

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXVI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1904

1343

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SONS OF OUR PIONEERS.

It is a pity that some of the Irish men who were pioneers in this section of the country did not bequeath their virility as well as their fortunes to their families. What they did for Ontario is an old story. Suffice it to say that they marched not only through the wilderness, but through antipathies and prejudices to positions of repute in the country. At a time when the Church loomed large to the eyes of the ignorant as an enemy of Canada they faltered not in their allegiance to it, and never gave thought to bribe that was the price of the title of renegade. Always uncompromising Catholics, never shirking a fight when principle demanded it; docile to the voice of authority, they went their way, and in time not without respect from those without the fold. But it is a far cry from them to some of their descendants who are characterized by feebleness of grip. What things their forbears gained they are in a fair way to lose if they have not lost them already. The places made by unflagging industry which they inherited are falling into the possession of others. Names to conjure with a few years ago are without meaning to this generation. The faith that shone so resplendently is becoming obscured and the old fighting spirit is being doctored to death by expediency and fashion. Mixed marriages, secular education, and drink play the spendthrift with the prestige and honor of the pioneers.

CONTENT AND DISCONTENT.

The man who is dominated by the thought of eternity is the contented man. That thought bars the door against cynicism. He has always a boy's heart because the hope of heaven sweetens his life. When friends fall off, and the clouds of sorrow and care gather round about him, he is never at a loss for the comfort that solaces and endures. All this, we know, is trite, but it is necessary now more than ever to give expression to it. For round about us are heard the cries of discontent. Men worry themselves over life's riddle. Why are the thousands hand and hand with Poverty while the few make parade of wealth? Why is a man with a bank-account amassed by sharp dealing more in honor than he who has none? Why, etc.? We are not yet on a level with these citizens, but they belonged to Utopia who eat and drink out of vessels of earth or glass while they make their stools of gold and silver and look upon a display of wealth as fit occupation for a fool. Wealth with its power and ostentation are held up as the things to labor for. When it eludes our grasp we are prone, if guided by the world's maxims, to become bitter and discontented, and here let it be noted that, despite all the platitudes of those who teach us how to get on, many a man dowered with health and a modicum of talent fails to achieve success. The way to preferment is crowded, and the men who have room for their elbows are few. The most of us plod along, and if we are bereft of the supernatural our lot will seem to us both toilsome and unjust, and the world is trying to banish all thought of eternity from the minds of men. Hence it is training an army of discontented who are kept in order by the policeman. It goes into Catholic households and talks dress and position to the inmates. We blame, and rightly, godless education for much of the prevailing discontent, but Catholic parents are also reprehensible on this score. By their neglect of the religious education of the family, and by their fostering the belief by example that the supernatural is no factor in the art of getting on, they have added, and add daily, to the world's discontent.

THE HIGHEST PHILOSOPHY.

The man who resolves to make his way by any means may believe in Christianity, but it is a Christianity shorn of hell and a judge, a mixture compounded of ignorance and presumption. Even then he is a prey to despair. But he whose faith is vigorous, who has been burned into him at an early age that the little catechism embodies the highest philosophy, and the world beyond the grave is a grim reality, will get on in a manner befitting a Christian. But the fact is that a great many homes take little notice of this. The result is—and we have it on the authority of our pastors—that not a few young men

and women are not ignorant only, but make no effort to dispel that ignorance. Social gew-gaws, the noxae of the world, the squandering of time aimlessly and frivolously push Christ and the Church from the mind. They wish of course to save their souls but without mortification interior and exterior. Life is a jest but not a warfare. The doctrine of penance is fast disappearing. But holiness is, according to the Lord, the hall-mark of the believer, and is gained only on conditions laid down to the Lord.

AN INSPIRING SERMON.

By Rev. Wm. O'Brien Pardow, S. J.
At a meeting recently held in Philadelphia to promote the movement of Catholic federation Rev. Wm. O'Brien Pardow delivered the following beautiful sermon:
I take as the text of my sermon this morning the words of St. Paul in the first epistle of Corinthians, 13th chapter, 11th verse: "When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away the things of a child."
St. Paul in his great human mind, in his great powers of thought, realized very fully that there is quite a difference between the child and the man; that whereas many things might be excused in the child—might be even beautiful—these things when found in the child now become a man would be repulsive. It is very nice to see the child amuse itself with toys and rattles, but if a man does that he is insane. Some things, therefore, we must leave behind us as we cross the bridge that separates childhood from manhood. Some things that you would allow or justify in the infant would be altogether abhorrent in manhood. As in individuals, so in societies, organizations and nations.
The child who does not realize his responsibilities when he becomes a man is a failure—not only a failure, but a traitor.
Now, the great trouble about the child—whether considered as a man or as not broad. He does not consider the various blessings of the universe; he has not yet reached out to the things beyond—has not stretched out and developed his powers. The Lord says that to every one he has given charge of his neighbor; that the neighbor—those around us—have a claim upon us. I say to you, members of the Federation, that I am gratified to think that you are going to make a very important page in the Catholic history of the United States; that we have now entered upon a great page of Catholicity. That this has not been hitherto accomplished is our own fault. We have crossed the bridge, physically, that separates the child of the Church from the man and yet we are still living as a child in our speech, our thought and our action. In other words, we are not true and loyal. I do not mean loyal to the Church—you may have been in a certain way—but remember that the Church has a duty to perform to the world. The Church is not for itself; it is for the world; it is to bring the truth into the hearts of those round about us. Have we done that? What has been the trouble? Childish speech, childish thought and childish action. How much of it there is round about us!

"LIBERTY OF THOUGHT" AND "THE DOOM OF DOGMA."
Thus we hear the expression "liberty of thought"; we hear it said that we are the great American people; we hear it said that Catholics do not believe in liberty of thought; that the Pope is always enchainning liberty of thought; that such a condition may be impel the world; it is to bring the truth into the hearts of those round about us. Have we done that? What has been the trouble? Childish speech, childish thought and childish action. How much of it there is round about us!

After all, we have to thank ourselves for what we have received from the country that is, the want of recognition. We can do much by united endeavor, powerful can we become by becoming solidified. Suppose the little grains of power that we put into those tremendous guns that are knocking people up and down all over the world? Suppose one little grain in the powder? Would it succeed? Surely not. But if that little grain puts its shoulder to the grain next to it, and if that again puts its shoulder against the other grain, and so on, then they can launch forth the mighty projectile and demolish the fortification of the enemy. That is the principle that we are putting shoulder to shoulder. We have forgotten the principle that ten times one are ten; that not simply the power that each possesses, but what the united force of all of us working together can accomplish. It is only when the grains of powder are compressed down to a solid mass that the projectile is hurled against the enemy's camps and ships, and what is true of the grains of powder is also true of men working together for a common cause.

Dear brethren, we do not flatter ourselves—not at all—but we are saying that we have the truth; that where as they are going about and professing the world and about our own immortal souls. I say that we do know, because the Lord has told us, and it is our duty to communicate that knowledge to others.
You will notice that as the country leaves its babyhood of one hundred years and has entered the second century it is beginning to face new dangers. When the country comprised a handful of people it did not face the difficulties it now does. I believe we number about eighty-one or eighty-two millions of people. We have all seen the change as compared with our ancestors. Then the appeal was to honor, uprightness and integrity, but now there is an appreciable lessening of those qualities. Expediency is the main consideration. We are facing all sorts of evils to-day.

A few words as to divorce, of which we are hearing so much just now. I am happy to say that as Catholics we are the only people that have consistently upheld the sanctity of the marriage vows, and that we stand for purity in the home; that we have principles that we alone are upholding. The others are foundering in a sea of immorality. Formerly they looked down upon us; now they have asked the Bishops and Archbishops of our Church to "talk it over."
"REGULATE DIVORCE? YOU CANNOT."
Talk it over and come to some understanding about the matter of divorce. There is only one agreement about the matter of divorce. Regulate divorce? You cannot. Stamp it out? Yes. You cannot go about the matter halfheartedly; that is the Catholic teaching, and we have these principles in our souls and keep them in the background. The responsibility rests upon the Catholic Church of the United States to-day, because it has grown from its age of childhood and babyhood and has entered its manhood.

Then, also, you must remember the deep principles of the Catholic Church. Mere organization will not do the work. How shall we teach whose life is given up to darkness and night? Use less is it for a man to speak of the evils of divorce if his own life as husband or father be not what it ought to be. If your talk is all Catholic and your life all pagan you are a hypocrite. "The beauty of the King's daughter is within," and every man should be true to the teachings of the Church.

Let every good Catholic be true, and let every one live up to the teachings of the Church, and then the Catholic Federation will sweep the land, and the people will say, "Look at those people and the lives they lead," and we shall then be as a guide to those now struggling in darkness and night. No doubt there will be slips and scandals, but they must not be numerous; mistakes will be made, but they must not be numerous.

CATHOLICS THE TRUE AMERICANS.
As I have remarked on another occasion, we Catholics are the true Americans. Why? Because we are fighting for the true American principles. Remember we are the descendants of those who poured out their blood like water, those who have never been afraid to die for their country, but on the contrary have been glad to do so. No man can cast aspersions upon us. I will go further and say that we alone are sustaining the principles of our flag to-day. We have it on our school houses now as an object lesson. That is a Catholic principle, and the people of this twentieth century are just discovering the fact. All around you in this church are object lessons.

The flag's white stripes represent purity and integrity. Let us keep them white. The red stripes show that we would give our lives blood for our country, but not to besmear the white stripes. The flag should always represent purity and integrity, and no man should be asked to die for a lie. And the blue? There are Americans, so-called, who would blot out the stars, the belief in heaven and in God; but we know that a man to be true to his country must be true to his God. In these days Protestants as well as Catholics say that if you want to have a man true to the country he must be true to God first of all. There is nothing better to live for. Remember that we are God's children. We, as Catholics, ask that the God that is mentioned in the Declaration of Independence—that the God we swear by—will always be with us; we ask that the thought of another world will always be what it ought to be. If we have not received the recognition that is justly our due and heritage, on the contrary, do not the proceedings of these assemblies and the acts and expressions of the men who composed them clearly show that Protestantism is purely a human institution?

Creed revision is a denial of a definite revelation from God. It is a confession that Christ's mission was a failure because He left to mankind the heritage of mortality. It is an admission that Christ taught contradiction of doctrine and it has become the duty of man to correct the mistakes. It is a proclamation that Christ failed in His promise to send the Spirit of Truth to abide forever with His Church.

Granted, however, that elimination and formulation rest in formal agreement, will it make for Protestant unity? There is no good reason to think so. What is there to cement the union against the disintegrating prerogative of private interpretation? What certainty is there that the very next convention, regarding itself wiser than its predecessor, will not bury the agreement under? What assurance have its followers that the makers of the common creed have not blundered? How are the creed makers to instill belief in the Bible as the Word of God after being in error about it for nine hundred years? Hence the absurdity of the movement. Our separated brethren will never obtain unity until they find the Church founded by Christ. Here alone dwell authority to teach, certainty of doctrine and perfect unity.

Creed Revision and Unity.
Within the past few weeks many of the Protestant denominations have met to discuss problems pertaining to their respective creeds. Thinking persons who keep in touch with some of the cardinal contentions must have found many things to excite their astonishment. Not a few of the followers must feel themselves sailing the sea of uncertainty. For the discussions led to plain contradictions and evident absurdities; at times to conclusions bordering on blasphemy.

Among the topics treated were Creed Revision and Church Unity. Summarizing the opinions expressed, the two may be regarded as correlative subjects. And this for the reason that through revision Protestantism seems to be hoping for unity. Protestant dissension of belief is to be boiled down. From each of its various forms something is to be eliminated. The ultimate purpose being to formulate a basis of doctrine upon which all can agree.

To the man of thought, to him who is honestly seeking the truth, these efforts should appeal most potently to demonstrate that Protestantism does not contain the doctrines of Christ. That it holds no authority from Him to propagate His gospel. On the contrary, do not the proceedings of these assemblies and the acts and expressions of the men who composed them clearly show that Protestantism is purely a human institution?

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ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY
July 19 will be the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul and it will be celebrated throughout the world by the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Perhaps, no time would be more opportune to call the attention of Catholic laymen to the organization. That there is necessity for such action is best shown by the limited knowledge prevailing concerning the Society.
In the first place, many imagine that it is some sort of a fraternal society with large dues and exclusive membership. Nothing could be further from the mark. It is simply a society of Catholic laymen banded together to visit the poor, dispensing material help and bestowing religious consolation. It is that organization in the Catholic Church which exemplifies in sublimest manner the enabling virtue of Christian charity. Really, this is its purpose and its work. There is no initiation fee nor set dues. Each member contributes secretly at the meetings whatever sum he feels able to give. That is the money obligation and the only one attached to membership.

It is not our purpose to elaborate upon its work in selected words or high-sounding phrases. The Catholic layman who has not already heard these, is, indeed, a strange member of the Church. The good it accomplishes is known to every form of worship and its power in that direction is thoroughly appreciated. Yet we are met with the fact, difficult to understand, that its membership is far below what it ought to be.

There are thousands of good laymen who hold aloof for what special reason even they can give no reason. This, too, despite the fact that affiliation with it means untold benefits to them and their families. Even zealous pastors are indifferent to its establishment in their parishes notwithstanding the fact that it is their greatest aid, and strongest support. As a parish organization no society in the Church surpasses it. Those who doubt the fact should recall the wish not long ago expressed by the matchless Pontiff Leo, XIII. that all Catholic laymen join its ranks.

In St. Louis there is additional reason that the membership should be much larger than fourteen hundred. It was here that the first conference in this country was established almost fifty-eight years ago. That fact alone should keep its roster swelled beyond any other. But there are many other reasons, clearly disclosed to whom the blame attaches. How the obstacle is to be overcome still remains an unsolved question.—Church Progress.

CATHOLICS IN SINGLE FILE.
No more baby action? What do I mean by that? I mean simply this, that I am gratified to think that you are going to make a very important page in the Catholic history of the United States; that we have now entered upon a great page of Catholicity. That this has not been hitherto accomplished is our own fault. We have crossed the bridge, physically, that separates the child of the Church from the man and yet we are still living as a child in our speech, our thought and our action. In other words, we are not true and loyal. I do not mean loyal to the Church—you may have been in a certain way—but remember that the Church has a duty to perform to the world. The Church is not for itself; it is for the world; it is to bring the truth into the hearts of those round about us. Have we done that? What has been the trouble? Childish speech, childish thought and childish action. How much of it there is round about us!

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CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Most Rev. Diomedeo Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to the United States left New York for Rome on Tuesday last.

Sir Henry Moore Jackson, the New English governor of Trinidad, is a Catholic, although his father was an Anglican bishop.

A London priest, Rev. Sebastian Gates, is one of this year's exhibitors at Royal Academy of painting. Father Gates is both an artist and a sculptor.

A female branch of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul has been established in Newry, Ireland, a number of leading Catholic ladies forming it.

The recent census of India officially makes it known that 75 per cent. of the Christian natives of that country are Catholics.

There are so many French Catholics now resident in Edinburgh that it was lately thought necessary to give them a mission in their own language.—Antigonish Casket.

Burns and Oates, the English Catholic publishers, now announce six-penny editions of Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola" and Cardinal Newman's "Callista."

Rev. Richard Baxter, S. J., who died recently in Montreal, Canada, aged 83, was a missionary in the North-West, devoting himself to the conversion and welfare of the Indians.

Miss Stella Collins, for twelve years a member of the Episcopal Sisterhood at Peekskill, N. Y., was received into the Church at Albany, N. Y., on May 24, by Rev. Ferdinand Pinard.

The Little Sisters of the Poor have recently arrived at Shanghai, where they will begin their noble work of caring for the aged. This is their first Chinese foundation.

Miss Franz, a prominent young lady of Des Moines, Ia., was received into the Catholic Church recently. She had been a pupil for six years at St. Joseph's Academy there.

At one of the Italian ports recently, Emperor William received on board the "Hohenzollern" some Little Sisters of the Poor and gave each of them a contribution of twenty-five dollars.

A young Filipino from the island of Luzon took the first prize at the thirty-third annual commencement of the Law Department of Georgetown University, last week. His name is Roman Jose Laason y de Paula.

The new Order of Nuns recently founded by His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, with a view to teaching and training teachers, is receiving applications for admission from eastern Canada, Massachusetts and some Western States.—North-West Review.

The Rev. George M. Searle, the priest-astronomer, has been elected Superior-general of the Paulist Fathers. Father Searle is a convert, a direct descendant of Governor Dudley and of Anne Hutchinson, of Colonial fame, and an able man in every way.

The Rev. Martin Callaghan, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, Can., baptized sixty-two Chinese, May 22. He has now 140 baptized Chinese attending his Church regularly, and twice as many more under instruction. A Chinese priest had been applied for, from China.

It is stated that the Russian Catholic authorities have proposed and the Vatican has assented to the sending of seven-hundred nuns to the seat of war to act as nurses, that the Red Cross Society nurses have proved insufficient, and that nuns who will go are for the most part those expelled from France.

The Rev. H. G. S. Bowden, superior of the Oratorian Fathers, London, was formerly a soldier and an officer of the Guards. He is the author of a "Guide to the Oratory," a study of Dante, and a work on "The Religion of Shakespeare," in which the evidence for the poet's membership in the Catholic Church is fully stated.

A member of St. Patrick's parish, Toledo, O., who wishes to remain nuns, offered to pay into the Church treasury \$2 for every dollar collected during Easter Sunday. The collection taken up at the three Masses on that day amounted to \$1,600, and the generous parishioner has turned over to the pastor \$3,200. How many there are who could act likewise if they only had a little more sterling Catholicity in their make up!

During his visit to St. Louis several weeks ago, Archbishop Ryan enjoyed the happy privilege of administering the sacrament of baptism to an old friend and distinguished convert in the person of Hon. Seth. W. Cobb, former president of the Merchants' Exchange, St. Louis. Mr. Cobb has always been identified prominently with the business and social life of his home city. His wife and daughter are devout Catholics. The latter, Miss Josephine Cobb, graduated some years ago with distinguished honor at the Visitation Academy, Georgetown D. C.

A young Philadelphia Catholic artist John J. Boyle, only eighteen years old, has been elected a member of the National Society of Fine Arts of Paris through his painting, "The Return of the Fisher Folk," exhibited in the Paris Salon. Until he was twelve years old, Boyle worked as a breaker boy in the anthracite regions. He contracted spinal trouble, and, having a talent for drawing, was assisted by citizens of Scotland to attend the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, where he graduated. Several of his pictures were awarded prizes, thus enabling him to go to Paris to study.

MARY LEE

or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ. CHAPTER XXVIII.—CONTINUED.

The captain hesitated a moment—at a loss whether to call on Mary for her testimony in presence of so many spectators, or suffer the circumstance to pass unnoticed, and come to some conclusion respecting the cabin boy without further delay. His deliberation, however, was suddenly interrupted by the sheriff, who now rose and begged to be permitted to leave with his prisoner as soon as possible—it being late in the afternoon, and the distance to Lifford jail some six hours' travel.

"What's the amount of the debt?" demanded Else, interrupting the captain, who was about to reply to the sheriff. "Mr. Lee shan't leave here the night in your custody if I can help it. How much is the debt?"

"The sheriff, looking for an instant at the execution, named the sum. "Humph!" ejaculated Else, running her hand down into her pocket and drawing out her wallet—"humph! the sum's big but I've enough here to pay it."

"You?" "Ay, me, hah! hah! hah! Isn't a witch's money as good as a queen's, if it's current? Mr. Weeks there will tell ye these notes come fresh from the bank; hah, hah!"

"Why, how's this?" demanded the captain; how did you come by this large amount of money?"

"That's not a fair question, captain, and I'm not bound to answer it; but to please ye I'll tell ye. I got eighty pounds of it from the gentleman there, Mr. Weeks, for services rendered, and the rest here in gold I saved from my husband's earnings. Here, Mister Sheriff, count out yer money, and let the prisoner go."

The sheriff took the bills and gold, and laid them on the table; then counting over the amount marked on the back of the execution, he receipted for the same, and handed the document, with the balance of the money, over to the witness.

While this transaction was passing, the whole audience seemed in commotion; every one expressing his astonishment to his neighbor, that a woman of so infamous a character as the fortune-teller of the Cairn, should thus part with the gold she loved so much to save a comparative stranger from the hands of the law. Even the light-keeper himself was taken completely by surprise, and the magistrates looked at one another, and shook their heads, as if they suspected some mischief at the bottom of it. As the sheriff was about to consign the bills to his pocket-book, a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and drawing out a small bank detector, he laid it before him, and took up one of the notes to examine it.

"Humph!" he ejaculated, after a pause of considerable length; "I might have suspected as much. Witness, let me see that note of hand and execution for a moment—I fear I made a mistake."

"Too late, sheriff," responded the old woman—"too late; but if the fragments 'd be of any use to ye, they're here at my feet."

"Anything wrong?" inquired the chairman.

"Yes, sir; these notes are counterfeit on the Bank of Dublin."

"Counterfeits?" "Not a doubt of it, sir. The Dublin Bank, in its last circular cautions the public against tens and twenties, counterfeits of its new plates; and here," he added, handing the detector and one of the notes up to the bench, "you can see in an instant the plate is a forgery."

"The captain examined it for a moment, and then turning to the witness, demanded to know if she could affirm on oath these notes were given her by Mr. Weeks."

"I protest against putting that question to a woman of such disreputable character," cried Hardwinkle, "and but this moment convicted of an attempt to pass counterfeit money. I object to the question."

"These of the spectators within hearing of this unexpected disclosure, who happened to have had any dealings with Weeks during his short stay in the neighborhood, now began to feel alarmed; and one of them, a dealer in dry goods, who had furnished him with fishing tackle, gaffs, landing nets, &c., stood up and begged to inform the bench he had now in his possession a bank note from Weeks in a payment for goods delivered, and prayed the chairman to examine it.

The latter took the paper, and after looking at it for a moment, pronounced it an impression from the same plate.

"Here's another, please yer honor," cried a little tailor, who had mounted on the shoulders of his neighbors, and flourished a bill over the heads of the audience; "here's another I got from Mr. Hardwinkle, and I'm afreed it's of the same family."

"Send it up."

The tailor's note, like the haberdasher's, proved also to be a counterfeit.

"Clerk," said the captain, "make out a warrant instantly for the arrest of Ephraim C. B. Weeks, in the name of the state, on a charge of having uttered counterfeit money."

"And I," said the light-keeper, "as Mary Lee's guardian, charge Ephraim C. B. Weeks with having stolen that young lady's rosary from my house at Araheera Head."

"Clerk, when you have made out the warrant, take Mr. Lee's deposition. Witness," he added, motioning to Else Curley, "you have done—your may retire."

"Ay, ay," muttered Else, drawing the hood of her old gray cloak over her head as she turned to leave the witness stand; "I'll retire now, but there's more work to be done yet afore the sun sets. Let the wrong-doers luck to themselves."

"Stop, woman! for whom is that threat intended?" demanded Hardwinkle.

"Ask yer own conscience," replied

Else, halting on her step, and casting back a look of intense hatred at her persecutor; "ask yer own conscience, if ye have any. All I say to ye now, Robert Hardwinkle—luck to yerself, for God will soon call ye to yer reckoning; and so saying, the old woman slowly descended the steps, and silently took her place close by the dock where Randall Barry stood patiently awaiting his doom.

The reader, perhaps, may think it strange that such insulting language as Else Curley uttered during her examination should have been permitted in a court of justice; but it must be remembered that Else bore the reputation of witch and sorceress, and in that character claimed for herself privileges and immunities which no ordinary woman would dare have aspired to. Besides, she was well aware that as long as Captain Petersham presided in court, she had little reason to fear Hardwinkle's resentment. In addition to all this, however, Else Curley was naturally a bold, fearless woman. Her look, her speech, her very gait proclaimed her such the moment she appeared. Supercilious to her equals, she was as arrogant in her intercourse with those above her; and very likely had the judges of assize presided in that court house, surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of supreme judicial power, instead of humble county magistrates, Else's conduct towards Hardwinkle would have undergone but little change.

"Miss Lee," said the chairman, when Else had retired, "I regret exceedingly to be obliged to call on you for testimony in this case, or rather, that your uncle's deposition, just made, requires it. But you will perceive it's a matter of grave importance, and needs a thorough and patient investigation. Have the goodness, if you please, to take the witness stand."

As Mary rose and advanced, leaning on Kate's arm, her whole frame trembled and her heart seemed to sink within her at the thought of being exposed and questioned before so many spectators. In passing the dock where Randall Barry stood shackled, patiently awaiting his trial, she raised her handkerchief to her face, under her veil, as if to hide it more effectually from her lover's gaze, and timidly ascended the platform.

The moment the audience saw the graceful figure of the young witness, and heard it whispered about she was the light-keeper's daughter, a general rush was made in the direction of the bench. Those in front forced their way along the passages either side the council table, and, despite the threats and efforts of both policemen and magistrates, succeeded in obtaining positions where they could behold the far-famed beauty of Araheera Head.

"Your name is Mary Lee—is it not?" began the captain, after silence was again restored.

"Yes, sir."

"Will the witness have the goodness to remove her veil?" said Hardwinkle.

Mary trembled as she heard the words, but made no motion to comply with the order.

"I must insist upon it, however painful."

"Miss Lee, I fear you must gratify the gentleman in this little matter," said the captain. "According to the usage of the court, the witness should uncover the face during examination. I had hoped, indeed, Mr. Hardwinkle, under the painful circumstances of the case, might have waived this point of court etiquette; but I find I have been mistaken."

Mary slowly raised her veil, and with trembling hands, laid it gently over her shoulder. As she did so, a murmur of admiration broke from the crowd of spectators, like that we sometimes hear at public exhibitions, when the covering is removed from the face of a beautiful statue.

"God bless me! how lovely she is!" exclaimed one of the magistrates, unconscious of what he said, and gazing on her face as if it had been a vision.

And well he might gaze, for never saw he such a form and face before. And yet it was not so much in those features, so perfectly moulded by the plastic hand of Nature, that her beauty lay, as in the angelic blush and unaffected modesty with which her pure soul had so radiantly suffused them.

Dear reader, this lovely girl was a child of Mary—an humble, gentle servant of the Mother of Jesus. And there lay the great secret of her beauty. The perfection of her features nature gave her, but that which defies all the art of the sculptor or the painter—that inexpressible charm which animated them—was the gift of religion.

Looking at this exquisite being, as she stood there before the admiring multitude, her eyes cast down, and her cheeks covered with blushes, one could hardly help thinking of those fine lines of Williams's Sister of Charity:

Thy soothing bow gentle! thy pity how tender; Thy smile, that makes thy voice thy step and grace.

And thy union with Deity shines in a splendor so sweet, but unobscured by mortal face.

"Miss Lee, have the goodness to look at this, and see if you can recognize it," resumed the captain, handing her the rosary.

After a moment's examination, she replied in the negative.

"Any marks by which you can distinguish it from yours?"

"Mine, sir," she replied, "was much more worn than this."

"Ah! from constant use, I suppose," said the captain.

Mary kept her eyes cast down, but said nothing in reply.

"Don't blush, my child, don't blush; you love your religion, and practise it. I wish to Heaven we could all say as much for ourselves. As to the devotion of the rosary, though I'm far from being a Catholic myself, I look upon it as the most beautiful devotion in the world."

"Thank you, captain," said the priest; "thank you for your generous testimony. You'll find," he added, "before very long, there's a charm in the rosary you little suspected. The immaculate Virgin, whom that spotless creature has so long served with such

tender affection, will not suffer her love to go unrequited."

"I don't know, but by the Lord Harry," responded the burly captain, "I'm beginning to think there's some mysterious influence at work; and he hitched his chair a little closer to the desk, as if he felt an increasing interest in the investigation.

"And now, Miss Lee, can you inform the bench when you missed the rosary?"

"On the 12th of—"

"From what place?"

"From an old family Bible, in which I usually kept it."

"Did you make a thorough search for it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see Mr. Weeks, here present, at the light-house on that day?"

"I did, sir."

"Where—in what part of the house?"

"In the parlor."

"Was it in that room you kept the Bible?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did any other person visit the light-house on that day?"

"A gentleman called, but did not enter the parlor."

"I have but one more question to ask, Miss Lee. Are you of opinion that some one not a member of your family took or stole the rosary?"

"I am, sir."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"I know of no one who could have taken it but the gentleman I saw in the parlor."

"That enough, Miss Lee—you may retire," said the captain, leaning back in his chair. "Gentlemen," he continued, addressing his associates, "be continued, addressing his associates, and the testimony of the sick girl, Mr. Hardwinkle's servant, who found the rosary on the floor of Week's room, the night after his first visit to the light-house, and Miss Lee's corroborative evidence, make the case a pretty clear one against Weeks; and as it comes within our jurisdiction, being but a case of petty theft, we must commit him, and send the forgery affair up to a higher court."

"Hold on a minute," exclaimed the Yankee; "you ain't a-going to commit me, I expect, without hearing me in my own defence?"

"Well, sir, go on," replied the chairman, "proceed, but don't be long about it, for we haven't much time to spare. This trial has taken up too much of our time already."

"Well," said Weeks, gathering in his legs, and rising to his feet, "I can't say I know much of English law, though I do think I'm pretty well posted up in law of the States. But, gents, I've got a sorter notion—well, I may be mistaken, ye know—but still, I've got a sorter notion that there's no law to be found in any civilized country in the world to punish a man when he ain't committed no crime. I guess that's a point nowt admit of much dispute, any how. Well, let's see now what injustice I have committed. There's Miss Lee to begin with; I hain't stolen her rosary. I took it, I allow—inadvertently put it in my pocket; but I hain't pursued the captain, without noticing the denial—"that no time might be lost, the young lady was to have been carried to this very night, as soon as the sheriff had removed her uncle, and no one left to protect her, in that remote and desolate spot, but her old and feeble servant, Roger O'Shaughnessy."

Here a murmur of indignation ran through the audience, and every eye was turned on Hardwinkle. That gentleman made no reply, however, but after a moment's reflection quietly resumed his seat, as if he had made up his mind to bear his sufferings with the patience and humility of a martyr.

During the interruption, Weeks stood on the table, or platform, with his hands driven down into his breeches pockets, and apparently as little concerned at what was passing as if Hardwinkle had not been a drop of blood to him in the world. Even when the charge of conspiring to carry off Mary Lee was made against that respectable relation, he hitched up his shoulders, and jingled the silver as usual, but showed no sign of either surprise or resentment. At length, however, silence was restored, and at a nod from the chairman, Weeks again pulled up his shirt collar, and resumed his defence.

"Well, ladies and gents, I ain't a-going to detain you long. No; speech-making ain't in my line; but still, you know, every man should be able to tell his own story. Well, as to this damned old critter here, half devil, half catamount, I guess I have given a pretty considerable fair account of my transaction with her—well, enough to show I hadn't done her no wrong, any how. Then, as to the dry goods man, let him produce his bill; if I hain't paid him the full value of his goods already in pure gold, independent of the \$50 note, why, I'm ready to suffer the consequences; that's all. I calculate, gents, to give every man his due, but dang the copper more; and if I find a man tryin to impose on me, I manage, somehow or other, to pay him off in his own coin. I repeat it, gents, let this dry goods man, who supplied me with fishing tackle and all that sorter things, let him stand up here and produce his bill. That's plain talk; ain't it, gents? Well, then, all that remains now, is to account for my transaction with Mr. Hardwinkle here about that note. It goes agin me to do it, it does—that's a fact; but considering the fix I've got into, I feel bound to go through with it. Mr. Hardwinkle may feel a little put out about it, I guess, but he's here, you know, on his own soil, while I'm a stranger, and nothing to depend on but the bare truth. Besides, this is about the last day, I reckon, I can spend conveniently in this section of the country, and for the sake of New England, should, like to leave it with a good name."

"And why wudn't ye, ashore—by the powers, ye earned it richly," said some one close by in a stage whisper. "Faith, yer a credit to the country ye came from, avourneen."

"Silence, there," commanded the chairman, hardly able to suppress a laugh; "silence, there, and respect the court."

"Go ahead," cried Weeks, "who-

pursuit of him."

"Well, pursuit or not," replied Weeks, "if he's out of limbo, that's he or I ain't Ephraim C. B. Weeks."

"Police, see who that fellow is," said the captain.

"Lanty Hanlon's man, and no mistake," repeated Weeks. "I could swear to his voice on the top of Mount Tom."

"Ho there? at the door below! has the detachment from Millford arrived?" demanded Hardwinkle.

The answer came up in the affirmative. "Then let search be made instantly for Lanty Hanlon. You, sergeant, hold a warrant for his arrest—see that he escape not, at your peril."

"What! how's this?" demanded Captain Petersham—"a re-enforcement without my knowledge or consent?"

"I apprehended a riot and rescue of the prisoner," replied Hardwinkle. "Ha! a rescue!" and the captain turned to look at the young outlaw. "Rescue a man with a broken arm, under charge of constables! What, shackled, too—good heavens! this is barbarous. Constable, remove those irons—off with them instantly. What! chained like a felon, even before he is found guilty!"

"He's a bold, daring fellow," pleaded Hardwinkle.

"Paugh!" said Mr. Lee, your explanation only makes the matter worse. Your conduct's a disgrace to this bench, sir, and an outrage on the feelings of your brother magistrates."

"Hush, hush, captain," re-monstrated the priest, laying his hand on his friend's arm and speaking low. "You must take another time and place to rebuke Mr. Hardwinkle."

"No, sir, I shall not, replied the indignant captain. "This is the proper time and place to rebuke him; and I tell him now, here in open court, that his conduct throughout this whole affair has been both unchristian and ungentlemanly."

"Captain Petersham, you know I'm a man of peace," said Hardwinkle, "or you would hardly dare to utter such language here."

"Dare!" and the captain turned on him such a look as might have withered his lip.

"I shall quit the court under protest," said Hardwinkle, rising, "since neither the law nor the feelings of a gentleman are respected here."

"Not an inch, sir. Move but one step from where you stand, and I commit you."

"What! commit me?"

"Ay, you, sir, for conspiring with your worthy cousin there to carry off his daughter, and to attempt to kidnap Mary Lee, in an open boat from Araheera Head to Malinmore, in the event of her not consenting to the marriage. I have now, sir, in my possession due information to that effect, sworn by two of the very men you engaged to execute that damnable design."

"The charge is false," said Hardwinkle, but in tones so low and husky that the very sounds spoke his guilt.

"And that no time might be lost," pursued the captain, without noticing the denial—"that no time might be lost, the young lady was to have been carried to this very night, as soon as the sheriff had removed her uncle, and no one left to protect her, in that remote and desolate spot, but her old and feeble servant, Roger O'Shaughnessy."

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"Go ahead," cried Weeks, "who-

ever you be; go ahead; I'll wait till you've got through, I ain't in no hurry."

"Proceed, Mr. Weeks, and don't mind the fellow."

"Well, the hull amount of the matter is, the note cost Mr. Hardwinkle nothing, not the first brass cent; he got it from a Dublin attorney, on commission, to make the most he could out."

Hardwinkle here attempted to interrupt him, but the captain interposed, and the speaker continued.

"I ain't surprised at Mr. Hardwinkle's gettin' riled, not a mite, for I swonne it looks kinder mean in me to talk so after enjoying his hospitality; but I've got into a sorter snarl, gents, you see, about this here marriage concern, and I must tell the truth, for I don't see any other chance of getting out of it. Well, then, to be plain about it, we had an understanding—Mr. Hardwinkle and I had—well, it was just like this; if we succeeded in getting rid of Lee by means of the note, and could then induce the young lady to marry right straight off, or, if she refused, to carry her off to the nearest place we could catch a vessel bound for the States—I say, if we succeeded in this, Mr. Hardwinkle was to have \$10,000 cash, and I run the risk of the note, succeed or fail."

"Scoundrel!" ejaculated Hardwinkle, hissing the words between his teeth. "Gentlemen, this is the most outrageous falsehood—"

"Paugh! hold on a bit—don't get riled, Cousin Robert."

"But what could I expect, when the fellow's ignorant of the very first principles of religion?"

"Do say! Well, I never made much pretension about it, you know, cousin, and so you couldn't expect much from me in that line; but for you, who's praying and reading the Bible most part the time through the week, and Sabbath especially, why, it was going it a little mite too strong to try to do me out that note—warn't it now, Cousin Robert? By crackie, Bob, for a pious, God-fearing man, you're about as smart as one as I've met since I left Connecticut; you are, I s'wore; no mistake about it. But, gents, don't see no use now in talking over the matter further. I was a-going to produce Mr. Hardwinkle's letters to me before I left the States about this here marriage, to show you I ain't the only one to blame in the transaction; but I guess it's just as well to let the matter drop as it is. As regards the speculation I came here on, why, all can be said about it is, I failed—that's the amount of it. The fact is, gents, I always heard the Irish were an almighty green sort of folks, both at home and abroad, and thought a Yankee, specially a Connecticut Yankee, had nothing to do but go right straight along soon's he got among them; but I find now I made a slight mistake in that respect. It ain't so, gents; the Irish at hum ain't so green by a long chalk as some I've met in Vermont."

"Nor all the Yankees so smart as they think," added the captain, smiling.

Well, sometimes we get sniggled, you know, like the rest of folks. Well, it's just like this; we hain't got to our full growth yet, but give us fifty years more to get our eye teeth out, and I tell you what, captain, should like to see the foreigner then could come the blind side of us; that man'd be a caution, I tell ye. As for Mr. Hardwinkle, here, I don't wonder he's smart, for he belongs to a pretty considerable smart hinder family. Well, he's got a cousin in Ducksville, name of Weeks, said to be about as smart a man as you can scare up in that section of the country; and still he hain't been a hundred miles from home, I guess, all his lifetime."

"Brother of yours, I suppose," said the captain.

"Well, no, he ain't."

"I thought, being a Ducksville man, and a cousin of Mr. Hardwinkle here, he might be your brother, or cousin, at least."

"No, not exactly; he's much about the same, though, we've always been so intimate. It was he first told me of his relations here, the Hardwinkles."

"First told you? What, did you not know that already?"

"No; can't say I did."

"Are you not Mr. Hardwinkle's cousin?"

"Not that I know of."

"Not that you know of? Why, how's this? Have you not passed for a cousin of Mr. Hardwinkle's since you came to reside here?"

"Well, yes, pretty much, I guess."

"Pretty much," said Weeks, "hold on a moment, captain; I can explain that, too, quite to your satisfaction, I reckon. The Weeks family, then, you must know, and our own were terrible intimate, being next neighbors for a little more than twenty years—well, the fact is, we got to be so intimate we never made any difference with respect to relationship, or that sorter thing—not a mite."

"Stop; you don't apprehend the question, I suspect; I want you, sir, to tell us in plain terms, and briefly as possible, whether you are, or are not, a relative of Mr. Robert Hardwinkle here present?" and the captain motioned to the latter gentleman, who to the infinite merriment of the beholders, kept gazing at the Yankee in undisguised astonishment.

"Well, come to think of it," replied Weeks, as if he had been trying hard to recollect himself, "come to think of it, I guess there is some relationship."

"You guess there is?"

"Yes, I rather think so—by marriage."

"Mr. Weeks," said Hardwinkle, "remember you are now in a court of justice."

"Allow me, Mr. Hardwinkle," interposed the chairman; "I shall finish in a minute or two. Your turn comes next. You say you guess there is some relationship by marriage, Mr. Weeks."

"Yes; one of the Weeks married a Bigelow, if I don't greatly mistake, somewhere about the end of the revolutionary war or thereabout. I kinder think Uncle Nathan used to—"

"Stop, stop, sir! Confound you and Uncle Nathan. You can't speak a sentence, sir, but you have Uncle Nathan at the head and tail of it. Answer at

once, sir; are you or are you not a cousin of Mr. Hardwinkle's?"

"W. Weeks, as to blood relationship, I guess there ain't much of that to speak of. But still it amounts to pretty much the same thing in the end. The Weeks and Bigelows were always in and out, you know, like one family. And then young Ephraim and I—or Eph, as we used to call him 'bout the doors—went to school together for eight or ten years, and never kept a secret from one another more than that we had been twin brothers."

"Well, by the Lord Harry," cried the captain, turning to his associates, "if this ain't the coolest fellow I've met in my day! And so," he continued, looking at the imperterable Yankee, "it turns out at last there's no relationship at all between you!"

"No, guess not, except by marriage. Still, it's much about the same thing. The Weeks have always been as intimate with us as cousins could be. Well, in fact we were cousins in every thing but the near blood."

THE SURRENDER OF DOROTHY.

Summer was gone. She had fled before the September storms, tremulously dropping her last blossoms as the rolling autumn came rippling over the hills. And now the fields were a riot of gold and red, the scarlet banners of the suns were flamed by the wayside, the forests were flaunting traitor banners of crimson and gold.

And Dorothy, who had queneed it at Maplebliss since the June roses bloomed, was packing her big Saratoga trunk and sighing that her empire was past.

"I will never have such another summer—never! Eight—no, nine—proposals, for though little Dick Neyns is only sixteen, still he counts. And the driving and the dancing and the boating! No wonder I haven't a rag left. Even my lovely Paris mail-gone. And now—now—all is over forever, forever!" And Dorothy sank back amid a chaos of tattered finery, with quivering lips and a suspicious dimness in her big brown eyes. For alas! the "Paris mail," filmy fragments as it was, evoked a throng of ghostly memories.

It was in the first glory of that gown she had brought Jack Dalton to her feet; its dainty folds had throbbled her heartbeats at his honest tale of love; its lace flounce had been demolished by his quick, angry step on the night he had turned from her, forever.

Forever! It had seemed a light word then, with the dance-music sounding in her ears, and a score of eager partners waiting for her hand and her smile. Tragic parting were no new things to little coquette Dorothy, who had a custom of dismissing an adorer at night and recalling him with roguish glance and nod the next morning.

the vanity, the cruelty, the heartlessness that had driven him from the...

It was a white-faced, hollow-eyed little Dorothy of the Mountain House, where Father Marr, ensconced in a big arm-chair, was fighting off his annual attack of hay fever.

"Oh, Father, yes, it is I. I have come for you, Jack, Mr. Dalton, is dying, and he is a Catholic—he became one at Saint Bede's last year."

"Young Dalton! Good gracious! That splendid young fellow that took all the honors of his class? Dying, you say, my child? Where? I am an absolute stranger here. Is it far—"

"Oh, yes; fifteen miles by the road. But I know a cut across the mountain. The young voice broke, for it was Jack who had shown her the old 'Dalton trail.'"

"Oh, he is dying. And the choking sob that came with the word told the good priest enough to fill his heart with pity and pain for the girl whom he had crowned with commencement honors three brief months before."

Stray little things had been in his mind. Father Marr and Dorothea had been good friends ever since the day he had found her scaling the convent wall behind his little cottage, and with a few grave fatherly words had stopped her flight.

Madcap though she was, Saint Mary's had held her a happy inmate for three beautiful years, and Father Marr had seen her go with a wistful pity for the ungrateful heart, then awakened soul his little favorite must take into the world's wide ways.

But this was changed Dorothy, who, with white, strained face, and eyes wild and dark with grief and fear, led him over the mountain heights to-day, answering in short, distracted words to her questioning, while she urged her pony up the steep rugged path at a pace Father Marr's old hired cab found it hard to follow.

"God bless me!" gasped the priest at last, as his horse nearly went down over a huge, moss-grown log. "Are you quite sure of the way, Dorothea, child?"

"Oh, yes, yes; I am sure," was the tremulous answer. Sure indeed! Was not every turn of the trail filled with memories of the gay, gaily-to-day, that had ridden through these wild ways at her side? Here was the bank he had climbed to gather her mountain blue-bells; here the crumbling old breast-works, whose heroic story he had told her with flashing eyes and glowing cheek; there the Indian spring, where they had picnicked so gleefully one summer evening, and the sunset fires burned among the pines, and the air was sweet with the grape blossoms. And here was the "Burn," as Jack's old grandfather had christened the dancing brook that bordered his land—the Burn, that a month ago was a mountain water-sprite laughing and leaping down to the gorge. Was this the Burn that, swollen to the flood depth and strength, had swept down the mountain with passionate outcry that seemed to voice the wild anguish pang Dorothea's heart?

She drew up her pony in dismay. There had been a crossing here in the sweet summer time gone by—a quiet, shady place where the trees were just budding, and the water was clear and shallow. Jack had always let her horses stop and drink. Now the dead leaves were swirling in a wide stretch of angry foam.

"Missed the bridge, eh?" said Father Marr, who was prepared for something of this sort, with such a will of the wild guide.

"No," said Dorothea, still sure of herself and her way. There is no bridge only a ford—"

"A ford!" gasped Father Marr, looking at the wild sweep of water. "God bless me, child! It would be madness to cross here. We would be swept to death on the rocks below. Come! We must try to find another road. There must be a passable one somewhere near here."

"We would have to go back, back all the way," said Dorothea, desperately. "Oh, we must cross here—it can't be deep. Fanchon knows the ford—I will try it."

"Dorothea, child, Dorothea!" Father Marr tried to catch the reckless rider's rein, but it was too late.

Urged in the familiar way by his mistress, Fanchon had plunged into the water. There was one wild moment of fright and struggle, and then with a snort of terror Fanchon took a mad leap that flung her rider and struck out a swimming for the shore. And in a blinding, choking fury of foaming waters, darkness closed around little Dorothy—and she knew nothing more.

"Dorothea, Dorothea, darling!" It was Jack's voice calling her through the infinite space in which she seemed drifting. Jack, whose slowly unmet her gaze as he held her in his strong, true arms at last.

couple of planks across the stream so that he could pass. He left me to take care of you—now, and—forever—if—if you will say so, dear little love."

But she sprang to her feet aglow with blushes.

"Oh, you wicked, cruel Jack! To break my heart and nearly kill me like this! I will never forgive you, never!" But Jack could not be driven back now—Dorothea was his own, he knew. Heart and soul had awakened together.

"Uncle Jack" got well in spite of the "heart trouble," and Father Marr had a more cheerful call a few months later when he blessed Jack and his little bride with all the solemn rites of the Mother Church—while wedding-bells pealed out in joyous triumph little Dorothea's surrender.—Mary T. Waggoner in Benziger's Magazine.

THE ONE TRUE WITNESS.

WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN.

Rev. E. A. Higgins, S. J.

V.

THE ONE TRUE WITNESS.

The speaker began by referring to the festival of Christmas as more than a memory of a past occurrence, and more than a mere anniversary of the Babe of Bethlehem. It is a great religious and social event, recalling every year the existence and the presence of a world-wide fact which we name Christianity. This fact is known to the whole world. It confronts the world, it impresses itself on the senses and the intelligence of the world, whether civilized or uncivilized, whether friendly or hostile, as a fact which cannot be ignored. It presents itself, not as a theory of life, nor as a school of philosophy, nor as a mere code of morals the purest and noblest that has ever appealed to the highest faculties of man; it is more than all this; it is a living force, or organic power, an active agent pervading all ranks and conditions of life, opposed on every side by all the forces of evil, resisted, persecuted, cast out, yet ever advancing, influencing the lives and destinies of individuals and nations, and giving to our modern civilization all that it has of purity and spiritual-mindedness and sweet charity. Christianity is more than a holy influence. In the midst of materialism and sensism, of naturalism and paganism, in the midst of nature-worship and demon-worship, Christianity is a vital force, a new life, operating directly upon the souls and consciences of men, and pouring out its chastening and elevating influence on society, on government, on art and literature.

GREAT CHANGE WROUGHT.

Men, in their perversity, may question the divine origin, challenge the beneficial effects of Christianity; but no man is so blind as not to see, first, that it is a great fact now existing in the world, and secondly that it has wrought a great change in the civilized world. Nineteen centuries ago, when Rome was mistress of the civilized world, in the first years of the empire under Augustus Caesar, there was no Christianity in Rome. If you walked into the Roman Forum or strolled through our friend Horace into the public baths, you encountered at every turn a temple of some false god. Jupiter Capitolinus looked down on his favorite city from the capitol hill; Mars and Apollo, Venus and Vesta, all had their worshippers; and Rome built a Pantheon to receive all the gods of the nations she had conquered. There were no Christians in the age of Augustus. But only a few years had elapsed when one of his successors, Nero, put to death with every refinement of cruelty, an immense multitude of Christians in Rome. Within the next three hundred years, Christianity passed through ten such bloody persecutions, and then she emerged from her hiding places and began to build her magnificent churches for the worship of the true God. Visit Rome in the succeeding centuries and you will look in vain for a temple of the pagan gods; they are closed or torn down, and over the Christian churches rises the Cross, the emblem of man's redemption. "In hoc signo vinces." In this sign conquer. Paganism is conquered and driven out of Rome, and soon there will be, within the borders of the old Roman Empire, no remnant of the ancient religion except some superstitious rites that linger among the most ignorant of the population. Paganism is overcome, and the Roman Empire makes peace with Christianity. A marvelous change has taken place in the hearts and intelligences of men. What force has wrought this change? What is the full meaning of what the new Religion was and how it accomplished its work.

CHRISTIANITY IS CHRIST.

To understand the Religion of Christ, we must first understand the mission, the office, the work of Christ. Christ came into the world to redeem it. His office was to give to the human race a new life to the soul—the intellect, the heart, the will. He came to lift up a fallen race. He was to enlighten the intellect by the truths of Faith; to give new hopes, desires and aspirations; to impose a new commandment, the law of brotherly love. He was the Way, the Truth and the Life. With all the authority of the Godhead, He demanded absolute faith in Himself, as the condition and beginning of the new life. He came not to argue but to teach; not to theorize but to save; not to philosophize but to give everlasting life. He was the Vine on which all must be engrafted who hoped for eternal life. He came to establish a saving religion, a life-giving religion. How did He establish it?

CHRIST BUILDS UP HIS CHURCH.

He began by gathering the materials which He was to use in carrying out His divine work. He called about Him a body of men to whom He gave a distinctive name and a corporate existence. He made them one family, one household with Himself. They were to be the foundation stones of the new edifice; the officials of His new kingdom. The years of His public life, devoted to founding His spiritual king-

dom, were years of careful training and instruction for them. They heard His discourses; they witnessed His miracles. To them He explained the parables of the Kingdom, and accordingly as they were able to bear the knowledge, He disclosed more and more fully the mysteries of His religion. To them He foretold His Passion and Death. After the Resurrection He remained with them forty days to form them more thoroughly for their work. Then He issued His commission to this Body, this living organization, which was to carry on His work. Listen to the words of this commission: "As the Father hath sent Me, so I also send you." Then He breathed on them and said to them: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained."

"All power is given Me in heaven and on earth. Go, therefore, teach all nations, 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." "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

"As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." Here then is the commission of the Church; here is her power, here is her jurisdiction, here is her duty and authority to teach; here is her mission to convert, to regenerate, to forgive sins, to save souls. Her mission is Christ's mission; her work is to continue His. He is to remain in the world and carry on His work through her. Of this living Body, as St. Paul expresses it, Christ is the Head; the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, is the soul. Her voice is the voice of Christ teaching through her. On her memory and intelligence Christ deeply impressed the truths of salvation; to her keeping He entrusted the whole deposit of revelation; in her heart she cherishes every word He spoke. And the Paraclete, the Spirit of Truth who abides in her, recalls to her all that Christ taught. Such then is the Church, the living organization, which Christ established and endowed with divine gifts, to be His witness, His representative, His ambassador. And how did she begin her mission? On the day of Pentecost when the promised Paraclete had descended upon the Apostles and they were aglow with the fire of divine zeal Peter began the work of conversion. He spoke as one having authority. Like Christ who sent Him, He came not to argue—He came to teach. He declared the apostles to be witnesses for Christ—witnesses of His death, His resurrection, His divinity, witnesses appointed and commissioned by Christ. He bade his hearers believe and repent of their sins; and baptizing those who believed, he added three thousand converts to the Church.

This was the beginning of the Church's mission, and this was the method she pursued. As Christianity, in the lifetime of Christ, was Christ teaching, Christ redeeming, Christ regenerating, Christ saving, so now Christianity is the Church doing Christ's work, or rather it is still Christ giving life to the world through the Church. Outside of this living, teaching, governing, regenerating, life-giving Church, there is no Christianity. Christ made His religion a living, organic power. He did not commit it to a book. From that time forth the Church was the witness of Christ. She ruled and swayed the destinies of His Kingdom with His power and in His name. She called on the Church to believe, she proclaimed the new law; she offered men the new life, and in spite of all opposition from the State, from persecution, from human passion and human error, and from the gates of hell, she lived and flourished and did the work of Christ in the world. Though she is human in her members, and therefore capable of suffering from false friends and from enemies, from treachery and weakness, from insidious attack and open violence, yet because she is divine in her origin, her mission and her power, she has survived and she will continue her work in the world when any merely human institution has perished.

This is the history of the Church from the day of Pentecost. Like the mustard seed, which is planted in the earth and first seems to decay and die before it shoots up into the living plant and then grows into a great, wide-spreading tree; so the Church in the first centuries seemed to be crushed, to be buried in the light of day strong and vigorous and confident in the promise of her Divine Founder. And all through those centuries there was no Christianity except in the Church; there was no witness for Christ except in His Church. There was no organ of the Holy Ghost, no means of new life, except in the Church. There were heresies and sects; but what were they except branches torn from the tree, to wither and decay, or streamlets diverted from the great river, to dry up in the sand and disappear? Those spurious forms of Christianity, those counterfeit churches are not unknown to history, but they are in connection with the one, true Church from which they were severed. She never abdicated her power, never resigned her authority, never divested herself of her gifts, or refused to fulfill the mission entrusted to her by Christ. She never doubted her right or her duty. She never resigned to any book the work of teaching, and saving, and regenerating the world. She could no more divert herself from her endowments than Christ could put off His godhead. She is His Body, and the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth abides in her as the soul in the body. When the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century broke out, and honesty succeeded heresy, and truth in the Christian creed was denied, there was still one witness to Christ, one Church, one living organization that taught with His authority, that exercised His power, that administered His life-giving sacraments, that offered His sacrifice and continued His work of regenerating and saving the souls of men. Where is that Church? Can any reasonable man

Personal to Subscribers



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THEO. NOEL, Geologist, C. R. DEPARTMENT, Yonge & Temperance Streets, TORONTO, ONT.

CLEANING HOUSE TIME. In near at hand. The question of what to do with your walls to have them sanitary, neat and attractive, has to be decided. You will not want to use kerosene, because after it has been on a short time it runs off on everything that comes in contact with it. Wall paper with its usual paste is unsatisfactory, and stops wall respiration. The Doctor says, "Walls to be healthy must breathe." CHURCH'S GOLD WATER. ALABASTINE. Is a porous cement and admits of the free passage of air. It is permanent, and sanitarians endorse the use of it. Anyone can do plain tiling, and with the aid of instructions we give, and designs we furnish, an ordinary workman can do very nice decorating. Cheaper than paint or paper. ALABASTINE is for sale by all Hardware and Paint Dealers in package only. For book of tiles and further particulars, write to mention this offer to The ALABASTINE CO., Limited, PARIS, ONT.

Continued from page six. doubt where she is and who she is? What Church but the one holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church claims to speak divine truth and to condemn error with infallible authority? What Church but the one Catholic Church has ever exercised the mission of teaching all nations, at all times, since the day of Pentecost? How can these human Churches, which bear the names of their human founders or of the races to which they are limited, pretend to be the Church built by Christ upon a rock? They did not see Christ; they were not witnesses of the Resurrection; they were not in the Cenacle when the Holy Ghost descended upon the Church of Christ. They are not Christianity; they are not the noble tree that has grown up from the mustard seed; they are severed branches. And year by year they are becoming more and more withered. They are losing even the pretense of teaching the Gospel of Christ. They make it the boast of their advancement and liberalism that they have no dogma, and therefore no truth to which they are bound, and therefore no doctrine to believe. Can such Churches bear witness to Christ? No, except in the negative sense of showing by contrast. CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX.

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The Catholic Record.

Published Weekly at 484 and 486 Richmond street, London, Ontario.

Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

EDITOR: REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVE.

Author: "Mistakes of Modern India."

Editor: W. M. COFFEY.

Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey.

Members: Luke King, John Nigh, P. J. Neven and Miss Sarah Hanley are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transmit all other business for THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Rate of Advertising—Ten cents per line each insertion, scale measurements.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Michael's, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

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 Monday morning.

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

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1904.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.:

Dear Sir: From some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

In its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Believing you, and wishing you success. Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ.

I. D. FALCONE, Arch. of Lachine, Acad. Dioc.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1904.

PRACTICAL DREAMERS.

Some writers are fond of admonishing us to be very practical, that is, to get one's tentacles into a block of stock. To dream or to indulge in reveries is an unpardonable sin. Building air castles with fragments of the imagination as inhabitants and iridescent with the sunlight of hope, must be eschewed. One must be on the alert, geared up for the race for the dollar. But after all, perchance the most practical is the one who has dreams—who, poor in things earthly, sees the things that are worth while, the earth and the sky and the flowers, and who goes leisurely to his place. The money king who has his hands in the pocket of the public, or is endeavoring to get them there by means of tricks dubbed high finance, is—and we are not allowed to forget it—very practical. So is the man who never permits conscience to come between him and worldly advancement and whose life's horizon is bounded by the greenback. But we have never been able to fathom the why of it. The world, however, would be a pretty gray place if there were no dreamers in it. Their dreams are sometimes transmuted into book and poem and picture which abide long after the practical ones are forgotten. And if they reserve them for personal delectation, they are happier and saner than they who fret and wear themselves out for the baubles of the world.

LIFE'S DRAMA.

We, however, must play our little roll as best we may. Not for many of us the lime light and the middle of the stage. But we can contribute our quota to the success of the grand drama of our lives and business take birth in a kindly heart. The play that is prompted by envy or hatred never has permanent success. It may flourish apace for a time. The praise of the interested may fall tuncfully on those who daily with this kind of drama, but little by little its fair seeming disappears and we see it unsightly and baseless as are the things fashioned by the powers of hell. And the actor is gaid in disappointment and emptiness of spirit. The applause falls upon him after a time, for he knows that his work is bad. For he who mars the beauty of living is no artist but a careless and criminal bungler. And he who is content to do this will have a terrible awakening at the dress-rehearsal in the Valley.

TOURISTS' EXAMPLE.

Some good people hereabouts dread the hot season, and for various reasons. One of them is that their villages are usually invaded by a horde of tourists who demand a coat of tan, good provisions, lodgment and various other things recommended by the magazines, at a nominal figure. To visit the rural districts at all shows condescension on their part; but this unfortunately has no market value.

Another reason is that some of these pleasure-seekers give anything but good example. For instance, they play tennis, go on tours of exploration, etc., during the week, and on Sunday are rarely seen at Mass. The villagers—and some of them are four and five miles from the church—are never absent, while these people give fatigue as a pretext for not living up to one of the most serious obligations of the Christian life. As we said above, these tourists give bad example to the inhabitants of

the village, to their children whom they thus "sacrifice to devils," and they certainly do not preach their faith to the non-Catholic residents. Thinking about it may induce them to come to the conclusion that the man or woman who pretends to be a Catholic and is recreant to a duty which that title entails, is a mighty small human. Why, a politician will obey his chief, though he may not have any hope of a berth, but these people will not follow the Captain Christ though they are by so doing sure of an eternal recompense. God's patience is a great mystery.

TRUSTEES AND TEACHERS.

The trustees in some of our districts should decide upon the quality of teaching ability requisite for the efficiency of their schools. During the year we heard that a few of the teachers were more intent in trying to get into the matrimonial waggon than in instructing the young confided to their care. The trustees' views of the dignity and responsibility of the teacher are correct. They object—and especially when they have unmarried daughters on their hands—to attractive young pedagogues angling for a home of their own, and landing it. They state other things which need not be recorded in these columns, but they can settle the question if they remember that a teacher has rights as well as duties. She has a right to a living wage. She has a right not to be made a target for the officiousness of the trustee. She has a right not to be adjudged guilty of neglect of duty in charges, which, if not manufactured outright by the village gossip, rest on flimsy foundations. In a word, the school that is governed by parsimonious and nagging officials will fail to procure good teachers.

COMMON SENSE NECESSARY.

The young woman should keep her common-sense in working order. She cannot afford to take risks with her reputation. The sensible girl is well aware of this: the other kind may be aware of it, but she does not convince the observer of that fact. She may take pride in her soul's whiteness, but she would find it difficult to get an endorsement to that effect from the citizens who see her talking gaily in outings to men who are credited with having little respect for the honor of woman. The "rounder" and "dead game sport" should be left to herd with their kind.

THE MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE QUESTION.

A despatch from Sarnia, Ont., informs us that the ministers of Sarnia and Port Huron, Mich., have joined in taking a stand on the marriage and divorce question, having adopted a resolution "to adhere to the Scriptural teaching in regard to remarrying of persons who have been divorced."

This resolution, so far as is quite clear in meaning, is very good; but when we come to examine what is the real Scriptural teaching on the point, we find that there is considerable diversity of opinion among the parties who have come to this agreement.

The rule laid down by the Westminster Confession is that, "Nothing but adultery or such wilful desertion as can in no way be remedied by the Church or civil magistrate is cause sufficient of dissolving the bond of marriage."

And further, it is provided that in such a case, only the "innocent party can sue out a divorce, and after the divorce, to marry another, as if the offending party were dead."

These provisions have been adopted very generally recently by the Protestant denominations, and are founded upon a wrong interpretation of St. Matt. v. 32, which allows indeed a man to put away his wife on account of infidelity to the marriage obligations, which means that he may separate from her for such a cause, but which gives no leave for either husband or wife, either the innocent or the guilty party in the case, to marry again.

That this is the correct interpretation is clear from St. Mark x. 11, and St. Luke xvi. 18, which declare that in no case can divorced parties marry again. This is also admitted by the Church of England to be the correct interpretation; for in the form of solemnization of marriage of the Church it is twice expressly stated that the marriage shall hold "until death do us part."

The Prayer Book of the American Protestant Episcopal Church makes the same provision, though the wording is slightly changed. It is clear, therefore, that the ministerial agreement was intended to be interpreted differently by the ministers themselves who agreed to it.

We must here also remark that the purpose of the Conference was to mitigate a scandal, and this is admitted by the very fact that the conference was held at all. And what was this scandal?

It was evidently that hitherto these ministers did not adhere to the Scrip-

tural teaching on this point. And yet these are the very men who persist in calling the Catholic Church corrupt on the plea that it has departed from the teaching of Scripture!

If this were really the case, the Catholic Church would be no worse than their own sects. But it is not the case. The Catholic Church has always adhered strictly to the rule laid down by Christ Himself in regard to marriage: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." There is not one instance in the whole history of the Catholic Church, wherein a marriage duly contracted and consummated has been dissolved by the Catholic Church.

On the other hand, both divorce and polygamy have been solemnly ratified by Protestant Churches. Two marriages of Henry VIII. were ratified by the Church of England after two divorces; and in the case of Philip Landgrave of Hesse, bigamy was permitted by the whole council of Protestantism in an official pronouncement to this effect, signed by Luther, Beza, Melancthon, and others of their colleagues. Surely these were corrupt doings in the Church which professed to restore the Christian religion to its primitive purity; and we are justified in regarding the Sarnia resolution as a mere sham.

FRANCE AND THE POPE.

The anti-Catholic press of both hemispheres have been for some time in an ecstasy of delight owing to the decided breach of cordial relations between France and the Holy See.

While acknowledging that the present situation of the Church in France is deplorable, humanly speaking, as it is the evident desire of the Government utterly to destroy religion, and while from the decisive majority given at the general elections to this Atheistic Government it would seem that the French nation is already hopelessly lost to the Catholic Church and to Christianity, we have never lost the confidence that the attachment of the French people as a whole to their religion is still strong notwithstanding the apathy with which they have looked on while the Church has been ruthlessly persecuted, and religious education of the children has been destroyed, so far as the Government has been able to destroy it, and we firmly believe that the day is not distant when the people will rise in their might to assert that the nation is unalterably Catholic.

In the recent studied insult to the Pope, when President Loubet went to Rome to visit officially King Victor Emmanuel III. in the Pope's own city, which has been seized and held by the Italian Government as the capital of the new kingdom of Italy, M. Combes and his Government, no doubt, believed that they were giving the death-blow to the Holy Father's hopes that the estates of the Church, and especially the city of Rome, shall ever be restored to their lawful sovereign the Pope.

There is no doubt that this was the meaning of the visit. As the protest of the Pope declares, "public opinion, both in France and Italy, made no mistake as to the offensive character of this visit, which was intentionally sought for by the Italian Government with a view thereby to weakening the rights of the Holy See. Public opinion perceived the offence to the dignity of the Holy See—a dignity which it regards as its main duty to protect and defend in the great interest of Catholics all over the world."

And why should not the Holy Father have made protest? France has possessed special privileges in its intimate connection with the Church, and has been the power to which, more than to any other, a large share in the Government of the Church throughout the world has been committed. The Concordat also, it is true, was a benefit to the Church, but the benefit was reciprocal and France as a nation derived even more real benefit from the Concordat than it received.

From the days of Charlemagne and Pepin, the rulers of France have felt it to be their greatest glory to protect the Church and to be regarded as the eldest and most devoted sons of the Church, and princes of the Church have been the ablest administrators of the affairs of the French nation, and even to this day the French nation enjoys a special prestige over all Asia owing to the fact that it is the authorized protector of Catholics in all the Asiatic countries.

The French Government was warned beforehand that the visit of the President to Rome to visit King Victor Emmanuel would be regarded as an act of hostility, but Premier Combes found it would be an excellent means to precipitate a conflict between Church and State, and he was resolved to force the conflict, and the visit was made.

The Pope had informed the French Government also that on the occasion of such a visit, the French President could not be received by him in audience. No Catholic ruler had up to

this time visited the Italian King in Rome, for the reason that such a visit would have been equivalent to an acknowledgment that the Pope's right to independence, with Rome for his capital, had lapsed. Such a lapse could not take place without the Pope's consent, which has never been given, and will not be given; and it is a disgrace to the head of any Catholic Government that he should push himself forward to make such an acknowledgment before the world. France, in fact, is disgraced by having been the first, and we hope the last, to make it.

The Pope's protest was a noble and heroic act. It was given in the face of the French Government's threats to carry on a war of extermination against the Church, but the long line of Popes have never been terrified by such threats from the line of duty. The Emperors of the West, the tyrants of Europe, have been faced by Pontiffs, and rebuked for their rapacity and other evil deeds, as well as the leaders of the barbarous hordes which devastated Europe and Africa during the transition period preceding the middle ages and on all these occasions, the Pope's have shown themselves firm in the maintenance of truth and justice.

There have been, indeed, disasters arising out of these embroilments, and schisms and heresies have been established in certain countries as a result from them, but the Church has in each case come forth from the ordeal without scathe, but purified by the trials through which she has passed, and never were the children of the Church more devoted to their faith and to the venerated Head of the Church than they are at the present day.

In their troubles with the French Government, both Leo XIII. and Pius X. have shown unequalled equanimity of temper, and an earnest desire to reach an amicable understanding, and have submitted to both insult and injury through a desire to imitate their Divine Master, Whom, when He was reviled, reviled not, when He suffered, He threatened not, but delivered Himself to him that judged Him unjustly.

But when the principles of divine faith were attacked, these great Pontiffs, hesitated not to tell the princes of the earth who raged against them that the sacred deposit of truth and justice, the guardianship of which was committed to their care, would be guarded unto death, as so many of their predecessors had done before them.

It has been said to the Church by the prophet of God "Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nurses." And the prophecies have been fulfilled in such monarchs as Pepin, Charlemagne, St. Louis, St. Edward, etc. But kings and princes have also attempted to destroy religion. The end was their own destruction. Such was the case with Batassar, Antiochus, Herod, Nero, Diocletian, etc. With the promise of Christ in view, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against God's Church, we have confidence that M. Combes and President Loubet have entered upon a losing battle, and already the mutterings of the storm are heard in the air betokening, as we believe, that their day of doom is at hand.

We are not at all surprised that the maintainers of the robber Government of Italy have shown some indignation against the Pope for this new declaration to the world that he still holds his claims to the territory of which he was deprived by violence thirty-four years ago. The Italian premier Giolitti declared that Italy will not interfere in regard to the Pope's protest, as the Italian Government had not received a copy thereof. France had answered itself, but he added the threat:

"It will be worse for the Church on the day when she illegally interferes in the affairs of the State." It is, therefore, in his estimation, an illegal act for the victim of a highway robbery to demand justice from the highwayman. But the Pope will continue to do so notwithstanding these threats; and we doubt not the day will come when for the sake of the world's peace, and for the guaranteeing of the independence of the Supreme Head of the universal Church, the nations will restore at least a part of the Church's patrimony, with Rome for its capital, and that France itself will be the most forward notwithstanding present appearances to the contrary, in demanding that the Head of the Church shall have full freedom in the management of its affairs, with territorial independence. It will certainly be, as it is now, to the interest of the nations, Protestant and schismatic, as well as Catholic, and even Pagan and Mahometan, that the Universal Church should be free from interference on the part of any single nation, and this can be accomplished only by the independence of the Church. Justice also requires this, as the States of the Church came into her possession by right of succession, as the only power which was strong enough to rule the people equitably when the old Roman empire was broken

up more than twelve centuries ago, when Pope's donation was given.

The French Government, to signify its anger against the Holy Father for having asserted his right, withdrew its ambassador to the Vatican. But this does not trouble the Holy Father very much. He would be better pleased to have a peaceful settlement with the French Government—but if there must be war, it will be found that he can strike some hard blows too.

A telegram from Rome dated June 13th stated that the Papal Nuncio at Paris believes the trouble between the Holy Father and the French Premier will settle itself very soon, by the overthrow of the Combes Ministry. A few days later another telegram, of date 21st June, stated that in all likelihood M. Combes will fall on the question of the bribe looked for by Edgar Combes, who promised on behalf of his father, for a million or two million francs, to allow the Carthusian monks to remain in France.

Such is the patriotic disinterestedness of an Atheistic government.

A COLLAPSE AT LAST SAID TO BE IMMINENT.

We have several times given expression to our conviction that the Catholic spirit of the French people would before long call a halt to the persecution which the Combes Government is engaged in carrying on against the Church, and in fact against Christianity. We must admit, however, our disappointment that the day of retribution which we expected has been so long delayed that there may still be some reason for doubt that it will come as expected.

From the present Chamber of Deputies it is vain to hope for any solid manifestation of religious feeling; but there are assurances that the Catholics of the nation are awaking to the obligation of making themselves felt very effectively until the next general elections. Yet if the reaction against the existing Government is a reality, it may be that even the present Chamber may take time by the forelock, and anticipate the verdict of the coming elections by defeating the Combes Government at once.

We have stated in another article in this issue that the Nuncio at Paris has expressed the opinion that the Combes Government is near its end. Such is, at least, the statement made in several despatches recently received from Paris. While we are not over-sanguine that anticipations to this effect shall be realized, we must say that there are strong signs that this will be the case. It would seem that the Deputies are aware that events are occurring which must culminate in the overthrow of the Government, and as many Deputies are already ready to go with the current, it is quite a likely thing that though there have been recent votes of confidence passed in the Government, even the present Chamber may change all this by voting non-confidence within a few days; and it now appears highly probable that this will be the case.

An unexpected issue has suddenly come to the front in the Chamber according to recent despatches from Paris. Thus, one dated June 10th states that the Premier had an acrimonious dispute with M. Miller, the Socialist ex-Minister, during which some one on the right shouted out, "what about the Carthusian millions?" The allusion was here to a statement made by M. Bisson a short time before the expulsion of the Carthusian monks from France, to the effect that M. Edgar Combes, the Premier's son, had attempted to extort a million francs from the Grand Chartreuse monastery, which is equivalent to \$200,000 of American money, for which sum authorization of the order would be obtained from the Government.

M. Bisson made this charge in an article published in the Petit Dauphinois, and declared that he was prepared to prove it if a libel suit were brought against him.

M. Edgar Combes could not be induced to bring the libel suit, but asked that he should be tried by a jury, in which case the public prosecutor would conduct the case against him.

The public prosecutor is an appointee of the Government, and if he were to conduct the trial, M. Edgar Combes, who was Secretary of the Minister of the Interior when the bribe was offered, would have the influence of his father, the Premier, and of the Government in his favor, and would undoubtedly have been whitewashed by the investigation, which, as it would have been farcical, was repudiated by M. Bisson as the medium for the inquiry into his charges, and the investigation was not made.

But when the matter was recently referred to in the Chamber of Deputies, Premier Combes put on a face of injured innocence and said:

"That is one of the most painful recollections of my life. I sacrificed

certain proof of an infamy committed against me to high political considerations."

A deputy here asked leave to put a question regarding an alleged bribery, whereupon M. Combes expressed satisfaction that an opportunity was afforded him to reveal a secret which had weighed upon him, and made a statement to the effect that "the Secretary of the Ministry of the Interior had informed him (the Premier) that he had received a visit from a person who offered him two millions if he (the Premier) would bring in a bill authorizing the Carthusian monks to remain at the Grande Chartreuse."

His indignant reply was, according to his own story, "the person had better not enter my room unless he wants to go out through the window." He had paid no further attention to the incident until he had afterward brought in the bill refusing authorization to the Carthusians, and some newspapers had then said that the Secretary (the younger Combes) had asked one million that his father should make a speech in favor of the Carthusians. The intermediary was Mr. Lagrange, the Commissioner of France to the St. Louis Exposition.

The Premier's explanation was not accepted by the Chamber, and several Deputies demanded that a thorough investigation be made either by a Parliamentary Commission, or by the judicial authorities. It was finally decided by an almost unanimous vote of the Chamber on June 21st that a commission of thirty-three members should make the investigation.

M. Legrave has already given his testimony before the Commission, and being confronted by M. Edgar Combes, mutual recriminations were made, each one accusing the other of lying!

It is now stated that a majority of the Commission are against the Combes family compact, which is to say that the Premier's patriotic denunciations of the religious orders, as being the enemies of the French Republic, were but shams, and were dictated by self-interest, as through the influence of a million or two francs he could be induced to allow the monks to remain in the country, notwithstanding that he had so many times declared with the greatest vehemence that the safety of the nation required they should be expelled. And his indignation expressed in the Chamber a few days ago against the man who would attempt to bribe him was all a piece of theatrical display.

It is stated that the evidence brought before the Commission so far has been very damaging to M. Combes, and if the brief news on the subject sent by cable be only one half true, the Combes Government must collapse within a few days, leaving behind it a stench of hypocrisy, duplicity, tyranny and criminality such that a parallel to it could not be found except in such countries as Turkey and China, or in the Roman Empire in its worst days—or in France itself during the reign of terror.

The Commission, it is said, has done its work so rapidly that it will make a report of its proceedings so far to the Chamber of Deputies within a few days.

So intense was the excitement produced by the facts so far ascertained that partisans of the opposing factions fought with inkstand and fists at the meeting of the Commission.

From all this it will be seen that the determination of the Pope not to hold any further negotiations with the Combes' Government, on the matters in dispute between them, but to await its downfall, was based upon a full knowledge of the situation.

ANOTHER.

We are pleased to see in the last issue of the Canada Gazette a notice of the appointment of Edward O'Connor, Esq., Barrister, to be Surrogate Judge in Admiralty of the Exchequer Court for the Provisional District of Algoma. After a decade of service on the Bench it must be most gratifying to Judge O'Connor to have his merits thus recognized. We doubt not he will merit the confidence of the Government and the people with whom he may come into contact in his official capacity.

Time was when the appointment of a Catholic to a prominent position in Ontario would be a nine days' wonder. But since the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick became Minister of Justice there has been a remarkable change in this regard. That gentleman and his colleagues in the Ministry are actuated with the same noble ideal as their leader—to stamp out class, racial and creed prejudice, and treat all with equal justice.

Miss Mary Rice, daughter of U. T. S. Rice, a prominent business man and superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school, on June 7th, took final vows at the Convent of the Visitation at St. Louis. Her parents and two sisters, who objected to her step, returned to-day from St. Louis, where they pleaded with her to reconsider.

DEATH OF

The diocese of recent years...

number of its mable priests. T record the death John O'Neil, par which took place after an illness tion, during wh sufferings with and fortitude, be the will of God.

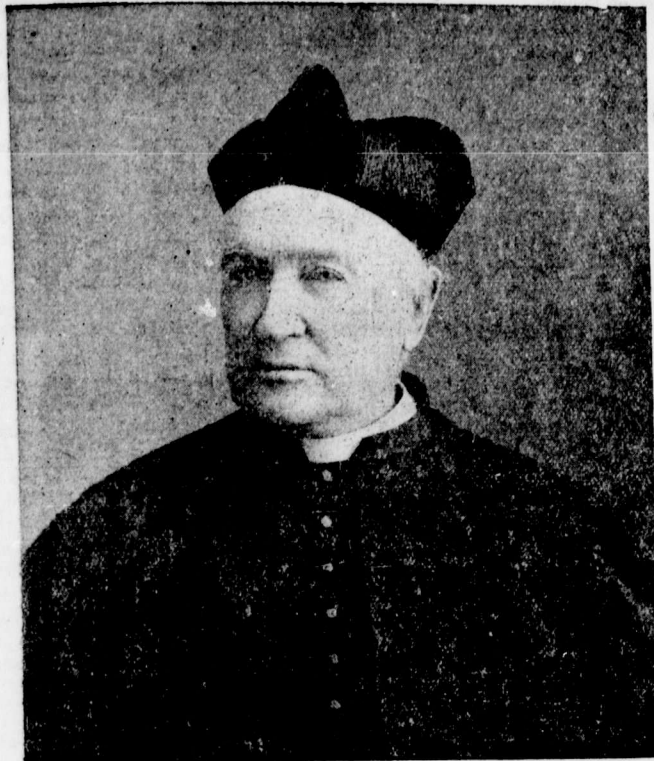
Father O'Neil vatt, County Kil year 1820, and five years of age death. He was lows College, Ire in the year 18 year of his prie the Diocese of I Rev. Bishop Mo was appointed c of British soldie he went to Ca where, for elove work together duties as chap diocese of Lo for two years Stratford as as Crinnon, who aft of Hamilton. I parish priest c remained till l thirty-six years.

Father O'Neil amiable and kin much beloved fellow priests many years he Bishop's Councl cised great inf sound advice while assistin tion of di

THE HAGUE

From Rome t plication will l which are rep Peace Tribunal represented. constituted in t posed that the sented, and Ru favorable, but owing to the of the Pope's r to the bringin question of th It has been ag agreed with the sion of the Pe order to obtain excluding the sented, as the when the Pea tuted. But no has been senth Britain will n motive for se Italy, and it m she will exerci ferest of peac now to the s sentative.

The Rev. R died recently eighty-three, his life at the the North-We conversion an Mrs. St. L Malet") who worthy fiction Church. She late Charles F for the Catho connected wi pression in hi et" had long step.



THE LATE REV. JOHN O'NEIL, P. P., KINKORA, ONT.

DEATH OF FATHER O'NEIL.

The diocese of London has during recent years suffered the loss of a number of its most valued and estimable priests. This week we have to record the death of another, the Rev. John O'Neil, parish priest of Kinkora, which took place on Friday, July 8th, after an illness of some months' duration...

parish priest the late Rev. Father O'Neil might well be taken as a model. He was truly a shepherd to his flock. His career reminds us very forcibly of the lives of some of the parish priests of his native land, who were in their day looked upon as apostles. His whole being was given over unreservedly to the work for which the Divine Redeemer had so abundantly equipped him...

THE HAGUE TRIBUNAL AND THE POPE.

From Rome the news comes that application will be made to the powers which are represented on the Hague Peace Tribunal, to have the Pope also represented. When the Tribunal was constituted in the first place, it was proposed that the Pope should be represented, and Russia and Germany were favorable, but Italy was opposed to it...

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We hope to be able to enlarge the CATHOLIC RECORD before long, as we find the paper too small for the press of matter each week. Meantime we request our subscribers to assist us as far as possible. They can do this by confining the matter of all communications to the facts...

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

John J. Fitzpatrick, the organizer of the Chicago Federation of Labor, is demanding that public water-drinking places be established for working men. He says: "Strong drink is the greatest curse with which working men are afflicted, and many times they enter a saloon to quench their thirst when they would much prefer a drink of water."

CARD OF THANKS.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, of St. Joseph's Hospital, in London, Ontario, in expression of their gratitude to the citizens of London of all classes and creeds for their generous co-operation, amounting almost to enthusiasm, in the work of making the picnic held in Queen's Park on Dominion Day, in aid of their hospital...

CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND MAKES A FORCEFUL ADDRESS IN WASHINGTON.

"Catholicism in America" was the theme of an earnest and vigorous address delivered at the evening service at St. Patrick's Church last Sunday by Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul. The Archbishop declared the mighty work of good the Church has done and is doing to-day vindicates largely and amply its claim of divine origin.

"The text was the words of Christ: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Archbishop Ireland discussed the questions of the day in their relation to the Church from this viewpoint. He said in part: 'This is the text pronounced by Christ Himself as the evidence of His divine authority to men. If He is indeed from God, from God Himself, the system of religion which He propounded must of necessity give results worthy of the high mission which it comes.'

"The Christian religion responds to the test. From the moment when Christ spoke a new power was infused into mankind such as it had never known before. Christ spoke as no other had spoken. The precepts of the Gospel, its councils, its beatitudes, opened up before the highest ideas of righteousness and virtue. Beneath the influence of Christ's teachings moral growth, new virtues which theretofore had not even a name among men, sprang up as fragrant moss in the desert. Conscience was made a power; man felt himself linked to the Almighty. The family was re-constructed, all society was renovated, the shackles fell from the feet of slaves, despots were made to feel that man had rights which no imperial decree could abrogate. Civil liberty was born into society.

"Civilization as the world has known it for 1,800 years is the work of Christ. A tree producing such blossoming must be a good tree. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' 'I come into closer touch with my hearers. We are all children of the Catholic Church—the old Church which ages know. We ask the question: if the church to-day is as potent in fragrant blossom and fruit as she was when entire Christendom called her queen and mother. This is for her question we must to-day ask ourselves. We are Americans, and Americans are the most practical of people. They call for results. At no other period of Christianity was the test by 'their fruits ye shall know them,' more persistently proposed and more rigidly exacted.

"The Catholic Church fears not the test, and to the world calling, crying for moral strength calling for one to support it towards the skies, 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' The highest moral ideals are here. Not one iota of the Gospel of Christ has she dropped from her programme. The Gospel of Christ is all there—its precepts, its councils, its beatitudes. Every commandment to be observed. 'She is a dogmatic Church, she is an ethical Church. If she were not dogmatic she would not be ethical. In this world of ours—a world of fierce and human passions—there is need of embodied moral authority. God has made man to be free, but he may or may not follow the path he knows in the truest sense, if he follows it it is because light is given him and strength showered upon him, and the instrument from which comes light and strength is given the palm of victory.

MOUNT ST. JOSEPH, LONDON.

A SUCCESSFUL AND PROGRESSIVE CONVENTION. The annual teachers' convention was held by the Sisters of St. Joseph on July 13th and 14th, at the Hotel de Ville, London, Ontario. The convention was opened by Mr. J. P. Power, inspector of separate schools, and Mr. J. C. Logan, penman. The convention was opened by Mr. Power, who with his usual energy, gave a most impressive lecture on the important and responsible duties of every teacher. The new curriculum was discussed and classification and limit tables revised. During the course of the lecture Mr. Power dwelt emphatically on the importance of the work done in the junior grades as the foundation of the structure of education, the primary department requiring 'the teacher of the teachers.'

Mr. Logan ably and intelligently discussed Penmanship, and the means of arriving at the rapid free movement so much desired by all interested in business departments. It was decided that the clear movement from the very beginning was the preferable method of teaching writing. Beside the Sisters teaching in the City, there were Sisters from Walkerville, Belleville, St. Thomas, Goderich, and Ingersoll, who followed the different lectures with much interest. Various questions were propounded by the teachers and answered most satisfactorily, and as a result of the instructive lecture all felt a new impetus to their coming year's work with increased energy.

MARRIAGES.

DONOVAN-KEATING.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated by Rev. Father McCann in St. Francis Church, London, on Wednesday, June 3, when Miss Agnes Keating, of Euclid avenue, became the wife of Edward Donovan, of Kensington. The bride, who was led to the altar by her brother James, was neatly attired in blue voile, trimmed with cream, and carried a large bouquet of white roses. Miss Margaret Keating, sister of the bride, who acted as bridesmaid, was dressed in brown voile, with pink hat, and carried pink carnations. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Michael Donovan, of Athens. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, where the immediate friends of the two parties had assembled. The many beautiful presents received by the bride testified to the esteem in which the young couple were held. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome ivory-covered prayer book, and the bride's gift to the groom was a gold watch. After hearty congratulations the happy couple left on the 4 o'clock train for their future home in Kenilworth.

MOBERT-CAFFERATA.

A pretty wedding was solemnized on June 15 at Beacon Hill, Moose Jaw, the residence of Mr. W. C. Keefe, when the eldest daughter, Eleanor Triverson, was united in marriage to Harold Mober, of Hollington, Ontario. The ceremony was performed in the drawing-room at 8 o'clock, in the presence of many friends of the contracting parties. The bride wore a gown of white tulle, trimmed with white silk and blue ribbon, and a large picture hat of chiffon and white tulle. The groom was also becomingly gowned in white. Mr. W. C. Keefe acted as best man. The bride's gift to the groom was a gold watch, and the groom's gift to the bride was a handsome ivory-covered prayer book. After hearty congratulations the happy couple left for their future home in Kenilworth.

BOWLES-CONNIN.

In the Church of the Immaculate Conception, St. Peter's, on June 22, a quiet but very pretty wedding took place, when Mr. Charles Bowles was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Connin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Connin. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Joseph, parish priest. The bride entered the church at 9:30 a.m., leaning on the arm of her father, Mr. Thomas Connin, who was wearing a large white picture hat, and carried a large bouquet of white roses. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. John Connin, brother of the bride, acted as best man. The bride's gift to the groom was a gold watch, and the groom's gift to the bride was a handsome ivory-covered prayer book. After hearty congratulations the happy couple left on an afternoon train for Montreal to spend their honeymoon.

CKELEY-DILLON.

At St. Mary's Church, Mount Forest, on Monday, June 27, at 8 o'clock, by Very Rev. Dean O'Connell, Mr. John J. Buckley was united in marriage to Miss Maria Veronica Dillon, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Dillon, of Mount Forest. The ceremony a Nuptial High Mass was celebrated, the choir being assisted by the vocal soloists, Misses Kathleen and Miss Rebecca Dillon, Toronto, who were similarly attired. The groom was assisted by his brother, Mr. James A. Buckley, who had having partaken of a sumptuous wedding breakfast at the bride's home, the happy couple left for their future home in Mount Forest, accompanied by the best wishes of their many friends. The esteem in which the bride was held was shown by the many beautiful and useful presents which she received.

EAGAN-KAIN.

On Tuesday morning, June 23, St. James' Church, Adolph, was once more the scene of a very pretty wedding, the contracting parties being Mr. James A. Eagan, a prosperous young farmer of Tecumseh, and Miss Annie Kain, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Kain, also of Tecumseh. About 6 o'clock the wedding party, consisting of the immediate relatives, proceeded to the church. The bride, who was dressed in a costume of silk tulle, over white tulle, and wearing a handsome picture hat with ostrich plumes, entered the church, leaning on the arm of her brother Thomas, who gave her away. During the ceremony she was assisted by her cousin, Miss Annie Heenan, who was neatly attired in a suit of white organdy. The groom was wearing a suit of brown silk. The groom was ably supported by his brother Will, of Toronto. Rev. Father Buckley officiated. The ceremony was performed at 8 o'clock, and the happy couple left on the early train for their future home in Tecumseh.

RUTH-MALONEY.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place in the Catholic Church, Owen Sound, on Monday, June 22, when Miss Ruth Maloney, a prosperous young farmer of Hewitwood, was united in marriage to Miss Mary Maloney, of Hastings. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Buckley, after which the Nuptial Mass was celebrated. The bride, who was charmingly gowned in blue voile, with white silk waist and hat to match, was assisted by her sister, Miss Ruth Maloney, of Rochester, while Mr. William Ruth, brother of the groom, performed the duties of best man. The bride's gift to the groom was a gold watch, and the groom's gift to the bride was a handsome ivory-covered prayer book. After hearty congratulations the happy couple left on the early train for their future home in Hastings.

LAND-MCGILL.

A very pretty wedding took place at the Roman Catholic Church of Cornwall on June 28 at 9 o'clock a.m. when Miss Evelyn McGill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McGill, the tenants of Moore, was married to Mr. Joseph Land, of Port Huron. The church was prettily decorated for the occasion. The bride, who was dressed in a costume of white tulle, over white tulle, and wearing a handsome picture hat with ostrich plumes, entered the church, leaning on the arm of her brother, Mr. Joseph McGill, who gave her away. During the ceremony she was assisted by her sister, Miss Evelyn McGill, who was neatly attired in a suit of white organdy. The groom was wearing a suit of brown silk. The groom was ably supported by his brother Will, of Toronto. Rev. Father Buckley officiated. The ceremony was performed at 8 o'clock, and the happy couple left on the early train for their future home in Port Huron.

LANE-MCGUIRE.

St. Joseph's Church, Clinton, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Tuesday, June 23, when Miss Mary Lane, of Brucefield, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Elizabeth McGuire, the daughter of Andrew McGuire, Rev. Father Pennington officiated. The bride was tastefully attired in a gown of cream silk, with trimming of white chiffon, and hat to match, and was assisted by her sister, Miss Annie, who looked charmingly in a costume of white tulle, over white tulle, and wearing a handsome picture hat with ostrich plumes. The groom was assisted by his brother Frank, of St. Columban. After the ceremony the happy couple left on a short trip east, carrying with them the good wishes of all for their future happiness and prosperity.

LYNCH-MCCAFFERY.

On June 29, at 9 o'clock, St. Helen's Church, Hamilton, was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when Miss Mary P. McCaffery, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. McCaffery, was united in marriage to Mr. Thomas Lynch, a prosperous young farmer of Dunwich. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Quinn, in the presence of a large number of friends. The bride looked charmingly in a gown of cream silk, with trimming of white chiffon, and hat to match, and was assisted by her sister, Miss Annie, who looked prettily in a dress of white dotted muslin, with black picture hat, and carried a large bouquet of white roses. The groom was supported by Mr. David Crowley. After the ceremony the happy couple left on the early train for their future home in Dunwich.

OBITUARIES.

Editor Catholic Record: The death of Daniel L. Skelly, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Skelly, of Ottawa, occurred at the family residence on Thursday morning, 29th inst., at 10:30 a.m., after a long illness of several years. He was 62 years of age. He was a devoted and zealous member of St. Joseph's Church, and a member of the Holy Name Society. He was a most devoted father and husband, and a most successful business man. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Railway, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Electric Railway. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Waterworks, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Gasworks. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Sewerage, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Sanitation. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Police, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Fire. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Education, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Health. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Charity, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Religion. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Science, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Art. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Music, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Literature. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa History, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Geography. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Botany, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Zoology. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Astronomy, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Ottawa Meteorology. 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