

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, April 29, 1899.

### LEO XIII.

The secular papers are unduly excited over Leo XIII's successor. The reporter who writes up elections and is acquainted with the methods of the ward heelers, is very apt to make us believe that saying of Plutarch, "A fool cannot hold his tongue," when he tells us what he knows about Papal elections.

### OBSERVATIONS.

Now and then when the brain is dry we stroll to a favorite window in our den and watch the crowds hurrying by.

It is always instructive to observe others playing the game of life. We look at the eager throng and it seems to us that the only real things are the children. They have still a love for the little things that money cannot buy: they are without pretence and without guile, and we always think their ringing laughter is the obligato to the song of God's goodness to us. And as we mused in idle fashion our attention was arrested by a little group of men and women, chattering as gaily as if the big world held neither sob nor sigh. They were types of a class that pride itself on its emancipation from creed—bad imitations of polished ungodliness, pieces of tawdry and faded finery—compounds of cheap vice and bad liquor, but irreproachably dressed, and at court with the news of the time. And some day they will lead a young lady to the altar and there will be much joy and bell-ringing. Laudatory notices will appear in the newspapers, with the list of presents and all the other vulgarities that is born of sham and ostentation. And yet there is no sadder sight under heaven than the marriage of a pure maiden and a man who has sounded every note on the gamut of vice, and whose only recommendation is that he has money.

We sometimes smile at the customs of the Latin races that are, so wise, acres tell us, on the verge of decay. We wonder at their urbanity, their dignified manner of converse and their prudence in safeguarding their children. They looked upon courtship not as a subject for thoughtless jest and ridicule, but a thing sacred, as a preparation for the day when the man and woman would be able to kneel down in the glory of their purity before the altar of God and receive His blessing for the new life.

If that custom were in honor amongst us there would be more homes reflecting the happiness of the little cottage of Nazareth. Parents should lock their doors against the dissipated youth and against the idle and shiftless who imagine that the theatre and base-ball field exhaust the possibilities of life.

### THE EVICTED TENANT FUND.

We have received a copy of the appeal to Irishmen and Irishwomen beyond the seas on behalf of the Evicted Tenant Fund.

"Considering," it says, "the condition of Ireland generally, and bearing in mind the ever-increasing drain of unfair Imperial taxation, it will be seen that Ireland is no less in a condition than she was a quarter of a century ago to do without the sympathy and generous aid of her sons and daughters beyond the sea."

Ireland has received her share of the blessings of Anglo-Saxon civilization and she knows a little about the wise and paternal rule so vaunted by ranters all over the country. All the facts concerning the Irish land system were known in 1846 after the Report of the Devon Commission. In August, 1886, Lord Salisbury, referring to Mr. Parnell's proposal to reduce judicial rents, said: "We do not contemplate any reduction of the judicial rents: we do not think it would be honest in the first place, and we think it would be exceedingly inexpedient." The Plan of Campaign was inaugurated in the winter of 1886-87.

So late as March, 1887, Mr. Balfour said: "It would be madness, it would be folly to break a contract solemnly entered into only five years ago. The Campaign agitation was

continued, and the measure giving the leaseholders the benefit of the acts and reducing the judicial rents was passed by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour in July, 1887. Under the Plan upwards of twenty thousand tenants combined. Of these more than three fourths obtained their demands without cost or suffering of any kind, and have held their homes at reduced rents. About three thousand families were evicted, and subjected to more or less suffering and loss. About five hundred families have been marked down for vengeance and refused all chance of re-instatement. Of these some have emigrated, and some have died from hardship. Four hundred remain on the book of the committee, who may be fairly described as the wounded soldiers of the struggle—the results of which the body of the Irish tenantry are now enjoying.

And the appeal will not fall on heedless ears. They who have subscribed to the cause in times past will give testimony again to the proverbial generosity of the Celt.

We are glad to see the names of Dillon, Redmond and Healy on the Committee. Is it a sign that the bickering of the past few years, which have deprived the Irish party of power and influence, have ceased, and that Ireland and her interests, and not personal ambition and aggrandizement, will be the watchword of the future? We sincerely hope it may be. When a band, disciplined and organized like unto that of 1886, commences the interrupted struggle for national rights, it will receive the support and encouragement of every Irishman.

### TALK WITH A PARSON.

Parson: "You claim that the Church has the authority to determine what the word of God is, and interpret that word to men."

We not only claim that the Church has the authority to determine what is the word of God, and to interpret it but that she alone has that authority.

Parson: "Where in the New Testament can you find any authority for it?"

Here are some texts: "I say to thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matth. xvi., 18.)

It is this Church that Christ built which the Catholic claims has authority to identify and interpret revealed truth. It is this Church that alone can determine what writings, of the many which have claimed to be the word of God, are the word of God.

Again: "If he (any one) will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and publican." (Matth. xviii., 17.)

The Church referred to here is the Church built on the Rock, as described in the preceding text. Those who will not hear this Church are, by our Lord's command, to be looked upon as heathens and publicans; that is as excommunicated from the fold of Christ. Hence, he who hears any other authority—private judgment or what not—contradicts the teaching of this Church, is, from the fact, no longer of the fold of Christ. It being the only authority established by our Lord and backed by His command, is the sole authority competent to teach what He revealed and commanded to be taught; the only teacher to determine what is the word of God and what is not.

Again: "And Jesus coming spoke to them (the Apostles), saying: All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach all nations, and baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matth. xxvii., 18, 20.)

This commission was given to the ministry of the Church that Christ built. This command to teach brought with it the obligation to believe on the part of those who heard, for to this same ministry our Lord said: "He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me."—Luke x., 16.

Again: "Remember your prelates who have spoken the word of God to you: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation. Obey your prelates and be subject to them. For they watch over you as being to render an account of your souls." (Hebrews xii., 7, 17.)

St. Paul tells here who it is that speaks the word of God to the faithful—the prelates of the Church of Christ. This same Apostle in his first letter to Timothy, says: "But if I tarry long, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth." (Tim. iii., 14, 15.)

This Church which St. Paul calls the

pillar and ground of truth is the same that Christ built on the Rock; the same against which He said the gates of hell should not prevail; the same which if we do not hear we are to be considered as heathens and publicans. This is the Church which, the Catholic claims, has the authority to determine what is the word of God and what it means.

Parson: "Contrary to the Scriptures, you deny men the right of searching and interpreting the Scriptures in the light of every man's conscience."

The Catholic is free to search the Scriptures, but he is not free to interpret them contrary to the interpretation of the Church of Christ, which we must hear or be counted among heathens and publicans. You are free to search the Constitution of the United States, but when you interpret it contrary to the interpretation of the Supreme Court, and act on your notion of what it means, you will be tried for rebellion or treason. The same principle of common sense rules in the Church of Christ.

You confound conscience with private judgment. The Catholic, like every other man who is sane and awake, must, in everything he does, act in the light of his conscience and in obedience to it. Private judgment is another affair. But few men, if any, always act on their private judgment, however much they may pretend they do.

If you are sick you send for a physician and leave your case to his private judgment, or rather to the judgment of his profession as applied to your case by him. If you are at law you employ a lawyer. In politics men mostly go with their party or are under the influence of political leaders. In religion the great mass of Protestants look to their synods, conferences and formulated creeds, or to the teachings of the founder of their sect. The great majority of them have never read the Scriptures, and know less about them than they know about Robinson Crusoe, the Vicar of Wakefield, or Uncle Tom's Cabin. And they are becoming less and less acquainted with it every day. How many among them have ever read the whole Bible, and, using their private judgment alone, determined from it for themselves what they ought to believe? We venture that we would be below a true estimate if we were to say, not one in a hundred thousand.

And yet if they were consistent and logical not one of them could make a reasonable act of faith in any truths of Christianity until he had complied with the following conditions: (1) By his own private judgment he must determine what constitutes the Bible, that is, what books are inspired. (2) He must read the whole Bible from Genesis to Revelations and test each and every proposition in it by his private judgment. (3) He must read the whole Bible in the originals, for he must not trust the private judgment of transcribers and translators—his rule forbids that. (4) He must read it all without note, or comment or suggestion from preacher, or commentator, conference, synod or confession of faith.

Now it is absolutely certain that not a Protestant who lives or ever lived has ever complied with these conditions which his rule of faith makes necessary before he can believe any doctrine of Christianity on the authority of his Bible and private judgment. It is needless to say, Parson, that you have never complied with these conditions, and consequently whatever you may have of Christian truth you did not acquire it by your rule of faith—the Bible and private judgment.

You may say, how can I be expected to read the whole Bible in the original manuscripts when none of those manuscripts are in existence? My dear sir, we do not expect you to do it, for we know you cannot. And precisely for this reason your rule of faith—Bible alone and private judgment—must be condemned as fallacious, for it requires you to do what is impossible. In the very nature of the case you must depend on some authority other than your Bible and private judgment, first, for what constitutes the Bible; second, for its inspiration, and, third, for its correct transcription and translation.

Between you and the Bible, as originally written, there is a vast number of go betweens in the way of transcribers and translators, all fallible, on whose honesty, ability and learning you must depend for your Scriptures, and on whom you must rest your faith, without being able to test their honesty, ability and competency.

—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

### THE POWER OF MUSIC.

"Whom God loveth not, they love not music!" Oh, poor, darkened minds—poor, dust-steeped souls! poor, earth bound spirits! Do they never feel that there are heights—even on earth—forever beyond them? Do they never yearn to soar aloft—were it only for once—into the realm of light and life which music alone can lend to the spirit still bound within its prison-house of clay? "Having ears," do they always "hear not" the echo of those marvellous strains which speak to the soul of man as no other mortal power has ever done, can ever do? Do they never long for one moment in the enchanted place of harmony

and tone, the glowing world of feeling and sensation, shut from their obtuse faculties forever? Do they never lift their heavy eyes towards the golden cloud heights far beyond them, and wistfully sigh for one faint glimmer of the influence which eludes all echo in the language of earth, because in it is more of heaven than in any other memorial left us of the time when angels walked with the first man, and when the two in paradise may have hearkened in the purple dawn and rosy twilight to the silver harmonies of the choirs of heaven?—Christian Reid: Ebb-Tide.

### POPE AND MAGUIRE.

Story of the Once-Famous Controversy.

In the modest libraries of hearty, old-fashioned Catholics the report of the discussion between Pope and Maguire used to hold an honored place. Our own novel-reading, Sunday-paper-reading generation knows little and cares less about this famous book. The story of the genesis thereof may, however, prove interesting to some. The year 1825 will long be memorable in Irish history for the introduction of what was called the "New Reformation." A formidable crusade was inaugurated against the faith of the Irish people by certain religious societies in England. Champions of the Bible descended upon Ireland sowing discord and dissension as they went.

"The Trumpet of Zion" resounded throughout every corner of the land setting neighbor against neighbor and imperiling the public peace. Conspicuous among the apostles of the "New Reformation" were the Rev. Mr. Pope, a certain Mr. Gerard Noel and Captain Gordon, a Scotch military fanatic. Accompanied by their disciples, and aided and encouraged by the Protestant Bishops and clergy, they gave testimony against the abominations of Popery, and "exposed" the ignorance and superstition fostered by the priests. The Protestant landlords of Ireland helped on the movement, and displayed great solicitude for the spiritual betterment of their tenants. A religious frenzy took possession of the whole Protestant population, and the air was everywhere vocal with the clamor of party strife and polemical disputation. The rewards held out for "converted" souls were a sore temptation to the poor "Papists." The "convert" was given a guinea as soon as he abjured the faith of his fathers, and was provided with a comfortable blanket and six shillings a week for his support. Notwithstanding this alluring programme the harvest of souls was lamentably scanty. Then the bounty was raised to £5. But as these tactics proved utterly unsuccessful a new line of action was determined upon. The Catholic Bishops and priests were assailed with all the malevolence which anti-Catholic fanaticism could inspire. They were accused of the grossest crimes: they were insulted at their altars, in the streets, and at their very doors until human patience could endure the situation no longer.

Public discussions took place in Cork, Waterford and Kilkenny in which the champions of the Bible were signally worsted; but, though humbled in one place they were not thereby discouraged from resuming their godly campaign elsewhere. The town of Carlow, the home of the celebrated Dr. Doyle, whose exposure of the calumnies of the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin had stirred up the wrath of the "saints," was the scene of their most pernicious activity. The Bishop disdained to meet adversaries so worthless, but two of his priests took a hand and acquitted themselves so admirably that the gossippers were driven from the locality covered with shame and confusion.

The public press teemed with letters and disputations, and the country was inundated with pamphlets and tracts at the expense of the elect and to the delight of small shopkeepers. Daily bulletins were issued announcing thousands of "conversions" to the joy of the zealots across the channel. As a specimen of the methods of misrepresentation resorted to by the preachers of the "New Reformation," the following statement, taken from one of the public records of the times, will suffice: "A certain Protestant preacher introduced into his sermon a story which he declared he had from a certain lady then living in Dublin. This lady said that on a certain evening she attended a Roman Catholic chapel to witness the deliverance of a number of souls from Purgatory. The chapel was well filled and brilliantly lighted. The relatives of the souls who were to be released gave each to the officiating priest a well-filled purse, which he deposited in a place of safety. Then, after prayers had saved one lamp, which shed a feeble light around, and a number of black objects appeared and crawled along before the altar. The lady, determined to know the truth, caught one of these objects and put it in her pocket. When she got home she found it to be a large live crab, covered with black velvet." One can judge what a state the popular mind was in when yarns of this description were publicly related and believed.

It was at this time that Father "Tom" Maguire, parish priest of Innismagragh, came into collision with the "saints" and won for himself the enthusiastic gratitude and admiration of his Catholic fellow countrymen. He was a Maynooth student, and, though unassuming in manner, was, as the event showed, an acute reasoner and a finished scholar. One day in November, 1826, he made a speech at a Catholic meeting in the town of Carrick on Shannon, and, in the course of remarks, took occasion to allude to the apostles of the "New Reformation." His speech was published in one of the Dublin papers, and a correspondence with the Reverend Mr. Pope ensued, the result of which was that a public discussion was arranged to take place between them in Dublin on the 19th of April, 1827. The excitement which prevailed was intense. The Catholic Bishops disapproved of the projected discussion but did not forbid it. Daniel O'Connell also disapproved of the debate, though he consented to act as one of the chairmen. Mr. Pope was an expert debater, a graceful orator, and well versed in all the current objections and misrepresentations of Protestants. Father "Tom" was an inexperienced country parish priest, whose people could not understand a word of the English language, but he possessed more than the ordinary amount of Irish wit in addition to his other gifts.

When the appointed day arrived all Dublin was in a ferment. The hall where the discussion was to take place was crowded to suffocation. Lords and ladies, lawyers and parsons, bishops and their families, in short a multitude of "saints" of both sexes attended to witness the confusion of "Popery" and the triumph of the Protestant champion.

The Reverend Mr. Pope began the proceedings, and his address sustained the reputation he had so long enjoyed. But Father "Tom" was more than a match for him. Before the third day of the debate was closed Pope's most sanguine supporters gave up the contest as hopeless, and retired in despair. The discussion, which began on Thursday, April 19, ended on the following Wednesday, to the great joy of the faithful who took the horses from the carriage that was to convey Father "Tom" to his hotel, and drew him in triumph through the crowded streets of Dublin. The city was illuminated in the evening, and similar displays were made in every city and town in Ireland.

The discomfiture of the Protestant champion proved the death-blow of the "New Reformation." Father "Tom's" triumph was complete. He was the hero of the hour. His name was coupled with Catholicity at every public dinner and at every social board. The Catholic Association started a subscription for the purpose of presenting him with a suitable piece of plate. He was invited to a grand public banquet given to commemorate his victory, and Daniel O'Connell publicly avowed his own determination to deal with the "bigots at the bar," if the opportunity offered, as the priest had dealt with the parson. Father "Tom's" enemies were so profoundly impressed by his capacity that, according to a statement publicly made by him some months later, he was offered a thousand pounds in hand and eight hundred pounds a year, on condition of his joining the Protestant Church.—Providence Visitor.

### SCIENCE AND THE CHURCH.

From the Monitor, London.

Monsignor J. S. Vaughan, referring to the difficulties that scientists have to get over in substantiating their theories about creation, calls attention to the momentous fact that there are four great transitions, that, with all their ingenuity, scientists can never explain: (1) the passage from nothing to something; for we cannot suppose matter to be eternal; (2) the passage from the inorganic to the organic; (3) the passage from the organic to the sensitive; (4) the passage from the organic and sensitive to the intellectual and reasonable. To the question, What produced life? the only answer the scientist can give is "I don't know," "I can't say." The man of faith, however, with God's revelation aiding him in the right study of nature, can answer with confidence and certainty that God alone gave life, and He alone could impart it to His creatures. People talk as if the Church and her members were the deadliest enemies of science. How comes it in this age of experimental philosophy they forget that the great parent of modern science in its true and legitimate acceptance, the author of that very method which is the guide of every philosopher in our days was, as the Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly pointed out the other day, a Franciscan monk—an Englishman, by name Roger Bacon. The true scientist, of course, does not forget this, but the true scientist is never opposed to the Church. He knows the Church's sphere of usefulness will never clash with his own. It is the pseudo-Evangelical that rakes up calumnies against the Church of God.

Never to give up, but ever to keep up and to keep at it, is the duty and the test of heroism in times that are hard and in courts that are dark.

### FATHER MCKINNON AND THE "COW PUNCHER."

A Manila Convert Who Got Into Trouble on Account of His Religion.

The most graphic description of soldier life in Manila that has yet been given in San Francisco, says the Monitor, of that city, was the lecture delivered by A. P. O'Brien, surgeon of the First California Volunteers.

Dr. O'Brien related many incidents of Father McKinnon's experiments. The most refreshing, however, was the new and improved method of making converts. Father McKinnon visited the small-pox hospitals daily and spoke with all patients. He administered the sacraments to the Catholics, consoled the non-Catholics, whom he got to make a profession of faith in Almighty God and in Jesus Christ, and then, as Dr. O'Brien said, he introduced them to make an act of contrition. Most of them, however, he baptized before dying, at their own request. One day he was going the rounds of the hospitals and a "cow puncher" from South Dakota watched him intently. Finally, he called a nurse, and in language rather more forcible than graceful, asked: "Who—'is that?"

"Why," said the nurse, "that's a Catholic priest?"

"Well," mused the cow puncher, as he lay on his bed of pain and viewed the scene of horror around him, musing all the time on the wilds of Dakota, "I never thought a Catholic priest was such people as that. Tell him I'd like to see him."

The nurse told Father McKinnon of the man's request, and the chaplain stepped to where he lay.

"Are you a Catholic priest?" he again asked.

"Yes," said Father McKinnon.

"And does your religion bring you into this hell hole?" the cow puncher inquired.

"Yes," was the reply again.

"Well," said the Dakotan, with an emphatic expletive, "if that's so I want to be one of your kind. Will you receive me?"

Father McKinnon instructed the man and baptized him, but—fortunately or unfortunately—he did not die. He lived to get into trouble on account of his religion. The new convert wanted to take in every religious ceremony in the churches of Manila. One evening the bugle sounded, the company was called out for parade, and behold! the Dakotan was not in the ranks. Neither the clash of arms nor the bugle call was troubling him, for he was at his devotions in some church. Next morning he was in the guard-house, but somehow or other it only made him all the more fervent in his devotion.

### REFUSED TO SPEAK AGAINST THE CHURCH.

The most interesting religious event of the year at Harvard occurred recently in Appleton chapel.

It was the annual delivery of the "Duddelean lecture," famous because its founder wanted forever to have violent denunciations uttered against the Catholic Church.

For years famous preachers have nominally done so, but have in reality spoken on other less vehement subjects.

The recent lecture by Prof. Charles C. Everett, dean of the Harvard divinity school, was notable, and will be famous because he dared to break away from the old traditions, openly announcing that he could not utter any thought which the founder would have desired, and even went so far as to suggest the abolition of the lectureships.

What Prof. Everett said in some instances was certainly, on his own admission, contradictory to the ideals of the founders of the lectureships.

Prof. Everett's lecture will become famous for another reason, and that is for its comparison between the Christian and other religions, for his attempt to show that evolution cannot overthrow it, and for his statement that, beyond question, scientifically considered, the Christian religion is the nearest to the ideal religion that has yet been reached.

### FAIR PLAY.

There are many indications of a growing disposition on the part of non-Catholic scholars to be perfectly fair in treating of the doctrines and practices of the Church. Among learned men bigotry is certainly declining. We lately heard of a professor of history in a leading American university who took one of his pupils to task for quoting only Protestant authors in an essay on a distinctly Catholic subject. On our part, there should ever be a recognition of the good that is in our separated brethren, a great amount of which a kindly eye can always see.—Ave Maria.

We are not required to do extraordinary things in order to inculcate the social virtues, or any virtues. Just a little helping hand, a friendly bit of encouragement, a word of gracious counsel, or even a single sympathetic look. In fact, I know of no force more completely captivating, or more intrinsically difficult to resist, than "the heavenly rhetoric of the eye."—John L. McDougal.





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Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

Articles must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

London, Saturday, April 29, 1899.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO

His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop O'Connor visited the parishes of Sandwich and Chatham last week, to bid adieu to those portions of the diocese of London, and to the priests of the diocese, whom he had invited to make their farewell visits to him in these localities, as he did not wish for any public demonstration on the occasion of his departure from the Metropolitan See of Toronto.

Next Thursday has been appointed as the day of his final visit to Stratford, where he will meet the priests of the other parishes. His Grace will leave London for Toronto on May 2nd, and his installation will take place on May 3rd in the cathedral.

Many Archbishops and Bishops have signified their intention to assist, and the priests of the dioceses of Toronto and London have also been invited to be present. The ceremony will be most imposing. There will not be a popular demonstration, however, as the new Archbishop has expressed his desire that this should not take place on the occasion.

Last Sunday his Grace visited St. Mary's church, Hill street, London, and preached a farewell sermon at the High Mass. In closing, he said: "I would have you remember, my dear people, that wherever I may go, I shall be in some measure responsible for the salvation of every one of you, and God will hold me accountable."

LOURDES.

It was estimated that 50,000 pilgrims reached Lourdes on Tuesday, April 17, from various parts of France. From year to year the number of pilgrims increases to a wonderful extent, so famous has the sacred shrine grown owing to the large number of miraculous cures which have taken place there, and continue to take place almost every day.

DIVORCES.

The English divorce courts are having a busy time just now. The vacation is just over and there have accumulated 221 petitions for divorce. The laws of divorce there are not so lax as in the United States, nevertheless the inevitable result of allowing divorce at all is that the number of families broken up by divorce will be constantly on the increase. That the number of cases now on hand is unprecedentedly large is what was to be expected.

OUR HOLY FATHER.

The Rome correspondent of the London Daily News describes as follows, an affecting scene as having taken place in St. Peter's church, Rome, on Sunday, 17th inst., on the occasion of the Thanksgiving Mass, which was postponed on account of the Pope's illness from the anniversary of the coronation of the Holy Father:

"The great Basilica was thronged with diplomatic representatives of Eastern patriarchs and foreign notables. When the Holy Father came into view, he was seen to be suffering from great weakness. With his left hand he waved sad greetings while the right did its feeble best to mark the act of blessing. During the Mass he sat with folded hands. Twice he rose, and he was supported while he knelt in prayer, calling the benediction. His voice was scarcely audible; but, in the absolute silence, his first words were caught by the assembled multitude. He tried to raise himself, but fell back and pronounced the remainder in a recumbent position. A loud cry, like the bursting of a storm, broke from the congregation, and the Pope stretching his hand in benediction was carried out."

The sickly condition of the Pope has been so often exaggerated that we cannot place implicit reliance on the present report, nevertheless, at the very advanced age of the Pontiff, what is

said of his weak condition may be correct. We can only pray with the whole Catholic world that the Holy Father may be strengthened with aid from heaven in his declining years, and that he may in fine depart from this life peacefully and happily.

A later despatch direct from Rome, and which, therefore, did not pass through the mill of the London dailies, states that the Holy Father gave his blessing in a firm voice, and that he appeared to be in good health. This confirms our suspicion that the first despatch was highly colored by the correspondent for sensational purposes.

THE END OF THE CENTURY.

Cardinal Vaughan has announced in an address to the Catholic Truth Society of London, that the Holy Father has approved of a project to celebrate the last year of the nineteenth century and the first of the twentieth by solemn, international, and world-wide acts of homage to our Divine Saviour.

There will be common prayers, pilgrimages to Rome and Jerusalem, religious solemnities and special meetings to transmit to future ages a solemn profession of Catholic faith, and it is proposed to erect crosses on the lofty eminences of the world. On the first day of the new century the faithful are expected to unite in spirit with the Pope's celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, on which occasion he will use a golden chalice presented to him by the Catholics of the world. We may anticipate that the spontaneousness of the response will be a glorious manifestation of the universality and unity of Catholic faith amid all diversities of nations in regard to race, language, color, form of government, and business interests.

THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The Americans are finding out by degrees that the task they have undertaken to rule the Philippine Islands is going to be infinitely more difficult than they anticipated when they made the bargain with Spain that the sovereignty of the islands should be transferred to them. After much severe fighting with the natives, the United States troops had extended their lines many miles beyond Manila, occupying some Filipino villages, but now General Otis has declared that these villages must be evacuated, as he needs every man of the force under his command to protect what has been won in the northern part of the island of Luzon around Manila.

It is undoubted that the evacuation of the villages will give the islanders renewed confidence that the Americans cannot hold what they have won, and will prolong the contest as a guerrilla warfare. Major-General Lawton, who has commanded the advance, is unwilling to evacuate Santa Cruz, which, he says, commands the whole Laguna de Bay district, but he must obey the orders of Gen. Otis, who says that Santa Cruz can be retaken at any time under more favorable conditions. Major-General Lawton also says that from the present prospect he judges that one hundred thousand troops will be needed to pacify the Philippines.

THE MONTH OF MARY.

On Monday of next week, May 1, will begin the beautiful month which the Catholic Church appropriately dedicates to the ever Blessed and Immaculate Mary, the Mother of God. From this the month is commonly called the month of Mary, as it is also called the month of flowers from the fact that it is the time of the year during which most of the trees and plants deck themselves with their beautiful flowers of every hue, according to their kind.

Mary has been well styled the flower of flowers, because, among all creatures, she received from Almighty God the most precious favors and graces, and made the best possible use of the graces received by cultivating to the highest degree the virtues which those gratuitous gifts from God made it possible for her to acquire. These graces and virtues ornamented her soul, rendering it beautiful to a degree far beyond what it was given to any other creature to attain. Hence the Catholic Church applies to Mary many passages of Holy Writ which refer to the pleasing qualities of the most prized flowers as the sweet-scented rose, and the lily of the valley, the modest yet beautiful emblem of unstained innocence.

Thus the fragrance of the rose imparts a healthful pleasure to all who come near that flower, so Mary's sweet virtues induce her Divine Son to grant the favors she asks from Him for those who seek her intercession, and her purity, excelling that of the lily, makes her worthy of the highest place which has been assigned to any creature in the glorious kingdom of God. Thus the words of Solomon, applicable in the first place to the sanctity of the Church of God, the Spouse of Jesus Christ, are referred also to Mary as His beloved Mother: "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." (Cant. ii, 1.) So also in the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary is addressed as the Mystical Rose, and in the Sicilian hymn we address her in the following manner:

"As the lily among thorns, so art thou among the daughters. Beloved, and unspotted Mother, pray, pray for us."

Mary's prayers were powerful when she lived in the flesh on earth, as was evidenced by her obtaining from her Divine Son that He should work His first miracle at the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee. Her power with her Omnipotent Son is greater than ever now that she enjoys the eternal happiness of the beatific vision, and her interest in her children on earth is increased by the fact that she understands more fully by her more clear vision the greatness of our needs. St. Bernard, therefore, tells us to put our confidence in her power and goodness, as it was never heard from all eternity that she abandoned in their distress those who sought her protection or implored her aid.

The month of Mary is a time when our prayers to her will be more effective than ordinarily, because the whole Church of God is joined together in asking her for all the graces we require. It is sufficient for us to mention this fact to induce our readers to perform works of piety during this month of grace, and to assist with devotion at the spiritual exercises which take place during the month in their respective parishes in order that they may obtain Mary's powerful intercession with her Son, Jesus.

PROPOSED SUNDAY PAPERS IN ENGLAND.

The question of issuing Sunday newspapers is being at present widely discussed throughout England, there being a disposition manifested by several of the largely circulated dailies to issue a Sunday edition.

As might have been expected, the proposal has been strenuously opposed by all who wish the Sunday's rest to be unbroken by servile work. Opposition to the introduction of Sunday papers is made especially by the clergy of all denominations, by Protestants as well as Catholics, for the reason that Sunday papers require that the work which every newspaper proprietor wishes to have performed to make his paper readable must be continued into Sunday morning down to the very hour when the paper is to be issued; and this is contrary to the command of sanctifying the Sunday.

The Puritan extremists go much further than this in giving reasons for their attack on Sunday newspaper issues. They practically maintain that it is essentially wrong, or at least contrary to a permanent law imposed by God on the human race, to do labor of any kind on Sunday, whether mental or physical, with the single exception of such small amount of work as is necessarily involved in the act of directly worshipping God, such as walking to the church, praying, preaching, etc.

This will account for an absurd cable despatch which was published in the papers of this continent to the effect that Cardinal Vaughan on being asked his opinion on the matter, "replied innocently" that if such papers should be so conducted as not to entail Sunday labor upon the employees of the printing offices, he could offer no objection to their issuance.

Strictly speaking, there is, of course, no reproach in being accused of innocence; but every one knows that the statement that a person has spoken innocently when there is no question of moral guilt in the matter, is unnecessary and uncalculated, except for the purpose of throwing a ridicule on the person who is thus referred to. Hence the meaning attached to the expression of "innocence" in such a reference is "ignorance" or at least a total unacquaintance with the ways of the world; and it is in this sense that the reporter evidently meant his words to be taken.

It is almost unnecessary for us to say that the reporter who sent such a despatch displayed his own ignorance by attempting this supercilious discourtesy. It is a matter too evident to need proof that there is no comparison between the knowledge, whether of the sciences, or of human nature, which is required of a Cardinal who is at the same time the Archbishop of the chief

city of the world, and that needed in a press reporter. The despatch is therefore simply a piece of snobbianness.

But by the mails which have since reached us it appears that the Cardinal did not use the language attributed to him. His actual words were:

"I should see no objection whatever to the publication of Sunday papers if they were, as you suggest, the products of Saturday's labor. But they would not be. The competition, let alone the exigencies of Journalism, would necessitate their being written and printed down to the very last minute of Sunday morning before the issue. Nothing would stop that. The whole staff of compositors and office men would be worked in such a manner as to send them to bed on Sunday morning at the hour they ought to be going to church. There is a further drawback to the proposal: The distribution of the Sunday papers would require an army of most active workers, and their work would lie along all the hours of Sunday morning. Now, surely, we can do one day in the week without being fed by electricity or dynamo. Is there to be absolutely no repose in Journalism? If none for the journalist, why should there be any for the journeyman?"

Thus it is seen that His Eminence, instead of assuming, as the reporter asserted, that the papers might be conducted with a minimum of Sunday work, refutes the supposition that such would be the case, and bases his opinion on the subject on his conviction that there would be necessarily a large amount of Sunday labor done if the papers were once started.

It is most probable that the Sunday papers will not be allowed to be published, at present, at all events, as the English people are inclined to the conservation of ancient customs and traditions.

THE SAMOAN EMBROGGLIO.

On the 12th inst. an intense sensation was created in official and Government circles in London, Washington and Berlin, on receipt of a telegram from Apia, Samoa, to the effect that the British and American forces on the island had been routed by the natives in strong force.

Further details of the occurrence showed that the occasion gave an opportunity to make advances towards bringing about the long-talked-of "Anglo-Saxon alliance" between Great Britain and the United States, and it is not saying too much to state that though the matter may result in bringing about complications with Germany, there is a feeling afloat that it was worth while risking the danger of a quarrel with that country for the sake of doing something which might bring England and the United States into closer friendship than they have ever had for each other.

What matters it that the two great nations which were allied on the occasion have been carrying on an unjust war against a small savage tribe which is just beginning to be civilized under the benign influence of Christian teaching? The practical morality of the civilized nations is not that of the Gospel, to do to others as they would wish others to do to them. The only right they recognize is the right of might impelled by greed, and it is by this right alone that the warfare now being carried on against the deeply wronged Samoans is called a just warfare.

The latest news from this seat of a small war is that 214 British and American sailors with 150 friendly natives fell into an ambush where they were attacked by an overwhelming force of natives who support King Mataafa. Of course, with the modern weapons of the British and Americans, they killed many more of their assailants than they lost, nevertheless the allies were overpowered by numbers and driven back to their ships to seek safety. Thus they lost prestige. The British and American loss in killed was three officers and four sailors, while the Mataafans lost about forty killed.

The Mataafans are called by the British and American press "rebels." And why rebels? Simply because they obey a king whom they have chosen themselves by actual election, whereas the British and Americans wish to impose on them a ruler whom they do not want. Germany, however, has been in favor of King Mataafa, the choice of the Samoans, and on the 16th of March, 1899, the United States war ships Philadelphia and two British war ships were ordered to bombard the Samoan villages, composed of unfortified and unarmed huts, killing without mercy the old men, the women and the children of the Samoans who refused to dismiss the king and provisional government of their own choice!

It was in self-defence that these so-called rebels attacked the allied forces, with the object of maintaining their own independence, an independence which was formally recognized before, not only by Germany but even by Great Britain and the United States.

In 1899 Mataafa was king, and his rule was maintained by the Americans, but opposed by the Germans. On March 16 of the same year there was a fearful storm by which a German and an American war ship were destroyed. Then Mataafa endeavored himself to both these nations by saving the lives of a number of sailors of both ships, by strenuous efforts. Nevertheless, in 1893, through the influence of the London Missionary Society, the British troops, under Captain Lugard, aided Malletoa Laupepa to defeat Mataafa, and Malletoa Laupepa was made king. The reason for which Malletoa Laupepa was supported by the Missionary Society was that he was a Protestant, whereas Mataafa was a Catholic.

Matters rested thus until last August, when Malletoa died of typhoid fever, whereupon the three powers agreed to accept the choice of the Samoans for the future king, whether he should be Mataafa or Malletoa Tanu, as representing the late king. Mataafa received three-fourths of the Samoan vote, and was placed upon the throne. Then again the influence of the London Missionary Society was employed in favor of Malletoa, and the American Chief Justice Chambers, who had already agreed to recognize Mataafa if elected, suddenly and unexpectedly awarded the throne to Malletoa Tanu, on the plea that Mataafa was ineligible. The Americans and British attempted to put into execution Chief Justice Chambers' decree, and for this purpose bombarded the native villages on the tenth anniversary of the very day when Mataafa had saved the American and German sailors from a dreadful death.

It is very convenient now for the American press to abuse Mataafa as a savage rebel, as an excuse for sending out more war ships to subdue the natives; but he is the same Mataafa who saved his drowning friends and foes alike a decade ago, and who has been described by Robert Louis Stevenson as "an admirable figure in the eyes of Europeans," a man of undoubted courage and patriotic love for his native land, and a man of conscience.

The three powers will probably come to some arrangement which will ignore the rights of the Samoans to self-government, for they care but as little for the rights of the Samoans as for those of the Filipinos. Nevertheless we deem it right to make this statement of the case to show where the rights and the wrongs of the matter really lie.

On the 17th inst. the Rt. Hon. Wm. St. John Broderick, the Foreign Secretary, stated in the British House of Commons that the German on whose plantation the Samoans had made the attack on the allies had been arrested because he had been seen directing the natives to make the attack. He was afterward given over to the custody of the commander of the German warship Falke, under promise that he would be detained till an inquiry will be made into his complicity in the affair. In the agitation which at present excites the British and Americans, it would seem that the only distant hope that the Samoans will be justly dealt with in the matter arises out of the fact that the Germans are concerned in it as a fourth party. It has been agreed that the three great powers must be unanimous in order to take any action in the case.

AMERICANISM AND EVANGELICALISM.

An article in the Canadian Churchman of the 13th inst. makes it clear to the thoughtful reader that the editorial brain has been confused by the events which have recently been occurring in England in its own Church, making it impossible for any Anglican to know just now whether he is standing on his head or feet, from a doctrinal point of view.

The article in question is entitled "Americanism," and has reference to the recent letter of Pope Leo XIII. to Cardinal Gibbons on the same subject. It starts out with the remarkable assertion that

"Students of contemporary ecclesiastical affairs have for some time been aware that Roman Catholicism in the United States is something very different from the religion in many European countries and in some American countries."

In proof of this it states that the book of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, is of so "Evangelical" a tone that the reader is tempted to look back at the title page to assure himself that it is really the work of a "Roman Prelate" and not of "an Evangelical Divine," and that "the removal of about a page of the whole volume would leave nothing, or hardly anything, that would be objectionable to an ordinary Protestant reader."

It is well known that the Catholic Church teaches everywhere the same truth, and Protestants even make this a constant objection to Catholic faith, sometimes putting it in the form that "Rome does not change," and "she clings to the same errors which she held three, four, or ten centuries ago," or that her "unchangeableness makes her blind and deaf to the demands of modern progress." It is, therefore, rather a ludicrous charge to say that she teaches one set of doctrines in Europe and South America, and another in the United States. In fact, a Catholic book of devotion or on doctrine is as devoutly read by any Catholic in Canada and the United States as in the country where it was originally published, whether it may have first seen the light in Italy, Spain, Portugal, France or Germany. We may instance the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, The Following of Christ, by St. Thomas of Kempis, and the writings of St. Alphonsus.

But how is it with the Church of England, in which our contemporary professes to believe?

Why! through High and Low and Broad Churchism, besides other varieties of faith, there is as broad a gulf as that which separated the pillars of Hercules from the ancient kingdom of Atlantis.

We all know that in adjacent parishes in England and Canada, nay even in the same parish, and the same Anglican Church, it is not an infrequent thing for a doctrine to be preached which might easily be printed as a supplement to the writings of Tom Paine or Colonel Ingersoll, while in the evening there is another teaching which might pass as orthodox in the pulpit of St. Patrick's cathedral of New York, or St. Michael's of Toronto. And it is a paper of this same Church which has the hardihood to accuse Catholics of the crime of teaching differently in different countries. Surely the dweller in the glass house in which the Churchman lives should not throw such stones as might shatter his own home when hurled back.

And how then are we to account for it that the Churchman endorses so heartily Cardinal Gibbons' book? This task is not a difficult one by any means. Protestantism in general, and the Churchman's so-called Evangelicalism in particular, is a non-descript faith which has neither a fixed dogma nor a fixed code of morals, and it can adapt itself to any creed. Its creed and ethics have been stolen bodily, so far as they exist at all, from the teachings of the Catholic Church, and it can easily adapt itself to a Catholic teaching, especially when the Catholic book containing it is not professedly controversial. In this way even so Catholic and dogmatic a book as the Following of Christ has been published by Methodists and even by some Methodist clergymen, as containing most salutary doctrine. After such vagaries, it may indeed yet occur that Cardinal Gibbons' book may be published under the auspices of some of the forms of the many-headed and many-bodied monster which the Churchman calls "Evangelicalism." But the vagaries of Protestantism, or at least of Evangelicalism, do not make the writings of the eminent Prince of the Catholic Church any less orthodox.

The Churchman continues:

"It would appear that this adaptation of the faith by Cardinal Gibbons to modern requirements does not give entire satisfaction to the Vatican, and a pronouncement has for some time been expected from His Holiness on the subject. It has now appeared, etc."

We have scarcely seen a more gross deception than this attempted by the most unscrupulous polemicist. It was not at all the work of Cardinal Gibbons which gave occasion to the Pope's letter on Americanism. It was a "so-called Americanism" which the Holy Father condemned, and which would conceal dogmas of the Catholic faith under a form of words which would minimize doctrines to make them acceptable to Protestants. This mode of treating Christian doctrine is very common among the Protestants of this country and elsewhere in their efforts to bring about a sham of "Christian unity;" but it is almost unknown among Catholics, and the whole Catholic body of America thanks the Pope for having condemned its application to Catholic doctrine.

There are, indeed, a few persons who would in this way minimize Catholic teaching, but they are persons who have never had weight in the Catholic body, and their methods have been justly condemned. But here we must add that the Holy Father did not say that such doctrines prevail in America, but he refers chiefly to discussions which arose in Europe out of a translation of and a commentary on Father Hecker's life, from which the doctrine which the Holy Father condemns is

deduced, and the Holy Father does not call that doctrine Americanism, but "so-called Americanism." This is even conceded, further down, by the Churchman itself.

We may remark, however, that the authors of the recently issued Evangelical Protestant Catechism have employed the methods of "so-called Americanism," and they claim to represent sixty million Protestants. This minimizing of the faith is, therefore, quite a congenial Protestant practice, which cannot be truthfully alleged as being at all common among Catholics. In proof of this we may quote two opinions expressed by organs of different sects.

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Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—The subject on which I am to address you this evening is one so sacred that before entering upon it I feel the words of Isaiah springing to my lips: "Woe is me because I am a man of unclean lips," and fervently wish that the Seraph who purified his lips would render mine less unworthy of my theme. It has been beautifully said that to appreciate Catholic truth properly it must be like those gorgeous stained glass windows of Gothic cathedrals, viewed from within. From the outside these windows appear dull, with the outlines of the figures blurred. But when seen from within, with heaven's light bringing out each varied tint, and lighting up each sainted face, then indeed the beauty of the window and its harmony with its surroundings can be grasped. If this is true of any Catholic doctrine it is especially true of the Catholic doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist. One must understand the position this doctrine occupies in the Catholic heart; how it is entwined with the most sacred recollections of childhood; how it brightens the death bed—how it is the centre of Catholic worship, and has inspired the masterpieces of Catholic art; how it has woven itself into the names of our most joyful festivals, such as Christmas—in order to enter into

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First of all, I am not going to deal with the vilifiers of this doctrine. A famous French controversial writer, the Abbe Martinez, said in this class: "I refuse to kill vermin in public. I have too much regard for my readers, Catholic and non-Catholic, to treat them to such an exhibition."

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the appearance of bread to the senses, and became really and truly the living adorable Body of Christ.

Here we will note the following points. First the living Christ, consisting of body and soul together with His divinity inseparably united to both. In a word, the God-man Christ is really and truly present in the Blessed Eucharist. He is present not merely in imagination or representation, but in reality, as really as we are present here, or He is now present at the right hand of the Father in heaven. His presence, however,

IS SUPERNATURAL, MIRACULOUS,

altogether beyond natural conditions. He cannot suffer, cannot be divided, cannot be affected in any way by natural agencies, remains really present as long as the appearances of bread remain. When these cease, then, He is no longer present. His presence then is miraculous, unimagined. It might also be termed heavenly, spiritual, as long as these words are not used, as they very often are, in a sense exclusive of His Real Presence.

Secondly, in the Blessed Eucharist we have all the sense impressions of bread and wine. As far as the senses go there is no evidence of any change. The consecrated Host looks, tastes, feels exactly as before the Consecration. It retains all the outward semblances and produces all the impressions of bread.

Thirdly, the substance or nature of bread has disappeared, and has been succeeded by the body of Christ, so that whilst the consecrated Host looks like, tastes like, feels like, bread, it is no longer bread in reality but is really and truly the living adorable body of Christ.

Having summarized briefly the Catholic doctrine concerning Our Lord's presence in the Blessed Eucharist, we can now better deal with the difficulties this doctrine presents. These may be classed under three heads: difficulties concerning the mode of Our Lord's presence, difficulties arising from the senses, difficulties springing from the dignity of Our Lord which some imagine to be incompatible with what the Catholic Church teaches concerning His Real Presence in the Blessed Eucharist.

The words of Solomon are as true to-day as when they were first uttered: "All things are hard." Notwithstanding all the boasted progress we have made

WE KNOW AS LITTLE OF THE REAL NATURE OF THINGS

now as then. We have learned to utilize the forces of nature, but what these forces are remains as great a mystery as ever. How little do we know of that agency which is revolutionizing the world—electricity! We are making advances in our methods of catching it, of transmitting it, of making it work for us; but when we come to inquire what it is, we look in vain for a satisfactory reply. This material world, with its strange and silent workings, with its teeming vegetable and animal life, has been the subject of exploration by philosophers from the earliest times; yet how little they have done to solve its problems! What various and contradictory theories they have formulated! In fact some of the most famous amongst them tell us that we can know nothing whatever of the real nature of things. And when we turn from the world around us to the world within us, how many mysteries we encounter? How does an act of the will set the complicated machinery of an arm or a foot moving in the very direction and with just the force required? How does the will select out of that mass of nerve fibres just the proper ones to execute its commands? Here are difficulties beyond our power of solution; yet the facts are familiar to us, though we cannot explain how they take place. When, therefore, we are asked how the living, glorified body of our Lord, now shining at the right hand of the Father, can be at the same time really present in thousands of churches, under the form of a tiny Host, we reply that we cannot explain this any more than we can explain how the same body passed through the closed door of the room in which the Apostles were hiding on the evening of the Resurrection, or how the same body got yet glorified shone like the sun on Tabor, or moved over the waters of Galilee more lightly than the Summer breeze. We cannot explain this any more than how three Divine Persons can have one and the same divine nature. And then this talk about being in many places at the same time! What, after all, do we know about place, or space and time? The greatest of

GERMAN METAPHYSICIANS, EMMANUEL KANT.

holds that space and time are simply forms or modes of thought—ways the mind has of looking at things, and that outside the mind they have no real existence. This is the theory of a philosopher who is the very reverse of Catholic. It may be said that his theory is erroneous; but admitting this, we have in him an example to warn us against talking too freely about places and times, since he denied the existence of both space and time, except as mere forms of the mind.

Why! have we not to a considerable extent annihilated both space and time? Can we not converse with a person hundreds of miles away as though he were beside us? Are we not whirled over hundreds of miles of territory in a few hours? Have we not the substance of a plentiful dinner concentrated in a little capsule? These things were regarded as impossible a few years ago; and we cannot even imagine what may be done in a few more years. Who, then, will dare to set bounds to the Omnipotence of

God? Who will dare to maintain that by His Almighty power the same Christ Who is now present in Heaven cannot be miraculously present in many places on earth as well? In Chamber's Cyclopaedia, one of the best works of its kind in any language, under the heading, "Apparitions" the following, amongst other strange occurrences, is related.

A distinguished physician of London, England, had crossed to Paris, France, on a visit, in company with a baronet, on his acquaintance. Two days after their arrival in the latter city the physician saw his wife who had remained in London walking through his room in Paris, and holding a dead child in her arms. He immediately called his friend and described to him the whole scene. They were both so much impressed that they sent a messenger immediately to London. He brought back the news that at the very hour in which the physician saw his wife with a dead child in her arms in his room in Paris she was delivered of a still-born babe in London. The writer of this article

RELATES OTHER CASES EQUALLY STRIKING.

and shows that they cannot be accounted for on the theories of dreaming or hallucination, or by any theory yet advanced. "Truly there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy!" If they would only realize this, those who find themselves staggered by the difficulties surrounding the Catholic doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist, would remember that what is difficult to men is easy to God, Who can do all things that involve neither contradiction nor absurdity; instead of the captious "How can this be?" they would pour out the noble confession of St. Peter: "Lord! to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!"

Now we come to the difficulty raised by the evidence of the senses. The Consecrated Host retains all the external characteristics of bread, and produces all the sense impressions of bread. Have we not here the testimony of the senses against the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation, which teaches that, after the words of Consecration are pronounced, what was bread before has by virtue of these words ceased to be bread in reality, though retaining all its appearances, and become the body of Christ?

This brings us face to face with the questions, What is the evidence of the senses? What is the office? Their office is to tell us of the appearances of things, and then our judgment, acting on this information, decides as to the real nature of the cause producing them. For instance, I am looking along a road and in the distance I see an object moving toward me. After a little scrutiny I decide that this object is a man. Does my sight tell me this? Certainly not. All the information my sight gives is that a dark speck on the road is moving towards me. It is my recollection of former experiences of a similar kind, my observation of the peculiar form and movements of this dark speck, and my judgment acting on these materials, that enable me to decide that the object in question is a man. Very often my

JUDGMENT COMES TO A CONCLUSION

the very opposite of what the senses would suggest. A tree a few feet away appears far more lofty than a mountain in the far horizon. Yet we do not believe that such is the case. In the course of a month the moon appears first as a silver crescent scarcely visible. Then it appears as a half circle. Next week it is a full-grown orb. As far as my senses inform me the moon has grown many times in bulk during the span of twelve days. Is this correct? Do I go according to the evidence of my senses here? Certainly not. My judgment intervenes, and says that these differences in the appearance of the moon are not due to changes in her size, but to changed positions. More of its illuminated surface is turned toward me at one time than at another.

Again, the sun appears to travel every day across the heavens from East to West. Yet astronomers tell us that this motion of the sun is apparent not real, and caused by the whirling of the earth on its axis. There is a direct issue between my senses and science. To my senses this earth is the very seat of immobility. Yet it is this earth, so immovable as far as we can see, and feel, which is moving; whereas the sun, which I watch in his course through the heavens, does not move in reality. What about the evidence of the senses here? "Oh!" replies the proud gazer at the stars (who looks down with unspeakable contempt on those who will not take his word, though he is altogether above taking God's word) "my senses are all right." They tell me that the sun seems to move and the earth to stand still; and so far they are correct. But my judgment,

AFTER INVESTIGATING THE WHOLE MATTER,

informs me that these appearances do not correspond with the reality. Quite true. But this reply is just what will meet the difficulty raised against the Catholic doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist by reason of the evidence of the senses. We say: The consecrated Host looks, tastes, feels, like bread. Our senses tell us it has all the appearances of bread. That is the amount of their evidence, and we freely accept it. Now comes the work of the judgment. If it had nothing but the impressions received from the senses to work on, it would conclude that the consecrated Host was bread. But it bears Him Who walked upon the waters of Tiberias—Who came forth through the sealed door of the sepulchre in which His enemies sought to keep His body

down—Who created all things saying: "This is my body!" And our judgment answers: "Yea, Lord; because Thou canst do all things, I believe that This is really and truly Thy body."

There is no contradiction to the evidence of the senses here. Our judgment admits that evidence; but it has something else—evidence infinitely more powerful—on which it bases its decision concerning the reality behind the sense impressions.

With regard to the difficulties raised against the Catholic doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist because of its fancied incompatibility with the dignity of our Lord, it need only be remarked that every difficulty of this kind can be, and has been, brought against the mystery of the Incarnation. The sensual Pagans sneered at the idea of God born in a stable, lying into Egypt from Herod, dying on a cross. Every ribald jest hurled against the Catholic doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist could be directed with even greater force against the adorable Word made flesh. For we must remember that our Lord was subject to all the wants and infirmities of the flesh, except sin, when He walked this earth; whereas in the Blessed Eucharist His presence is miraculous impalpable.

INCAPABLE OF INJURY OR CHANGE

of any kind. When the sacramental species or forms are desecrated He is not touched. When forms are changed He ceases to be present. Of course His presence there is a mystery—a mystery of love—a mystery which has inspired the most heroic actions of the noblest hearts, and will continue to inspire them till time shall be no more. It is this mystery of love that has sustained the martyrs, cheered the confessors, sanctified the virgins. It daily inspires unnumbered acts of unknown heroism. It has been the source of all that is grandest in Christian art. And we cannot more appropriately conclude this glance at the objections raised against it than by the words of one of the noblest souls of this or any other age—one who felt and raised all these difficulties for almost half his lifetime, but at length saw of how little force they were—Cardinal Newman. "People say," he writes, "that the doctrine of Transubstantiation is difficult to believe. I did not believe the doctrine till I was a Catholic. I had no difficulty in believing it as soon as I believed that the Catholic Roman Church was the oracle of God and that she declared this doctrine to be part of the original revelation." A little before he wrote: "Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt." Of all the points of faith the being of a God is to my own apprehension encompassed with most difficulties and yet borne in our own minds with most power." (Apologia, chapter v.)

THE FRIARS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Father F. B. Doherty, C. S. P., at the Harvard Catholic Club.

From the Boston Pilot.

The Rev. Francis Brooks Doherty, C. S. P., of New York, addressed the Harvard Catholic Club on "The Friars in the Philippines," on the evening of Thursday, April 8, in Fogg Museum. The members of the Club and their friends made up an audience that approached, long before 8 o'clock. Indeed many had to go away.

Father Doherty is a native of Boston, and his venerable father, James Doherty, of the Roxbury district, had a prominent place in the audience.

At the outbreak of the hostilities with Spain, Father Doherty volunteered his services as chaplain, and was chosen to go with the First California Volunteers. Gen. Merritt, on discovering the patriotic young priest's knowledge of the Spanish language, was extremely desirous to have his services. Our readers will remember that, at the siege of Manila, Father Doherty, and the other Catholic chaplain, Father W. D. McKinnon, volunteered to enter Manila under a flag of truce, and persuade the martial Archbishop of the folly of protracting the struggle. The young priests, however, were refused admission to the city.

Father Doherty is about thirty-five years of age, with a distinguished presence and a fine delivery. He gave a series of three lectures on his experiences in the Philippines this winter, before the Catholic Club, of New York.

On this first appearance at Harvard, Father Doherty was accompanied by his friend and host, Mr. Thomas A. Mullen, former secretary of Mayor Quincy, and presented by Mr. W. J. Desmond, president of the Club.

Appended is a careful summary of his eloquent discourse:

At the other end of the world, nearly under our feet, are a group of islands which are receiving at this time more than their share of attention. At the present moment, as we are in the dusk of evening, they are advancing in towards mid-day. At the present stage of inquiry, while the Filipinos are not without an enlightenment of their own, the world in general is in dark about them.

To dispel our ignorance, authors innumerable rush into print, and the making of books concerning these islands there is no end, and in the books themselves there is no end—of stories, all concerning the friars in the Philippines.

The weight of such an avalanche of authority would be crushing if an investigation did not reveal the source to be the same. The reader draws from the magazine article—the writer from Dean Worcester—and he copies from Forman, so that the flood of facts is

found to be a rill, not a cataract; and if the latter, or cataract, exists, it is one which neither in the members of the medical school can remove; it's mental.

Before entering into a consideration of the state of the religious, I am first concerned with the religious state of John Forman, whose book and utterances are quoted as those of a Catholic, and who posed as such before the Paris Peace Commission.

In his preface he implies that some one is a good Catholic—it can't be he—for good Catholics do not advertise the fact—and no good Catholic, no decent pagan, would use the word "Mariolatry" nor speak as he does of well-understood practices of piety. With this we will dismiss him from our reckoning in favor of good non-professing, non-Catholic authorities.

The Philippine Islands, discovered by Magellan one hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrims, are situated entirely within the tropics and contain in all fourteen hundred islands ranging from the islet to the Islands of Luzon and Mindanao, as large as Ohio and New York. Magellan sailed through the straits bearing his name and thence landed on Mindanao, where, says the chronicler, "on Easter, 1521, the first Mass was celebrated on the River Butuan, when a new tree was planted, the tree of life—the wood of the cross." Here Magellan, or rather his chaplains, convert natives to Christianity. Here the leader is killed by hostile Indians. Then the Victoria sails homeward, the first to circumnavigate the globe. Then the successive expeditions arrive—the fourth under Legaspi giving the name to the islands in honor of Philip of Asturias, afterwards Philip the Second of Spain.

During these expeditions the friars began to arrive. In 1565, a return journey is set upon, the pilot and captain die, and the vessel, unable to oppose the westerly trade winds, is in danger of shipwreck. Then rises Padre Urdaneta, an old Augustinian who had in early days been a navigator. With seaman's instinct he heads the ship to the northward, and there finds for the first time the return trade wind to the east and makes a wonderful quick return to Mexico. The rest of the long chronicles are mainly made up of the records of good lives and happy deaths, where sanctity was succeeded by martyrdom. Then are the very human little trials from the jealousy of the Spanish officials or from untractable subjects of their own, for the friars had no more intention of whitewashing their records than I have of whitewashing the friars this evening. In 1719, we see the Governor General of these islands imprisoning the Archbishop in the fortress of Santiago until the natives rising kill the Governor and his son and free the imprisoned.

Sir John Bowring speaks of the work of the friars from which they gained their influence over the natives. He says that "a desire for trade dominated the Dutch, and while desire for territorial expansion was the leading motive of the English, to the Spanish much has never been abandoned." Of the Spaniards in America he admits that "here the military spirit has prevailed with plunder for its end, but in the Philippines it has been different—a small body of soldiers accompanied by zealous missionaries attempt to convert the natives, the friars gradually obtaining paramount influence."

Regarding this influence he says that "it is due no doubt to the heroism, sufferings and sacrifices of the early missionaries and to the admirably organized hierarchy of the Catholic Church. The missionaries accommodated themselves to their surroundings adapting their lives to the habits of the natives, particularly to the gaining of the native tongues." The United States War Department report says: "The Spanish friars of strict orders come to these islands to stay, and with scarcely an exception do their duties faithfully and devotedly. Many of the Spanish curas have done much good work in the way of making roads and bridges, and the building of churches, acting frequently as their own architects and engineers with far less unsightly results than might be expected with those who are supposed to be more conversant with brevity and rosary than with rule and compass." Bowring says, moreover, that "these friars who follow a simple life in the midst of fine surroundings, often stand between the cupidity of the conquerors and the weakness of the conquered." Dawsey's searchlight at night gives a picture of low native huts amid the darkness, then the grim walls of Spain's military defences with the towers of the churches rising above seeming to dominate the scene, but this impression is expelled by daylight's unbiased judgment.

At the words of Bowring the picture rises before me of the friars between the upper and nether millstone crushed by one and blamed by both, until defamed by Spanish officials, the Archbishop of Manila and the Church which, as a salaried scapegoat, has borne for centuries the sins of Spanish unbelievers, is ready, nay glad, to exchange its compromising association for such freedom as we enjoy in the United States.

Spanish deceit and Filipino misunderstanding have been no inconsiderable elements which have tended to the deplorable condition of the Catholic Church in the Philippines. When in the interests of civilization, I visited Aguineldo for the purpose of pleading for the captive friars, the charges alleged by him were idleness, excessive wealth, extortion, interference and, worst of all dissoluteness. As to Aguineldo himself, a recent writer in the

Review of Reviews attributes his pater-nity to a dissolute Jesuit at Cavite, and that he was a house boy or servant to the same—allegations which have no foundation in fact, for there are no Jesuits in Cavite—no Jesuit house ever in that place.

Another interesting tale is untwisted by a writer in the New York Times. It relates the disgust of a young novice at seeing some friars with cassocks tucked up driving a pig into a pond and killing it in the water, that they might use its flesh for fish on Friday—a story which is "fishy" indeed, since in Spain and its possessions an ecclesiastical indulgent has prevailed since the time of the wars with the Moors, and from this indulgent the use of flesh meat on Friday is there universally permitted.

Speaking of idleness, the lecturer observed that while the population, now about 7,000,000, has increased 535 per cent. in the last 136 years, while the Hawaiian, now nearing extinction, has decreased 72 per cent. in 74 years—the friars have converted 90 per cent. of the population, and a writer in the Independent, Bray, makes the illiteracy not much more than that in the United States. Another writer in the same magazine, A. Tolman Smith, says that of the 90 per cent. Catholics, "Education is in the hands of the monastic orders, and in spite of the recent uprising against them, it is a matter of record that they have given many zealous teachers and preachers to the work of civilizing and improving the natives."

Thus from the fact of such labors, idleness is not well substantiated. They have not been altogether idle, nor have been the recent historians whose industry is only equalled by that of the Father of Lies, or the Herodotus of contemporaneous history of the Philippines.

Contrasting with the charge of idleness is that of excessive wealth. Grouped within the walled city are an extraordinary amount of ecclesiastical property congregated there for convenience, just as merchants have their local industrial centres, or as intelligence is attracted around a university centre. Endowments are not as usual among Catholic institutions as elsewhere. Money is needed for the support of charities, and no one condemns churches for availing themselves of its use, as, for example, in the rich Trinity church charities of New York City, or with the lepers of Manila, supported by the slender income of the poor Franciscans. As to the excessive wealth, Aguineldo is anxious to remove the occasion of complaint and some of the wealth to himself. He wants no interference but from the lurid light of the burning suburbs of Manila one may read that it was time for some one to interfere.

The charges of dissolute living were investigated in a fair spirit—the Catholic Church does not dread that light which may disclose such human weakness which is to be found even among other organizations. A prolific authority on the subject has been "general report," who has slaughtered more reputations than the lives lost in the war. Given a stray fact or an isolated instance, "generalization" magically multiplies the fact into multitudes, and then marshalling the hosts, such thoughtless word, unable to stand, such charges, unconditionally surrenders. It's of no use tilting at windmills, and these general charges are met with calls for specific proof. Some time this is given, as when a Filipino parent told me that his daughter had been insulted by his pastor, but couldn't remember his name nor where it happened—an absurdity, for such a name would be sealed into a father's soul.

There have doubtless been scandals in instances, but the religious fervor and the purity of the natives—well attested by strangers and travelers—is a good working evidence that the teachers must have been zealous men of good lives, for the disciples could not be better than the masters, nor the stream rise above the fountain head.

On the Pacific Slope the names of Sacramento, Los Angeles and San Francisco are suggestive. They bespeak the founders of the Church in the West. At Monterey a Protestant lady has erected a statue to Padre Junipero Serra, and another Protestant has enshrined Padre Salvaderra in the pages of "Ramona." Sentiment has changed there, and, no doubt, when the clouds of calumny are cleared away, and the work of the friars stands out in the clear perspective of history, the suspended judgment of the present will then place alongside the Spanish friars of California, their brethren, the friars in the Philippines.

SPREAD THE FAITH.

The venerable Newman Hall is learning wisdom in his old age. He has been trying to stay the progress of Catholicity for many years; and now, at fourscore and three, he admits that such efforts are vain. His words are worth quoting: "Popery is spreading," he says, "because of the spread of Popish doctrine." Here is a lesson for faint-hearted Catholics who are tempted to think efforts in certain directions to spread the faith are useless because there are no visible results. This is only one of many indications of little faith on the part of those calling themselves faithful. It is a glorious privilege to be permitted to speak or write in defence of the Church; and if there is anything that can be confidently left to Providence, it is the result of every disinterested effort, however feeble, to bring others to the knowledge of divine truth—Ava Maria.

Protestant Controversy

Any one who will consult the American Ecclesiastical Review for February, 1899, will find there in the original Latin a decree of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition, of which the Pope himself is Prefect, authorizing Roman Catholic confessors in the East, where it can be done without any scandal, to absolve in extremis members of the separated Oriental communions, without agitating their minds by controversies over points at issue between their churches and the Holy See.

Could any such decree be issued in favor of Protestants? Assuredly not. The farthest point of concession allowable (and even this not directly authorized) may be viewed as marked by an incident reported by Sainte Beuve, in his Histoire de Port Royal. In the seventeenth century a Jesuit of Antwerp, being appointed to attend the last hours of a Protestant soldier condemned to be shot for some breach of discipline, and having satisfied himself that the soldier was a Protestant in good faith, did not deem it expedient to speed the half-hour left the prisoner in arguments beyond his reach over the points at issue between the two religions, but contented himself with assisting the man to make various acts of faith and love, read to him the 17th chapter of St. John's gospel, and after his death solicited the prayers of the faithful for him as presumably one of the holy souls in Purgatory. The Jesuits were greatly scandalized over this behavior, but Catholics at large seem to have been greatly edified, while neither his General nor from the Apostolic See did the Jesuit receive any marks of disapprobation, but rather of approval.

Observe, however, the priest did not give the dying Protestant a sacramental absolution. Indeed, the soldier could hardly have solicited it without ceasing to be a Protestant. Nor did the Jesuit celebrate a public Mass for him. Private Masses, as Lehmkuhl defines, are permissible for the souls of persons who have died out of ecclesiastical communion, provided the celebrant has special reasons, over and above the general presumptions of charity, for believing that the deceased had died in a state of grace. Thus Cardinal Newman said a memorial Mass for Charles Kingsley, whom he believed to be a sincerely good man, and whose rather wild attacks on Roman Catholicism Doctor Newman with good reason imputed principally to a fault of temperament. Yet of course the Church allows no public celebrations in such cases.

Now what is the ground of this vital difference between the treatment of Oriental Christians and of Protestants?

It is owing to a vital difference in their respective positions. The Easterns have undoubted orders. The Protestants have, in general, quitted the episcopal succession, and as for the Anglicans, to say nothing of the Apostolic Curia, their orders have from the beginning been regarded by almost universal Roman Catholic opinion as void. Again although varying as to grounds and definition, the Easterns and all acknowledge the Primacy of the Universal Church to be properly inherent in the See of Peter. They would regard the initiative in calling an ecumenical council as properly belonging to this. On the other hand the Protestants commonly treat the Roman Primacy as anti-Christ, and even those who do not go so far, commonly regard it as obsolete or obsolescent, and do not look for a revival of it. Furthermore, the Greeks agree throughout with Rome in faith, and even the few millions of Nestorians and Monophysites probably differ rather in word than in real belief. On the other hand, except as to the Trinity and the Incarnation, which the Reformation took over bodily from Rome, there is scarcely a conspicuous point of doctrine upon which the Protestants have not diverged so essentially from Catholic tradition as to involve the Council of Trent in the necessity of pronouncing the anathema upon the Protestant position. There has never, I believe, been any controversy over the Atonement, but concerning justification, merit, the sacraments, the priesthood, the succession, free-will, original sin, concupiscence, tradition, the canon, the Eucharist, the effects of Baptism, the nature of the Church, Purgatory, intercession of saints, the Greeks and the Romans alone know themselves to be virtually, and for the most part, explicitly one. In not one of these particulars does Rome find any occasion to pronounce an anathema over the Greeks.

Protestantism, on the contrary, differs from Catholic tradition at every joint and turning of doctrine. It is not a question of more or less, or of the mere force of terms. It is a shifting of the whole point of view. The great Richard Rothe seems to me to have struck the matter in the middle, in declaring that it was a want of courage and consistency in early Protestantism, at least after Trent had cleared the air, that it did not frankly avow itself to have definitively left the ground of the Catholic Church, and of Catholic tradition as this is found from Saint Ignatius of Antioch down, to go no further back. Protestantism either has no justification for existence, or it is bound to approve itself a maturer form of Christianity than that in which the Church appears under the immediate successors of the Apostles. We can not eat our cake and have it. We can not be at once Protestants and Catholics. I do not mean that Catholics may

not protest, and separate in protesting, without quitting the common foundation. Such breaks have happened, are happening, and doubtless will happen. Protestantism, however, is a breach, not accidental, but fundamental, not temporary, but in its nature final.

When, therefore, Catholics use the phrase "converted to Christ and the Church," they are far from setting up the Church as a distinct and independent authority. They simply mean that while there may be a genuine conversion to Christ before there is any adequate knowledge of the Church and her ministries, there can not be a conversion to the fulness of Christ. Any other conversion is inchoate, meagre, precarious, detached from the organic life of God's people, not sustained and developed by the means principally appointed to nourish it, constantly in danger of being wasted and split. When, therefore, Catholics speak of "conversion to Christ and the Church," they simply mean what St. Paul means when he says that the Church is "the fulness of him that filleth all in all." The Church is not held to be a separate object of allegiance, but to be the concentrated and consummate expression of Christ's life in the world. Therefore, on the one hand, the Church condemns the teaching: "Grace is not given out of the Church;" on the other, she teaches: "Out of the Church there is no salvation." Beyond the soul of the Church absolutely none; beyond the body of the Church such a precarious and stunted spiritual life as she is not called to recognize in her official action and in her solemn prayers.

Now, if Bishop Mallieu, or any other, in speaking of a "conversion to Christ and Methodism," mean the same, they doubtless are not guilty of making Methodism co-ordinate with Christ. Yet, why then should they censure as arrogant the Roman Catholics for demanding "conversion to Christ and the Church?" In such a case both Rome and Methodism would occupy essentially the same position towards Protestantism at large. Each would maintain itself to be specifically and uniquely the expression of Christ's perfect mind and life, outside of which there is only meagreness and comparative spiritual ineffectiveness. What, then, becomes of that equal fellowship which Methodism boasts of cherishing with all Christians, meaning, however, simply all Protestants? Rome does not profess such an equal fellowship. Methodism professes it and then uses a phrase which either shuts it out or else is pure sectarian blasphemy.

This real though slightly disguised claim of Methodism to be the perfect Christianity, explains how it is that the Methodists so commonly, as for instance, in India and South Africa, either evade or refuse outright all limitations of their activity on the ground of comity with other Protestants. In view of this their constant complaints of the arrogance and pushing proselytism of Rome sound rather strange.

I next propose to consider Methodism on the political side.

Charles C. Starbuck. Andover, Mass.

The Crucifix, A Book of Meditation.

The Crucifix is at once a book of meditation, a help in suggesting motives for true sorrow for sin, courage to face difficulties, and to bear our own sorrows, and even sufferings, with patience and resignation, and enable us to say, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." A curious and striking incident is recorded in connection with the impety of men during the French Revolution. Some young men, having come into church, and seeing people going to confession, it was suggested that, for a joke, one of them should pretend to go to confession. The idea was fully approved, and one was appointed. He knelt in the confessional and he commenced in this sort: "I have cursed God, and will do so again. I have given up all religion, and don't care a straw for all its teaching," etc. The priest quietly listened, and then moved, one cannot help thinking, by the Holy Spirit, said: "For your penance obtain a Crucifix, place it on a table, kneel before it attentively for a minute, look at it, and then say, 'He died for me, and I don't care a straw for Him.'" The young man's friends were delighted and insisted on him doing his penance. They procured a Crucifix made him kneel as ordered, and bid him repeat the words. He began, "He died for me, and I—." Here he stopped, but his friends urged his going on. He did so, but, to their bewilderment, it was to say, "Yes, He did die for me, and I will never sin against Him again." He then arose and rushed away from his companions, and never stopped till he knelt at the confessional, this time a sincere penitent.—New World.

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Are your corners harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle.

League of the Sacred Heart.

The Beatification of Joan of Arc.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY, 1899.

Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The Holy Father desires before he dies to give his children one more intercessor in heaven, to place upon the altars of the Church and present to the veneration of the faithful one more of those remarkable personages whom God raises up from time to time to be models of virtue, marvels of sanctity, doers of mighty deeds in the cause of truth and justice.

The heavens show forth the glory of God, the earth is His footstool, nature through all her works displays His power and wisdom. But nowhere do His divine attributes shine forth more splendidly than in the life of a saint. As living beings surpass inanimate matter, as the moral order surpasses the physical, so Christian sanctity, divine in its origin, supernatural in its operations is far more sublime than anything that nature can produce.

In honoring the saints, we honor God, for we know that all their virtues and all their holiness were the gifts of God. This truth they themselves clearly discerned, and hence they were always humble even amid the praises of men. In the words of the Queen of Saints, they were always saying: "He that is mighty hath done great things to me; and holy is His name."

For they well knew that they could not even pronounce the name of Jesus in a spirit of faith without the Holy Ghost. It is true they co-operated of their own free will with God's graces, and thus merited an ever-increasing outpouring of His favors in this life and eternal glory in the next. But they were deeply penetrated with the truth of the great Apostle's words when he said: "By the grace of God I am what I am; and His grace in me hath not been void." And even though they had labored more abundantly than others, they could say with all truth: "Yet not I, but the grace of God with me."

In the saints, therefore, we praise and glorify God who has done such great things to men; who has shown forth in them His mercy, His love, His generosity, His sanctity, His power to lift up the needy from the dunghill and make them sit with princes, even with the angelic princes of the heavenly hierarchy. He hath regarded the lowliness of His servants, and that is why all generations shall call them blessed.

The beatification of Joan of Arc would be most opportune at the present time. She comes before the modern world dazzling it by her heroism, winning it by her sweet maidenhood, calling forth the admiration of Catholics and non-Catholics, Frenchmen and Englishmen. She is the ideal and champion of the legitimate aspirations of the day, while at the same time she corrects its errors by which those aspirations are too often clouded.

To-day men are crying out for freedom and autonomy. Joan gave freedom and autonomy to a down-trodden people. Men are crying out for progress and national prosperity. Joan opened a new era of progress and prosperity to her country. To-day there is a desire to enlarge the sphere of woman's usefulness. Joan led an army to battle and refounded a kingdom. To-day we long for peace and fraternity. Joan put an end to a hundred years' war, and two rival nations forgot their differences when they think of her.

What a rebuke is her life to the errors that beset us! The great mistake of our times is the attempt to divorce the natural from the supernatural. Man in his folly thinks he is sufficient for himself; he needs no God, no religion to help him carry out his enterprises. If any one wants religion, let him indulge his tastes in private, but let him not be dragging religion into the affairs of daily life. It is too sacred a thing for such contact. It is of another world and is out of place when it tries to meddle with the affairs of this world. Let God remain in the churches, where we may, if we please, make a ceremonious call on Him once a week, but let the doors be shut during the days of labor. What has religion to do with business, with politics, with war, with social life?

But Joan comes before us in shining armor with her white banner of Jesus and Mary in one hand, her drawn sword in the other, to enter the field of war, of politics, of social life, in the name of God. She tells us that God's providence guides the destinies of nations as well as of individuals, that nothing here below escapes His all-seeing eye, nothing is far from His all-pervading presence, that nothing can happen but by His command or with His permission. She tells us that by Him kings reign and that of Him are ordained the powers that be, and that if He humbles a nation for its correction He can also raise it up again. She tells us that every enterprise of life ought to be undertaken for Him and in His name.

She teaches us reverence for authority. She sought out the King in his retirement and humiliation when almost all had forsaken him, because he was the lawful ruler. She insisted on having him crowned and anointed by God's minister. She showed respect for her very judges, who, in defiance of all law and justice, condemned her to a terrible death.

But, above all, she teaches us how retirement, contemplation, mysticism, so far from unfitting one for great actions, are the best preparation for them. The ordinary good Christian practises ordinary virtue; the contemplative does the deeds of heroes and of giants. His

is a life of union with God and partakes of the power of God. Witness the life of St. Bernard, St. Augustine, St. Francis Xavier and so many other contemplatives and mystics who have achieved such marvels in the active life.

Joan's vocation, certainly an extraordinary one, made it necessary for her to don the accoutrements of a warrior, to live among men and be a leader of men. But she never thought of trying to ape the ways of men. Strong in her vow of virginity, she ever displayed the simplicity, the gentleness, the modesty, the delicate refinement that are woman's crown and glory, that charm the upright, shame the dissolute and compel the respect of all.

She rides forth, then, that warrior maiden, that mirror of knightly and of womanhood, the champion of the Apostleship of Prayer, fighting by day and praying by night that God's kingdom may come, that Christian principles and Christian charity may reign throughout the world.

Let us pray, then, with the Holy Father, that we may soon be able to invoke her as Blessed, and that her beautiful life and powerful intercession may inspire the faithful with fresh ardor and win over to the truth those who still dwell amid the darkness of error.

Five-Minutes' Sermon.

Fourth Sunday After Easter.

CONSCIENCE—SINNER, MOURN.

"Sorrow has filled your heart." (Luke 10, 4)

The apostles were in deep sorrow at the impending farewell of the Master whom they loved so dearly, and yet, they had no cause, as Jesus assured them. For in a little while the Paraclete, the Divine Comforter, the Holy Ghost, would come upon them, to take the place of the Redeemer, and to strengthen them miraculously for their future labors and sufferings. The apostles, then, had no cause for sorrow; but there are very many Christians who have indeed reason to sorrow and to shed bitter tears, but they do not do so; they laugh and sport, moreover, in wild pleasures as if they were the happiest mortals on earth. But who are those miserable beings? They are sinners separated from God, who are culpably dead in their souls, who are enemies of the Most High, and are rapidly advancing on the road to hell.

On the summits of high mountains may often be seen the sun shining in glorious effulgence, whilst in the valley below the most violent hurricanes are raging, causing terror and devastation. In a similar manner, joy is reflected from the countenance of such unhappy sinners: their whole exterior breathes happiness and contentment. But could you, like the Most High, penetrate the interior of their soul, how you would recoil with fright and terror! There you would find a fire, torturing and burning continually. There you would behold a poisonous viper hissing and stinging without interruption. There you would discover a spectre causing fear and trembling day and night. And what is this fire? What is the name of this viper, of this frightful spectre? It is called conscience, its name is, monitor of the soul, voice of God.

Yes, this monitor ceases not its cry of woe in the soul of the unhappy sinner. O miserable wretch! it thunders incessantly, what have you done, what have you lost, what will be your fate in eternity? You have rent the soul's beautiful garment of innocence; you have lost your God, your Heaven, all your happiness. You are a slave of the devil, your soul is dead and an enemy of Him Who can this instant cut the thread of your life and you are a reprobate in the eternal fires of hell. Thus it knocks and hammers, rages and thunders without interruption in the heart of the poor sinner, and do, what he will, he cannot silence this monitor. If he seeks distraction in pleasant society, his evil conscience accompanies him to the place of amusement. If he sits down to a sumptuous feast, conscience is with him at table. If he seeks oblivion in peaceful slumber, his conscience rethines with him and frightens him by terrible dreams. Oh deplorable condition of the soul! Oh, truly terrible beginning and prototype of infernal despair! And yet, where is the sinner that can withdraw himself from such a martyrdom! Truly, were there no other punishment for one separated from God, than this continual fear and torture, could he be happy a single moment of his life? Indeed, how often has it happened that sinners, not being able to endure longer the torture and despair of conscience, like the traitor Judas, take their own life.

The heathen poets relate of the Phrygian king Tantalus, who killed his own father. In punishment for such a crime, the gods chained him to a rock on a high mountain. Every evening a vulture flew to the spot and fed on his liver, which, however, was continually renewed. This was certainly a terrible, but well-merited punishment. But, tell me, God-forsaken sinner, do you not carry within yourself such a vulture, who day and night hacks your soul and who causes pain after pain, and bitterness after bitterness? And yet it is in your power to destroy this vulture this very day, by a sincere confession which will reconcile you to God, and you refuse to do so? You prefer to wear the chains of Satan and to feel the worm of despair with its unbearable martyrdom, to being happy in the peace of the beloved children of God? O unfortunate sinner, let your heart be moved by the voice of God's grace, and remain no:

Advertisement for Surprise Soap, featuring the text 'EASY QUICK WORK SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES. SURPRISE SOAP MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY'.

Advertisement for Carling's Gold Medal Ale, Porter & Lager, featuring the text 'CARLING'S GOLD MEDAL ALE, PORTER & LAGER. These Brands are exclusively used in the House of Commons.'

FUN FOR THE CANUCKS.

"They say an Englishman can't appreciate a joke, or play one. That isn't the case with the Canuck as I have found him," said a New York man who had just returned from a trip to the Dominion. "I was in Toronto," he added, "for nearly a week. The last day I was there I was the guest of a lively crowd at the big club of the town. After the entertainment my jolly companions said they would walk with me as far as my hotel, and they did. They went in with me and followed me to my room. After a short stop the leader of the party told me to go to bed. Although we had dined and told stories and quaffed, we had not become unduly familiar, and I was somewhat surprised when told to turn in in my own quarters. They saw I was puzzled and the leader explained. "You fellows from the States have such a funny way of blowing out the gas," he said, and then they all laughed. In spite of the moss that has accumulated on this gas joke, I rather enjoyed it because it seemed to be new to my friends, the Canucks."—New York Sun.

A HAMILTON CASE.

GROCER S. ROSS MAKES A VERY STARTLING STATEMENT.

He Would Have Been a Cripple All His Life Hadn't Dodd's Kidney Pills Not Cured Him—Fell on an Icy Walk and Injured His Kidneys.

Hamilton, April 17.—"I do confidently believe I would have been a cripple for life, if I had not used Dodd's Kidney Pills." Such was the startling statement made by Mr. S. Ross, 76 Merrick street, to several friends and acquaintances a few days ago. Mr. Ross is one of our shrewdest, and most progressive business men. He conducts a flourishing grocery business, at the address given.

"Why do you make such an assertion as that?" asked one of his hearers. "Well, you all know of my severe fall on an icy sidewalk, three years ago. The doctors said my kidneys were injured severely. I suffered the most agonizing pains in my back, and loins. The doctors couldn't help me. Neither did any of the medicines I took, till I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills, the best health-restorers ever sold. Three boxes of them set me on my feet, made me sound and well in every respect. Dodd's Kidney Pills are truly worth their weight in gold."

Mr. Ross expressed the same emphatic conviction held by every one else who has ever used Dodd's Kidney Pills, for any form of Kidney Trouble. Dodd's Kidney Pills act so rapidly, so strongly and yet so gently, on the kidneys, restoring to them a natural health and strength in such a short space of time, that those who use them are surprised at the result. And there is only one result, no matter how severe the disease may be, no matter how long it may have lasted.

Dodd's Kidney Pills positively cure all forms of Kidney Disease, including Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Gout, Rheumatism, Female Troubles, Dropsy, Impure Blood, Nervousness, etc.

Example is Better than Precept. These sententious proverbs, or old saws, which are used as prefixes to all of the Hood Sarsaparilla advertising in thousands of papers throughout the country, are evidence of a new and original style of display advertising both pleasing and effective. The Hood firm is to be congratulated on so cleverly adapting such wisdom as has filtered down through centuries. Another charming thing about this Hood advertising is the unique type they are using.

Six Oils.—The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence—remedies rheumatic pains, eradicates affections of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burns, and injuries of horses and cattle.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A May Blossom.

In my dim room, above the city street, I sat at work. . . yet, all about me grew bright reaches of the field, so sweet; I heard the pretty talk of building birds. . . for which no post had found words, . . . And whir of wings, then came the sunshine through. I felt soft touches of the wind, at play, . . . Lift from my tired brow loose slips of hair, . . . And kiss my cheek. . . the tear that trembled there. . . Oh, strangest charm! . . . I did not dream, . . . but still. The magic of a dream entranced the day, . . . Some one had placed upon my window sill A tiny crystal cup, and in it lay A single white sweet blossom of the May!

A Quick Temper.

What did you say? That you had a quick temper, but were soon over it; and that it was only a word and a blow with you sometimes, but you were always sorry as soon as it was over? Ah! my boy, that was the way with Cain. People almost seem to pride themselves on having quick tempers, as though they were not things to be ashamed of, and fought against. God's word does not take your view of it, for it says expressly that "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty," that "better is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city;" and "anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

A man who carries a quick temper about with him is much like a man who rides a horse which has the trick of running away. You would not care to own a runaway horse, would you?

When you feel the fierce spirit rising, do not speak until you can speak calmly, whatever may be the provocation. Words do lots of mischief. Resolve, as God helps you, that you will imitate Our Saviour who was always gentle and when He was reviled reviled not again.

A Hero of Our Day.

Many years ago there was a great fire, which burned down a large part of the city of Chicago. Hundreds of homes were swept away, and many strange events occurred while the flames were raging. A rich lady was hurrying through the crowd of frightened people and trying to save a few of her household goods. She saw a small boy and called him to her, saying: "Take this box, my boy, and do not part with it for an instant until I see you again." Take care of it and I will reward you well."

The boy took the box and the lady turned back to save some more of her goods, if possible. Soon the crowd came rushing between them, and they were separated. All that night and the next day passed. The lady took refuge with friends outside the city, and heard nothing more of boy or box. Her diamonds, a large amount of jewelry and all her valuable papers were in the box, and of course she was in great distress at losing them.

But on Tuesday night a watchman found the boy sitting on the box and almost buried in the sand and dirt that had fallen about him. He had been there all through the long hours with out food or shelter. At times he had covered himself with sand to escape the terrible flames. The poor child was almost dead with fright and fatigue, but had never once thought of deserting the precious box that had been entrusted to his care. Of course, he was amply rewarded by the grateful lady, but the boy who could be so faithful a trust would be rich and noble without any gift.—Catholic Youth.

Childish Faith.

A pretty little story comes from Baltimore. At a fair held there for the benefit of a church a little girl named Rose had worked very hard while the fair was in progress to save a few dollars that were entrusted to her. A doll was at one of the booths that was to be voted to the most popular little girl, and Rose was, among others, a candidate for this prize. The child was very anxious to possess a lovely doll, which seemed to her to be the most beautiful thing in the world. On the evening of the drawing little Rose could hardly wait, but when the numbers began to be read off it was noticed that she was not among them. Some one went to look after her and found her in a part of the room where the crowd was least on her knees praying over a little childish prayer which begged that the doll baby might sent to her. The sight brought tears to the eyes of those who saw and tended. Just as she finished the prayer was sent among her friends that had had, indeed, earned the doll, and second later, so touched was every one with her childish faith, it was hurriedly snatched from the table and put in her arms. Happiness beamed all over baby face as she carried her treasure around the room, and everybody saw her was as glad as she was that had got it.

A Touching Friendship.

Perhaps one of the most touching instances of apparently ill-so friendships is that of the well-known lioness which died at an advanced age in the Dublin Zoological Gardens 1876. So feeble had she become she was unable to repel the rats, who found their way to her quarters continually annoyed her by biting her feet. It was finally resolved to induce a good ratting terrier into the cage, and this was done with a result graphically described: "The dog was naturally received with angry growl; but as soon as the lioness saw her companion treated first rat she began to understand that the terrier was for, and immediately her behavior towards him was changed. She now coaxed him to her side, fed her paws around him, and each time the little terrier slept at the lioness's feet, enfolded with her paws and watching that his natural ene-

Advertisement for Brown's French Troches, featuring the text 'Many dealers will recommend inferior preparations and lower-priced articles. Ask for and obtain only BROWN'S French Troches of Boston.'

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A May Blossom. In my dim room, above the city street. I sat at work. . . yet, all about me grew bright reaches of the fields, so cool, so sweet; I heard the pretty talk of building birds.

A Quick Temper. What did you say? That you had a quick temper, but were soon over it; and that it was only a word and a blow with you sometimes, but you were always sorry as soon as it was over?

A Hero of Our Day. Many years ago there was a great fire, which burned down a large part of the city of Chicago. Hundreds of homes were swept away, and many strange events occurred while the flames were raging.

Consult Your Parents, Girls. Girls should never forget for one moment that no being on earth takes so deep and true an interest in their welfare as does their father or mother.

Keep Young, Girls. "Mother wants to keep me a baby until I am twenty," pouted a girl of fourteen, whose mother wanted to have her retain the loosely-flowing locks and the youthful simple garments suitable for her years for a couple of seasons longer.

Childish Faith. A pretty little story comes from Baltimore. At a fair held there for the benefit of a church a little girl named Rose had worked very hard while the fair was in progress to sell various things that were entrusted to her.

A Touching Friendship. Perhaps one of the most touching instances of apparently ill-sorted friendships is that of the well-known lioness which died at an advanced age in the Dublin Zoological Gardens in 1876.

Men Who Read. Risen from the ranks. Poor boy becomes rich man. Little schooling, nevertheless — statesman! Cooper, Greeley, Lincoln, — the procession is endless. We have them paraded before us to excite our emulation.

did not disturb the rest of his mistress." —New York Post.

A Lesson in Politeness. The following anecdote, culled from an exchange, illustrates the power of a kind word uttered in recognition of the simplest service:

Several winters ago a woman was coming out from a public building where the heavy doors swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. A little street urchin sprang up to the rescue, and as he held open the door, she said "Thank you," and passed on.

"D'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion standing near him. "No; what?"

"Why, that lady said 'Thank ye' to the likes o' me."

Amused at the conversation, the lady turned and said to the boy: "It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her:

"What a great comfort to be civilly treated once in a while—though I don't know that I blame the store clerks for being rude during the holidays."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said: "Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement, while he related the little forgotten incident and told her that that simple "Thank you" awakened his ambition to be something in the world. He went and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he was now an honest and trusted clerk.

Only two words, dropped into the treasury of a street conversation, that they yielded returns most satisfactory.

What to Read. Are you deficient in taste? Read the best English poets, such as Thompson, Gray, Goldsmith, Pope, Cowper, Coleridge, Scott and Wordsworth. Are you deficient in imagination? Read Milton, Akenside, Burke and Shakespeare.

How Much Are You Worth a Pound? How much is your body worth to you? If you are a millionaire you are very likely to answer that your body is worth wealth untold. If you are a street-sweeper you don't place a very exalted estimate on it.

Demand the Best in Yourself. None of us expect enough from ourselves. Excuses for our own lacks and mistakes are easy to find, and we usually find them. How can we expect our lives to become strong and excellent when we deal with them in this fashion—which to speak bluntly—is lazy and cowardly?

Men Who Read. Risen from the ranks. Poor boy becomes rich man. Little schooling, nevertheless — statesman! Cooper, Greeley, Lincoln, — the procession is endless. We have them paraded before us to excite our emulation.

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These men read. Their fund of information was not gathered at the corner grocery, but from the great books of the world. Their ideas were not contracted to the fashion of the cross-road neighborhood or the tenement block; their vision of the world was not shut in by Black Bass creek or the limits of a parish; their knowledge of man was not confined to a ward election or a county fair, but their conversation with books made them masters of the wisdom of other times and other places; the familiars of the great thinkers, teachers, philosophers, wits, and statesmen whose ideals, successes, and wisdom they made part of their own experience.

In that manner they gathered ideas and purposes of their own. They were thus inspired with ambition, and the wisdom to work upwards to the ends they sought. This will appear from a close study of the lives of truly successful men. Books did a great deal for them. A taste for reading was the most valuable element of their education, whether their education stopped at the common school or projected beyond it.

The moral is that a people's institutions fall in a very important respect if this element in the intellectual and moral up-raising of the people is deficient.—Exchange.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

To be at work, to do things for the world, to turn the currents of things about us at our will, to make our existence a positive element, even though it be no bigger than a grain of sand in this great system where we live—that is a new joy of which the idle man knows no more than the mole knows of sunshine, or the serpent of the eagle's triumphant flight into the upper air.

A Place to Fill. There is always some place that every young man can fill better than any one else, and he may fill it in his own way, by being always true to himself and to his God.

Don't. Don't go around looking for trouble unless you really want to find it. Don't talk too much; a stiff lower jaw is as useful as a stiff upper lip.

What to Read. Are you deficient in taste? Read the best English poets, such as Thompson, Gray, Goldsmith, Pope, Cowper, Coleridge, Scott and Wordsworth. Are you deficient in imagination? Read Milton, Akenside, Burke and Shakespeare.

Are you deficient in judgment and good sense in the common affairs of life? Read Franklin. Are you deficient in sensibility? Read Goethe and Mackenzie.

Are you deficient in political knowledge? Read Montesquieu, the Federalist, Webster and Calhoun. Are you deficient in conscience? Read some of Newman's, Manning's and Hanoi's works.

Are you deficient in anything? Read the Bible with the aid of a good Commentary.

How Much Are You Worth a Pound? How much is your body worth to you? If you are a millionaire you are very likely to answer that your body is worth wealth untold. If you are a street-sweeper you don't place a very exalted estimate on it.

The more money a man can produce each year the more valuable, of course, is his body to him. The less money a man can produce the less valuable is his body. The railroad president's body is worth a vast fortune. On the other extreme, the body of a tramp, a criminal, a lunatic or a beggar is worth literally less than nothing.

The poor laborer who is prone to imagine himself of very little use in the world and his body of little benefit to anyone will be surprised to know that he is in the possession of a handsome legacy, from which, by the proper exercise of his hands, he draws a yearly interest.—Catholic Columbian.

Demand the Best in Yourself. None of us expect enough from ourselves. Excuses for our own lacks and mistakes are easy to find, and we usually find them. How can we expect our lives to become strong and excellent when we deal with them in this fashion—which to speak bluntly—is lazy and cowardly?

Men Who Read. Risen from the ranks. Poor boy becomes rich man. Little schooling, nevertheless — statesman! Cooper, Greeley, Lincoln, — the procession is endless. We have them paraded before us to excite our emulation.

fails to come up to them. In character and achievement he expects much from himself, and is too brave to make excuses for his own failings that he would not make for his neighbor.

It is healthful to be uncharitable with ourselves. There is no habit more pernicious and demoralizing than the one of self-excusing. It is a tonic to our self-respect to require the utmost of our lives, and to deal faithfully with ourselves when we fall short of the mark. To believe in ourselves, and to exact from ourselves the best, is a source of inspiration and strength. He who expects little from himself will attain less.

Resorts for Young Men.

Some organized effort should be made by the reverend clergy to keep our boys together after leaving the parochial school. Literary institutes possess little attraction for lads between fourteen and eighteen years of age. Besides, these societies are primarily instituted for full grown men. Societies, indeed, are doing a great amount of good among our young people, but pious guilds which hold meetings only once a week do not appeal with any special force to a certain class which we should be most anxious to hold.

What is particularly needed for our boys—call them young men if you will—is a spacious and well-appointed building in each parish where they may congregate every evening under the supervision of a priest possessed of patience, tact, earnestness, good temper, cheerfulness. There the work of the school may be continued by organizing classes in commercial arithmetic, bookkeeping, stenography, etc. These habits of neatness and gentlemanly deportment may be encouraged and youthful energies directed into proper channels, there a taste for good reading may be cultivated and a real love for knowledge and literature engendered; there rational amusements may be indulged in and hours spent pleasantly which might be otherwise not fully employed.

These boys will assemble in crowds somewhere, and it should be our aim to furnish them with a meeting-place where their religion and morals may be safe-guarded. The boy of to-day will be the man of to-morrow, and the man of to-morrow will exert a mighty influence for good or evil. The work of providing these evening homes for our boys will involve the outlay of money and will demand unremitting labor on the part of the clergy, but such a work must be undertaken and successfully carried on if we would save numbers of our boys to society and the Church. The organization of alumni associations such as I speak of will do much to arrest the 'leakage' which undoubtedly exists.—The Catholic Columbian.

A Millionaire's Advice.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller gives this advice in an address to some young men:

"I have brought with me to-night to show you young men a little book—the first ledger I kept. The practice of keeping a personal ledger by young men just starting in business, and earning money and requiring to learn its value is, I think, a good one. In the first struggle to get a footing I kept my accounts in this book, and also some memoranda of little incidents that seemed to me important. In after years I found that book and brought it to New York. It is more than forty-two years since I wrote what it contains. I call it Ledger A, and now I place the greatest value upon it. I have thought that it would be a little help to some of you young men if I read one or two extracts from this ledger. When I read it through it brought to my mind remembrances of the care with which I used to record my little items of receipts and disbursements—matters, I think, which many of you young men are rather careless over. It does not look like a modern ledger, does it? But you could not get that book from me for all the modern ledgers in New York, nor for all that they would bring. It shows largely what I received and what I paid out during my first year of business. It shows that from Sept. 26, 1855, until Jan. 1, 1856, I received \$50. Out of that I paid my washerwoman and the lady I boarded with, and I saved a little money to put away. Among other things, I find that I gave a cent to the Sunday-school every Sunday. That is not a very large sum, is it? But that was all the money I had to give for that particular object. I was also giving to several other religious objects, and what I could afford to give, I gave regularly, as I was taught to do, and it has been a pleasure to me all my life to do so.

"I had a large increase in my revenue the next year. It went up to \$25 a month. I paid my own bills, and

SCREAMED WITH ECZEMA

Baby's Skin Red and Raw. Doctor's Medicine was Painful and Useless. CUTIGURA Cured in a Month. My six-months-old daughter broke out with Eczema. A doctor pronounced it "Moist Eczema," and prescribed for her. She screamed when I put the medicine on her, and I stopped using it. Her skin was all red and raw, and moisture coming from it all the time, and was very painful. I got CUTIGURA SOAP and CUTIGURA (ointment), they entirely cured her within a month, and her skin is as fair as alily.

Wash with CUTIGURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTIGURA ointment, greatest of emollient skin cures, cures the skin and scalp of cruds and scales, itchy itching, burning, and inflammation, and cures sores and boils, the most itching, disfiguring disease of the skin, scalp, and head, with loss of hair, which all cure fail.

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Labatt's India Pale Ale NEW BREWINGS

At this time of the year everyone needs something to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties. Try these Pure Malt Beverages, made from specially-selected new grain and hops—the best obtainable for years—uniting the strength of the best Malt Extracts with the palatableness of a fine ale.

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