

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XXII. THE PARADISE OF GOD'S EARTH. "Around each pure domestic shrine, bright flowers of den bloom and twine; our hearts are altars all." -Katie. "Good morning, Louis. Where are your sisters?" asked Genevieve, of a tall, dark, amiable looking youth, not far advanced in his teens, who met them at the door. "Good morning, Miss Genevieve," he responded, in somewhat lame English. "My sisters are in the atelier. Will you that I call them?" "Oh! no, never mind. I know the way. Mabel, I ought to introduce you. This is Monsieur Louis de St. Laurent. Louis, this is Miss Forrester."

It is the heart she looks to, and she will take from us the smallest gift, just as a mother on earth would receive from her child a strip of ribbon or a picture. "You all seem to love the Blessed Virgin so much," remarked Mabel with surprise. "I honor her and reverence her deeply as the holiest of human creatures, but I could not love her as you all do." "Not love her!—not love the Mother of Jesus! the Mother who did nurse Him when He was a little baby—the Mother who stood by Him at the foot of the cross! Ah, I do pity you! 'Mon Dieu! it is possible?' exclaimed Marie, her eyes filling with tears as she raised them imploringly to a picture of the Mother of Sorrows which hung upon the wall. Mabel's eyes followed in the same direction, and gazing at the beautiful face, so full of deep, yet patient suffering, there arose within her own heart something akin to love for the Holy being, who was, after all, the blessed Mother of a Son divine. After a while, the girls took Mabel to be introduced to their "bonne Maman," as they called her—their Father's mother, the old Marquise de St. Laurent, who, according to French customs, had remained, after her husband's death, in inmate of the family, and had not suffered expulsion from her own home at the time of her marriage; which, in England, for the sake of domestic peace, she must probably have done. They found her in her bedroom, which she also used as a sitting-room—an airy, cheerful apartment, full of books, pictures, flowers, and plenty of bright sunlight, to which the old lady was very partial. The Marquise looked very picturesque as she sat busily knitting in her old-fashioned arm-chair; for though she was over eighty years of age, she was never idle. Her snow-white hair was braided smoothly under a tall, curious Breton cap, and banded across her noble forehead by a narrow velvet ribbon. Her dress, in spite of its quaintness, was undeniably recherche, very plain, but everything about it scrupulously neat, exquisitely finished. Her dim blue eyes, exceedingly sweet in their benevolent serenity, were, nevertheless, capable of a keen piercing power, and looking at her, one could scarcely help being reminded of the "valiant woman" spoken of by Solomon. Mabel was much struck with her soft, modulated voice, the charming simplicity of her manners, and her true French courtesy, when, holding out the hand which Marguerite, first respectfully bending, had kissed, the old Marquise drew Mabel towards her, affectionately embracing her, and bidding her welcome to Chateau St. Laurent. Then she asked many questions respecting Jessie, the children, Elvanlee—just as though they all belonged to her, evincing the liveliest interest in all that concerned Mabel's family—she could, in fact, have shown little more had she been conversing about her own people. It was not until the 5 o'clock dinner that Mabel had an opportunity of seeing the whole of the numerous family assembled. She had during the course of the afternoon been severally introduced to a good many of them, among whom Tante Celestine, as the girls called their father's youngest unmarried sister, especially won Mabel's fancy. She was also much attracted to the lively, pretty Madame Alfred de St. Laurent, the mother of Marie and Marguerite, and had made the discovery that Louis and his elder brother, Alphonse, could make themselves exceedingly agreeable and amusing. When the dinner-hour brought them all together, it was a goodly sight to see the long table, presided over by the old Marquise, who entered leaning upon the arm of her grandson Rene, the eldest son of Monsieur and Madame de St. Laurent, and who wore the sash of the St. Sulpice students. "He is already a deacon," whispered Marie to Mabel. "At the next ordination he will be a priest." The "Benedicite" having been pronounced by the young deacon, all but Mabel making upon themselves the sign of the cross, the Babe of tongues, which for the grace had been momentarily hushed, broke forth with renewed vigor. Everybody talked, nobody listened—so at least it seemed to Mabel, who felt almost deafened by the noise, to which her English ears were unaccustomed. She noticed, however, that if the old Marquise put up her hand there was instantly a general silence—every eye turned at once with respectful attention towards her as she sat at the top of the long table. While the Marquise was speaking, no one interrupted her, no one contradicted what she had to say. She was evidently, and in real earnest, the head of the family. Towards her was manifested none of that spirit so much abroad at the present time, which makes the younger members of the community despise, or at least set at naught, as old-fashioned, or ridiculously behind-time, the opinion of their elders. On the contrary, every possible attention was shown to her. Her wishes were commands, her tastes always consulted, her ideas treated with deference. The grand old patriarchal spirit lived still in the family of St. Laurent, each child belonging to it having been from its cradle trained in the good old customs and chivalrous maxims that made our ancestors in the Middle Ages what they were—so noble, so brave, so loyal, so true! Dinner being over, the whole family assembled on the lawn, whence they dispersed by degrees in various directions—some going to walk, others to

row on the river which flowed at a little distance from the chateau, several of the elders remaining grouped about the old Marquise, who had been wheeled into her chair by two of her grandsons, to enjoy the beauty of the summer evening. Mabel returned to Chateau St. Anne very much delighted with her first experience of French *vie de famille*. She had stayed with Genevieve till quite late, and was escorted home by the three girls and two of their brothers. The homeward walk was perhaps the most pleasant part of the day, which altogether was one Mabel was not likely to forget. Jessie was pleased to see her when Mabel came in, her face brighter than for a long time it had looked; and when, after saying good night to Mabel, she went to her own room, Jessie again congratulated her upon having brought Mabel to Vrananiches. Mabel, meanwhile, had never felt less inclined to go to bed. Long and fatiguing as the day had been, she intended to sit up in order to write a long account of it to Hugh; but this proved a more difficult task than she had anticipated. Her heart was strangely full of conflicting emotions. The after-effects of the day having by no means dispelled the first morning influences, she felt, so soon as she was quiet and alone, that something strange had befallen her. She longed to talk of it to Hugh, but a secret misgiving in her soul told her that from him, upon such a subject, she could not hope to find sympathy. Again and again she took up her pen, to make a beginning, but after the first few lines she came to a pause, her mind drawn away from her letter by an irresistible spell, which attracted her back to the solemn time she had passed that morning in the convent chapel. She wanted to explain her feelings to Hugh, realizing as she did, in her innate truthfulness, that from him she should never need to disguise any one of her thoughts—but then how would he understand her? How could she expect him to enter into her strange, sweet feelings of that morning? To tell him that God was actually present in the church was impossible, he would be simply horrified; and were she to strive to put into words her own ideas on the conviction she had experienced while kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, Hugh would, she well knew, be very much vexed, and probably in his next letter, would forbid her ever to set foot again in a Roman chapel. Here Mabel laid her pen down. She was getting into a labyrinth of difficulties. "It made me so wonderfully happy to believe that Jesus was really there; besides I cannot help believing it—at least, I could not when I was in the chapel," she thought. "But then, if this is really true, what right has Hugh, or anyone else, to forbid my going into the churches?" "Of course Hugh was right," answered another inward voice (a very weak, doubtful voice it was, though). "He does not believe in the Real Presence, and the Roman Church is full of corruption." Happy thought, those corruptions of the Roman Church! Mabel's alarmed conscience took courage once more, as she enumerated to herself the doctrines that were "not Catholic, but Popish," as the weak, uncertain voice again whispered. "For instance, that dreadful one about the Immaculate Conception, of which Hugh once said that it was of all others the most blasphemous." But here Mabel's first train of thought returned to her. "Why can't we have the Real Presence in our churches? Why does our Lord remain in this corrupt Roman Church, and leave our own dear Church without His Presence?" mused Mabel, full of the remembrance of the entrancing sweetness that Holy Presence had imparted to her. "The Real Presence is no doctrine of the English Church. Put it aside, it will mislead you," whispered the spirit that would have spoken for Hugh. "False!" said Mabel, passionately, in her excitement speaking out aloud—"it is the faith of the Catholic Church—we do hold it—our Church is Catholic. Oh! Hugh, Hugh, why are you not here? If you were here I would make you confess to the truth of it. It is possible to have God in our churches. He is there. He must be." "Who told you so?" asked the warning echo. "Who told me?—who told me?" she repeated slowly, trying to remember some unimpeachable authority. "Alas! only Mr. Vaughan, and he is gone over to the corrupt Church of Rome." At length Mabel had recourse to the Book of Common Prayer, and she searched through the Catechism, the Communion Service, then read through the Thirty-nine Articles, with a sickening despair, knowing that there she would find no consolation. Not a sentence, not a word that could be twisted into the most distant allusion to the doctrine of the Real Presence. She possessed some books of devotion, indeed, that would admit of the belief; but all at once it occurred to Mabel that these books by no means embodied the feelings of her own communion. She took up a little manual—Mr. Vaughan's gift to her in ancient days. It was full of prayers by St. Bernard, St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Cyprian, and others, and clearly to her memory came the recollection of an evening at Elvanlee, when, as they walked back after service, Hugh had taken the book from her, had glanced over it, and returned it to her with the remark:

"Mabel, these books are Roman Catholic prayer-books. With good many of the prayers I have no fault to find, but remember, you must pin your faith to nothing you find in them. Do you know that they are written by Catholic saints, or rather supposed to be so? At all events, don't delude yourself into the idea that all you discover in them is according to the faith of the English Church." At the time Hugh's words had made little impression upon her; now they came back, coupled with Genevieve's solemn warnings of the Idealistic Church, to which she (Mabel) so fondly clung. Was it going to crumble away, too, beneath her feet, as it had done under Genevieve's? Was this very faith in the Real Presence a delusion? Could she ever dare, in the greater number of English churches, to pay the adoration to the Blessed Sacrament which she had that day witnessed in the first Catholic church she had ever entered, and which her heart told her was not of choice merely, but of necessity, wherever that Sacred Presence was dwelling? Alas! no, it would not do. Let others deceive themselves as they would—wisely, if it is to be feared, too. Mabel's heart and reason alike bore unwilling evidence to the truth which she was beginning to accept. The Real Presence was no doctrine of the Anglican Church. Hugh was right she had been under a delusion. Thoroughly wearied, Mabel went to bed, but it was very long before she could sleep. A thousand fear were haunting her imagination; a nameless dread, for which she could not account, weighed upon her spirits. She tried to soothe her mind by repeating some of her favorite hymns out of "The Christian Year," determining that for the future she would guard herself against all these strange new influences. "They cannot be good, they cannot be true," she murmured again and again. "Hugh is good—quite as good as Mr. Vaughan; he does not believe in them. Why must I? I won't! I won't!" argued Mabel. "There is nothing for me but to be sober, down-right Anglican. I must take care what I am about, or I shall be deluded, as Veve has been. Poor Veve, how I pity her!" No, you do not, Mabel, whispers the strong inner voice once more—"you envy her with your whole heart, you would give all you have on earth to be possessed of her steady, peaceful faith, her entire rest in the 'Unam Sanctam Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam.'" TO BE CONTINUED.

ROME IN AMERICA. An Anglican Writer Says the Church Will be a Source of Safety to the Republic. There is a common idea, no less absurd than it is widespread, that the spirit of Roman Catholicism is hostile to all progress; that it is a monarchic and reactionary spirit, utterly opposed to freedom of thought or opinion in matters of religion, education, or politics. It is this idea which animates the enemies of the Church of Rome the world over, and which is strikingly prevalent among non-Roman Catholic thinkers in the United States of America. There, many worthy, but somewhat short-sighted and prejudiced individuals, see in the establishment and increase of Roman Catholicism in their midst, nothing but the ultimate destruction of the unity of their Republic, the hindrance to all progress, the death-blow to all freedom. Some regard the Church of Rome as a hopeless anachronism, a feeble survival of mediævalism; others, as a source of constant menace and danger. And yet, if that Church but carries out her highest aims, acts up to her loftiest ideals, she will, in the end, be a source of safety, and not of peril, to the great Republic, in whose midst she has taken so firm a root. This is a bold assertion; but it is not made without good grounds, and without a well-founded belief in its sincerity and truth. I may here state that, although myself a staunch adherent of the Anglican Church, I went recently to the United States, taking with me letters of introduction from Cardinal Manning to the chief American prelates in order that I might make a careful study of this question on the spot. I trust, therefore, that I am fairly well qualified to express a duly thoughtful opinion on the subject. In the first place, then, it must be remembered that the spirit of Rome is to be ever the Church of the Nation in which she lives. Without conceding one jot or tittle of those principles and dogmas which she holds dearest, which are the very foundations of her well-being, and upon which, as upon a rock, she so firmly established that she cannot be shaken, yet, in matters of policy, as in affairs of State, it is surprising to note how frequently she moves forward on clear, broad, well-defined lines—lines laid down for her by those whose experience is the experience of ages. In whatever country, therefore, she seeks to establish herself, she recognizes, in matters of civil government, that the form which has been adopted there is the legitimate one. Nowhere is this more clearly seen to be true than in the United States. Here, the Roman Catholic Church is on her trial as she has never been since that moment when she first roared her temples amid the palaces and glories of Imperial Rome. Here for the first time in the history of the world, and with a sharpness of contrast hitherto unseen, the old and the new are confronted with one another. Here, face to face, they stand—the Grand Old Church, the Glorious Youthful Republic; and meanwhile the world looks breathlessly on. For a crisis is at hand. This is a tide in the affairs of Rome, which, if she take it at the flood, will lead her on to such fortune as even she has never before experienced. I make three suggestions concerning the work, both present and future, of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, and the position she can make for herself in the great Republic. In the first place, she must exist in the people, for the people, by the people. She must set herself, if she is to do any good at all, or if she is to obtain any firm or lasting establishment whatever, to the bettering of humanity. In the persons of her priests and Bishops American Rome must show to the world that, what Mr. Stead has well termed a humanized Papacy, is not only possible, but an absolute warm, living, pulsating, energizing fact. Secondly, and this follows the first as the night the day, she must show herself self not only abreast of the times, but in advance of the times. And if she keep herself abreast of the times as they are in the United States, then she is abreast of the world. And, thirdly, she will probably—may, almost certainly—prove herself a political factor of the highest importance in the preservation—or, indeed, in the very building up—of the unity of the mighty Republic. That the Roman Catholic Church in the Republic is acting upon the first two of these suggestions, there is no difficulty in proving. And if these suggestions are persistently carried out, it goes without saying that the

Roman Catholic Church will speedily become an important, if not the most important, political factor in the Republic. That Church in the Republic will be not the Church of Mediævalism, or of the Imperial City, or even of the Vatican of to-day. Rome in the Republic will be American Rome; it will be Puritan Rome; it will be emancipated Rome. It will not be Rome, as we have hitherto known it, hampered and fettered by canons and rules centuries old, and altogether and hopelessly incompatible, and out of touch with the spirit of to-day. It will be Rome Americanized—in other words, frankly Democratic. And American Rome will find it her duty, and even now finds it her duty, to modify or abolish those canons and laws which are absurd and ridiculous in the vast, new republic. I believe the day will come when, if Rome will but act up to her loftiest ideals, and in accordance with her noblest traditions, Republican Rome, Puritan Rome, will dominate not the United States alone, but the whole English-speaking world.—Condensed in the Literary Digest from an article by Raymond Blathway in Pall Mall Magazine, London.

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The Episcopal Church which closed some days York gave evidence of a change of opinion among The Catholic Church attention and comment otherwise. One of the cussed was, "The duty of the Anglican comm Roman Catholic countries. The Rev. Hall Harr land, "I thought it would the Episcopal Church Roman Catholic diocese as the Roman Catholic not heretical, but only and a good Roman Catholic lion times better than a Dr. Dumbell, of Staten granted "that the C is allowed to be a true Catholic Church; her sac sacraments; her priest We cannot take fo intended compliment; Church is in no sense She is the divinely pla totality of roof, trunk Those branches that ha by excommunication or bl wind of false doctrine dead, and are only call a figure of speech, ju sometimes called a dea is not a man at all. What he says of the priests is of course old a truth to be called tines: "Any priest of Rom jure his peculiar erro recognized as a priest The Catholic cannot pliment; for even if a ministris were to abjur errors he would not be priest by the Catholic by the Greek or the Ru The Episcopal minister kind, gentlemanly, sc they are not priests recognized as such b selves. Their belief priest constitutes one priors errors." We do retort, but as a mer The doctor struck a w when he said: "The Church of a whole truth of God." But he mars it som says: "She indeed has lai out of that truth; but is there." Now the Church cla ity is at worst as good question of error as I best, for he claims to disclaim teaching er claimer cancels the d The doctor adds: "We are infinitely than we can by any nature of things to be body." Even if we were to is little consolation in who misses the train o no better off than he is an hour. The upshot are both left. The do "The Catholic Church great divisions—Rom Oriental. Reunion e earnestly to be desire have made prayer fo standing petitions of These three division tute one Church, fo they differ in doctrin and this difference oneness. These di chemists would call which mutually de when attempt is ma We heartily join Dr prayers and aspirati unity, but the only v for those wandering individually to the Roman Catholic Ch Christ upon Peter. Church can never ge ister of its modern tor says, further: "Nothing should b out the plain princ the Reformation, separation was inten self and the rest of dom. Rome has err Protestantism by def is far more serious neath the errors sl laid on, has yet the whereas, the innu Protestantism have another that, lea Christ's religion, so one Protestant bod that has destroyed one vital point at lea where shall it be the word intrusion a true ecclesiastical that might be mad Protestant brethren. It is not so much to be done as what that we have to c nothing more histor that Henry VIII. s Christendom to tish people up to t and to which the When the English a civil Magistrate of the Church they on the Christend You may attempt to tion, but the fact there was a separa Episcopal Church the defect. Angl Protestant as Metho so logical. Angli weary of their Pro and would throw th Catholicity which This desire on the

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THE EPISCOPAL CONGRESS.

The Episcopal Church Congress which closed some days ago in New York gave evidence of a wide divergence of opinion among its members.

The Rev. Hall Harrison, of Maryland, thought it would be wrong for the Episcopal Church to intrude into Roman Catholic dioceses, especially as the Roman Catholic Church was not heretical, but only schismatical, and a good Roman Catholic was a million times better than a bad Protestant.

We cannot take for granted this intended compliment; for the Catholic Church is in no sense a "branch." She is the divinely planted tree in its totality of root, trunk and branches.

The Catholic cannot return this compliment; for even if an Episcopalian minister were to abjure all his peculiar errors he would not be recognized as a priest by the Catholic Church, or even by the Greek or the Russian Churches.

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sign, however. They are anxious, uncertain and restless, and the first step to a cure is to know that one is not well. All their talk about Rome erring by excess is in the nature of a hypnotic device to soothe a disturbed conscience.

It is astonishing what an amount of truth and error Dr. Dumbell manages to mix up together. For instance, here are a few truths worth remembering. He says:

"It is idle to invite the Romanist into the Episcopal Church, for, as a rule, the former can learn nothing from the latter."

Again: "The average Romanist knows as much of the faith of Christians as any of our own people. I never knew any proselytes from the Roman Church who had not neglected their duty in their own Church."

It is needless to say that Dr. Dumbell was caustically criticised by some of the brethren.—Philadelphia Catholic Times.

THE BELLS WERE TOLLED

At the Catholic Cathedral for Ireland's Protestant Lord Primate.

The extract given below is taken from the Derry Journal, of Ireland, and is a comment on the feeling manifested by Catholics on the recent death of Dr. Knox, the Protestant Lord Primate of Ireland.

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FREEDOM OF THOUGHT IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Very Rev. J. Hogan, S. S. in Donahue's Magazine for December.

Forty years ago it was a prevalent notion among Protestants that Catholics had no independent right to think for themselves on almost any subject; that whatever liberty they enjoyed was merely on tolerance, and that their Church might step in at any time, and, on the plea of religion, prescribe to them at her discretion, in every sphere of thought, what to believe and what to discard.

Gradually these rhetorical flourishes have ceased to sound in our ears. Even Protestants have come to see things in a different light. Especially within the last generation they have read history to more advantage, and learned to discriminate between reckless assertion and solid fact.

They have looked around them too, and listened, and the plain fact has steadily forced itself upon them, that in the various paths of human thought and conduct, Catholics seem, after all, to be very little hampered by the authority of the Church, and to act pretty much on the same principles as the rest of the world at large.

In a word the prejudice is fast disappearing. Yet it lingers still in narrow minds and in remote places—sometimes even in our cities, among those who seldom come in contact with Catholics. It is still occasionally heard in the excited utterances of some "minister of the Gospel," or it meets the eye in the columns of the so called religious newspaper or review.

Something of it lingers even in the most enlightened minds outside the Church, and what concerns us more, some of their Catholic hearers or readers are now and then disturbed by their statements, and actually led to fear that, somehow, they can be loyal to the Church only at the cost of a considerable narrowing of their mental liberty.

For the benefit of such, and as a subject of which all enlightened Catholics should possess an accurate conception, it may not be amiss to recall in a few words the true condition of things.

I. It is not in her own name, as all know, that the Catholic Church claims to guide in any measure the thoughts of men. It is as the bearer and authorized interpreter of a divine message. Religion and religion only is her sphere.

Outside and beyond it she assumes no authority. Yet outside and beyond it lies almost all that man can know. For religion, although the highest and most necessary form of human knowledge, is only a very narrow portion of the area to which the mind of man extends. In reality, the range of the human intellect is almost boundless.

Through the senses it reaches the ends of the earth, and explores the depths of the heavens, embraces the phenomena of the whole visible world, and builds up in its various forms that ever-growing science of nature, of which the present age is so justly proud. By its improved methods of historical research, it sees into the most remote past of the human race, brings back to life peoples and civilizations long since disappeared, and dwells, as it were, among them.

It contemplates this earth of ours millions of years before man appeared on its surface, and foretells, with assurance, changes which will be witnessed only after countless ages. It ascends into the higher world of thought; wanders with delight through the paths traced by the greatest thinkers of all ages; or it ventures into unexplored regions, to bring back from them new and beautiful principles and truths.

Above all, it concentrates its powers upon that intermediate and inexhaustible world, man himself, body and soul—his manifold life, physical, intellectual, moral, political, economic and social, each one the object of distinct and elaborate sciences.

Such, in brief, is the range of the human mind; fields of knowledge opening up in every direction, each so vast that no single intelligence can take complete possession of the least of them. Yet to the Catholic they are all open and free, as they are to the rest of mankind. The Church claims no special authority, in their regard.

Like God Himself, and because He has chosen to do so, she leaves all human science to secular investigation, and to the varying and conflicting views of men; "Traditum mundum disputationi eorum." (Ecl. III, 11.) There is no such thing as a Catholic physiology or astronomy, nor even, in a true, technical sense, any such thing as a Catholic philosophy or a Catholic history.

In all matters, in a word, of purely human knowledge, the Catholic thinks and speaks, like his fellow-man, with a full and unlimited sense of freedom.

II. Yet even such unfettered and seemingly boundless liberty has its natural and necessary limitations. When we speak of freedom of thought, we mean exemption from any interference from without; but thought, like action, has a higher law to which it owes absolute submission. The sovereign law of thought is truth. No man has a right to be wrong. He may have a right

not to be dictated to by this or by that one; but he is bound intellectually to truth, as he is bound morally to goodness. He is, in a true sense, answerable for his convictions as well as for his actions. He is bound to regulate both by the rules of wisdom. Indeed, evident truth, common sense, or universal experience are limitations of thought which no sane man thinks of setting aside. Were he to attempt it, he would be soon brought to order by his fellow-men; and if they failed, they would simply cease to hold intellectual intercourse with him.

In a much wider degree, though in a less peremptory manner, freedom of thought is hemmed in by the unceasing pressure of intellectual and moral agents, such as public opinion, established manners and customs, popular prejudices, and the like. The great majority of men obey all these as they submit to the order of nature, never questioning their author nor doubting their wisdom. They believe themselves free, because they yield without effort; in truth they are only unconscious slaves. Only those of stronger build feel the yoke and attempt to cast it off, and even they succeed but in a limited measure, and at the cost of much effort and trial.

Such were pre-eminently the great political and social reformers; such, the great discoverers and the original thinkers of all ages—Columbus, Galileo, Newton, Spinoza, Descartes, and so many besides. Such, in another and a higher sphere, were the early Christians, who, through the thick mist of Jewish prejudice or of Pagan error, recognized and followed the divine light of the Gospel. Such in our day those generous converts, born outside the Church, and trained to distrust or despise her, yet discerning the divine truth in its Catholic fullness, despite the almost irresistible pressure of ancestral tradition and social prestige; or, again, those noble souls who, rising in our midst, superior to the worldliness of their surrounding, and in opposition to the wisdom of those who have guided them in all else, enter, as it were, alone and unsupported on the narrow and rugged path of the higher Christian life.

In all these, there is the noblest and happiest exercise of freedom of thought. But they are exceptions, and meant by Providence to be exceptions. The truth is, that for the vast majority of men, independence of thought can never be much more than a name. They are too devoid of knowledge and of original power to be capable of emancipating themselves from the bondage of prevailing judgments and beliefs, and, as a rule, too conscious of their weakness to attempt it. Their liberty of thought is confined to the common objects of life.

Indeed, when we come to consider things more closely, we find that it is very limited even in the most cultured. To many departments of human knowledge, those who know most are entire strangers, and of what remains outside their own speciality, they can possess but the barest elements. They might, if they chose, go beyond in any special direction, but so long as, for lack of time or of taste, they have failed to do so, they are entirely dependent for what they think on the authority of others, and the only freedom of judgment they can practice, lies in the choice of the guides they decide to follow.

III. Now this is exactly what happens in the matter of religious belief, with which principally we are concerned here. Religion, that is, the knowledge of man's true relations with God, his duty and his ultimate end, is what all men need equally to possess, yet what, left to themselves, they have invariably missed—the brightest and the most gifted, as well as the dullest and the most debased. God, we know, vouchsafed to supply to all that necessary form of knowledge by a special revelation. Revelation when it came, was like a light, struck in a dark and intricate passage, where men went groping their way, and were constantly losing themselves. For all those to whom that light unmistakably shines, there is an end of seeking and of guessing. Once they behold it, they know what to think, and cease to inquire any further, unless to ascertain the full meaning of the divine message which has reached them.

So far the condition of all believing Christians is exactly the same. Where God speaks there is an end of all independence of thought for Protestant and Catholic alike, with this difference nevertheless, as history shows, that the burden of authority presses much more gently on one than on the other. For as long as Protestantism held together in any tangible shape of doctrine, it placed the minds of its followers at the mercy of fallible teachers, varying creeds, irrational dogmas, or of their own ill-regulated fancies, whereas the Catholic rule, even irrespective of its divine origin, was made acceptable by the very fact of its imposing only what had been held by the civilized world for ages.

IV. But, it will be asked, if all this is true; if the Catholic Church confines herself to the teaching of religion; if she simply echoes the divine message, and at most explains its true meaning to her children, how comes it to pass, that we find her concerned with all sorts of human knowledge, interfering constantly with historians, scientists, philosophers, economists, statesmen, attempting to dictate to them, and loud in her denunciations when they decline to listen to her?

This indeed is a difficulty to many, but a few remarks will suffice to dispose of it.

Religion, of its nature, particularly revealed religion, touches on many things outside itself; it deals with many subjects accessible to the mind of man, and upon which it has been busy before and after God had spoken. Revelation, for instance, is a historical event; it mingles itself with a series of events extending over many ages; it becomes thus a part of human history. Again it contains a doctrine of God, of the soul; it tells of the origin of things, thus touching on philosophy at various vital points. It is, above all, a law of life, following human action in every phase and at every stage of existence, individual and collective. Religion proclaims the fundamental laws of human society. It has always had something—a good deal in fact—to say about marriage, education, property; about the duties of those in power, and the mutual dealings of men; in a word, about everything in which the practice of justice or of charity is involved. It is the mission of the Catholic Church, as God's messenger, not only to proclaim, but to defend, and so far as depends upon her, to enforce the fundamental laws and truths upon which things divine and human ultimately rest. There are facts and principles which she cannot permit her children to deny, because they are of the essence of religion, natural or Christian. If they claim to be Catholics, or even Christians, they cannot be materialists in philosophy, nor fatalists, nor sceptics. In presence of revealed truth, they have to relinquish certain speculations, in which, if left to themselves, they might have indulged about the origin, the history, and the ultimate end of the human race. They may not believe in the lawfulness of goddess education or of crooked politics, or of transactions either unfair or heartless with their fellow-men. In such things the Church allows no freedom of thought, because divine truth permits none. Who, if he be a Christian, can complain of this? Who will not rejoice that, in matters of such importance, the steady, clear light from above supersedes the faint and fitful gleams of natural reason? In general speculations and theories may interest and amuse the seeker after truth; but (if he seek it sincerely) how promptly and gladly he drops them all, when positive, certain knowledge stands revealed before him! Such is the condition of mind of a Catholic in presence of the teachings of his Church. He rejoices to find in them the sanction of his anticipations or the correction of his mistakes. Instead of narrowing his mind, they give him a broader base of solid truth to build upon. They make him stronger and bolder in thought, and, to use the comparison of St. Augustine, like the wings of the bird, far from weighing him down, they permit him to soar aloft, and reach the skies. Under the watchful eye of his divinely appointed guardian, he is only tempted to more daring flights, and thus it has come to pass that some of the noblest efforts and boldest speculations of human thought are due to the most dutiful and docile sons of the Catholic Church.

Such, then, is the liberty, and such the limitations of thought among Catholics. To think for one's self; to see things with one's own eyes, and to judge of them as they appear to one's own judgment, is the privilege, in some measure, of all rational beings. It shows itself as an instinct with the earliest manifestations of thought; it grows with the increasing strength of the mind; it assumes in some of its acts the solemn character of a duty. Faith is an act of this kind. It is an act of independent judgment, by which a man does, of himself, what no earthly power can compel him to do, believe in God's word, and trust himself to the guidance of the Church. A Catholic who does this, uses his judgment as fully, and acts as freely as the client who chooses his lawyer, or the patient who puts himself in the hands of his physician. But the choice once deliberately made, the wise man abides by it, and only a fool claims to control in detail the decisions of physician or lawyer in matters of which he knows next to nothing. The Catholic believes absolutely in the solemn decisions of the Church; he relies on the wisdom of her guidance; he follows it even when not strictly binding, because he knows that it is his best chance to be right.

In return the Church is usually slow—very slow—to repress or to narrow the intellectual liberty of her children. So long as they are respectful toward her authority, and ready to abide by its rulings, she is in no haste to censure, even what she knows to be untrue, and preferring to see things yield to friendly influences, or right themselves, rather than inflict the humiliation of rebuke on those she loves. The general good may compel her sometimes to more prompt action, because

error is often contagious; but it will be remarked that long after theologians have censured, the Church remains silent, and that, in her dealings with her children, and with the world at large, there is a combination of patience and gentleness with authority and energy which is more than human, and lifts the mind of the true believer to the divine source from which she originally holds her power and ever learns how best to use it.

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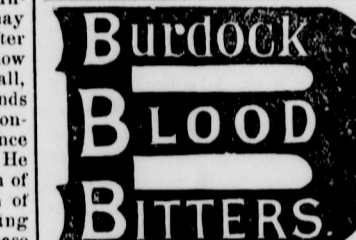


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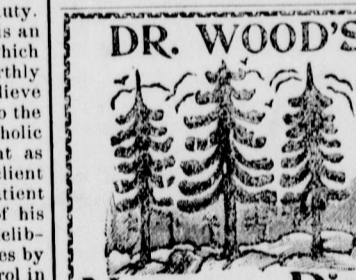
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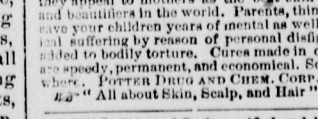
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London, Saturday, Dec. 16, 1898.

PATRONS OF INDUSTRY AND THE P. P. A.

The two elections which have recently taken place for the Ontario Legislature have shown to demonstration—that indeed we were already aware of—that there are new forces at work in the politics of the Dominion, and especially of Ontario; and what the ultimate result will be on the politics of Canada is so hard to prognosticate that we shall not attempt the task.

The regular Reform candidates in East Lambton and North Bruce were defeated by large majorities, and in both instances through the new influences which have been put into operation. In East Lambton the victory has been gained by an avowed P. P. A. candidate. In North Bruce the victor is the candidate, ostensibly at least, of the Patrons of Industry, and the victory was gained in the name of that association. It appears, however, that even in this instance, the candidate announced himself to be favorable to the P. P. A. policy, at least so far as Mr. D'Alton McCarthy has proclaimed himself the champion thereof.

We must at once admit that we regret to see candidates favorable to the dark and underhand methods of the P. P. A. elected to either Parliament or the Local Legislature, for this being the case, it indicates how widespread is fanaticism among our Protestant fellow-citizens. We regret that this fanaticism should exist at all; yet we did not need the lesson taught by these two constituencies to convince us of its existence.

On the other hand, we still entertain the belief that the bigots of Ontario are not quite so numerous as might be supposed if we had no other data than the results of these two elections on which to form a judgment.

The elections took place under peculiar circumstances in both instances. In East Lambton, Mr. McCallum, who had hitherto been a Reformer, attended the Reform Convention for the nomination of a party candidate. He had hoped that he would himself be the candidate; but he was grievously disappointed at the nomination of Mr. McKinnon, and we are informed that he and his friends left the convention breathing vengeance for the supposed slight put upon him. It was then that he put himself into the hands of the ultra-bigots and became their candidate—though he denied the very existence of the association which patronized him. The secret of this denial seems to lie in the fact that the association has become somewhat ashamed of its old name, as intimating its proscriptive character, and has adopted as its patronymic the new title, "The C. P. A.," or the "Canadian Protective Association."

We must say that the result in no way discourages us from carrying on our warfare against the Dark-Lantern Association, whose object is to ostracize Catholics. The Imperial Parliament had for years its Whalley and its Newdegate, whose policy was similar to that of the A. P. A.; and these men, year after year, brought up their motions in the British House of Commons to proscribe Catholics, but they were laughed at for their pains. The P. P. A.ists will also be laughed at: certainly so in the Dominion House of Commons, and, we believe, in the Local Legislature as well.

We must expect that as long as this party of ostracism will keep up its crusade in Ontario, it will elect a certain number of adherents, for the history of past years shows that it is not difficult to create a party of fanaticism in this Province of boasted enlightenment. This cannot be effected, however, in the other Provinces, and even in Ontario there is enough of good sense to prevent such a party from ever becoming a real power in the land, permanently, though it may raise a temporary storm. The Montreal Witness, which is never favorable to Catholics, and which but once in a while has a spasmodic fairness, says

of the association, with special reference to the East Lambton election:

"In Lambton the victory was nominally won by the Protestant Protective Association, though their candidate virtually disavowed the extreme views of his supporters. This association is a secret one, and therefore stands self-condemned. Its chief plank seems to be the exclusion of all Roman Catholics from office, which would amount to a sort of renaissance of a perverted medievalism; a civil disabling of the people because of their religion; a return to the dark ages.

On the part of the Protestants of to-day this is light turned to darkness, and if 'your light be darkness, how great is that darkness?' We are inclined to think that few members of the association will avow such a political belief; that few will refrain from disavowing and repudiating it within a very short time. It is probable that the Protestant Protective Association intend rather to protect against the 'corporate' welding of the Roman Catholic vote in politics for the benefit of that Church. There can be no doubt that it is so used, and that it is thrown in favor of the party which the Church expects and obtains most from. The organization of a Protestant party will only tend to solidify and preserve this 'corporate' method and to throw one or other party more than ever into the arms of the Roman Catholics by making them more dependent on it."

It will be seen from the above that the Witness is one of those journals which are always harping on the string that the Catholic hierarchy and clergy are continually engaged in an effort to control the Government to grant undue favors to the Church and to distribute among Catholics more than their due share of Government patronage. The insinuation or assertion is without foundation. The Catholic Church has no special privileges in any part of Canada, with the single exception of Quebec, where from time immemorial the Catholic people of the Province retain by treaty and imperial statute the status which existed there before the conquest. But this status in no way interferes with the complete liberty and equality of Protestants; and even it has been frequently demonstrated that Protestants have in that Province, through the liberality of the Catholic majority, more than their share of public patronage. In the other Provinces, Catholics, through the bigotry of Protestant majorities, enjoy much less than their share. Yet there has been scarcely even a complaint on this score from either the Catholic clergy or laity.

On the other hand the country has been agitated from end to end by such fanatics as the Rev. Drs. Carman, McVicar, Hunter, Douglass and innumerable others, and by such secret societies as are based upon no Popery principles, to prevent, if possible, Catholics from holding any position, governmental or municipal, from the premiership to that of a policeman. Here, then, is the "corporate welding of votes" which ought to be condemned by an honest press.

The Witness endeavors to spare the feelings of the P. P. A. by the hypothesis that its members are disposed to turn from their evil ways as soon as they are made to understand the iniquity of their conduct. We believe, too, that the organization will be broken up, not, however, owing to the fact that the members are generally actuated by honesty of purpose, but because their efforts must fail, if for no other reason than from the intensity of their bigotry. They will find that the rights of over two-fifths of the population of the Dominion are not to be trampled upon.

It will be noticed that we do not account for the existence of Separate schools in Ontario as any special favor at all. They merely afford to Catholics the opportunity to educate their children after the manner they believe to be essential to their children's welfare, and they pay from their own pockets all the expense of so doing. This liberty they are entitled to by all the laws of justice, and it is a liberty which Protestants enjoy, inasmuch as the latter have framed the Public school laws to suit their own convenience, and they can modify them to suit themselves again if ever they come to change their views on the matter of education.

The General Synod of the Church of England has, it is true, put on record its desire to have its religion taught in the schools, yet it has not the privilege of establishing Separate Church of England schools. But the reason for this is, that Church has never seriously demanded them. If Anglicans had ever asked them with one-tenth of the earnestness of Catholics, they would have had them without the slightest difficulty, as is evidenced by the fact that there is even now on our statute books a Separate School Law authorizing the establishment of Protestant schools wherever the teacher of

the Public schools is a Catholic. This was all the Protestants ever asked for, and they obtained it without any trouble.

The P. P. A. is simply repeating the old fable of "The Wolf and the Lamb," with this difference, that while it has all the ferocity of the former animal, the lamb of actuality is not so easy a morsel to be masticated as was the imaginary one of which Esop tells us.

The Monde very pointedly says: "The Protestant Protective Association is a wicked and selfish society, whose principal aim is to prevent Catholics from receiving public power and offices, and which has succeeded too well already. Certainly if a Catholic association, organized on the lines of the P. P. A., had secured a triumph in any county of this Province, such as obtained in Ontario on Saturday, the Mail would at once propose that Quebec should be reconquered."

We must, however, give credit to the large number of Protestant clergymen, and to the Protestant press and laity who have entered their vehement protest against the existence of the P. P. A. and its iniquitous designs; and on this point the Montreal Witness, horrified at their enormity, has shown a fairness which we scarcely expected from it.

We have even the assurance of the Globe that we may expect that Mr. McCallum himself will probably not be the fanatic which his present associations would indicate. About this we have no authentic information, but we do not consider it very undestrate after all that the bigotry of certain localities should find vent in the election of a certain number of Newdegates and Whalleys. It gives us an opportunity to know apart our friends and declared enemies, while from the insignificance of the number of the latter in the whole Dominion but a small amount of real injury can be inflicted.

In North Bruce the victory is understood not to have been a P. P. A. victory at all, it being due to the Patrons' association. Yet in both cases we have been given to understand by the results that the tolerance of the Protestant majority is not so great that they will support toleration when there is some other principle at stake to which they are attached, though the latter be of much less importance than the former, and we might justly expect that they would love civil and religious liberty equally with any other principle which could be at stake in the contest. These results show that in the battle for liberty, Catholics will have to depend in a great measure on their own firmness and determination.

FATHER SCHLEYER AND HIS GREAT INVENTION.

It was reported in nearly all the prominent papers of America, in the early part of this year, that Father John Martin Schleyer, the inventor of the new international language known as Volapük, had died at Constance.

We are pleased to be able to state that this energetic, learned and good priest is still living, as we have seen in several European papers accounts of his recent doings. He is still at Constance, where he is pastor of a not very extensive parish, and he conducts a monthly paper devoted to his interesting invention, which he is endeavoring to perfect and propagate. This paper is called Volapükabed Lezenodik, which means "The Central Volapük Journal."

Father Schleyer is now sixty-one years of age, and still vigorous. On the subject of his "World's Language," which is the meaning of the word Volapük, he is very enthusiastic. He knows, or has studied about fifty languages, in many of which he is fluent; and the idea of a language easily acquired, which, therefore, might become a means of communication between learned men, and those engaged in commerce in all nations of the world, attracted his attention for many years, and he devoted his spare time to the perfection of a plan to solve the important problem which thus presented itself to him.

It was in the year 1879—fourteen years ago—he published the result of his study, in the form of a new language with a complete vocabulary and a few rules for the formation of derivative words, which made it manifest that the new language is not only comparatively easy of acquisition, but also rich in expression.

The question of the discovery of an international or world's language has frequently attracted the attention of learned men, and several attempts have been made to construct one; but until Father Schleyer's Volapük was published none of them ever succeeded in attracting much attention. They were too complicated for use, and very imperfect in many respects.

Father Schleyer's invention, however, has been found to be practicable. It appears to possess in a great degree the qualities desired for a universal language, and many learned men, at first in Germany and Switzerland, and later in France, devoted much attention to it and gave it their unqualified approval.

It has been thought and said, chiefly by those who have not devoted much attention to the subject, that some national language must be adopted as a World's language, if the dream of such a language is ever to be realized. The wonderful progress which English has made during the present century, in extending itself over so great a portion of the world's surface, has given to many the notion that English is the World's language of the future; but as in the fable of the Lion and the Man, it is only among those whose vernacular is English that this notion prevails. The natural jealousies existing between different nationalities would of itself be a sufficient obstacle to the attainment of such a result. But there are other difficulties in the way which it would seem are insuperable, against such an event taking place.

In the first place, the discrepancy between English spelling and pronunciation makes it one of the most difficult languages in the world to be acquired by a foreigner. French follows closely upon English as a difficult language, in this respect, but it is the general opinion of the learned that English has the unenviable lead.

2. The syntax of English is certainly the simplest among all the widespread languages; but even here there are irregularities so numerous as to make them a serious obstacle against its becoming the universal language.

3. The etymological difficulties of English are also very great, though in this respect there are other tongues which surpass it in irregularities.

4. The English accentuation depends upon so many different principles as to make another serious difficulty to its being fairly well spoken till after years of study.

In all these respects Volapük avoids the irregularities, not only of English but of all other languages. Its letters, counting as distinct characters three modified vowels, are twenty-six in number, as in English, but these letters always retain the same sound. Hence the Volapükist can always spell any word which he can pronounce, and pronounce any word he can spell. Those especially who know Pitmanic shorthand will understand at once the great benefits arising out of this fact.

The syntax of Volapük does not differ very much from that of English; but it does not admit of irregularities. There are in some cases various ways of collocating the words into sentences, but as there are inflections which point out infallibly the connection, there is no danger of any confusion arising out of this cause. Thus the syntax of Volapük unites the advantages to be found in analytical and inflectional languages, as in English and French, on one hand, and Latin and Greek on the other.

The etymological difficulties we have referred to above, and which exist in all living tongues, are absolutely avoided in Volapük, from the fact that it has inflections, but these forms admit of no exceptions. Accent also depends upon one rule of great simplicity, and from this rule there is no departure.

Undoubtedly there are some defects in Volapük, for it cannot be supposed that the mind of one man could accomplish perfection in the construction of an invented language. But it is said that about three quarters of a million persons throughout the world in all countries have already learned it, and Volapükists are even at the present moment taking steps to perfect it so as to make it even much more easy of acquisition than it is at present.

The vocabulary of Volapük is based upon root words which have been taken from the best known languages, and many of these are common to several tongues. These root words are peculiarly easy for English people to learn, as 40 per cent. of them are derived from English, though sometimes changed in form to make them more pronounceable by people of other nations. Other words are formed either by compounding the root words, or by adding prefixes or suffixes of definite meaning to give modifications of signification.

The root words are generally nouns. The prefixes and affixes produce other nouns, as well as verbs, adjectives, adverbs, interjections, prepositions, etc. This provision for the formation

of prepositions, especially gives surprising copiousness, elasticity and compactness to Volapük, producing a single word for the expression of such phrases as "in favor of," "for the sake of," etc.

So simple are the inflections of Volapük in all the parts of speech that the complete table of them occupies but one page of the grammar; yet they seem to give more than the versatility and variety of any known national language, not even excepting ancient Greek. It has been ascertained that from a single active infinitive, 504,440 word forms may be made by means of them.

We may add to our remarks on this subject that Alexander J. Ellis, the eminent Philologist of London, Eng., was one of the committee appointed to consider the question of holding an international congress for the purpose of establishing a universal language. He reported against the plan proposed, and his reason was:

"There already exists a universal language, Volapük, which has a large number of adherents in all countries of the world, and which is completely elaborated in grammar and vocabulary."

It is not necessary to add more to the expression of a man so eminently fitted to pronounce upon the subject of which he treats.

A DEMAND FOR PARTIAL JUSTICE.

The Afro-Americans of the United States held a convention in Cincinnati last week to consider the general interests of the colored race. The committee on resolutions denounced the cruelty of the lynching and burning of negroes in the South for the most trivial offences, and frequently for no offence at all, but on mere suspicion.

A resolution was brought forward appealing to the press of the country to aid the colored people in gaining recognition, and to see that at least partial justice and humanity be extended to the race.

The report of the committee on criminal assault showed by statistics that of all the men lynched for this crime, more than 20 per cent. were doubtful cases wherein the evidence against the victims was entirely insufficient to condemn them, and in 10 per cent. of the cases they were absolutely innocent of the crimes laid to their charge.

It is not in the nature of Lynch Law to discriminate very nicely between innocence and guilt, and we have from time to time pointed out cases when without the least evidence of guilt the death penalty has been inflicted upon unfortunates who fell under suspicion of the mob, whereas it has afterwards been shown that they were entirely innocent.

In the case of the accused being negroes, the merest suspicion was sufficient to fasten the guilt upon them in the estimation of the mob, and cruelties of the most horrible character were inflicted upon them before they were relieved by death from their tormentors.

It is a sad commentary upon the boasted civilization of America, in all the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, that the Afro-American convention is obliged to make so pathetic an appeal for even partial justice and humanity.

It is necessary, of course, for society to protect itself against criminals, by the infliction of condign punishment upon the guilty; but it is brutalizing in the extreme if private individuals are allowed to take the law into their own hands. There have been examples when even young girls have been induced, and sometimes when they have even claimed the right, to be the first to pull the rope when a suspected criminal was to be executed by a mob. It needs no pen picture to show the demoralizing effect which such things must have, not only on the participants but on all who witness such scenes. In the last case of lynching where the victim was known afterwards to have been innocent of the crimes of which he was accused, both the girl on whom the assault had been committed and her father participated in the lynching. Yet there was at the very time of the commission of the brutal deed good reason to believe that the mob had brought an innocent person to account. The only result of the knowledge of this was that the punishment was mitigated, as the lynchers said. It had been the intention to burn the accused at a slow fire; but in the presence of some evidence of his innocence they were content with hanging him and mutilating his body. Every one present at the execution seemed to entertain a desire to have a share in the horrible work, simply because the sufferer was a negro.

This condition of things manifests a more deplorable state of savagery among the white population of the country than among the negroes, whose supposed criminality is made an excuse for their ill-treatment.

It must be said, however, that the press of the North have condemned these outrages with great unanimity, and it is to be supposed that they will accede to the very reasonable request of the convention by endeavoring to secure to the colored race that justice and humanity for which they ask; and these should be extended not only in part, as they modestly ask, but to the full extent which is supposed to be accorded by impartial law to all citizens without distinction of race, color or creed.

A plan for the general emigration of the black race was spoken of as one of the possible solutions of the problem of the amelioration of their condition. It was estimated that to carry this out successfully a grant of \$2,000,000,000 from the United States Government would be required. The race would, with the assistance of such a grant, be enabled to settle in some commodious locality in Africa or South America. No action was taken on this view of the question, however, as the difference of opinion on the subject were so great that it was found impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion on the subject, and the consideration of any emigration scheme was accordingly postponed.

DUELLING.

Herr von Asch, the War Minister of Bavaria, on the 1st inst., surprised the deputies of the kingdom by declaring that in the present serious circumstances of Europe it is impossible to do away with duelling in civilized countries.

He acknowledged that existing laws forbid duels, but said that only by duels can certain quarrels be settled. If duelling were abolished, men would be obliged in these cases to have recourse to fist-cuffs. Duelling he regarded as preferable to this, and he said that it is practiced by the educated classes in all civilized countries, as well as in the army, and it cannot be suppressed. All this resembles very much the view of civilization current in China, which is that whatever the Chinese do is civilization, but what other nations do is barbarous. So with Herr von Asch: whatever is customary in Germany is the fruit of education, whereas what other nations do is evidence of a want of civilization.

This War Minister seems not to be aware that duelling is abrogated in Great Britain and the United States, or, if aware of it, he is of the opinion that Great Britain and the United States are barbarous countries.

In Bavaria, as throughout Germany, duelling is still the means of settling what are called quarrels or disputes of honor, especially in the army, and they have been openly encouraged by the Emperor. As long as such will be the case, it is probable that duelling will continue throughout the Empire, and the barbarous custom will be upheld by courtiers whose only code of morality is to look at matters just as the Emperor regards them, without considering the requirements of Christian morality. But there is in Bavaria a moré healthy sentiment outside the circle of mere courtiers, and the minister's declarations were received with a storm of indignant protest from the members of the Left, or the Opposition. One member denounced the minister's speech as shocking. There can be no doubt that public opinion will yet abrogate the custom in Bavaria, at least, if not throughout Germany, and it may well be asked whether Bavaria will be civilized when the change will occur. The very existence of laws against the practice proves the trend of public opinion, which must prevail in the end. Of course it is true, as the minister asserts, that law will not suppress a practice like duelling as long as public opinion is pretty evenly divided in regard to the matter, but when once the influence of the court shall cease to be in favor of the custom, public opinion will rapidly become strong enough to abolish it, and as the tendency is even now in that direction, the court itself will have to yield in time to the sentiment of public morality. In the meantime the law will gradually lead the public to a sense of what is right.

This is precisely what occurred in England and the United States. Duelling was considered a means of manifesting one's courage, but no one now thinks of proving his courage in this way; and even in those countries where it still survives it is becoming

more ridiculous every day, and a reason that duels now for end in a fiasco in which spilled, or at the most a slight is inflicted on one of and honor is declared to This is notoriously the case where the practice is still With a people like the French and pushing principles to quences, the practice which bring the ridicule which survive upon themselves by issue of the encounters place from time to time.

Duelling is not a sign but of foolhardiness. It has a legitimate object in is this fact which makes something to be an possessor, but duelling element. It is, therefore, aguous to refuse a challenge, and more courageous sneers and jeers of fool the so-called code of honor accept the useless and native either of an opponent for a fancied insult, or of exposing a murdered by him.

But the true secret is dishonorable and coward against the law of God. countries, also against land, but even if the law mitted it, they should no override God's law.

The excuse offered Asch, that the law can duelling because public favorable to it, would be excuse the barbarous ly so frequently take place. Both practices are rem agery, and are condemn of God and of true civi fact that military men one of them in some cou make it any the more toleration.

THE CLAIM OF ANGLICANISM TO CATHOLICITY.

The recent pastoral letter of the testant Bishops relies on loyalty and gullibility of ers and presupposes time and again been The letter claims to be Catholics to remain st allegiance to the Apo whose doctrines are e Thirty-nine Articles. effrontery passing str easily pardoned, inasm respect and reverence Church from which they off.

How may a Protestant any show of reason ca form of error a section Church?

The Church, before sidered Catholic, must to time and to plac Anglicanism bears the characteristics and you olicity will be allowed.

But that would be Anglicanism has never of all nations: her This have never constitute the majority of manki quently she cannot "Popery," as they term land for nine hund to the Reformation, a time, as her book of H "Christendom was dr inable idolatry." And ask, was Anglicanism time? Where were apostolic origin or Articles? What place this Church that claims Jesus Christ and His she a Christian Church part of Christendom? may, Anglicanism is to time or place. Fiftee separate her from Chri the appellation of Ca as much propriety be monism as to Anglica clusion appears so co is incredible that a ed to see it, and a writ Anglicans cannot bel olic Church and pray in their liturgy w Almighty God.

We cannot help sm toral letters, injuncti to the Thirty-nine A Book of Common I wonder what impress on the minds of th Anglican doctrine. Articles declare the phemous fable and a and repudiate the Blessed Virgin, of the and the doctrine of P things vainly invent

more ridiculous every day, for the reason that duels now for the most part end in a fiasco in which no blood is spilled, or at the most a slight scratch is inflicted on one of the parties, and honor is declared to be satisfied.

Duelling is not a sign of courage, but of foolhardiness. True courage has a legitimate object in view, and it is this fact which makes courage a something to be admired in its possessor, but duelling lacks this element.

But the true secret why a duel is dishonorable and cowardly is that it is against the law of God. It is, in most countries, also against the law of the land, but even if the laws of man permitted it, they should not be allowed to override God's law.

The excuse offered by Herr von Asch, that the law cannot suppress duelling because public opinion is favorable to it, would be just as valid to excuse the barbarous lynchings which so frequently take place in America.

THE CLAIM OF ANGLICANISM TO CATHOLICITY.

The recent pastoral letter of the Protestant Bishops relies greatly on the loyalty and gullibility of their followers and presupposes much that has time and again been proved false. The letter claims to be an appeal to Catholics to remain steadfast in their allegiance to the Apostolic Church, whose doctrines are embodied in the Thirty-nine Articles.

How may a Protestant Bishop, with any show of reason call his particular form of error a section of the Catholic Church?

The Church, before it can be considered Catholic, must be universal as to time and to place. Prove that Anglicanism bears these two essential characteristics and your claim to Catholicity will be allowed.

But that would be a fruitless task. Anglicanism has never been the Church of all nations: her Thirty-nine articles have never constituted the belief of the majority of mankind; and consequently she cannot be Catholic. "Popery," as they term it, was in England for nine hundred years prior to the Reformation, and during that time, as her book of Homilies declares, "Christendom was drowned in abominable idolatry." And where, we may ask, was Anglicanism during that time? Where were her Bishops of apostolic origin or her Thirty-nine Articles? What place did she inhabit, this Church that claims connection with Jesus Christ and His Apostles? Was she a Christian Church and yet in no part of Christendom? Quibble as they may, Anglicanism is not universal as to time or place.

We cannot help smiling at the Pastoral letters, injunctions to cling fast to the Thirty-nine Articles and to the Book of Common Prayer: and we wonder what impression it will make on the minds of the exponents of Anglican doctrine.

The Thirty-nine Articles declare the Mass to be a blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit; and repudiate the worship of the Blessed Virgin, of the saints, of relics and the doctrine of Purgatory as fond things vainly invented. They reject

the principle of an infallible authority and substitute private judgment.

These Articles state implicitly that each soul is judged by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. The consequence is that the most illiterate dock laborer may receive as much heavenly lights and grace for the perfect accomplishment of his life's duties as the prelate profoundly versed in theology.

It is well to remember that after the Lambeth Conference in 1867 the Archbishop of Canterbury sent the Thirty-nine Articles and the Book of Common Prayer to the Patriarch of Constantinople, hoping to obtain a notice of commendation. The Patriarch replied that the statements contained in the Articles savored too much of novelty, and that they threw him into suspense so as to make him doubt what he had to judge of the rule of Anglican Orthodoxy.

The Book of Common Prayer, as our readers know, is oftentimes in direct contradiction to the Thirty-nine Articles. Compiled from Catholic sources, it breathes a spirit of peace and prayer incompatible with the doctrines of Anglicanism. The inextricable contradiction between the Thirty-nine Articles, which are essentially Calvinistic, says Dollinger, and the strongly Catholicized Liturgy, originated in the circumstance of the age of the Reformation. The Articles were to be the dogmatic fetters binding the clergy to Calvinism and were only laid before them for signature.

The spirit of the Book of Common Prayer seems to animate many Anglican ministers, and in not a few instances have we seen them inclined to deny that the Mass is not the blasphemous fable of the Thirty-nine Articles. Indeed, the Anglican Church is as practically devoid of well-defined dogma as the veriest sect of yesterday. It was founded by seeking to insult the Pontiff who refused him permission to commit adultery; it has been protected by the State, to which it is absolutely subject. It was brought into being by an Act of Parliament: its first Bishops (as they are called) did not possess that Apostolic independence and fearlessness of the confessors of Jesus Christ.

Hirelings they were, too happy to execute the behests of their masters. The impure lips of Henry VIII. uttered the truths upon which they prepared the structure of Anglicanism, and there is no sadder page in history than the one that pictures the sordid sycophancy of these men who plumed themselves on being dispensers of the pure and undefiled word of God. What a contrast they presented to the meek and humble One who went abroad doing good! Supported by the civil power they forced the religion upon the people, and we are not surprised that many, fearful of a dungeon or of a worse fate, subscribed to its tenets. From the beginning of its career to the present time it, parasite-like, has clung fast to the tree of State; and but for this it would long since have gone the way of the figments and imagination of the brain of man.

"I recognize in the Anglican Church," says Cardinal Newman, "a time-honored institution of noble, historical memories, a monument of ancient wisdom, a momentous arm of political strength, a great national organ, a source of vast popular advantage and to a certain point a witness of the truth. But that it is something sacred, that it is an oracle of revealed doctrine, that it can claim a share in St. Ignatius or St. Cyprian, that it can take the rank, contest the teaching and stop the path of the Church of St. Peter, that it can call itself the bride of Christ, this is the view of it which simply disappeared from my mind after my conversion and which would be almost a miracle to reproduce."

Such was the opinion of the man who had every reason to defend the claims of Anglicanism, but who, seeing how unstable its foundation—how visionary its assumptions—separated himself from all that was hallowed by

the love of home and kindred and became an adherent of the Roman Catholic Church, the Church of Jesus Christ.

The use of the word Catholic in connection with Anglicanism is so absurd that it has been met with cries of astonishment and ridicule, even from Protestants. "The name of our Church," says a writer of considerable prominence in Anglican circles, "is distinctively Protestant; and when we concede the name Catholic to the Roman Church we are simply using the plain English language accurately; and when we call our Church Catholic we are using language highly technical and uncertain, and which not one person in a thousand can comprehend." The writer had the courage of his convictions. If, then, by the Catholic Church we mean the Church that was commissioned by Jesus Christ to teach all truth to all nations forever, then the Protestant Episcopal Church, with an origin of yesterday, with an influence that is merely local, is but an outcome of a human mind swayed by every wind of passion and doctrine.

We deny its claim to the name Catholic. That word, so suggestive of glorious memories, so pregnant with the thoughts of the army of Christian athletes who strove to spread broadcast the teachings of their Master, and so allied with the Church that gives us spiritual life and strength, must not be given to a Church, the offspring of pride and debauchery. We mean to say nothing that might inflict a wound on the feelings of our Anglican brethren, whom we admire and respect for their many commendable qualities, but we are on the defensive, and it would indeed be the part of a craven to permit the enemy to pass into our territory unchallenged.

We call the attention of the Episcopal Church to the words written by St. Cyprian, about fifteen hundred and thirty years ago: "Whoever parts company with the Church and joins herself to an address is estranged from the promises of the Church. He who leaves the Church attains not Christ's rewards. He is an alien, an outcast, an enemy. He can no longer have God for a Father who has not the Church for a mother."

WORKING THE WRONG WAY

A gentleman residing at Drummondville informed a Toronto News reporter last week that some of the Protestant business men of Niagara Falls are complaining that they have recently suffered greatly in their business owing to the fact that Catholics have withdrawn their patronage from them. The complainants, it appears, have the reputation of being P. P. A. men, and one of them even went so far as to call upon the parish priest of the place to inform him that he is not a member of that anti-Catholic society. The priest, it is said, informed him that he could do nothing in the matter. The Catholics are free to deal where they will, and it is a certain class among Protestants combine to injure Catholics, they cannot be much surprised, nor have they much reason for complaint if their conduct proves to be a boomerang which recoils upon themselves.

We cannot vouch for the truth of this story, but we would not be much surprised to learn that it is about what has happened. The merchant who complained would not have been treated so if he had not been considered a P. P. A. man, sworn to injure Catholics in every way possible. It appears that at least the P. P. A. meets over his store, as he rents it to them.

Windsor too has been a hotbed of Apalism, the Mayor of that city having been elected last January on the A. P. A. ticket, as the members of that society have openly claimed. There is also a candidate for the mayoralty for next year out on the same ticket, who loudly proclaims that he will be elected through the influence of that "powerful association." It is a little amusing to learn that a business man recently failed even there, and that the failure is attributed to his having been a P. P. A. man; yet the Windsor Review is our authority to the effect that this is the case.

The Review says: "It is a pity that such a state of affairs should exist; but there is solace in the thought that it will not last forever."

It appears to be the case in this as in other instances that it is the unexpected that happens.

Make no great account of who may be for thee or against thee, but mind and take care that God be with thee in everything thou doest.—Thomas A Kempis.

By two wings is man lifted above earthly things, viz., by simplicity and purity.—Thomas A Kempis.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The very clever letter we publish this week from the pen of Mr. J. D. Edgar, M. P., a Protestant gentleman, will repay careful perusal.

Lo! and behold the P. P. Ayan's strut and brazen scowl! In politics a sparrow with the plumage of an owl.—(The Blacksmith in the Globe.)

What a remarkably life-like photograph engraving of two London men who made themselves prominent in the East Lambton election.

There seems to be a very heavy crop of anonymous writing these times in the Toronto Mail. The sentiments expressed, as a rule, are such that no self-respecting, intelligent citizen would care to append his name to any of the letters. May we not suppose that there is a manufactory for this sort of base literature in the Mail offices.

It is well to remember that there are, besides the P. P. A., other associations in the Dominion of a somewhat similar character, so far as Catholics are concerned. We refer more particularly to the Sons of England, into whose ranks it is distinctly provided by the constitution a Catholic will not be permitted to enter. It is known also, and our people have more than once been made to suffer in this way, that in the workshops, once the Sons of England gain control, Catholics are invariably sent adrift, when a vacancy has to be created for a member of that order.

A despatch from Denver, Co., says that a new society, called the Society of Liberty and Loyalty, has been recently organized, and within three weeks has gained over three thousand members in that city alone, while in the State there are now at least ten thousand members. It was formed since the election, taking as members all those who are opposed to interfering with the religious belief of any person. It especially aims to defeat any member of the American Protective Association, which it treats as a criminal league, dangerous to the community and the State. Its membership is confined wholly to Protestants. Men who apparently never took any interest in such affairs have solicited the opportunity of enrolling their names.

If the Catholic Church authorities closed the Catholic orphan asylums and Catholic hospitals, and voluntarily surrendered their rights in regard to separate schools and allowed their children to be taught by such men as James L. Hughes, the Toronto Mail would, it appears to us, have no further cause for existence. Its mission would be fulfilled, and it would die in peace. We may assure our friend that long after "the traveller from New Zealand" performs the part allotted to him by Macaulay, Catholic hospitals, orphan asylums and schools will be found flourishing in this great Province of Ontario, and if Confederation be smashed into atoms, all the work we have referred to will be carried on just as of old.

It seems to be considered by our Toronto contemporary as something dreadful that Catholics are permitted to choose the books from which their children are to be taught. We do not consider it a favor at all. It is simply a right. From a literary standpoint our Catholic Readers are by many considered superior to those in use in the Public schools, and our children more than hold their own with those educated in the Public schools, if we may judge by the number who pass the High School entrance examinations. If our neighbor would study more closely the liberality of the great Catholic majority of Quebec towards the Protestant minority it would see much to be ashamed of in respect of the treatment of Catholics in Ontario.

Evidently the CATHOLIC RECORD and the Liberal organ both think they are in possession of the ritual, signs and pass-words of the P. P. A. It would be funny if it turns out they have had their ears at the wrong key-hole.—Toronto Mail.

We can assure our contemporary that we have the genuine article, kindly loaned us by an organizer of the society in London. In fact we have been favored with several copies of the ritual from different parts of the country, all precisely the same. One of the "Grand High Executioners" of the order in this city, when asked if what we published was a true copy, exclaimed, prefixing his remarks with an oath, "He's got it!" If we make any incorrect charges against the P. P. A. we are willing to make amends if they will come from under the bed and explain matters.

The citizens of London, or, rather, a certain section thereof, were on last

Sunday favored with afternoon and evening fifteen cent screeches by Margaret L. Shepherd, the impenitent ex-penitent from the penitential ward of a Good Shepherd convent. The annexed paragraph, which we take from the London Advertiser of Monday, is timely and significant:

"The following resolution was adopted unanimously at the meeting of the London Presbyterian Council: 'That it is the sense of this Presbyterian Council, composed of the ministers and elders of the various Presbyterian congregations of the city, that much care should be exercised in regard to giving countenance or announcements to itinerant speakers on religious or quasi-religious subjects unless they come with a clear and unimpeachable record.'"

The London Presbytery will wait in vain for one of these escapes who has an unimpeachable record. They are invariably foul birds who have been cast adrift from the Catholic fold as in corrigibles. Margaret's latest "efforts" were not reported by the daily press—and uncurrent literature will be the loser, but—"it never will be missed."

THOUGHTS FOR TEACHERS.

No. 11. The best way to learn is to teach.—Saint Francis de Sales.

"Knowledge is imparted not so much for the amassing of knowledge as for learning how to amass it; the grandest thoughts of the greatest thinkers are placed before the student not to displace him from thinking, but to teach him how to think."—Brother Azarias.

Good habits are as teachable as the rules of syntax, and much more essential to happiness.

"Ever ready and always the same" is the virtual maxim of the prudent teacher. In his school there is no putting on appearances, no attempt at mere display, no "fixing" for visitors, because he knows that the children see it and talk about it, that it makes them chronic hypocrites, and that it never escapes the notice of the experienced visitor. The wise teacher, then, keeps straight on with his work, lets the observer see his school as it really is, and takes care that it really is what it ought to be.

Prizes should reward effort, not success; merit, not talent.

"Want of punctuality is a species of falsehood." Few things are more important in life than a just estimate of the value of time. Everything in the course of education should promote its attainment. It may be learned or unlearned practically every day. If a teacher is in his place at the exact minute, if he has all his instruments at hand, if he begins at once, if he goes steadily on without interval or hesitation, if he keeps to the point unswervingly, if he uses his time up to the last second—such a man is teaching the true value of time better than any mere lecturer can teach it.

Work, not years, is the measure of a man's life.

We are haunted not only by the ghosts of errors we have committed, but also by the ghosts of errors we have seen or heard. To be read in connection with blackboard exercises in incorrect spelling and "false syntax."

Eagerness to make good scholars should not exclude a prudential regard for the pupils' health. All the knowledge in the world is worth little to a boy if he has no appetite for his meals.

"Get into the ambulance and be carried to the rear, my poor fellow," said an artillery officer at Gettysburg, to a severely wounded gunner who was bravely struggling to do his duty. "Thank you, captain," replied the soldier, with a wan smile on his face, "but it ain't worth while; I can just live long enough to fire one shot more for the Union." He fired his piece, bowed his head on the gun carriage, and died—at his post.

The hills have been high for man's mounting. The woods have been dense for his axe. The stars have been thick for his counting. The sands have been wide for his tracks. The sea has been deep for his diving. The poles have been broad for his sway. But bravely he proves in his striving "That, 'Where there's a Will there's a Way."—Elihu Cook.

The world has not been influenced by men of genius so much as by men of unflinching resolution.

The University of Madrid (Spain) is the largest in the world—having nearly 6000 students and 84 professors. The University of Paris (France) is the oldest in Christendom, having been founded in 1109. The Paris National Library is the largest in the world; it contains 2,000,000 volumes. The Vatican has the most magnificent picture gallery and the most valuable manuscript collection in the world.

Work and Play, in the proper sense, are not opposites, like good and bad; but relatives, like mother and child.

Teaching "from hand to mouth" is very precarious business; yet this is just what a teacher does who spends his evenings in idleness or pleasure, and makes no preparation for next day's work, no effort at self-improvement, but depends entirely on knowledge and experience previously acquired. As it is our duty to teach, it is conse-

quently our duty to be constantly studying the art of teaching in all its bearings, otherwise we may become as dangerous to our pupils as an ignorant physician to his patients.

The earnest teacher is continually asking himself: "What can I do that will enable me to be more of a power in the school room?"

A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue; some time afterward he called again; the sculptor was still at work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "Have you been idle since I saw you last?" "By no means," replied the sculptor, "I have retouched this part and polished that; I have softened this feature and brought out that other; I have given more expression to this lip and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

Better impart a taste for knowledge than offer rewards for its acquisition.

Dandyism in speech should be avoided as much as foppishness in dress. If the pupil be paid for the effort of listening by the pleasure of understanding what is said, he will attend; but if he discovers that no matter how carefully he listens he cannot understand, he will soon withdraw his attention. There are men who would blush to be heard mispronouncing the word *case*, but who would take pride in mystifying a class with the question: "Boys, is it your opinion that the customary ailments of swine are adapted to the digestive apparatus of the *genus homo*?"

"A pound of energy with an ounce of brain will accomplish more than a pound of brain with an ounce of energy."

There is wide difference of opinion as to the efficacy of the "Discipline of Consequences." Some authorities claim that it is the only true discipline; others find enough fault with it to leave one under the impression that it is almost worthless. It is safe to assume that both parties go to extremes. Children, on account of their want of foresight, should be protected from the consequences of many of their actions. It is certainly much better to keep a boy away from bad company than allow him to learn the evils of it from experience. If a boy shows a dislike for study, a wise parent or teacher will surely not yield to his fancy and let him grow up in ignorance of what is useful or necessary for him to know. On the other hand a boy may be taught the value of property by refusing for a time to replace a favorite article he had lost or destroyed; and a girl may be taught a lesson in tidiness by temporarily withholding the use of toys which on a former occasion she left scattered about the floor. To use the discipline of consequences exclusively might end in the child becoming little better than a savage; to omit it altogether would be equal to saying that there is no value in experience.

There are words the points of which sting the heart through the course of a whole life.

If the following lessons were learned by the parties named, the World's Fair was not held for nothing.—John Bull, that he has no genius for art, but is a giant at what is practical; Uncle Sam, that colossal dimensions must take a respectful position behind beauty and refinement; Johnny Canuck, that he did first-rate for a little fellow; Lady Aberdeen, that her Irish village was the redeeming feature of the Midway Plaisance; Chicago, that none but the brave deserve the Fair; New York, that she'll have all she can do to keep ahead of Chicago; Woman's Rights' Champion, that if women had more executive power and less partiality for petty details, all the men in creation might turn house-keepers; The Man that Stopped at Home, that he missed an unparalleled opportunity for talking his enemy to death; The Public Generally, No Quid Nimis!

Some teachers hate methods because they do not understand them; and they will never understand methods, because they hate them.

Teachers, who know more than they are required to teach, will find teaching as much a matter of facility as actual fighting was to Roman soldiers who, in their training, were accustomed to use much heavier weapons than were required in the field of battle.

"Be cheerful, teachers; there is really joy in your work; there is gloom too, but remember, it is the harmonious blending of light and shade that makes any picture beautiful."

There is heroism in teaching.—It is not found in learning and skill, which are legal requisites; nor in fidelity and industry, which are matters of conscience; nor in energy and vigilance, which are often excited by self-interest alone; but it is found in the spirit of the teacher who sacrifices personal comforts for the good of his pupils, who thinks more of his school than of even his own reputation and who would rather earn praise without obtaining it than obtain praise without earning it. His best deeds are never published; they belong to the book that will never be printed—the Book of Things Left Out.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Third Sunday of Advent.

PENANCE.

For now the axe is laid to the root of the tree. (Matt. III. 10.)

St. John Baptist, my brethren, as you know, retired to the desert at an early age, and led there an austere and solitary life, eating coarse and unpalatable food, abstaining from wine and strong drink, cutting off all unnecessary enjoyments of the senses, and giving himself up to prayer and meditation. What was his special motive in this extraordinary course of penance? It was that he might worthily prepare himself for the office which had been assigned to him—that of disposing men's hearts to recognize and receive our Lord when He should come as their Redeemer. It was by penance alone that those hearts could be so disposed, and he was to be specially the apostle of penance; hence he had to give a signal example of it in his own person; for preaching, however eloquent, is of comparatively little effect unless the preacher practices the virtues to which he exhorts others; and the power of his preaching will be in proportion to the illustration which it finds in his own life.

Therefore, though it was not necessary for St. John, sanctified as he was even before his birth, to cut off all other sources of pleasure in order to fill his soul with the joy that comes from the love of God, and though he had no sins to atone for, for his life had been free from blame, still he took up this course of penance in order to show forth even more plainly than by his words the need that his hearers would have, in their measure, to do likewise, if they were to share in the redemption to come.

For now, as he told them, the axe was to be laid to the root of the tree. God's chosen people, the Jews, whom He had specially watched over for so many years, whom He had often chastised and corrected, and had brought back to His favor when they profited by His visitations, they were no more to be thus dealt with. The tree which had sprung from the seed of Abraham was not to be allowed any longer to stand with merely some lopping and pruning; no, now, if it still would not bring forth the good fruit of a thorough and genuine penance, it was to be cut down and cast into the fire. It was the supreme test which was approaching; if the people whom He had chosen would stand it, they should still retain their place; otherwise they should be rejected as a nation, and only those among them who would truly turn to their God should be saved.

My brethren, St. John is still preaching this doctrine of penance to us. The Church of the New Law is not on her trial, as was that of the Old; no, her Divine Founder has promised that she shall endure to the end of the world. But we, each one of us, have to take the words of his precursor to ourselves. We are called by the name of Christ; yes, but that will not save us. St. John said to the Jews: "Think not to say within yourselves, we have Abraham for our father." So we are not to think ourselves as belonging to Christ, unless we have cast out from our hearts and souls what puts a fatal obstacle to His entrance into them. His axe will be laid to our root also, unless we on our part lay the axe to the root of our sins.

What is this root of sin in us? It is just this desire of sensual indulgence against which St. John in his life as well as in his doctrine came to make the strongest of protests. If we wish not to bring forth the fruits of sin, we must lay the axe to its root. We must practice penance and mortification, not indeed always to the degree in which he practised it, but at least so far as it is necessary that we may keep the law of God. We must not dally with those things which are dangerous to us, innocent though they may be to others. Our Lord has told us that if even our eyes and hands themselves are an occasion of sin we must pluck them out or cut them off; if, then, there is anything we enjoy, but can really do without, we must not make a pretext of the good use which we might make of it if it really is plain that we will abuse it, but must resolutely cast it away. If we would avoid the bitter fruit which will naturally grow we must lay the axe to the root of the tree.

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So says Dr. Carlett, an old and honored practitioner, in Belleville, Ontario, who writes: "For Wanting Diseases and Scrofula I have used Scott's Emulsion with the most satisfactory results."

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The following extract from a letter from Mr. Jas. M. Carson, Banff, N. W. T., will speak for itself: "I have been troubled with constipation and general debility and was induced to use your B. B. B. through seeing your advertisement. I now take great pleasure in recommending it to all my friends, as it completely cured me."

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Minardo's Linalment is used by Physicians.

How They Worked Their Way.

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

IV.—CONTINUED.

"Thank you. This is a letter from Byrnes & Stoughton, lawyers, in New York—both old friends of mine—offering to take you into their office, if I will send you there. Do you want to go?" Dermot's face flushed with pleasure. "Oh, father!" he said. This was the realization of his dream. "Of course," continued Mr. Beresford, "this would have been impossible if Dick were not here to take your place. But, as Dick don't want to leave us—"

"Oh, no!" cried Dick, with a look of bright affection towards Mr. Beresford. "And as he seems to take to farm life more than you do—"

"Oh, yes!" cried Dick. "I shall promise Byrnes & Stoughton that you shall go to them."

"But," said Dermot, timidly, "you will have to pay my board, father?"

"Partly," answered Mr. Beresford. "Byrnes & Stoughton will pay you a small sum—equal to about half your expenses—and I shall be able to pay the rest, I hope."

Dermot went over to his father, buried his face in the bedclothes, and cried.

It was such a great kindness! And to know that his father was, in spite of his illness, thinking so much of him! He knew that that dear father would get well. He must get well. The rest of the family were saddened by the news. I seemed like a great break in the happy circle of which Dermot was the only discontented member.

Dermot saw the gloom of the family. "I had a fight to-day," he said, his spirits rising, "with that bully, Jim Windsor. He was driving along the road on a big load of wood. One of his horses lost a shoe going down the hill, and he called out to me, 'Bring me that shoe, will you, young fellow?' I would have done it for anyone else, but I wouldn't for Jim Windsor, so I said, get down and pick it up yourself. I saw that he couldn't, for it was as much as he could do to hold his horses going downhill. He called me names and shook his whip at me. I remembered who he was and paid no attention to him."

"That was wrong," Mr. Beresford said. "Windsor's a bully, because he does not know any better. You ought to have taught him something, by returning good for evil."

Dermot looked uneasy. Then he said— "You did that with Job Fitts and it didn't come to any good."

"It was right, it was Christian to do as we did. One must be kind, whether it 'pays' in the sense of bringing gratitude to us or not. I know very well that one must keep up one's self-respect, and resist encroachments on one's rights; but there is a way of doing that, without being churlish or un-Christian. You saw that Jim Windsor was in 'a tight place'—as Brian says—but you would not help him out."

"I knew how tight the place was—that's the reason I did not help him out. He couldn't get down from his wagon to get the shoe, you see, because he had had enough work to keep his horses from sliding downhill."

"I am ashamed of you, Dermot."

Dermot turned uneasily in his chair. "I hate the whole crowd of them!" he cried. "They go to their churches and listen to their ministers, often ignorant people, abusing the Pope and Catholics, and think they are Christians because they hate the Church!"

Mr. Beresford smiled. "And you, my dear boy, say every morning and night, 'forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us,' but you go on hating these people. For myself, Dermot, I think that you, who are not ignorant, who have had all the great privileges of the Church, will have more to answer for, than these poor people who sneer at Catholics, not knowing what they do."

Dermot hung his head, but said— "I shall be glad to be away from them."

"Besides," continued his father, "let us look at things in a practical way. To have friends one must be friendly. The world looks on us with the eyes we look on it. We might be Mormons, but, provided we are 'neighborly,' these people would grow friendly to us. There is nothing that overcomes the prejudices of Americans so easily, as good actions and good example in the every-day transactions of life."

"Listen!" said Kathleen, suddenly. "Cats!" cried Brian.

There was a sound at the door. Dick opened it and looked out. He heard nothing but the wind among the trees. There was an interval of silence. Then another sound, as of a slight knock at the door. Dermot went this time. Still, nobody was in sight. He thought he saw a head visible among the lilac bushes, at the side of the house; he made a bound forward, and returned dragging Job Fitts.

"What do you mean, you young rascal!" he exclaimed.

"I thought your father would have come," he said. "I want to see him."

"Well, come in and don't be dodging around like a wild beast." Job entered the warm, cheerful sitting-room. Mr. Beresford held out his hand, kindly. But Job seemed too astonished by the change in him, to speak. He walked awkwardly up to Mr. Beresford's bedside, and shook hands.

"Did you want to see me, Job?"

"Yes," said Job. "But I can't say what I want to say, because I promised I wouldn't open my lips about it. I'll be obliged if you'll let me have a pencil and a sheet of paper."

Mary brought them. Job laboriously wrote some words on the paper, folded it, gave it to Mr. Beresford and darted from the room. They heard the front door slam after him.

Mr. Beresford opened the paper and read— "I take my pen in hand to let you know that Jim Windsor and his gang will burn your barn to-night."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Beresford. "Not nonsense, at all," said her husband, "after Dermot's treatment of Windsor, it is probable he will take some revenge."

"He can't be so bad as that," said Mrs. Beresford. "Well, what's to be done?" asked Brian.

"We shall have to stay up and guard."

"Certainly, Dermot," said Dick. Mr. Beresford sighed. He was not anxious to trust the defense of his barn to these three. But he was helpless. He turned to Dick.

"Dick," he said, "as the oldest and wisest, I rely on you."

"Very well, sir." The barn was not insured. Should it be burnt, the family would suffer grievous loss.

Dick went out at once and fitted a long hose to the iron pump. Dermot and Brian examined the fastenings of the barn. Then they gathered a pile of big stones and put them in a dark corner, ready to be used against the intruders.

"I don't think they'll try such a mean thing," said Brian. "I imagine Job Fitts was frightened into believing it."

Dick shook his head. "We'd better prepare for the worst." The only weapons in the house were Mr. Beresford's old-fashioned pistol, and Dermot's gun. It was decided that Dick, in virtue of his age and discretion, should have the pistol.

Mrs. Beresford and the girls, after their first fright, knelt down and said the rosary, as the only means of not losing control of themselves.

Later, they were persuaded to go to their rooms, but not to sleep. Kathleen was the one exception. Nothing could keep her awake.

The boys hid behind the fence, near the narrow path that led up to the barn. Nobody could approach the barn, except by way of the path.

Eleven o'clock passed. Twelve. One. Dermot, who felt sleepy and cold, began to laugh at the others for believing Job's nonsense.

"Keep quiet and wait," said Dick. At this time, the country around was white in the moonlight.

Brian fell asleep, his head on a fence-rail. He raised himself, suddenly. He had ears like a hare.

"Was that a breaking branch?" "Hist!" whispered Dick. Three men were slowly creeping up the path.

One struck a match. He spoke in a low, but distinct tone— "The matches are all right. I was around here to-day, and I poured some kerosene into the pig-sty. There is a small can of it under the hen-house."

I left it there. By George! The blaze will surprise that fool that wouldn't help me to-day—the mean-spirited Romanist!"

It was Jim Windsor's voice. The men crept, in Indian file, slowly and quietly towards the hen-house. The boys each seized a large stone, and waited until the men were quite out of the shadows. When they were full in the light, Dick raised his finger.

"You get the kerosene, Abe," Windsor said, to one of his followers, "and we'll set the fire going on the windward side."

"It's a nasty job, and I don't like it," said Abe. "These folks were mighty good to young Fitts."

"That's all very well, but I'm bound to get even with that young upstart. I'll make him pay for his impudence, and if you don't choose to join me, you can count me out when you want me to do you a turn."

Abe grumbled. Just then, Dick raised three fingers. The boys obeyed the signal as musicians obey the baton of a musical conductor. Instantly, each raised his arm with a will. There was a howl from the path. Dick sent one big stone after another in quick succession. Dermot and Brian followed his example. Two of the men ran off across the fields as quickly as they could.

One lay in the path, groaning piteously. The boys went up to him. They recognized Jim Windsor, ghastly pale, with a large cut on his forehead. He looked up and recognized Dermot.

"Don't shoot me," he said, "don't shoot!" Dermot gave his gun to Dick. "I am not going to shoot," he said. "Are you much hurt?" "Just as much as you could hurt me."

"Well, we don't kick men when they're down. We'll help you to the house, and let the law take care of you after that."

Jim made no answer. Dick stooped over him and saw that he had fainted. TO BE CONTINUED.

Scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired, is thoroughly expelled from the blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR PRAYER-BOOK.

From St. Joseph's Parish Messenger.

Take a look through the pews of almost any church, and you will be surprised at the number of old prayer-books scattered along them. There they lie like old wrecks on the seashore, and many of them are wrecks sure enough. Some of them have the covers torn off; others have lost forty or fifty pages; in some cases only half of the book is to be found,—the rest gone no one knows where; all telling, however, the same sad story of neglect on the part of their owners.

Perhaps they have no owners, and they float around from one pew to another until they become so dilapidated that the pastor gathers up an armful of them and burns them.

We see no reason why our Catholics should have so little regard for their prayer-books. Many of these have been blessed; some of them are presents from relatives or friends no more among the living; all of them are deserving of better treatment because of the prayers to Almighty God they contain. Learn to take better care of your prayer-book.

There is no need of leaving it after you in the church to represent you until the next Sunday. The natives of Thibet are said to fasten written prayers on the arms of their windmills, and then losing no time in their work, they imagine that the windmill, as it revolves, is reciting their prayers for them.

One would sometimes imagine that some Catholics entertained similar ideas in regard to their prayer books, and that by leaving them in the church from day to day, they would secure some merit from being represented by proxy by the silent book of prayer.

Don't think, either, that a prayer-book is like your best suit of clothes,—for use on Sundays only—it can be used with profit every day—for your morning and night prayers, for the recital of the litanies, for special prayers according to your circumstances, for meditation and instruction.

In this way your prayer-book will become a partner of your devotion, a vehicle of piety, and a reminder of your duties. When it wears out—and it is encouraging to see a prayer-book well thumbed—buy another one, and you need not contribute the old one to the collection already to be found among the pews of our churches.

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There are so many good medicines in the market that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affection of the throat and lungs, we would try Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup. Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

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