of vast populations, and that its worship is the child's primer of religious expression. It is adapted to the needs of the humblest minds, and can be accepted by the most ignorant.

The service is wider in its appeal than that of the Protestant church, reaches lower down, and it may be reached higher up. If the higher forms of art have their rightful expression, we may assume that music, poetry and symbol convey even higher spiritual values than those expressed by metaphysical statement and logical argument. The Protestant has magnified doctrine quite out of proportion to other forms of

truth, especially to other forms of life; and the diminution in church attendance and interest attests to this fact. The Protestant churches have quite divorced themselves from art and symbolism, with the exception of music, and they lose those who need to have spiritual truths presented in picture language. They also lose those to whom art is the highest form of human expression."

The writer goes on to say that a year ago in reply to an article from his pen in the Boston Transcript, regarding the life of a New Hampshire hill town, the Sacred Heart Review said that the remedy for the desertion of the churches in such communities was the Mass. Replying to this, he betrays the Protestant's usual inability to understand the full significance of the Holy Sacrifice, thus falling entirely to catch the Review's meaning. He says: "The Protestants of such a community would be wholly at a loss to make anything out of such a form of religion, and it would not even excite their curiosity. Even the Episcopal minister complained that during the fifteen summers he had been there no native had ever connected himself or herself with his services."

The Catholic has been trained to the form of religious expression that has the Mass as its central motive; but how utterly unlike is the form of training given to the Protestant! Any Protestant child would make a good Catholic if trained to utter himself in that spiritual language; but without the training he is quite at a loss to know what to make of the Mass. The Mass will not convert Protestants; but it might be done by the preaching without the Mass."

Again the Protestant speaks in expecting Catholics to eliminate the Mass which is their central act of worship. On the whole, however, Mr. Cooke's presentation is interesting, if not also instructive, as showing us how we appear to those without the fold, who are not bitided by prejudice.

BELIEVE AS YOU PLEASE.

The New York Presbytery, at its regular November meeting, decided by a majority of one—the vote of the Moderator—that the Westminster Confession should remain the creed of the Presbyterian Church. That was a narrow escape for the Presbyterian doctrinal standard.

But judging from what one of the members said after the meeting it does not appear to be a matter of much importance whether the doctrinal standard be revised or not. Dr. Birch, when seen after the meeting, said:

"My views on this question are well known. I am strongly against revision. The Confession of Faith is the centre of gravity of the Presbyterian Church as you live, and the Church cannot live without it. The Presbyterian Church is the most liberal Church in existence. Anybody is at liberty to believe just as much as he wants to of the Confession."

A confession of faith or standard of doctrine of which can be said what may be said of Æsop's fables or of the Adventures of Baron Munchausen, is not a document of much importance. Just how a creed that one Presbyterian may reject as false and another accept as true can be a cause of gravity or bond of union of the Presbyterian Church Dr. Birch does not explain. It is not easy to see how a document that one man believes to be true and another believes to be false can be a centre of gravity or common ground of belief for those two men.

We think Dr. Birch is right from one point of view and wrong in another. He is right in not holding himself bound to believe a set of doctrinal pronouncements on the authority of certain men, fallible as himself, who made them in 1649. He is wrong in implying that he can continue to be implying that he can continue to be an orthodox Presbyterian while rejecting the creed of his Church. He who continues in a Church while rejecting its creed as false, and labors to have others accept it as a teacher of divine truth is on a par with him who passes a counterfeit note, knowing it to be counterfeit. Between these two acts there is in morals no essential difference.

No man can retain his integrity of conscience and self-respect who remains in a church whose presentation of revealed truth he has come to believe to be false. He is a hypocrite every hour he remains after such a discovery. He should avoid looking in a mirror lest he would see in his face the blush of shame.

A church that would knowingly tolerate such a minister in its pulpit is free indeed, but it is with a freedom that has no charm for the upright man of principle.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Man is but a reed the weakest in nature; but he is a reed which does not rise in himself; the universe need not crush him; a vapor, a drop of arms to crush him; a vapor, a drop of water, suffices to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be greater than the power which still be greater than the power which killed him; for he knows that he dies, and of the advantage which the universe has over him, the universe knows nothing.—Pascal.

It is the imperfection of our own dispositions which puts limits to the sanctifying effects of the sacraments.—Father Faber.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN FAHRE.

XXVI.—CONTINUED.

Ned fancied that she knew why Edna enjoyed it very much; Alan Carnew's rather marked attentions to her were no doubt the source of the enjoyment, and her own heart suffered again one of its little pangs that made her almost despondent.

Of such tenor were Miss Edgar's despondent communications, and Ned listened to her, and looked at the bewitching play of features that were well-nigh perfect in their beauty, she did not wonder that Carnew seemed to be caught in the coil.

Then Edna was evidently in the house though every gentleman in the house looked and acted as if he would have given his dearest possession for a smile from her lips, or a favor from her hand.

With that tact and shrewdness that had shown themselves in her very earliest years, she had read Carnew's character, and all her amiability to Ned, and all her avoidance of rotation, and all her reluctance to make sport of poor, timid, unworldly Ned.

There was one person in the house from whom she was unaccountably so frank and so free as to be almost familiar.

After a little, Carnew observed how Ned's eyes steadily refused to meet his own; and amused and interested, as well as wondering what could be the cause, he as steadily endeavored to make them turn upon him.

Ned felt the change most keenly, but he did not seem to care; he yielded to her feelings, and he felt that Alan would marry Edna as soon as Mr. Edgar returned, and then her attachment, which cost her so much pain now, having its object removed—

November had come again, and Rahandabed, with its color-changing and falling leaves, its great trees swaying with half-bare branches in the night winds, and its few last and faint blossoms had a melancholy beauty particularly pleasing to Ned.

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On this November afternoon, she took her way to the spot, regretting the lateness of the hour, for darkness set in so early that she would have a few minutes to spend in her favorite haunt, and she hurried on, drawing a gratified breath when at length she was recognized.

Her thoughts went back to her childhood and to her talks to the trees, and though the darkness began to creep

she still lingered, lost in her reveries. Suddenly she heard the sound of indistinct voices from the side of the mill accessible only to climbers, and she started up in some fright.

Impelled by that curiosity which in some cases is stronger than the most curious desire, she was suddenly raised, and it was pitched in such a way that every word was borne to her.

"No love is deep that will not make every sacrifice; have I not given you proofs enough in all the risks I have run? What would you have? An open acknowledgment? It would be my ruin, and the moment that you oblige me to make such a thing, I rather than endure the anger and obloquy that must follow, shall die by my own hand."

To Ned's horror she recognized Edna's voice, and without waiting to hear further, she rushed from the mill, intending to confront her in order to set her at rights, but she had heard, and how she had heard it! She did not stop to question the identity of the party, whether male or female, to whom Edna was addressing such strange and alarming words; she only felt that she must do something to prevent her from repeating them.

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Ned could not understand it; in the first place, unless by extraordinary rapidity of vision, she could not have seen him; and when he spoke, and was not addressing her, to fix her attention determinedly upon something else; a resolution that was not so difficult regarding her looking at him, but which was exceedingly difficult in the part that referred to his speech. His voice so deep and firm, and so harmoniously changing its tones to suit his topics, thrilled her through and through, and as she was, despite every effort, she could not turn her attention to it.

After a little, Carnew observed how Ned's eyes steadily refused to meet his own; and amused and interested, as well as wondering what could be the cause, he as steadily endeavored to make them turn upon him. But they flashed upon him, below him, beside him, everywhere save directly at him, and while Edna's eyes at every opportunity were looking into his, most bewitching smiles, Ned's were either cast modestly down or fixed at some point beyond him. He became piqued at this, and understanding something of the feminine manner in which this extraordinary manner was really a delicate compliment to his power, he refrained from noticing her save when it became absolutely necessary.

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"No love is deep that will not make every sacrifice; have I not given you proofs enough in all the risks I have run? What would you have? An open acknowledgment? It would be my ruin, and the moment that you oblige me to make such a thing, I rather than endure the anger and obloquy that must follow, shall die by my own hand."

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speech was made by the city barrister; and ultimately the judge arose to announce the verdict of the court. "The case," he said, "is one which certainly outrages the requirements of common good sense and decency. I am satisfied that the guilt of the party is sufficiently established—on his own admission. Consequently it is my regretful duty to impose such sentence as the statutes of the Commonwealth sanction, and the important nature of the case demands. I shall therefore fine the said guilty party, to wit, Roxey Acres, \$7 and costs; or, else, in default of payment, I shall oblige him to go to jail for the period of thirty days." "May I ask for what reason?" exclaimed the lawyer, darting up with the alacrity of an explosive. "For what reason? Why, for working on the Sabbath, of course, in violation of the law," replied the judge, with a calmness which exasperated the city pleader. "But, your Honor, it is not Mr. Acres that we are trying, he is exonerated; we are not here to try my client." "No," answered Justice Newhall, with an air of unperturbed serenity, "we are trying the case and all that it involves. As a consequence the said Acres stands convicted of Sabbath-breaking." "Ah, but what about Mr. Duffy?" "Father Duffy behaved, it appears to me, only as a gentleman should. He promised Mr. Acres that if he caught him breaking the Sabbath he would thrash him. He kept his word." "I protest, your Honor, against—" "See here," said the judge; "I don't want any more of your city impudence. Your city shysters and sharpers may perhaps have the idea that we people living out here in the country are all fools, and can be browbeaten and talked to as you like. But, mind you, you'll find that you're mighty mistaken. You'll keep quiet in my courtroom at least." At this judicious utterance there was an immediate outburst from the onlookers and a plauditory stamping of feet. "Your Honor, this unwarranted disturbance!" "Don't let it disturb you in the least. They're only applauding me, I believe, and I don't particularly object to it." The crowd cheered all the more furiously and the attorney shook his head in despair. "The session is hereby adjourned," said Judge Newhall, and gathering up his notes, he nodded a courteous adieu to the multitude and passed out. The lawyer tried to prevail on his client to have the case appealed or transferred. But Roxey, surrounded by local acquaintances, was advised to look out and not let himself be fooled any more by the trickery of a puff-blower from the great town. Roxey was completely bewildered, but eventually he decided not to risk himself to an appeal. He therefore settled his fine and paid his lawyer. The attorney chagrined and thoroughly disgusted, took his departure upon the late afternoon train from Upper Shawnee, and Roxey Acres, a sadder, perhaps even a wiser man, went back to the labor of his farm yard, murmuring delectfully to himself: "The law is a cursed bad thing to meddle with!"—Boston Pilot.

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RECENT PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

From the Missionary. The Church never received any divine promise of perpetual possession of this or that land; no single nation was ever, as it were, made over to it for all eternity. The soul and essence of Catholic doctrine is the free choice of the individual as to salvation or perdition. Alone of all religious and philosophical systems, Catholic theology has through all ages unwaveringly taught the wonderful lesson of man's power and obligation to co-operate with the Divine in the working out of his final destiny.

Never was this truth better illustrated than at the close of the nineteenth century. We see a nation like the French, which used to glory in the name of the Eldest Daughter of the Church, bend its neck under the tyranny of atheists; we have heard, not long ago, that most candid and eloquent daughter of Spain, Enalia Pardo Bazan, proclaim to the world that the boasted Catholicity of her people was—at least among the ruling classes—nowadays little else than a delusion; that skepticism had long been masquerading as orthodoxy in universities and legislative assemblies, and that this was one of the causes of the country's present weakness.

There is no reason, however, for Catholics to come anywhere near despairing in view of these facts. In the first place, the very aggressiveness of the enemies of the faith in western and southern Europe has already frightened many well meaning but indolent Catholics out of their apathy, and no one may prophesy what changes for the better the twentieth century will see wrought. And, moreover, whoever is able to watch the Church in its thousand ramifications, the length and breadth of the world, will never fail to perceive facts that bring comfort to his anxious soul.

The days of wholesale conversions within brief periods are gone; instead, we see individuals slowly but surely plodding along the narrow path, often against the heaviest odds and under the most heart rending sacrifices, but for all that, reaching at last those gates through which alone one may enter into the promised land.

Probably the most remarkable of

such conversions within the last decade are those recorded in the north of Europe: Denmark, Norway and Sweden.

If thirty years ago any countries might be spoken of as strongholds of Protestantism, it was these little northern kingdoms. The Catholics in all three of them together were but a handful; honest and law abiding people, doubtlessly, but without social standing or literary eminence, ruled from abroad by foreign Bishops.

THE MISSIONARY ATTITUDE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA.

Australasian Catholic Record.

We trust that our title adequately expresses the requirements of the article assigned us, viz: "Christian Charity towards those around us." Perfectly natural makes common property of all spiritual and temporal goods. Our highest good is the true faith. This paper will sketch the present efforts of Catholics to make non-Catholic Americans sharers in this priceless heritage.

It is not a little singular that for the remnants of the savage tribes of Indians and for the black people among us stated missionary provision has long been made. Some of the best mission-aries Holy Church possesses are now hard at work among the red men in this country, priests who are worthy successors of the generations of martyrs and apostles devoted to the native tribes ever since America was discovered. For the negroes we have a flourishing missionary establishment, originally founded by His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, now independent of the Mill Hill Seminary, but actuated by the apostolic spirit of that institution. Under the leadership of Very Rev. John R. Slattery, St. Joseph's Society has built and equipped a seminary in Baltimore, which now has thirty divinity students, and a preparatory college with fifty students.

There are a score of Josephites, all zealous missionary priests, actively at work in different parts of the south, making many converts, and training up many hundreds of the children of Protestant blacks in the Catholic faith. In this latter work the Josephites are efficiently helped by Sisters of different Orders, mainly by Franciscans.

It thus appears that the most necessities in spiritual matters of our non-Catholic population have received our first attention, as is natural in the case of the Church, whose Divine Founder loves best those whose misery of soul or body is most deplorable. And there is not the slightest doubt that the negroes of every part of the south will be fully evangelized in the course of time, and, we trust, finally brought into the Church.

Among the white non-Catholic population of America, numbering between fifty and sixty millions, the outlook for the true religion is extremely hopeful. Taken as a body, Americans are religious; vast multitudes of them are deeply so. Although scepticism has its vicaries, and error of all sorts is rampant, yet our Divine Saviour is the Master here in nearly all religious organizations, and however vaguely understood, His divinity is commonly and gladly acknowledged. Holy Scripture has suffered much in the minds of the educated, but it is still God's own book to the millions. The more earnest souls are disgusted with the fierce religious antipathies of the past, and are yearning with anxious hearts for the coming of Christian unity. Meantime, the Catholic missionary can get an audience easily. The most thoughtful, and often the most prominent persons in nearly every American community, can be relied on to attend public lectures on Catholic doctrine, if they are invited with kindness and are assured that they will not be uncivilly treated.

Many instances might be given to show the ripeness of the Lord's harvest in the American field. One priest reported: "Seven hundred people were nightly packed into a space intended for six, nearly half being non-Catholics including the best people of the place. They listened, they filled the question box, they gladly accepted our missionary leaflets. There is no bigotry in this town, though many of the Protestant people are churchmembers."

Another priest, writing from the State of North Carolina, the most densely non-Catholic state of the union: "At Smithfield, Dann and Littleton, the whole town at times seemed to turn out. As encouraging as this, however, was the apparent earnestness and attention. I know many to come ten and twelve miles to be present at the lectures, and nearly all that came asked for books about the claims of the Church. Several converts were made. The object, however, was not present converts, but to lay a foundation for future work and to sow seed. In most of the towns where I lectured the people were in absolute ignorance of the Church."

At Fort Scott, in the State of Kansas, the county court-house was given for the missionary's lectures, which were addressed to audiences almost exclusively non-Catholic for eleven nights. The presiding judge paid the lecturer a compliment from the bench. Three converts were immediately placed under instruction, and doubtless besides these, not a few earnest souls will be found later on knocking at the door of Holy Church.

One more instance, taken from a country neighborhood in the diocese of New York, Walden, in Orange County. "There are three thousand people in Walden," reports the missionary, "only one hundred of whom are Catholics. Five years ago, when it was

determined to build a chapel for Catholics in this town, non-Catholics protested. They came to the pastor and informed him that the village charter forbade the erection of such a chapel. The pastor informed them that the Constitution guaranteed liberty of worship, and he went ahead and built his church. Before our missions closed a petition, headed and circulated by a prominent non-Catholic, and signed by many of the best non-Catholics of the place, invited the missionaries to remain another week. Three hundred of our separated brethren packed the church every night. They came to the hotel betimes and interviewed the Fathers, they lay laid them in the streets, asking them questions, and showed such earnestness that we have no doubt the pastor will reap many converts during the year."

And, as a matter of fact, in every part of the country we hear of converts under instruction and being received into the Church. Of the English-speaking parish priests scarcely one but receives at least a few every year, and some parishes have as high as a hundred yearly; two in New York City are reaping over one hundred and fifty. The latter are co-operating as they never did before, bringing non-Catholic friends to church and to the priest, talking of their religion earnestly and intelligently, and spreading good feeling. A little stream of converts flows into every church, and in some cases a big stream. A Salopian, Rev. Martin O'Callaghan, of St. Patrick's, Montreal (the missionary conditions in Canada being practically the same as in the States) instructed and baptized twelve hundred adult converts in the course of seven years. There is no pretence that this is an average case, but there are not a few parishes that can approach this magnificent record, and a multitude of them in which systematic efforts are being made for attracting and securing converts, and with unvarying success.

Systematic efforts, in fact, are now being made to convert all America. In 1896 the Catholic Missionary Union was started. This is an incorporated body acting under State laws, the board of directors being the Archbishops of New York and Philadelphia, and five priests, some secular and some religious. It was incorporated for the purpose of gathering funds for the carrying on of non-Catholic missionary work, the subscribers paying a dollar a year, receiving in return every quarter a copy of The Missionary, which is a public record of the progress of Holy Church among the non-Catholic people. Like the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in France, our Missionary Union pays the expenses of missionaries, and it also furnishes missionary literature of every kind, either gratis or at first cost. Already the Union, though in existence but three years, and as yet hardly known to Catholics generally, supports several efficient missionary priests in that section of the country in which Catholics are fewest in number, namely, the South. These priests are wholly engaged with non-Catholics, never fall of an audience, are constantly making converts, and distribute an immense amount of convert making literature, books, pamphlets and leaflets. The Missionary Union hopes, within a few years, to have the entire Southern country supplied with priests whose whole duty shall be the non-Catholic missions. It is hardly necessary to say that all this work is under the immediate direction of the Bishops of the various localities. It may be added that most of the priests engaged in non-Catholic missions North and South are members of the diocesan clergy, though the religious communities especially the Passionists and the Paulists, are well represented.

What has been said already of making converts in parishes should be supplemented by the fact that non-Catholic missions almost always result in some converts being placed immediately under instruction. But it is in the remote preparation of many accessions to the Church that these public missionary efforts have their best prize. For although only five or six years have passed since systematic efforts of the kind began, we are constantly hearing of men and women of intelligence received into the Church after years of thought and study, all started at these lectures or by the reading matter there distributed. Meantime, the immediate results are often quite remarkable. In New York City as many as a hundred conversions were traceable within a year to one non-Catholic mission, half as many to each of two others. Results equally as good have been obtained in other parts of America.

A word or two of explanation is needed as to our American Diocesan missionary bands. These are composed of secular priests, relieved of parish duty, and engaged in evangelizing non-Catholics. They are organized and are in full activity in the diocese of New York, in Connecticut, in Northern Ohio, in several Western dioceses, and are about beginning their work in two or three others. The largest of these bands, that of New York, comprises five members having their headquarters in St. Teresa's Parish, which gives the Fathers a home during their short intervals of rest. A similar arrangement provides for the bands in other dioceses. These priests are all diocesan, volunteering to work as missionaries for a term of years in their own diocese, the leading members being clergymen of prominence who, in several cases, have given up good parishes to engage in this divine apostolate. Salaries are provided for by the stipends received from Catholic missions, enough being

thus obtained to supply the requisite funds, which are often increased by contributions from both the clergy and the laity. In fact, no difficulty has thus far been experienced on the score of financial support. Nor has any difficulty been found in obtaining missions of every sort, special favor, however, being shown to non-Catholic missions and to a sort of mixed missions to little Catholic communities remote from a church and rarely visited by a priest; the very places where the baroque of Peter suffers most from "leakage."

No better missionaries are known in America than these zealous members of the ordinary and standard clergy of the Church of Christ. Their success in every department of mission labor has been unsurpassed, including that of making converts. The advantage of having this kind of personnel in the work is obvious; it roots the conversion zeal of Catholics among their regular pastors; it generates a peculiar fraternal interest among the parish clergy in the success of apostolic zeal; it adds a new kind of mission to the missionary ranks, arousing the emulation of the Religious Orders; it places missionary enterprise in the list of regular diocesan works, giving the Bishops a staff of preachers and lecturers peculiarly his own.

The first of these bands was organized in 1894, and since then they have succeeded so well as to have passed out of the experimental stage. Many signs indicate that all of our dioceses will soon be provided with bands of secular missionaries. What, among other things, favors this department of missionary endeavor, is the full, often over full, supply in America of vocations to the holy priesthood, giving the Bishops an abundance and sometimes a surplus of priests, and enabling them to extend the time of clerical training as well as to offer facilities to the more clever young priests to make extra courses of study.

Another matter of encouragement is the increase of missionary literature and its wider circulation; books, pamphlets, leaflets, all telling about some glorious Catholic truth, are in greater demand in all parts of America and Canada than at any previous time. What is quite as gratifying is that the supply is equal to the demand, for printing has become so cheap that a small sum of money purchases a large amount of printed matter. Prices which a few years ago would have been deemed fabulously low, are now the rule for a considerable number of valuable missionary publications. Such standard books as Father Bruao's "Catholic Truth," can be purchased for 10 cents each, if ordered by the hundred; and several hundred thousand copies of Father Searle's "Plain Facts for Fair Minds," a volume of three hundred and six pages, have been sold without pecuniary loss at 5 cents a copy. This condition, brought about by the public spirit of some members of our Catholic book trade and the zeal of private individuals among the clergy and laity, has resulted in the extension of that mighty influence for good, the Apostolate of the Press. And this is but the faint promise of a vast and universal development of the Catholic literary propaganda which will soon be undertaken by the Church in the United States.

It must also be noted that everything here mentioned is but the beginning of concerted organized, systematic effort on the part of our Bishops, religious orders, diocesan priesthood and people to convert the Great Republic and its whole population to the faith of Jesus Christ. God is certainly furthering this work, as He alone inspired it. Every sign indicates that our time and country have been selected for missionary enterprises of the first order. Among clergy and laity no topic is of such absorbing interest as that of non-Catholic missions and convert making. The finger of God pointing all devout souls towards our separated brethren. The brightest minds and those most enlightened by divine grace are being stirred with missionary zeal. Two classes are especially eager to begin, or to carry to perfection missionary work already begun. These are the Bishops and the younger members of the clergy. Among the latter, and above all among our seminarians, there are very many choice spirits constantly studying or taking counsel with a practical view to the glorious vocation of winning back the sheep of Christ who are astray in the wilderness of error. Every Catholic periodical gladly prints what all Catholics gladly read: news of non-Catholic missions and stories of conversions.

All this zeal, we sincerely believe, is inspired by the Holy Spirit, and it has received the explicit approval of the Vicar of Christ. It will be served by the vigor and persistence for which our countrymen are noted. To which our countrymen are noted, to a fervent Catholic American every relation to his countrymen is absorbed in the longing to make them Catholic, to convert the American people to the true faith. God and Country is a motto of our country and it is a motto of our country in the corner stone of Catholic schools, or inscribed over the doors of Catholic club houses. The bringing of our country into God's one true fold, His Catholic Christian Church, is daily becoming more and more the conscious longing of all intelligent Catholics in the United States.

WALTER ELLIOTT,
Of the Paulists.

THE TEMPORAL POWER—The hatred of the impious for the Temporal Power proceeds from the fact that they perceive that it is a powerful aid in the religion they have sworn to destroy.—Car. Pecci (Leo XIII.)

MORMONISM AND DIVORCE.

Cardinal Gibbons Writes on These Two Great Evils.

We cannot ignore the fact that our government and legislation are as sailed, writes Cardinal Gibbons in the Baltimore Catholic Mirror. We have our moral Heligate which it requires more than the genius of a nation to remove. If we have strong hopes for the future of the country, we are also not without our fears. The dangers that threaten our civilization may be traced to the family. The root of the commonwealth is in the homes of the people. The social and civil life springs from the domestic life of mankind. The official life of a nation is ordinarily the reflex of the moral sense of the people. The morality of public administration is to be gauged by the moral standard of the people. The river does not rise above its source.

Every man that has the welfare of his country at heart cannot fail to view with alarm the existence and the gradual development of Mormonism, which is a plague spot on our civilization, a discredit to our government, a degradation of the female sex and a standing menace so the sanctity of the marriage bond. The feeble and spasmodic attempts that have been made to repress this social evil, and the virtual immunity that it enjoys, have rendered its apostles bold and defiant. Formerly they were content with enlisting recruits from England, Wales, Sweden and other parts of Scandinavia, but now, emboldened by toleration, they send their emissaries throughout the country and obtain disciples from North Carolina, Georgia and other states of the Union.

The reckless facility with which divorce is procured is an evil scarcely less deplorable than that of Mormonism; indeed, it is in some respects more dangerous than the latter, for divorce has the sanction of the civil law, which Mormonism has not. Is not the law of divorce a VIRTUAL TOLERATION OF MORMONISM in a modified form? Mormonism consists in simultaneous polygamy, while the law of divorce practically leads to successive polygamy. Each state has on its statute books a list of causes, or rather pretenses, which are recognized as sufficient ground for divorce a vinculo. There are in all twenty-two or more causes, most of them of a very trifling character, and in some states, as in Illinois and Maine, the power of granting a divorce is left to the discretion of the judge.

It is painfully manifest from statistics that the cancer of divorce is rapidly spreading over the community, and poisoning the fountains of the nation. Unless the evil is checked by some speedy and heroic remedy, the very existence of family life is imperilled. How can we call ourselves a Christian people if we violate a fundamental law of Christianity? And if the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage does not constitute a cardinal principle of the Christian religion, we are at a loss to know what does.

Let the imagination picture to itself the fearful wrecks daily caused by this rock of scandal and the number of families that are cast adrift on the ocean of life. Great stress is justly laid by moralists on the observance of the Sabbath. But what a mockery is the extra-natal repose of the Christian Sabbath to homes from which DOMESTIC PEACE IS BANISHED by intestine war, where the mother's heart is broken, the father's spirit is crushed, and where the children cannot cling to one of their parents without exciting the jealousy or hatred of the other! And these melancholy scenes are followed by the final act in the drama when the family ties are dissolved, and hearts that had vowed eternal love and union are separated to meet no more.

This social plague calls for a radical cure; and the remedy can be found only in the abolition of our mischievous legislation respecting divorce, and in an honest application of the teaching of the gospel. If persons contemplating marriage were persuaded that once united they were legally debarred from entering into second wedlock, they would be more circumspect before marriage in the choice of a life partner, and would be more patient afterwards in bearing the yoke and in tolerating each other's infirmities.

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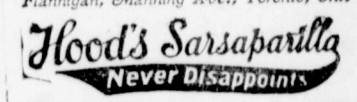
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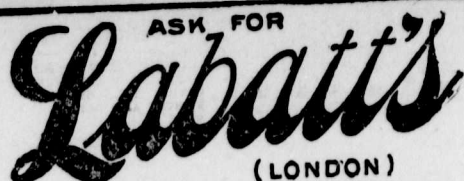
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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A Dying Woman's Prayer. There are many marvelous stories to pray, and it is the will of the Great Giver that some of us should be called to help in His work.

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

Doctor Hodges remarks that for centuries before the Reformation the Papacy had interfered with European politics, and often for the better. This is all he would be obliged to say if he were a Roman Catholic.

We know how thoroughly sound and, as we Protestants are accustomed to say, ultramontane in their orthodoxy, Wetzer and Welte are, in their famous encyclopedia. Yet I own I have been surprised, almost astonished, to note the freedom of their criticism of the Papal action against the Hohenstaufen emperors.

Contrast Dr. Hodges' cordial reference to the medieval Papacy, confirmed by the great authority of Bishop Stubbs, and, as concerns Hildebrand, of John Fiske, with that of Charles Oman in his new condensed History of England.

The Dean maintains that the Riformation was supported, as well as opposed, in France, rather out of political partisanship than from the love of truth. In this I think that he hardly does full justice to the depth of religious conviction in the great body of the Huguenots, those of the middle classes.

Now has Dean Hodges and new facts? If not, he ought to be very much ashamed of his own story. Charles C. Starbuck. Andover, Mass.

IMITATION OF CHRIST. Of the Consideration of the Misery of Man. Thou art miserable wherever thou art and which way soever thou turnest thyself, unless thou turn thyself to God.

THE ROYAL BABE.

O blue black sky alive with stars! O patient expectation past! O earth, forget thy battle scars, Thy King is come at last.

THE WORLD IS IN THY LITTLE GRASP. Still lingering with delicious thrill: Oh, keep it in Thy tender clasp, And mould it to Thy will!

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS. Fourth Sunday of Advent. FREQUENT COMMUNION. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." (Luke 3, 4.)

A few more days, and the four weeks of reparation and of earnest desire for the coming of the Redeemer, will have passed. Even now we are in spirit going towards Bethlehem.

With loving kindness, Jesus invites you to the heavenly banquet: "With desire I have desired to eat this pascha with you," and, again, He willingly calls you saying: "Come to Me all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you" (Matt. 11, 28.)

THE PASSION PLAY MADE HIM WEEP. In a letter to a friend Father Birk-hauer, of Rachine Wis, who has been sojourning in Europe since the middle of August, describing his impressions of the Passion Play.

THE MOST TOUCHING SCENES WERE, perhaps, those in which Mary, the Mother of Christ, took part. The scene representing Christ taking leave of His Mother was exceedingly beautiful and touching.

THE SACRED HEART.

"My God! I offer Thee the Heart of Thy well-beloved Son, in thanks giving for all the gifts which Thou hast bestowed upon me."—Blessed Margaret Mary.

"Do you wish to know what heart is dearest to the Heart of Jesus? The one which is most humble and despised. The most silent but best understood. The most generous and charitable. The most generous and charitable will have the greatest claim upon its love."

IT WAS the yearning love of Our Lord's Sacred Heart over sinners, and the anguish at the thought of how many would reject that love, which caused Him to shed His Heart's Blood for those whom He thus loved.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Dying Woman's Prayer.

There are many marvelous answers to prayer, and it is the will of the great Giver that some of us shall be called to help in His work. It is an inestimable favor. Miraculous manifestations of the Divine call are by no means rare. Every priest and nun can recollect the summons which decided vocation. People in the world are called, too, and we may hope that no one ventures to disregard the command of the voice from heaven.

Have you never helped to answer another's prayer? Is your conscience even now telling you to do something against your accustomed policy—perhaps in opposition to your very reason? Perhaps the voice is commanding you to answer a prayer uttered half a world away.

Here is a true story. A few months ago we—Mesdames X, Y, Z and I—were discussing a subject no smaller than the Mysteries of Memory. We said a few wise things and a great many nonsensical things, as all women—yes, and all men—are apt to do when they talk of that which none may understand.

Madam X frankly confessed her bewilderment.

"For example," said she, "only last Sunday, on my way home from Mass, I began to think of Marcia Fitzallan. I can't tell why; I'm sure I haven't thought of her these ten years. Fifteen years ago she and I were in the same dormitory in a Belgian convent. She was not my 'Lu,' as each of us called our special chum (*la favorite, vous savez*), but we liked each other very much, for we had many mutual tastes. She was a slight, pale little English girl, with silky blond hair and quick bright eyes—quite a personality.

"Still I had forgotten her—quite forgotten her. She had gone to her English home and I had returned to America, where the new occasions which taught new duties introduced new friends. School-girl friendships are proverbial of ephemeral nothing, as you know. Now, why did memory send Marcia to me last Sunday when I was twice five thousand miles from a thought of the old convent?"

"Something suggested by the sermon?"

"Somebody with 'quick' eyes and blonde hair?"

"It was impossible to dismiss her. She haunted me all that day; I dreamed of her all night. I could do nothing on Monday but think of her. I was annoyed: what after all these years? But it was no use to reason with myself. At last I sat down and wrote her a long letter, using her old name and her old address. When I had finished the letter I was surprised at its affectionateness; really I must have thought more of Marcia than I thought I thought."

We all laughed but Mme. Y, and she looked solem.

"You posted the letter?"

"I did; it seemed as if I were obliged to do so. I wonder what Marcia will say about my freak of memory?"

"It is not a matter of memory, my dear. There is something beyond. Wait until you hear from your friend before you classify your action."

"Something beyond! Prophetic words?—even so. Last week we heard of Marcia's answer. She is a widow, penniless and dying in a London hospital for consumptives. It is a full decade since her father died, after having lost his fortune. Marcia was an only child; so far as she knew she had not a relative in the world to whom she could apply for aid. Her friend's letter was a month old when she received it, for the old name and the old address had been lost to postal memories."

"I have been in the hospital three weeks," she wrote. "My dear little children are in an orphan asylum. I sent them there two months ago, just as soon as the doctors decided that my bronchitis had developed into consumption. I would not endanger their lives. They are absolutely healthy; they inherit their father's constitution. He was killed in a railway accident. Poor Edward! he had never been ill in his life; he used to joke about living to be a famous centenarian."

You say that you are surprised at yourself because you had so sudden an impulse to write to me. I am not surprised. I think God has answered my prayer. I asked Him if it were His holy will, that I might see one glimpse of my children's future. I do not make any appeal to you, for I firmly believe now that God wishes you to be a mother to my babies."

It is not so, why did you write to me after fifteen years of silence?—why do you tell me that you are a childless child lover?"

I enclose their photographs; you will see that they are fine, handsome children. And, oh, Tayo—let me call you by the old pet name for the last time—the little dears are so gentle and so affectionate that you may do with them what you will! You see I am taking everything for granted. It must be so; I prayed almost without hope, for I knew no one—no one! Forgive me that I did not think of you; it is so long since you passed out of my life, Tayo! But God has chosen that you should answer my prayer, and now I can die happily. It has taken me three days to write this; I am very weak. I may linger

to Christmas, but it is not likely. I heard one of the doctors saying that the first frosts would finish me if I should be gone when your answer reaches England, Father Griffith will act for me. He can place the children with worthy people here, but they would be separated, and even if they could be together I prefer that they should be with you, Tayo, dear wise old Tayo! Yes, I am crying a little, but I am not unhappy now."

Madam X had begun to read the letter to us, but she was obliged to hand it to me when her voice commenced to choke. I read it aloud to the very end, and although I had cultivated a certain stoicism, I was "kind of teary round the lashes" as I finished.

"You are going to take the children?" I asked; "and you will write to her at once to tell her so, will you not?"

My plea seemed to anger my friend. "Can you suppose that I am not going straight to Marcia? There is no boat to-morrow. I have engaged my berth for Thursday morning; within ten days I shall be in London. I have sent her a cablegram. Yes, she shall see the children's mother before she dies—my poor Marcia! My children must come back with me; I answer her prayer? Oh, yes! but did not answer mine? My children—my dear little children!"

She held the photograph before her, and as the pictured faces of the fair little girl and the noble boy smiled at her, the real mother's rapture in her eyes seemed to be the most perfect answer to the dying woman's prayer.

"'Busybody' in Catholic Standard and Times."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Work for Young Men.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society offers to Catholic young men abundant opportunities to serve God in the person of their neighbors. It is a society that was organized by young men for young men, and in its spirit it still appeals to young men to be its most efficient members. Every spiritual and corporal work of mercy open to the laity, is within its scope. The lawyer may defend the poor, without fee, for the love of God; the doctor may so attend the destitute sick; the teacher may for the same motive give lessons at night to working boys; the writer may vindicate religion in the public press; the ordinary member may visit prisoners, instruct the spiritually ignorant in State institutions, or carry succor to the indigent.

Young men will find in this organization a chance to gain graces for themselves as well as to confer benefits on their brethren.

Who will be the first to join the society? Who will be the first to start a conference where none at present exists?—Catholic Columbian.

Health.

The chief essential of success for a young man is what the vast majority of young men think about: the least—that is, good health and a sound constitution. That is the first thing; nothing precedes it. In the battle for success, that should be a young man's first thought; not his abilities, nor his work, but his health. That is the basis; the corner-stone of all. Abilities cannot bring health, but health may, and generally does, develop ability. A young man with splendid health and average ability will outstrip every time the brilliant young man who is in poor health. With the former the one strengthens the other; with the latter the one constantly saps the other, and less and less effort becomes possible. In any success good health, and the keeping of it, is the first and greatest essential. Everything possible develops from it.

What He'd do if He Were Broke.

Chauncey Dopey thus tells the readers of the N. Y. World how he earned his first hundred dollars, and how he would manage if thrown on his own resources:

"It took me just six months to make my first hundred dollars. A farmer came out to my office in Peekskill the day I opened it. He asked me a question in regard to the settlement of an estate. I looked it up and when he came to Peekskill the next week I gave him a written opinion, for which I charged him \$5.

"He said that I would never succeed if my fees were so exorbitant, and he gave me \$175. That was my beginning."

Twenty years afterward a gentleman came to my office in New York and asked me the same question. I answered it immediately. The interview occupied about an hour. He gave me \$500.

This shows what, in the legal profession, reputation is worth. The second six months I made a thousand dollars. After that I never counted."

My greatest fees have been from clients to whom I presented no bills, but who assessed their own valuation. Such fees have been far beyond anything I ever charged.

If I were stripped of everything I should open a law office and start afresh.

In the meantime, because remuneration is quicker and progress more rapid, I should see if some railroad company did not want a manager.

I should not try to get a political job.

—

Worthy Aims.

There are few of you, perhaps, who

could achieve distinction. There are none of you who need be satisfied without an achievement that is infinitely higher. You may make your lives beautiful and blessed. The poorest of you can afford to be kind; the least gifted among you can practice that loving wisdom which knows the straightest road to human hearts. You may not be able to thrill seats with your eloquence, but you may see eyes sparkle and faces glow with gladness when you appear. You may not astonish the listeners with your acquisitions of varied scholarship, but you may dwell in some spirit as a presence, associated with all that is beautiful and good; you may neither be a magnate nor a millionaire, but you may have truer honors than of earth, and riches which wax not old. You may not rise to patrician estate, nor come under that mysterious process by which the churl's blood is transformed into the nobleman's, but you may ennoble yourselves in a higher aristocracy than that of belted earl. Use the opportunities you have, make the best of your circumstances, however unpromising. Give your lives to honest work and loving purpose, and you can never live in vain. Men will feel your influence and men will miss you when you cease from their communion, and if there waves not, at your funeral, trappings of the world's gaudy woe, nor the pageantry of the world's surface honor, "eyes full of heartbreak" shall gaze wistfully down the path where you have departed and, in long after-time, hearts which you have helped to make happy shall recall your memory with gratitude and tears.—Punshon's Lectures.

Live as You Go. He lives happiest who enjoys life properly as he goes along. His eyes are fixed regretfully upon no past happiness, nor is he uneasily waiting for future enjoyment. Some men look forward to a time when they shall have acquired money. They say to themselves that money is power everywhere. It makes one respected. It gives weight to one's opinion. It guarantees success in politics, and without it no one can expect to reach a high station in public life. It brings ease, friends and—they imagine—it brings happiness.

For the final acquisition of wealth they sell out five, ten and sometimes twenty of the best years of their lives. Their one idea during this time is to hoard. They neglect health; their minds gain no additional expansion or richness; they do not grow in gentility, kindness and sympathy; their moral nature contracts and ossifies. The passing years bring no increasing depth and fullness of character nor access of manliness.

At the end they have become reasonably wealthy. In many instances their long-looked-for ease and enjoyment is postponed from year to year until a "little more" is added to their property. Granting the widest scope of their "possibilities" to our wealthy man, it is yet questionable whether he has derived his full share of happiness out of life. He may have friends, but what is friendship that wealth usually inspires? He may have ease, but it is to be but for a brief span of years, and the hey day of his youthful vigor is over. He may endeavor to leave his impress on the world's opinion, in the domain of government, in the field of letters, in the shape of large buildings and extensive improvements, but what he does is but the writing of a name upon the sands of the shore.

Everybody now living must sooner or later feel that true happiness in this life is not possible. Our happiest hours are cloyed with the instinct of their transiency. The earlier this great fact is recognized, the better. It will lead us to set no store on future years of an early paradise, but will prompt us to live cheerfully in the present, bravely taking up our burdens and conscientiously performing our allotted tasks. We will grow with the passing years, not greedily hoarding money, but still industrious and frugal. What our delirious, nervous, money-making American life needs is a little Old World quiet, composure and ease.—Catholic Citizen.

Successful Men. Who are they? They are those who, when boys, were compelled to work, either to help themselves or their parents; and who, when a little older, were under the stern necessity of doing more than their legitimate share of labor; who, as young men, had their wits sharpened by having to devise ways and means of making their time more available than it would have been under ordinary circumstances. Hence, in reading the lives of men who have greatly distinguished themselves, we find their whole youth passed in self-denials of food, and rest, and sleep, and recreation. They sat up late and rose early to the performance of imperative duties; doing by daylight the work of one man, and by night, the work of another.

Said a gentleman, the other day, now a private banker of high integrity, and whom we knew had started in life without a dollar. "For years to gether I was in my place of business at sunrise, and often did not leave it for fifteen and eighteen hours."

Let not, therefore, any youth be discouraged, if he has to make his own living, or even to support, besides, a widowed mother, or sick sister, or unfortunate relation; for this has been the road of eminence of many a proud name. This is the path which printers and teachers have often trod—thorny enough at times, at others so beset with obstacles as to be almost impassable—but the way has cleared, sunshine came, success followed, then the glory and renown!

A young man writes us: "I am a humble school teacher; with the duties belonging to half a hundred pupils, I issue a mouthful printed nine miles away and do all the folding, stitching, binding and mailing of three thousand copies, with a deep feeling that good may be done. I hope I will succeed."

Certainly he will succeed! For he has the two great elements of success—a will to work, and a heart in the right place—a heart, whose object is not glory, but good.

But too often has it happened that there comes in, between the manly effort and a glorious fruition, disease, crippling the body, depressing the mind, and wasting and wearing away the whole man. Who does not remember grand intellects, which have gone down in the night of a premature grave? Who has not seen young men, with magnificent minds, standing on the borders, looking wistfully—Oh, how wistfully!—over, but unable to "go in and possess the land," only for the want of bodily health? A health, by no means wanting originally, but sacrificed—pitilessly sacrificed—by inattention and sheer ignorance; learned in everything else; perfect masters of everything else, except the knowledge of a few general principles as to the care of the body—principles which could be perfectly mastered, in any twenty-four hours, by a mind accustomed to think.

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

Midnight hour! How sweet the calm Thy solemn odors impart: What solace, as of healing balm, Cometh with thee into this heart! Yet bring me not thy grace, alone—Let others share thy dear delight—Oh, let thy soothing monotone Be heard of all this holy night!

Angels shall angels walk the sky, The stars cry out in rapturous glee, And radiant splendors glory; The walking earth and wondering sea; Jehovah's reassuring word Shall be proclaimed again, And tidings everywhere be heard Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Tit of those glories of the morn, The sacrifice that makes men free, And of the Babe in Bethlehem born, That midnight voices speak to me. Speak on, O voices sweet and low—Soothing our griefs and doubts away—That mankind may hear and know What rapture cometh with the day. — Eugene Field.

THE EXTREME PENALTY.

One day, before the late Lord Russell was elevated to the bench, he was sitting in court, when another barrister, leaning across the benches during the hearing of a trial for bigamy, while perched:

"Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?"

"Two mothers-in-law," instantly replied Russell.

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One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

In cases of catarrh Hood's Sarsaparilla heals the tissues, builds up the system, expels impurities from the blood and cures.

Chronic Discharges of the Stomach. Liver and Blood are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. These pills act, specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills.

As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Catrose, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."



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SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

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And teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S

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6d., 1s., and 1s. 6. Pots.

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IN MEMORY OF A CATHOLIC HERO.

The two memorial windows erected in St. Peter's cathedral by patriotic citizens of London in memory of John Donagan, one of the first of our brave Canadian soldiers who was killed in the South African war, were unveiled last Sunday, December 14th, and solemnly blessed in accordance with the rite prescribed by the Roman Ritual, by His Lordship Bishop of London, assisted by Rev. Fathers Traher, McKean and Egan. Father Aylward rector of the cathedral, acted as master of ceremonies, and also presided at the solemn occasion. Mrs. Donagan, the widow mother of our gallant young hero, accompanied by her two sons and her daughter, occupied a pew in the rear of the centre aisle and beside the memorial windows, which she and her husband had erected in memory of their son who died in the South African war, were given turned inside the pulpit, whilst the remaining part of the two centre aisles, the various military regiments in this city, who under the leadership of the various military officials, ladies and gentlemen of all denominations were present in large numbers, and so immense was the gathering that at the beginning of the solemn ceremony many had to be forced to remain in waiting outside the cathedral. The memorial windows were unveiled in the Sacred Scriptures were read of a centurion who approached Jesus at Capernaum beseeching Him to cure his servant who was lying at his home sick of the palsy. Two other soldiers accompany their master on his errand of mercy, and in the background is shown his stately residence. Taking for his text the words that Jesus addressed to Jesus after the Divine Master had offered to accompany him to his home in order to effect the desired recovery of his servant, deeming himself not worthy of such honor, the humane and merciful Jesus said: "I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof, say only the word and my servant shall be healed." For I am not a man, said the reverend speaker, a legitimate pride in her boys, she was but one reason, that her militia was well-trained in the duties of good soldiers. Fidelity, courage, patience, sobriety, economy, industry, and a professional soldier's model soldier. The typical soldier is a living model of all these virtues. He is a man of the age of dash, chivalry, and grandeur, and he is always ready to die for his country. He is a man of the age of dash, chivalry, and grandeur, and he is always ready to die for his country. He is a man of the age of dash, chivalry, and grandeur, and he is always ready to die for his country.

DIocese of Hamilton.

During the week three conferences of the clergy of the diocese were held: on the 11th, 12th and 13th inst., at the residence of His Lordship Bishop of Hamilton, on the 11th inst., at the residence of His Lordship Bishop of Hamilton, on the 12th inst., at the residence of His Lordship Bishop of Hamilton, on the 13th inst., at the residence of His Lordship Bishop of Hamilton. The first conference was held on the 11th inst., and was presided over by His Lordship Bishop of Hamilton. The second conference was held on the 12th inst., and was presided over by His Lordship Bishop of Hamilton. The third conference was held on the 13th inst., and was presided over by His Lordship Bishop of Hamilton. The conferences were held in a room at the residence of His Lordship Bishop of Hamilton, and were attended by the clergy of the diocese. The conferences were held in a room at the residence of His Lordship Bishop of Hamilton, and were attended by the clergy of the diocese. The conferences were held in a room at the residence of His Lordship Bishop of Hamilton, and were attended by the clergy of the diocese.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

His Grace Archbishop Gauthier has made the following pastoral changes in the Archdiocese of Kingston: Rev. Father Sheehy from St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, to St. Michael's Church, Brockville; Rev. Father Doyle, who has been in poor health for some time and is now at St. Vincent's Hospital, Brockville; Rev. Father Doyle, who has been in poor health for some time and is now at St. Vincent's Hospital, Brockville; Rev. Father Doyle, who has been in poor health for some time and is now at St. Vincent's Hospital, Brockville.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

The Directors of the St. Patrick's Home have decided to build an addition to the present building, and the plans are in course of preparation. At the recent annual meeting of the Children of Mary in St. Bridget's parish, Miss Annie Burke was elected president, Miss Marie Corbett vice president, Miss Marie Corbett vice president, Miss Marie Corbett vice president. The Sisters of Mercy, who convent on the Richmond road were moved into their new home, 42 Cambridge street. Rev. Father P. J. P. who for the past two weeks has been delivering lectures to the Catholics in St. Joseph's church, has returned to his home in the city and will be back in his new assignment in the city.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD. DECEMBER 22, 1908. VOLUME XXII. The Catholic. London, Saturday, December 22, 1908. CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION. COMMENCE. We wish we could share of those who believe that civilization "dogs the foot of commercial adventurers wading paths through the new-found peoples. Who due admiration for the quest for new markets for goods on which to reap a generous profit, are that they pass any else in debating the extent and influence they exercise on whom they come in. And yet some nations seem to be based on the trader is a special evangelist. The ordinary to him justice, is out for little anxious as to the moral conditions of the contribute it. "Has asked Dr. Brownson, "He nation it found on open it uncivilized. Com civiized and uncivilized contact no doubt; but uncivilized are broken, pot that comes in the iron pot. What merced of Great Britain where civilization was tor to what it is now. has lost her autonomy overpowered by it. The are poorer to day, find than when the Eng company was formed. SOME FAMILIAR U. We have all met woman with the new ends and odds of be a very laborious they seem to derive from it. Day in and their trade, and ter wage than so wherewith to entertain. How they can much time in this ness, cleaning up like the offer of the commu comprehensio. Po under the impressio commissioned moral all the same say a meddlesome, prying some of the time the affairs of those a cultivation in a few y increase in the average. We do not advise any of the above m slipping. They nev they, wells of retic regret that action should ever be tol preach to them for would always think the "other fellow" at them. Perhaps sculs are so small t possible to find the insufferable self-c above criticism. B the cause, they a nuisance, to be de compassionate. but the news- them, they will the respect and neighbors. They who believe that every day of the city compel us to with them, we d way that may not imagination. The news-mong oces who declare receiving it, will You are all c readers, with so who have grad or other never they make you a of apote to the beautiful plan- and in the end with the world l ing admiration. quent on the st eyes, which he of the leprous-st. A big man of

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