

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1902

1226

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London, Saturday, April 19, 1902.

NOT YET OUT OF DATE.

It is a long time since Montesquieu indited the Persian Letters which hit off the follies of the society of his period. The prayer of one of his characters is, however, not yet out of date: "Lord, I do not understand any of these discussions that are carried on without end regarding Thee; I would serve Thee according to Thy will; but each man whom I consult would have me serve Thee according to his."

RELIGIOUS UNITY.

Fr. Hecker used to say that the tendency of religious minds was unity and not to disunion. Up to date, however, it is but a tendency.

No sensible Christian can ever hope to have the scheme of unity brought to realization unless on the lines laid down by the Builder of Christianity. This is forgotten by the good people who are foisting their petty schemes on the public. The unity which was to be forever a distinctive mark of the Church of Christ was effected when He appointed a teacher to protect and to guide all those who wished to come to the truth. They who are dreaming of unity, which is generally a mutual toleration, are like little children astray in a tangled thicket, and too engrossed with their play to strive to go home.

AN UNSCRUPULOUS PUBLICATION.

In reply to a Halifax, N. S., correspondent we beg to state that Dr. Little's "Plain Reasons" was reviewed in our columns a few years ago. The book was published for the purpose of exposing "the errors of Rome," and, needless to say, it has signally failed in its purpose. Wrote it in a calm and judicial spirit it might have a measure of influence; its unfair methods, intemperate language, quotation garbling and downright calumnies have discredited it even amongst Anglicans and have made it a monument to the unscrupulous mendacity of its rev. author. Rev. Dr. Lee declared that the work was mercilessly unfair and altogether untrustworthy and counted within its pages, and they are not many, two hundred and one errors. Fair minded Anglicans agree that the work is a rude congeries of fallacies and erroneous statements; and we do not believe it serves any purpose at present except to show how a clever man can be misled by prejudice and unreasoning hostility.

QUALITIES NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS.

Our readers have read of men who, without anything that is considered essential to success, have made a place for themselves in the world. But to come nearer home. In the Dominion Parliament there are a few individuals who are striking examples of what can be done by pluck and tenacity and perseverance. One of them began his career at an early age in a printing office in Nova Scotia. He had few advantages, but he had hope and enthusiasm, the ability to work and wait and the ambition to do the very best with himself. We suppose that his sky was oftentimes grey, but he plodded on. To-day he is a representative Canadian. All do not share his political views, but there are few who do not regard him as a proof of what may be effected by energy and perseverance. We might go on and refer to others among us who have won out despite every obstacle. But we think we have said enough to convince those who bemoan what they term their hard luck, that their slow advancement is due not to lack of opportunities but to themselves. It is an old saying that every man has Thor's hammer hidden about him. His business is to find and use it.

TWO INTERESTING PICTURES.

There is a picture, Napoleon after Friedland, which has always a great attraction for us. But it is not Napoleon and the generals surrounding him who interest us the most. It is the squadron of hussars—the bronzed soldiers who rush by madly, portrayed with such vivid reality that one fancies he hears the hoarse breathing of tired men, the jangling of bridle chains, and the thunder of hoof beats. Each face is aglow with the exaltation of victory, and one's ears are greeted with the deep-chested shout—the testimony of love to their leader—"Vive l'Empereur." There is another which

depicts the same gallant company in retreat from Moscow. Back of them the burning city, above them the pitiless winter's sky, around them their comrades in arms turning from war to peace. The horses are weary, the faces of the riders set and strained, and some of them, we feel, will not answer the next roll call. But the old enthusiasm is not dead. And, as the "Little Corporal" rides by, the swords gleam in salute and again the soldiers' hearts going out to him in the cry: "Vive l'Empereur." Would we had that enthusiasm and love for the Lord—the Captain—as St. Ignatius loved to call Him—to be His soldiers—to be faithful amidst the "wear and tear of unpoetic life."

AN OTTAWA CLERGYMAN.

The Rev. Mr. Bland's characterization of the action of the Laurier Government regarding the war in South Africa as "pig patriotism" and that of the Opposition as "overlasting whine" was a fair bid for notoriety. The gentleman is evidently an Imperialist of an advanced type, but he should try to let his moderation be known to all men. Good taste and clerical dignity demand something better than the eloquence of the stump. And we believe that even a clergyman should, if given to utterances on things political, conduct himself in gentlemanly fashion. "Pig patriotism" may be a picturesque phrase in Chicago, but in Canada it bears the hall mark of crude vulgarity. Mr. Bland can easily find stronger and more cultured phrases with which to clothe his censure, and we hope his next deliverance will merit him a better title than that of an "outspeak" clergyman" given him by the daily press.

The gentleman inquired if it was to found such a Canada the Loyalists came here. Well—let us see. Who were the Loyalists? They were brave men, but we do not think they had any reason to wax eloquent over the treatment meted out to them by England. They had given of their best for the maintenance of English supremacy and were rewarded by being cast off and left to their own devices after the signing of the treaty of Versailles. We are not blind to the part they have played in the upbuilding of Canada, but to say they founded Canada is to put it mildly, an astonishing exaggeration. Canada was flourishing long before they came to it for a home and safety. Its history is there for any one to read. And we say that the pages of that history, palpitating with the life of heroic valor and sanctity, can bear comparison with any others that have been written on this continent. That Canada has been overpaid for everything she has done for England, and the war was being fought for Canada, are statements which prove that the rev. gentleman has ways, inaccessible to the ordinary citizen, of obtaining knowledge of the question. But after all it is a good thing not to know so many things that "ain't so."

THE MAN OF ONE BOOK.

We think that the old adage regarding fearing the man of one book is as true to-day as when it was first quoted. True, there are Mirandolas, Admirable Crichtons, Andrew Langs—men of amazing breadth and grasp of intellect, in every generation; but the rule is that they only succeed who concentrate their attention upon some particular branch of knowledge. This, we imagine, cannot be insisted on too much. We are surrounded by so many oracular dicta upon every subject; we have so many temptations in the shape of books and periodicals that the other not open that we must needs be told time and again that all this, if yielded to, means dissipation of mind and not mental growth. The man, therefore, who has any desire to attain proficiency in any subject must beware of the charms of versatility. He must be a student. He must realize that there are no short cuts to the learning which means anything, and that the road thither is toilsome. In a word, he must realize that he must think and judge—that he must master a study if he would avoid being shallow and incompetent. Once he has made something, whatsoever it may be, his own, he has an instrument to his hand for good work. This is true of every walk in life. They who speak authoritatively on any subject give it, their whole and undivided attention. We do not mean that our horizon should be bounded altogether by our life's work—that the engineer should find no pleasure save in

his art, or the lawyer in digests and statutes. We mean that we should endeavor to learn one thing well—not many badly; that he should be grounded thoroughly in the principles of his particular trade or profession. And we believe that the mind that has been exercised by constant effort will turn away from the stuff that is doled out to the many who like to get their learning without exertion of any kind. He will try to read not that which is easy of comprehension, but which requires application and toil to understand. And every hour of silence and work will contribute to his mental growth and make him of more comfort to himself and more in demand for the real business of the world. One reason why some of us are just able to keep the wolf from the door is because we do not know any one thing well. It is always hard to obtain a foothold among the struggling mass at the bottom; but there is always room at the top, if we remember that the man who gets there is bound to be tired.

PLACE OF STATE IN EDUCATION.

Toronto Mail and Empire, April 5. In choosing such a subject as "The State and Education" for his address to the Canadian Club at Webb's yesterday, Rev. Dr. Teedy, president of St. Michael's Roman Catholic College, was well aware, as he said, that his views upon this subject were not the views of many of those present, and approached this delicate and debatable topic with infinite courage and tact. The subject was handled with the graceful eloquence for which the President of St. Michael's is well known, and in such a way as to give not the slightest offence to the many who, doubtless, differed from his views. Mr. S. Casey Wood, president of the club, made, as usual, a model chairman. The family—the Church, and the State were held by the speaker to be perpetual partners in the education of the individual. The family could not ignore the Church or the State, nor could the Church ignore the family or the State. The danger was met, and this he held had been proved by history—when the child had been taken up by the State exclusively and treated merely as a citizen of a very large corporation subservient only to the State. On this point Dr. Teedy was most emphatic. "That," he said, "cannot be allowed. The Church—my own Church especially—has always been most zealous, most earnest, and most impressive upon this point. The great danger of excluding the Church from the plan of education was that the ethical or religious nature of the individual was ignored or sacrificed to the merely material. The final cause or ultimate destiny of all men should be the dominant factor in the education of the individual. Education, he said, devolved primarily upon the parents, and not upon the State. Every child, no matter what his birth or station, possessed the inalienable right to be educated in the knowledge and fear of God, according to his own conscience or the conscience of his parents. This was one very serious obligation which devolved upon the State. Another, which devolved upon the State, another, which was equally binding, was that it must see that no obstacle was placed in the way of this education. "When the State insists," said he, "that children shall go to a particular school, when it insists that parents shall pay taxes to support particular schools, contrary to their consciences, then the state is interfering with the most sacred and vital obligations that men have to perform." The knowledge of final causes, he contended, was the most important feature of the education question and must always be kept in view. The least important was the intellectual part. By ignoring the final cause there was a serious danger of undermining, not only the morality of the individual, but of the state itself. As a result of insisting that this prominence be given to the ethical rather than the material, he was aware that the Church which he represented did not stand in a very high place just now in the estimation of some, but this by no means proved that the Church was wrong. When the pendulum of thought swung back, as it would, then would it be found how helpless the State was regarding the real function of education. A hearty vote of thanks was passed to the speaker on conclusion.

Striking Tribute to Father Dollard

Maurice W. Casey, an able literary critic, in a scholarly article on Irish Literature, written for the Ottawa University Review, says: "If I were asked to point out the two poems that I considered the most pathetic in the whole course of Irish literature, I should unhesitatingly indicate 'The Irish Emigrant,' by Lady Dufferin, and the exquisite 'When the Shadows on the Heather,' by the Rev. James B. Dollard, an Irish priest, at present of the city of Toronto. Fr. Dollard writes no line that does not contain something of the undefinable something that distinguishes more polished diction and rhetoric from poetry, and without which no trick of style can produce poetry. I have no hesitation in affirming that Father Dollard's best is the high-water mark of latter day Irish poetry."

Providence is that care which God takes of His creatures both in the natural and supernatural order.—Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, S. J.

THE PRURIENT DRAMA.

An Analysis of Some Latter-Day Tendencies.

The New entry.

One of the incidents of Holy Week in Washington this year was the appearance of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in her repertoire of melodramas. At every performance, we are told, she was greeted by "large and fashionable audiences." And among these audiences were not a few Catholics. Think of it! Catholics witnessing such plays at such a season. Surely this episode is a most discouraging and damaging reflection on the moral ideas of our people, Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Let us be honest. The plays that drew crowded houses to the Columbia last week are immoral plays. No amount of sophistry or hypocrisy can do away with this obvious fact. I call it an obvious fact because it has been made clear and again by the newspaper notices of these productions. The dramatic critic of the Post tells us that one of Mrs. Campbell's plays "aims toward an effect which is the imagination of the prurient mind." Now the dramatic critic of our secular journals are not as a rule, over-squeamish in their appreciations of things theatrical. Hence when one of them assures us that a dramatic performance is deliberately planned to feed the prurient mind, we may rest assured that it does feed the prurient mind. And we may be assured, likewise, that it cannot but sully the imaginations of those—if there have been any such in Mrs. Campbell's audiences—whose minds are not prurient. The same critic commends this actress for failing to emphasize the sensual in her performances and for "refusing to play upon the sensibilities of an audience keyed up to anticipation of vulgar and bizarre plays." The "risque and bizarre" plays, in other words, the unclean and the sensational, are prominent features in these dramas, and the audience is on the alert to see how the actress will bring out these features.

But there are other actresses who take no pains to slur out the risque and bizarre, but on the contrary, exhibit these elements in all their front details. These, too, invariably draw crowded houses. Olga Nethersole used to show with disgusting realism of word and action how a shameless woman could ensnare an unsophisticated youth by the sheer force of carnal attraction. Here again, be it remembered, I am taking the estimate of the dramatic critic, not the judgment of some over-rigorous moralist. Mrs. Leslie Carter portrays the every-day life and deeds of "one of the most depraved and dissolute women that hang upon the fringes of history." * * * This courtesan—potent in her actual life by reason of her personal charms and her wit, embodied by Mrs. Carter at the Criterion Theatre; and in this season of sacred festival, that the community can exult itself by gazing on such an actress in such a part." So writes Mr. Wm. Winter, the dramatic critic of the New York Tribune, and it would be well if his words could be pondered in all honesty and seriousness by those who pretend to see in this performance only the triumph of the "artist."

The truth, the honest, though for some unpalatable truth, is that every one of the plays which these three women present, and which always attract "large and fashionable audiences," treat of topics and episodes that are studiously kept out of the conversations of pure-minded men and women. Yet tender-minded will go to hear and see these themes unfolded and "interpreted" with brutal plainness of speech and perverted realism of action. Young men and women will sit through these performances side by side, though the blush of shame would mantle their cheeks should one venture to speak to one another of the scenes that they witness. Again I say, let us be honest. Let us admit what our conscience unhesitatingly proclaims to be true, namely that the average person cannot attend one of these plays without grave danger of befouling his imagination. And the average person cannot repeatedly witness them without lowering his moral ideals, and dulling his appreciation of the virtue of purity.

It may be true, as one critic has insisted, that some of these dramas do not make sin attractive. But neither do they make it heinous. They picture grave violations of the moral law as caused by fate, or weakness, or environment—anything except the sinners' own responsible will of the sinner. A false and undeserved pity is aroused in the hearts of the spectators. In the play the guilty one may be punished, indeed, but it is his frailty rather than his sinfulness that is emphasized. The audience leaves the theatre feeling, not that the moral delinquent got what he deserved, but that he was weak, unfortunate, and that the elements of personal responsibility, personal sinfulness, personal wickedness, is pushed into the background of the spectator's thoughts. Unconsciously he becomes filled with a morbid sentimentality that is fatal to healthy moral perceptions. It is only in the melodramas that the righteous punishment meted out to the villain is undeservedly applauded, and melodramas are simple-minded folk. "The whole trend of thought in the society of our day," complains an English critic, "is toward indulgence for the temptations which beset humanity." Yes, indulgence for the frailties of others, and

of course, indulgence for our own shortcomings, until finally we lose the true sense of the malice of sin, and try to deceive ourselves into the persuasion that we are not responsible for our own free actions. Not the least among the causes of these perverted views is the modern "problem-play."

Let it not be objected that these actresses are great "artists," and their plays "masterpieces of art." Mr. Wm. Winter stigmatizes the acting of one of the three women that I have mentioned as, "vociferating," "ranting," "shrieking," "mere fuss and folly." However that may be, in any true plays assuredly, are not, in any true sense of the word, art. "They are true to life," and "a faithful picture of nature," you will say. Pardon me, they are nothing of the kind. They give a one-sided, and, therefore, a perverted representation of life and of human nature, and the artist in art, the tragedian, the dramatist, the artist, is not a painter, but a play-writer or play-actor, to delineate human emotions. The artist is not a pathologist, nor is the theatre a moral dissecting room. "Pathology," says Hamilton W. Mabie, "has usurped the place of art, and the artist has become a specialist in diseases of the nerves." Although Mr. Mabie said this especially of literary artists, one is tempted to think that he had in his mind's eye our notorious emotional actresses. Certainly the characterization fits them perfectly. "The mission of art," says Balzac, "is not to copy nature, but to express it." To express it, yes, and with a due sense of proportion, and a decent regard for the moral law. It has been well said that, "in a work of art the depicting of deformity and evil is admissible only as it brings into stronger relief beauty and virtue; and the sensuous impression should not overpower the spiritual." Now this is the capital sin of the plays that we are considering; the sensuous impression does "overpower the spiritual," and virtue, instead of being "brought into stronger relief," is portrayed as something too far above the reach of frail mortals like ourselves.

Once again, let us be honest. Nineteenth-century patrons of these dramas know nothing about art or the principles of art beyond a few stereotyped phrases that they have culled from the criticisms in the newspapers. They become ecstatic when they behold the "emotional actress" tear a passion—and a vile passion at that—to tatters, but that is about the sum of their artistic appreciation. The truth is that the average person attends these plays either because it is fashionable to do so, or out of curiosity, or feed a jaded theatrical appetite with a new sensation, or for some still more unworthy reason. So far as genuine art is concerned, they are hopeless agnostics.

Let us repeat that the ordinary effect of these plays is to sully the imagination, blunt the moral perceptions, and lower one's moral ideals. There is no reason for the existence, and no excuse for witnessing them. They teach no healthy moral lesson, and give no instruction except in the ways of evil. They address themselves not to the intellectual and spiritual, but to the sensuous and the animal side of man.

REV. JOHN A. RYAN.

A SICK CALL ON THE MISSIONS.

BY F. C. CLARK.

Many have forgotten that besides visiting all parts of a vast stretch of country, over seven thousand square miles, which has only one railroad system, that the priest is often called to attend the sick. Sickness here is much beyond the ratio of most climates during the summer months, as it is the case in all miasmatic regions. To invade these lower country districts, where the stagnant waters or rice fields fill the atmosphere with the same pestilence as the malarial districts outside of Rome, is quite enough to threaten one's health, if not invite death, through the chills and fevers of malignant malaria. Thus, this frightful disease, whose perniciousness is even equal to that of consumption, has chosen the most sultry and sweltering summer weather to make its ravages against mankind.

As the cotton manufacture has turned to the South, so has the lumber industry, and the poor souls who have come to wage war upon the Southern belt of fires are suddenly faced by this terrible enemy, which has stolen upon them long before they are aware of their danger, when it is too late to flee, and too deadly to endure. But who is it that takes such odds with his life? A question which cannot be answered, nor does anybody know until the cry of the dying is heard in some distant, out-of-the-way lumber camp.

Yes, more often the name is unknown to the priest, until he has reached the poor man's bedside for the last time, when he learns that the sick has been one, who, in his last attempt to keep the wolf from the door, has come from the North, leaving a little family behind to watch and pray. Ignorant of the danger, he exposes himself uselessly, while he is so intent upon providing a comfortable home for his dear ones. It is he who has succumbed to the fever—he who had forgotten the priest, the Church, and even the protection of his own life, so great was his ambition, prompted by necessity and want in his little home many miles away. Oh! what sad, sad news most his death be to that little home. Yes, and what a sad life he has led! The following is a synopsis of one

such sick call that Father Wood experienced July 12th, 1901:

Benediction had been announced to take place in Saint Anthony's little church on Friday evening. The mission children and Sisters had gathered in the church, awaiting the usual religious instruction given them once a week by the missionary. The messenger boy appeared at the sacristy door with a telegram. It read: "Attend dying man at Monk's Corner; if unable to go, answer immediately. (Signed) H. P. Nordrop, Bishop." It was too late to take the evening express. The next train is the Northern Vestibule, at 3 a. m. A prayer was asked of the children to prolong the sick man's life. Two a. m. finds the priest unlocking the Tabernacle. With reverential awe he takes out the Holy Communion, and thus armed with this Divine Companion, with book and holy oils, he threads his way to the depot, starting on a sick call, seventy-two miles distant, in the blackness of the night. Will he arrive in time, or will the spirit have fled? The train rolls on; at 5.15 a. m. the iron monster stops at Monk's Corner. The priest is at his journey's end; nay, not yet. He must drive two miles to Court House Hill. It had been raining, and through the mud and the rain, and the summer humidity, he rides, bearing the Lord of Hosts to the dying man at the prison house; for it is a poor prisoner who has cried out with a loud voice: "I want the priest! I want a Catholic priest!" And, wonderful mercy of God! lo, behold, here is the priest. The dawn has now broken into day, the sun beams upon a motley throng of country people, whose curiosity has brought them to see what magic rites the "Romish" priest is about to perform upon the prisoner. Never before had a priest set foot within the precincts of Court House Hill, and his every movement was watched with open-mouthed surprise. I doubt not but that a few among the crowd were looking for the horns and eleven feet. The missionary performed his priestly functions, and consoles the much-tortured, wretched brain—Here we draw the veil upon this poor, sin-stained soul, who had not communed with God for years. The priest has recited the prayers, has finished his sacred rites, and now turns his face homeward to the Mission of Saint Anthony. He has seventy-four miles before him. He has been on the journey twelve hours; he has had not one morsel to eat, and worn in mind and body, he returns on a freight train with a joyful heart that he has been this day a real Minister of Christ.

The poor man who needed a priest's ministrations was in utter poverty and destitution. The cost of railroad fare and horse hire was \$7.00, and if it were not for the charity of the Guild members this mission priest would have been unable to make this sick call.

Now, my kind Guild readers, this little narrative is not intended to arouse or renew your charity, but it is to show you what your generous charity and your divine love for our Lord has enabled our holy priest to do for the needy in their last hours, when desirous to make their peace with God.

Let us repeat here that if there be on earth one reward greater than another for the sacrifice a priest is forever called upon to make for his flock, it is the dawn of hope and comfort that shines in the eyes and on the faces of the pain-stricken, or the sorrowful, or the despairing, or even the insane, when a priest approaches their bed of sickness or suffering, and all the phantasms that haunt poor humanity fly at his approach. The murmured "Thank you!" the little laugh; half-smothered, of triumph and peace; the very manner in which the sick and the wounded arrange themselves upon their couches of sorrow, as if they said, "I have got a new lease of life now, for the Healer and Consoler is here!"—all this faith, and confidence, and hope, placed in his very presence, as apart from his ministrations, is a reward so far beyond all earthly guardians and triumphs that it can only be said to foreshadow the blisses of eternity. —Diocesan Guild of Charleston.

DEFENDING THE FAITH.

The real defender of the faith is the man who can give the reason for the faith that is in him. It is true that, in a sense, the Church does not need a defender. It has no more real need of being defended than has the proposition that two and two make four any need of being proved. Defense of the faith really means no more than a clear statement, an explanation of what is meant by the Catholic faith. Every one, then, who is a believer in Catholic truth should be able to explain that truth, to put it in a dress that may be attractive and acceptable to every one. He should be able to explain the reason of the doctrines that in a particular manner are liable to be misunderstood. The confessional, for instance, should be shown to be no place of intimidation, its characteristic of a sacred tribunal where the sinner is by the power of God pardoned the wrongs he may have committed, should be plainly disclosed. The Church is a great complex organization, and its faith is difficult to be understood by those who from childhood have been unfamiliar with it, and explanation therefore is necessary. It is largely because many nominal Catholics are not able to give that rational explanation that so many harsh things are said about the Church. The duty of a Catholic, then, is to learn the reasons for his faith, to have such a grasp of them that they will be his own, and then much of the prevalent misunderstanding of what is really taught and believed will be forever removed.—New World.

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

"Rachel knows everything?" said Notner, in a tone of inquiry, replying to what Herndon had told him of his recent interview.

"Everything; I did not tell her in so many words that Trevor meant me, Terry, Trevor Herndon, nor did I tell her that my millionaire friend was Notner, but I think she understood that, too."

"Then you have not told her that my name of Notner was only assumed, and that my real name is Renton; Rentonville being so called to honor a whim of my father, who wanted a place down here called after the family. Light it grades upon my sensibilities—and I don't know but what I shall keep the name of Notner, for the present, anyhow."

"No one will object," said Herndon, and Notner asked, "How did Rachel receive the story?"

"With more self-control than I expected—at the close of it she went immediately to her aunt."

"Her aunt?" that was the thought in Rachel's mind as she opened the door of Miss Burrum's private parlor, expecting to go thence to the bedroom. But there, seated in the parlor, was some one Rachel for a minute did not recognize—not till two arms were outstretched to her and a voice hoarse and broken, but filled with love, sorrow and longing, called:

"Rachel! My niece, my child!"

Then Rachel recognized the wreck in the chair; she went forward shudderingly till the arms were wrapped about her and tears like drops of fire fell upon her face.

Miss Burrum was a wreck, from her white hair in which there was not a single streak of color, to her emaciated limbs which could not yet bear her alone. Her face was full of lines and wrinkles, and her head had a way of drooping forward which was in sad contrast to her old, haughty manner of holding it. Nothing about her was the same, and to Rachel it seemed as if some entirely new and different being had taken Miss Burrum's place; it was a very tender, and loving and humble being, however; it being whose love, and tenderness and humility won speedily from Rachel almost the same affection she had given Tom.

Dr. Burney said Miss Burrum would in time entirely recover her old strength, and as a means to that end, he recommended an ocean voyage. To his surprise, his patient agreed with him.

"I have been thinking of it," she said smiling, "and thinking of asking you to accompany me; but we shall not undertake it till after the wedding."

"The wedding!" repeated the doctor, utterly bewildered.

"His patient laughed softly:

"You are not so penetrating as my niece, Miss Minturn, is; she divines it before I tell her. I am to become Mrs. Herndon."

"Ah, yes!" said the doctor, smiling also, "I understand now—and when?"

"A month from to-day; immediately, we shall all, including Mr. Notner, and taking with us faithful Jim Hardman, sail for Europe. We shall stay there as long as we choose, leaving Sarah and Mrs. McElvain, my man of business, though since the authorities razed that tenement-house of mine, he has had nothing to do for me; and Mrs. Toussel, and her son who did such good service with his salad when Herrick forced his way here, and Mr. Russell, and Father Hammond, and the day after, we shall have an account of it in the papers, giving much mention of my niece, so that Rentonville's curiosity shall be somewhat satisfied. We arranged it all, Terry and I, last evening; so now, Doctor, you have a month in which to make me well enough to do the honors at my wedding."

CHAPTER LXXIV.

Miss Burrum's wedding! It made such a stir in all Rentonville that it almost capped in importance Russell's election as Supervisor, and Herrick's trial, which had just begun.

Mrs. Gedding could not refuse to accept her invitation, and truth to tell, though she made a little show of keeping up her former objections, she was as anxious to see Miss Burrum married, as were the other members of her family.

Rose was wild with delight, being in receipt of most affectionate and pressing invitations from Miss Burrum and her niece to call upon them at once, and Rose having enlisted her father, he broke the news to his wife, adding:

"You cannot have any reason for objecting to Rose's visits now, Martha; Miss Burrum has recovered her health, and her charge, being Miss Burrum's own niece, is a very proper young lady for our daughter to associate with."

And Mrs. Gedding, thankful that there was so good an excuse for yielding to her husband, answered:

"Of course, Harold; Miss Burrum's charge being Miss Burrum's own niece, puts a very different face on the matter."

At Miss Burrum's wedding, there was no one, not even excepting the bride and groom, who was of such importance as young Toussel. He had been permitted to superintend the making of the salads, and even the serving of them, and when the speech-making was in order, he was made still more happy by being allowed to make a speech in favor of what he considered his life-work. He ended by wishing, as he said, the very best wish he could possibly make, "that Mr. and Mrs. Herndon during all their future life might always be blessed with good salads."

Rachel's happiness was added to by having Mr. Burleigh put into her hand a letter, and telling her:

"It is from the flower-girl whose sister died in the tenement-house; your

aunt, now Mrs. Herndon, had me make a search for her and for the family of the Rendys. The letter will tell you the rest."

It did tell her that which made glad tears come to her eyes; it told her of a comfortable home provided for them all; lucrative work obtained for Rendey, and of a good paying position, suited to her capabilities, obtained for the flower-girl herself—"All done by your aunt, Miss Rachel," the letter stated, "your aunt, to whom I said such awful things. She wrote, in a letter to me that Mr. Burleigh brought, that she never forgot them, and that my dreadful wish for her dead to haunt her, seemed as if it had come to pass, for her dead did haunt her—she could never get away from the look of one who, after that wicked curse of mine, strangled her in her presence. I have written to her to forgive me, but you, too, ask her, Miss Rachel, and tell her, if prayers can avail against curses, mine, from my soul, shall go up daily."

Miss Burrum, too, had received a letter that day. It was from Tudor Gasket, to whom his cousin, finding himself deserted by Mrs. Hubrey, and being unable longer to endure the reproaches of his conscience, confided everything to Tudor; that confession Tudor wrote in detail to Miss Burrum. She gave the letter to Herndon, and he sent a message by cable to the effect that Miss Burrum would give herself the pleasure of calling within a fortnight upon the Gaskets in London.

The eve of the wedding was one long to be remembered; the guests did not separate till an hour after midnight, and even then husband and wife and Rachel did not separate for some time.

"You have an uncle, as well as an aunt, Rachel," said Mrs. Herndon, "an uncle who will be to you all that Tom was, but in your love of him do not forget me—I whom you have rescued from sin and despair."

Below stairs Sarah Sinnott was crying as if her heart would break, while Mrs. McElvain was vainly striving to comfort her.

"It isn't that I'm not glad for all the joy that's come to the house, after the sorrow and suffering that's been here, but I'm thinking of the parting to-morrow,—maybe they'll be gone two or three years—all of them—Miss Rachel and Jim."

"But they'll come back," said Mrs. McElvain, "and who knows but that being away from you Jim's heart will be made fonder like; so dry your eyes now, Sarah, and be sensible; sure, if you go on that way to-morrow at the ship, where we're all going to see them off, you'll disagree yourself, Sarah."

But Sarah restrained herself at the ship until she came to say good-by to Miss Rachel; then her tears burst forth, and Hardman, seeing her grief, drew near to her and whispered:

"Sarah, don't take on so, and I'll write you myself every month we're away."

"Oh, Jim! you're so good; I'll never say again you were out on the bid."

Between Rachel and Rose there were similar promises of correspondence, only theirs was to be weekly instead of monthly.

The visit to the Gaskets in London resulted in five thousand dollars being placed to Rachel's account to do as she would with it; her wish was to purchase a vessel for John McElvain. His mother had said that was the dream of his life.

Herrick died in prison; his wife survived him but a few days, and before our travelers returned, Miss Fairfax had become Mrs. William Gedding, and Rose was engaged to Russell.

Also, before our travelers returned, Mrs. Hubrey was seen in Rentonville—without her husband; she had left him in a hotel in New York. She had come all the way from England, urged to do so by her curiosity and her schemes had so signally failed. What she heard of her departure quickly, even unto the other side of the Atlantic, and America knew her no more.

When our travelers returned, which they did in three years, part of the time being spent by Rachel in study, Notner, or Renton, was the affianced of Miss Burrum's charge.

THE TRUE ART OF LIFE.

Simplicity, Love of Nature, Freshness of Heart.

Great error of our time is an aesthetic error. The belief is current that there are things which are necessarily artistic which make you an artist from head to heel as soon as you touch them, and other things which can never be artistic. * * * In reality there are some things to which art is applied. The art of life consists in living steadily, without perturbations, in doing honestly that for which we were born, in doing it with love.

I cannot forget, for example, the singular impression produced upon me, in a corner of the old hospital of Bruges, where Memline worked, by a group of beguines scraping carrots and murmuring their prayers the while. I was leaving the place with a band of tourists, my eyes filled with beauty, my heart haunted by the exquisite vision of Memline; these placid women, not one of whom raised her head at so commonplace an event as a stranger passing, wholly absorbed, as they were in blending the love of God with the fulfillment of His laws, well reflected the sentiment of the painter, the living ray of grace. I seemed to see around them a glamour of life.

Take a woman who from an entirely different point of view showed the same instinct for finding loveliness in common things—the celebrated Madame Roland. "The drying of her grapes and plums, the garnering of her nuts and apples, the dull preparation of her dried pears, her broods of hens, her flocks of rabbits, her roasting bee, the mending of her linen, the ransacking of her napery in its lofty presses—all these were objects of her personal, unstinted, unremitting care and gave her pleasure. She was present at the village merry-makings and took her place among the dancers on the green. The coun-

try people for miles around sought her aid for sick friends whom the doctor had given up. She ranged the fields on foot and horseback to collect simples, to enrich her herbarium, to complete her collections, and would pause in delight before tufts of violets bordering the hedgerows bursting with the first buds of spring, or before the ruddy-vine clusters tremulous in the autumn breeze; for her, everything in meadow and wood had voices, everything a smile."

When a woman has armed herself with this special force of beauty, she has done much. It only remains for her to nourish and propagate it; her life is a permanent work of art; around her an atmosphere is naturally created in which all things solicit and give play to her noblest sentiments. Ah! this art is no chimera, no vain or useless thing; it is the very nursery of life. Even in a cottage it smiles upon the wayfarer, offering flowers to his view, teaching him the graciousness and the necessity of joy.—K. De Maulde La Claviere.

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

John Adrian and Dorothy Higgins were commonplace sort of people. John Adrian was a farmer, and his sister Dorothy lived with him and looked after the woman's part of the house and farm.

Their old grandmother was a French Canadian, and must have had a big heart and wide head, for through her influence her husband became a Catholic, and Catholic the family had all been ever since, root and branch.

Next to their farm was another, which belonged to a distant cousin, trying to get rich, and possibly could, invidiously several babies, whose mothers were ready to run if they waited too long.

The sermon was from the text that gives the title to our story: "Bear ye one another's burdens." No one listened more intently than Dorothy and John Adrian. Yet all the drive home neither spoke of it. At dinner John Adrian looked up suddenly at his sister and said: "Dorothy, what do you think of the good Father's sermon?"

"Well, I will tell you, John Adrian. I feel as if I had been travelling a long way and I had just come to a turn in the road. Do you understand how I mean it?"

"Why, yes, sister, I do, and you put it so I can see it clearer'n ever. What do you say to trying it?"

"I suppose you mean doing it—every day, for instance. Let us begin to-morrow morning and try it a week and compare notes every night."

"Agreed, Dorothy, my good lass, only let us begin now. You were up before 4 o'clock if you will take a nap I will see everything is spick and span when you come back."

Dorothy laughed and walked off without a word, planning meantime how she could lift a burden for him.

The next day and the next they both watched from morning till bedtime, trying with new starts to see who should have the most of this new kind of fun.

One evening John Adrian came in and said he "had been wondering if helping the poor, dumb animals wasn't kind of part of the fun."

"Yes," said Dorothy, "I am quite sure, especially if we do it, as the priest said, 'for the glory of God; and you know St. Francis spoke of his 'little brothers, the birds,' and surely he was one of the great burden-bearers."

The next day John Adrian came in, looking rather cross.

"Dorothy," said he, "those children trying to drive me wild. I have been trying with new plans of burden-sharing with them, as with the rest; but they have chased the cows so many times the poor beasts can hardly let down their milk, and there isn't an apple left on the Porter apple tree."

His sister was quietly thinking for a while, and then suddenly brightened.

"John Adrian," said she, "I think it is all my fault. Those poor children haven't enough to do, and they are sure to be in mischief till they have. Do you think there is any way you could go to the village, so as to carry them one way to and from school? If you can, I will see Robert's wife, and we shall all be relieved."

John Adrian thought it out, and the result was that many burdens were lifted.

So things went on; every one was happier than before. Robert's courage began to rise, and, of course, his wife's rose with his.

Before long they heard Mass would be said again, and Mrs. Robert didn't see how they could go—no horse, and the last baby so little," etc.

As usual, Dorothy came to the rescue.

"Father Boyd said it was sometimes more for the glory of God to stay away from Mass than to go. I wasn't quite sure at the time just what he meant; but the Catholic Church so well and so forcibly described, and that in a way quite his own; the sayings and expressions; the examples of what was done and what was sometimes left undone; little vexations, trials, scandals, and such like, all gone through, the reason impressed me, and I have found it helpful. Shortly before my reception he was speaking of things in general, and said: 'Now, of course, you are thinking that everybody and everything is perfection in the Church. Don't run off with the idea. Let your good common sense tell you, when you come across something unexpected or like: "Don't let it trouble you, some such trials or imperfections must needs be, must be faced and overcome." Pray especially in such circumstances, and all will be right.'—Sacred Heart Review.

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it woven forever in the work of the world.—Ruskin.

"Now," she said to herself, "leave everything with Our Lord, Dorothy, and He will surely protect you, and His Mother will pray for you. O Mother Mary, never was it known that one asked your help in vain!"

The knock was repeated, and Dorothy most easily described by saying he was an unmistakable tramp looked her full in the face and said:

"I should like some breakfast. "No one ever leaves our door hungry," she answered. "I can give you coffee, bread, and cold meat, and you are welcome."

Her gentle and fearless manner seemed to puzzle the man; but, like all tramps, he was hungry, and he ate her good things eagerly. When he finished he looked at her and said:

"You are Miss Higgins and your brother is John Henry Higgins. Yesterday he was paid \$50, and I know where it is, for I followed him home and saw where he put it. It is locked up in his desk. If you will get the key I will help myself and go away. If not, I will fix you so you can neither move hand nor foot until the folks come home, and that will be an hour from now. I am armed, and I am not afraid to kill you or those little brats if they make an outcry or interfere."

Dorothy had heard of murderers and burglars, but it had never entered her mind that they could come into her life. She said to herself: "What this man says is true. We must lose our money; but no doubt, as he is a human being and Christ died for him, must think of his burdens as if he were my brother."

This seemed quite plain to her pure and honest soul.

"Yes," she said; "I see exactly how it all is. I am not going to scream or faint or beg for your mercy. You are just a man with a soul that will be damned unless you change your life. Instead of being a robber, probably some time a murderer, suppose you take my advice and become what your mother hoped you would be when you were a little boy. It would be expecting too much to ask you not to touch my brother's money—my brother's and mine, for we own everything together—but I will tell you I will do it. I will give or lend you the money, so you cannot steal it. I think some day you will pay it back to us, if you can."

The astonished, would-be thief looked at her with amazement; then quietly took the key, went to the desk, opened the drawer and put the money in his pocket.

He started to go out of the door, but turned back. Dorothy was still standing in front of the fireplace, no longer young, but with the finest kind of beauty, the beauty that shines from a noble soul.

The man took off his hat saying: "Madam, you are the first person in many years to give me a word of help and courage. I will not go back on you. I will, as you say, borrow half of this money, the rest I give back. If you do not see me or hear from me you may know I am either dead, or so discouraged I won't get up, but that I've gone to the bad again. But by my last chance, it's heaven or hell."

In a moment he was gone, and poor Dorothy sat down and had a good cry all by herself. It was like a dreadful dream.

Soon after John Adrian came in happy and hungry.

"Sister," said he, "I just met the queerest-looking chap—looked like a very hard-up tramp, and yet, he looked like something better. I hope he didn't bother you. You look as if something had happened."

Dorothy told him the whole story.

"Well," he said, "it's all right, and you've had a great escape—very cheap at the price."

"John Adrian, I shall always believe the man who came here and pay us." And he did, but long after.

There came a letter one day, and a little parcel with a Japanese postmark. The letter contained a check for \$25, and the parcel was a beautiful piece of carved ivory. The letter said: "I am not rich, but I pay my way, and I have married a good woman. Thanks for all the good things you have done for me, and at whose feet I lay this little offering. She understood the dreadful burden I carried, and without her I should never have laid it down. Thanks to God for all His mercies!"

"The Tramp Who Came One Sunday Morning."—(Mrs.) H. Washburn Brainard, in Magazine of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

HOW TO DEAL WITH CONVERTS.

A convert gives a little account of Father Seimberg Kerr's method of dealing with converts. It is of so practical and helpful a nature that we think every one, priests or lay—for all of us are now interested, it is to be hoped, in the apostolate to non-Catholics—will find it useful in dealing with those of the faith, while for the newcomer it contains sound advice and solid comfort. The favored person who came under his care—and it is to be remembered that Father Kerr was himself a convert—says:

"His instructions were so full—the catechism treated as so important, and so fully explained; life and work in the Catholic Church so well and so forcibly described, and that in a way quite his own; the sayings and expressions; the examples of what was done and what was sometimes left undone; little vexations, trials, scandals, and such like, all gone through, the reason impressed me, and I have found it helpful. Shortly before my reception he was speaking of things in general, and said: 'Now, of course, you are thinking that everybody and everything is perfection in the Church. Don't run off with the idea. Let your good common sense tell you, when you come across something unexpected or like: "Don't let it trouble you, some such trials or imperfections must needs be, must be faced and overcome." Pray especially in such circumstances, and all will be right.'—Sacred Heart Review.

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THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

It is strange that questions are always being raised as to the relations of the Church to the study of science when so many prelates, high in authority, have voiced their sentiments in this regard. Among others may be mentioned the words of Cardinal Gibbons which are unequivocal.

"The Church," he says, "values science for its own sake. Her mission on earth is to glorify God, not only at her altars and in her ritual solemnities, but also by instructing mankind that the 'invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, may be clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made—His eternal power also and divinity.' (Rom. 1: 20). Now, if all creatures declare, according to the measure of perfection which they severally possess, the glory of their Creator, in a far higher way must man, God's masterpiece, show forth His wisdom and power. Bearing in his intelligence the image of his Maker, it is by the use of his intelligence that he must glorify God. The more highly man's mind is developed the better is our knowledge of the Supreme Mind whence all understanding proceeds. The more thoroughly the secrets of nature are mastered, the deeper must be our reverence for Him by whose unfailing design all laws and all elements are moved to 'one far-off divine event.'"

Every advance, therefore, of real science being a new evidence of man's intelligence and affording a new insight into the marvels of creation, is a cause of rejoicing for the Church. For whether we study the heavens or unravel the mysteries of life about us, we are more deeply impressed at every step of our research with the idea of God's wisdom and bounty. This thought, which brings out to every serious mind the true relations between Catholicism and science, has found eloquent expression in the pastoral letter of Cardinal Pecci, now happily reigning as Leo XIII, on the Church and Civilization. To the faithful of Perugia he says: "And will it be urged that the Church is systematically opposed, or cold and indifferent, to the studies and researches which yield such precious results, or that she stubbornly insists upon closing the book of nature in order that no one may read farther therein? Whosoever gives credence to fancies so grotesque shows how little he knows of the flame of zeal that burns in the heart of Christ's spouse."

"What was said in 1877 to a single diocese has since been repeated, with the emphasis of Pontifical authority, to the whole Church. The measures adopted by Pope Leo for the restoration of Thomistic philosophy and the promotion of scientific pursuits, are due not to impulsive enthusiasm, but rather to a penetrating, far-sighted prudence. He realizes fully the actual needs of Catholicism. We can no longer content ourselves with a knowledge of what is being done in the various departments of science; we must contribute our share of the work. As Monsignor De Harlez, in his clear and forcible address to the Catholic assembly at Malines, in 1891, so well declared: 'It is not enough that we should be in contact in scientific matters, we must be masters of science.' Otherwise our Catholic youth, obliged to seek elsewhere their scientific information, will inevitably come to look on their non-Catholic teachers as the sole representatives of progressive knowledge."

"The duty, then, of Catholics, in this matter, as the same distinguished scholar concludes, is, first, to take the lead in the scientific movement and aid in the promotion of science by original investigations; second, to keep a watchful eye upon systems and theories that spring up daily, and by prudent criticism sift hypothesis from certainty, and established fact from erroneous deduction."

"This is the most dignified and, in our day, the only effective form that apologies can assume. As Catholics, we know of a certainty that no real conflict can arise between the truths of religion and those which science has solidly demonstrated. But this conviction must be brought home to those who are outside of the Church and who judge her rather by what her members do, than by what they write or say, in favor of science. Such critics, if they truly deserve the name, must recognize merit wherever they find it, and at least respect Catholicity, though they may not admit its supernatural claims. Once this respect is compelled by the work of Catholic scientists, apologies, in the usual sense of the term, will be needless."

REQUENT COMMUNION.

Repeatedly do we hear it urged by certain individuals that they feel themselves unworthy to receive the Blessed Eucharist frequently. In consequence they fix for themselves stated periods, three, six and twelve months, as if at these times only they are in need or worthy of its reception. Nothing could be more absurd, or contrary to the teaching of the Church. The impression created by the argument is one of ignorance rather than overpiety zeal.

The Blessed Sacrament is a spiritual nourishment necessary for the life of the soul, just as food is a natural support for the life of the body. As the latter is made, preserved and made strong by the ordinary food, so the spiritual life, which is grace, is maintained by the Holy Eucharist. Hence, the more frequently we communicate, the more vigorous becomes our spiritual life. This was most aptly illustrated last Sunday evening in a sermon on the subject by Rev. Father O'Malley, S. J. A better example could not be pointed. He referred to the Eucharistic Congress held in this city last summer and the more than five hundred priests in attendance upon the same. Their special purpose was to honor Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and to promote greater devotion to it in the form of frequent Communion.

Here we were furnished the most positive evidence that the sacrament not only fortifies against interior weakness, but also against the external attacks of Satan. Our own experience teaches us that we cannot long preserve

teaches us that we cannot long preserve ourselves free from sin without it. But it is an undeniable proof of the efficacy of frequent Communion be desired, it is only necessary to recollect the devotions of the primitive Christians whose names are glorified in the list of martyrs. To these might be added all the saints honored by the Church.

It is futile, also, to urge unworthiness as an excuse. That is easily remedied; a good confession and hearty contrition are all that is required. A greater danger of unworthiness is likely to follow from permitting long periods to intervene. We are more likely to purge our souls of sin by many than by few visits to the tribunal of penance. The priest is the sole judge of our unworthiness, nor is he liable to be mistaken. If he decides in our favor that is all sufficient and we need have no fear.—Church Progress.

NOT MADE BY MONKS.

An American Benedictine of Atechison, Kan., Rev. Joseph Sittenbauer, recently set out to find the truth about the "liquor benedictine," which the French Benedictines have been credited with manufacturing these many years.

The result of his investigation unmasked another plausible falsehood. Writing to Father Sittenbauer from Paris Rev. Louis Charon, O. S. B., states:

"Every liquor benedictine has never been manufactured by monks. The secret of making it was discovered by a druggist, who at first started on a small scale. But as the sale of the liquor increased rapidly, he bought the ruins of the old Benedictine Abbey at Feccamp. He turned this dilapidated structure into a distillery and called people are well aware that the monks his liquor benedictine. Intelligent people have not and never had, anything to do with it."

From a Paris bookseller, Father Sittenbauer received articles from two encyclopedias on the same subject. The writer of one of these articles, after mentioning that the liquor is made in the old monastic buildings at Feccamp, whence it derives its name remarks:

"No bottle is sent out without bearing the seal of the prior, who has no existence. This speculation, original in its form, seems to enjoy the public favor."

In summing up the evidence, Father Sittenbauer says:

"How did the slander originate that the French Benedictines derived a yearly profit of seven million francs from the manufacture of this liquor; that Pope Leo compelled them to build the Benedictine University, St. Anselmo, in Rome, at the cost of twelve million francs; that they must contribute two million a year toward its support? These are inventions pure and simple. The originator is a liar, who certainly lied for a purpose. As the lie was circulated just previous to the enactment of the Association Laws, it is not difficult to guess its purpose."

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Church Progress.

Of all the beautiful devotions of all the pious practices which the Catholic Church holds out to her children, the devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is the most exalted. And yet how few seem to realize this precious privilege! But hearts of our Catholic churches, throughout the hours of the weary days, and perhaps you will find one worshipper, maybe an old man or an old woman, with tattered garments, and wearing the years of old age upon their furrowed cheek, that is found kneeling before that silent tabernacle pouring out their hearts of anguish to that hidden God Who waits through many a patient hour for some one to come to visit Him.

Strange to say, we always find time to visit some cherished friend, and the hours that we spend with that loved one, speed with their wings of light into God's vast eternity, and Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is forgotten. His call is unheeded. His sweet voice is stilled, and yet He complains not.

That I may come, Oh, Hidden God, To tell my every care, And kneel in silence near Thy love, Thy kindly watch to share.

Who has not felt a longing like this? Who has not felt the thrill with a celestial peace, when kneeling before God's holy altar? Where is the soul that has not heard the voice of Jesus, when perhaps He, too, whispers a little word, and they seem to hear His voice, through these touching words,

"My Sacred Heart that throbs for all Has throbb'd so oft for thee; Come love by heart with Me, dear one, And find thy rest in Me!"

Most blessed invitation of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament! His time is our time, our sorrows His sorrows, our joys His joys.

If Catholics would but think of this occasionally! The fifteen minutes that we spend with God will never be lost when our career shall end on this earth. When death with its great vision shall loom up before us, our unfulfilling friend, that same sweet Jesus, will be near us, to lead us to the beautiful home where all is one eternal feast. H.

More Converts.

The mission to non-Catholics, given at the Holy Angels church, Chicago, two weeks, the church being packed nightly with 1,800 people. Over 3,300 confessions were heard and 2,300 copies of Father Searles' Plain Facts for Fair Minds were distributed. The results of the work of Fathers Conway and Younan was 86 converts, 40 of whom have already been prepared for baptism and reception. This is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that last year 186 converts were received in the adjoining parish of St. Elizabeth's. Similar missions are to follow in Chicago at St. Charles, Holy Name cathedral and Corpus Christi parishes.

The grave sweetness of meditation rests upon the faces of those painted monks as the odor of incense lingers in the church after the censers are put out.—Louis Veullot.

APRIL 19, 1902.

"BRAINS ARE LECTURE BY HEAR."

A perfect storm Mr. Adams advanced the platform, and the appreciation of the man. Mr. Adams said, "Every event, more explicit, every distinct impression, is a special message from us, the ninety-nine distinctive mark, say of the ninety-nine knowledge of the and mental and these were split the analysis of the forces in the nine-

It is not to be of the results of twentieth century impetus to the y. lie. Andrew D. Germany, devote his scholarship to the analysis of the forces in the nine-

Science and Faith how he has strayed. There are no do not go to M. they have 'read Church.' "I know affect to ignore. "If you knew as we do, you would Almighty." To young man who and gone to the back—well, we 'got it.' He knew one of the follow Sunday morning mens are printed take for their 'and eschatology, dig somewhere reconciled with nation."

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"Can a man when I became and suicide. I follow, a brig gray matter—balanced."

APRIL 19, 1902.

"BRAINS AND BELIEF."

Lecture by Henry Austin Adams at New Orleans Winter School.

New Orleans Pleasure. A perfect storm of applause as Mr. Adams advanced near the edge of the platform, and smilingly bowed his appreciation of that friendly reception.

Mr. Adams said: "Every century, or, perhaps, to be more explicit, every epoch has left its distinctive impression on the history of man. Every age has its true spirit. It is a special message, a special inspiration which leave their impact and their impression."

The glorious age that has just passed from us, the nineteenth century, left its distinctive mark. The historian will say of the nineteenth century that it witnessed the largest addition to man's knowledge of the material and physical and mental and moral world.

There were splendid lives devoted to the analysis of material and physical forces in the nineteenth century. It is not to be wondered at that one of the results of this deluge of the nineteenth century was to give a seeming impetus to the various forms of unbelief. Andrew D. White, our minister to Germany, devoted the mature years of his scholarship to the development of his great work, "The Conflict of Science and Faith." He has only shown how he has strayed from the path of belief.

There are thousands of men who do not go to Mass and who say that they have read themselves out of the Church. Scientists, full of their pompous knowledge, ignore, or affect to ignore, God. They say: "If you knew as much about bugs as we do, you would not believe in God Almighty." Take the example of a young man who has left his pious home and gone to college, and who comes back—well, we have lost him. He has "got it." He knows it all, and he is one of the followers of unbelief. On a Sunday morning the men whose sermons are printed in the Monday papers take for their text that paleontology and eschatology and pots and kettles dug somewhere in Assyria cannot be reconciled with the doctrine of rationalism.

"As to 'Brains and Belief,' the subject of the lecture, Mr. Adams said that he proposed to prove that 'Brains and Belief' can be made compatible, and that there can be 'brains' where there is 'unbelief.'"

Rev. Father Clark completely demolished Andrew D. White's book, or its second edition, and showed where White had quoted from St. Thomas and purposely ignored the "per contra" of the Christian doctor.

"Can a man have brains and belief? When I became a Catholic some of my friends said I had committed intellectual suicide. They said I was a good fellow, a bright fellow—considerable gray matter—but unbalanced—unbalanced."

Mr. Adams narrated how, once traveling with an elderly gentleman, the latter asked him if he was a Roman Catholic and on his replying "Yes," the old gentleman said, "apparently amazed: 'Why, you are a Catholic. You seemed so intelligent!'"

"The enemies of the Catholic religion attacked it with the weapons of ridicule, on externals, and wonder how human intelligence can believe such things."

"We in America are very practical. We first ask, 'What is it good for?' We want some notion as to the prospective dividends; as to results; as to practical value. All things can be tested in that same practical, American, utilitarian way."

"Skulls can possess at the same time the faculty of thought and the glorious attribute of belief. Christian men and women have given unquestionable evidence of possession of intellectual power of the highest order."

"If a man has brains and can think logically, it must be manifested in one of these four grand divisions: He must have been able to contribute to the knowledge of material and of spiritual things, or he must have created things in the domain of art, and in the domain of man's material conquest of the world. Let the president of Cornell University; let Andrew White and Seth Low, all three boasting of the universality of their knowledge and the comprehensiveness of their philosophy, be appointed to a committee to lead us down the aisles of time and look to man's progress, where are we displayed the best products of human skill, knowledge and ingenuity, to prove what Catholicity has done for the world."

"Let them take us to the domain of art. They must take us first to a Roman Catholic cathedral. Why? Because when they want to build a door or an annex, or any structure for Cornell, or any other university they copy the Gothic style, or the Italian style of architecture."

"In literature, where can we find the finest pages that lift us above all earthly things? Dr. Elliot will be bound to refer to a poem on purgatory, written by a 'Dago,' in the heart of the middle ages."

"In the domain of music let Dr. White speak. 'Leave out the Christian composers, and we will have simply to give you rag-time,' he will be compelled to say."

"Boethoven, Bach, Palestrina, Gounod, Verdi and others were grand in their genius, and grander in their Catholicity."

"If you want a cake walk, or a waltz, or a 'Florodora,' then, ah! go to the self-satisfied, pompous, prim agnostics and unbelievers, and they will satisfy your request."

"Take in Haendel and the rest. They were Christian men like the rest. When the soul of the musician was stirred to its deepest manifestation it came out in the expression of religious thought."

"In painting, the man who paints immortal works must surely have brains. Let the committee speak. Concede to them painting, and all they can show is inferior work. And they will be compelled to go to Catholic paintings—to Raphael's, Murillo's, Michael Angelo's, Rubens'. Religion has inspired the intellect of man when it produced masterpieces in the field of painting."

"In the domains that test the practical intelligence, the committee would inform us that the Christian is handicapped."

After giving some humorous "take-off" as to the ancient and the middle-age nations of the earth and of the laws of the solar system, Mr. Adams said that it was a monk, Copernicus, who set men right as the laws of the sidereal system. Monks have been generally burlesqued by unbelievers as drunkards and lazy fellows, but it seems that a monk found time between drinks to solve one of the greatest problems of the universe. And it was a Catholic, Christopher Columbus, who, acting on Copernicus' theory, discovered the best half of the world—the United States of America."

Then came the invention of printing—the power of the press. What can convey an adequate idea of the great benefit to humanity from the invention of the printing press. Gutenberg, who invented the printing press, was a Catholic.

So the world does owe a few things to Roman Catholic brains. The members of the religions orders in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, contributed the most radical discoveries in botany, geology and in medicine. Coming back to the nineteenth century, with its amazing discoveries and inventions in telegraphy, in photography, in photography—all these things prove the power of the human intellect."

"Electricity's realm is visited by the committee of three. Let Dr. White talk. What wonderful advances have been made with electricity for lighting, heating, pulling, driving? Now there is a field. The men who thought and devised and planned those wonders must have had gray matter in their skulls. Dr. White will be compelled to admit that the technical terms used in defining electricity are but the perpetual adaptation of the names of great inventors in electrical science. So 'volt' the unit of momentum, is named after the great scientist, Volta, inventor of the voltaic pile, who was a pious Italian. Again, the unit of velocity, 'ampere,' is named after Dr. Ampere, a professed Roman Catholic layman. So you see that Christian thought has contributed most to human progress. Again, what is galvanic magnetism. It is called so from Galvani, another Roman Catholic. True, my friend, but the three names which have done so much for electrical science, and which have been immortalized, so to speak, by being selected to denote technical terms, were names of devout Roman Catholics! Now, Dr. White may say: 'Hold on! There's Edison; he is no Roman Catholic. True, my friend, he is no Roman Catholic, but he is every bit of a Christian. Edison believes in God Almighty. He believes in Jesus, and declares that the further he progresses his researches the more he feels God's power in every tone. Marconi, the wireless telegrapher and Nikola Tesla are Roman Catholics, too. With the one exception of Edison, no name is prominent in electricity unless it be that of a Roman Catholic. Lord Kelvin, of England, was a devout Roman Catholic.'"

Another science of the nineteenth century was bacteriology, that special department of biology. Mr. Adams made a very humorous description of his feelings at hearing the astounding scientific names of those bacteria and bacilli, and the millions and millions of infinitesimal creatures that are said to exist everywhere.

The scientist overrules us with such tremendous knowledge. But whence did that scientist get his knowledge? Whose name is attached to those marvelous discoveries, and who taught us the A B C we know about Bacilli and the microbes? M. Louis Pasteur, a Catholic, who died fortified by all the sacraments of the Church, and who in dying said: 'Credo' ('I believe')."

"In photography. This science has a message for the heart. It catches fleeting things and makes them permanent. It catches the sunset tinges and lights the night a little further off. Remember those quaint, old-fashioned pictures, the daguerotypes, named after M. Daguerre, another Catholic. While all the agnostic brains of Europe were practicing Voltairian epigrams to be used after dinner, M. Daguerre was evolving that marvelous discovery, which was the parent of photography."

"Then the X-rays. Who was Dr. Roentgen? He is one of the most prominent Catholics of Europe. Not long ago he was one of four distinguished laymen chosen by the emperor to accompany the Holy Sacrament during the yearly procession in honor of the Feast of Corpus Christi."

In conclusion, Mr. Adams earnestly asked his hearers to stand firm on the eternal rock of God's revelation, because all the most illustrious names in every branch of human science, achievement, knowledge were those of Roman Catholics."

At Nice there is a hospital conducted and supported by English Protestants which receives only Protestant patients not having infectious diseases. But the Catholic hospital there makes no distinction either in the matter of creed or ailment, whereupon Mr. Labouchere, in London Truth, observed: "I understand from one of my readers that infectious cases are not admitted to the Protestant hospital—'I' Asilo Evangelico. If, therefore, a Protestant happens to have scarlet fever or small-pox, he is sent on to the Catholic hospital of St. Roch. It seems to me that in this instance Catholic charity is a good deal more genuine than Protestantism. If the consciences of sick Protestants would be outraged by being nursed in a Roman Catholic institution, and if Protestants who are whole subscribe their money in order to save their sick neighbors from this inconvenience, it seems to me that provision ought to be made for all classes of sickness alike, and that the Catholics would be quite justified under the circumstances in refusing to accept cases which the Protestant institution has not the means or the inclination to deal with."

Catholic and Protestant Charity Compared. In a hush of silent stillness our great Leo XIII. entered. As he passed the door, an attendant drew the scarlet robe away, and the Holy Father was before us, in white and gold. Oh, the calm, benignant beauty, the sublimity pervading his whole person and going directly to one's heart! It was something God-like in him, something "One who suffers little children to come unto Him," when Kolizuten, led by the Mother, knelt before the highest living exponent of Christ's peace and love. The infinite in his eyes smiled upon the little one; the caresses of his blessed hand rested upon her cheek and brow. Who is this child? Who is this child? he asked with gracious eagerness, turning to the Rev. Mother kneeling beside her, who told His Holiness that she was a little Indian girl from Montana, and of the Flathead tribe. "From what diocese?" asked the Holy Father, and on hearing she came from the diocese of Helena, his clear mind at once placed the little one in her faraway home under Liberty's Stars and Stripes. "For how many

MARIE KOLIZUTEN.

A Bright Page from a Sweet Life. From the Indian Sentinel.

How her brown eyes glistened as we sped across the Atlantic! She was every-body's darling, our little Marie Kolizuten, the quaint little Flathead girl! The sea was calm, and the Aquitaine slid over her surface as upon a sheet of ice. One evening, as the child, picturesque clad in buckskin, stood on deck, looking with trustful eyes into those of her Ursuline Mother, Madame Millet, daughter-in-law of the great French artist, remarked it was indeed a picture of the Church, the Mother and Protectors of the Indian race. "How beautiful the picture, how beautiful the thought," mused Miss L. of Cincinnati, the noble benefactress of the two religions, and who was defraying the expenses of their voyage, while she herself was going to make the Holy Year in Rome. The huge ship glided on to the little child of nature stoog watching the music of the waves, and at last this more colored signals that told her dear Montana and the world that the Aquitaine was safe.

"Oh, how strange," dreamed the great eyes that seemed always full of tears, as they looked upon the garden beds of Normandy, upon the kaleidoscopes of Rouen, and upon the kaleidoscopes of Paris with their storied poems in stone and marble. The gracious Ladies of the Sacred Heart, at the famous Rue de Varenne, with that royal hospitality, characteristic of fervent religions, entertained the Rev. Mothers and their little companion. These good Madames, so learned, so brilliant, so full of refined courtesy, recognized the fine soul beneath the coarsely bearded garb, and the Rev. Mother Digby delighted in the child's dimpled charms and characteristic sayings. The morning of Nov. 13 broke in glory over Italy; autumn's bright gushings trained on the Fibber's banks, as the train, speeding onward, Kolizuten to the City of the Caesars' north the Wolf and arches of antiquity—the only American in Rome! That morning, the Church of Sant' Andrea del Quirinale she knelt in that oval gem of dedicated to the saint of the day. Coming from the holy table, bearing in her soul all heaven, and in her hands the image of St. Stanislaus, presented by the assistant priest, how well did her illumined countenance exemplify Macdonald's sweetest line, "Better a child in God's great house, than king of all the world!"

Then on to Villa Maria, where the memorable gathering of the Ursuline Superiors from all over the world was held for the purpose of unification. Obdient to the call of the Sovereign Pontiff, they came from distant climes to consolidate, where shines the beacon light of Wisdom, their efforts in the education of the young. The work of the Chapter over, the Indian maid was brought to the hall, where the Ursulines, now canonically united, were assembled, and Padre Eduard's camera pictured her in the pillared cloister, God's child, side by side with His spouses for eternal years. Coming in from a walk with some kind friends, Kolizuten brought with her one day a few leaves from the historic oak of Tasso under whose silent shade the celestial poet sat and meditated, again a handful of sand from the coliseum, remarking that perhaps those very grains were once bright with the blood of those who refused to deify the heroes to whom Rome bent the knee. Another time she exultingly told of another cardinal Gibbons' episcopal church of St. Marbo, in his titular church of St. Trastevere, and of the great scare-crow of children, Boeca della Verita, adding that she did not fear because she always told the truth, and so put her right hand in its mouth. Kolizuten was presented to Mrs. Leland Stanford—the little and the great of the world meeting in that cloister, where all are free save one, the Prisoner of the Vatican.

The crowning glory of Kolizuten's life was her audience with the Holy Father. It was the 7th of December; the sun, from its meridian height, triumphed over the "Eternal City," and the Angelus with musical sweep rang its notes of prayer as the Ursulines reached Bernini's magnificent Scala Regia and passed the Pope's picture-guard, the Swiss Guards, whose commander led them to the Sala Clementina. Marie Kolizuten was dressed in her usual poetic costume, and upon the loving insistence of the Nuns from Java and South America the war-bonnet of eagle plumes, richly dyed in the radiant coloring so dear to the North American Indian, was placed upon her head. How the great starry eyes drank in the splendors of the Vatican! Outside she thought the four-thousand-roomed building not attractive, but within the history of more than a thousand years, the resting places of the genius of centuries—the exquisite, facile grace of Raphael, and Michael Angelo's power, the greatest that ever breathed itself from color or marble—all spoke to her heart, and her eyes were lustrous with delight as the Pope's bodyguard announced his near approach.

In a hush of silent stillness our great Leo XIII. entered. As he passed the door, an attendant drew the scarlet robe away, and the Holy Father was before us, in white and gold. Oh, the calm, benignant beauty, the sublimity pervading his whole person and going directly to one's heart! It was something God-like in him, something "One who suffers little children to come unto Him," when Kolizuten, led by the Mother, knelt before the highest living exponent of Christ's peace and love. The infinite in his eyes smiled upon the little one; the caresses of his blessed hand rested upon her cheek and brow. Who is this child? Who is this child? he asked with gracious eagerness, turning to the Rev. Mother kneeling beside her, who told His Holiness that she was a little Indian girl from Montana, and of the Flathead tribe. "From what diocese?" asked the Holy Father, and on hearing she came from the diocese of Helena, his clear mind at once placed the little one in her faraway home under Liberty's Stars and Stripes. "For how many

such children do you provide?" asked the smiling lips, while again he caressed the child and placed his hand in blessing upon her head. "For five hundred," said the Mother. "You care for five hundred!" said the Pope with marled surprise, and then immediately added, "I bless you, I bless your work; continue it. I bless all who help you!" The great day closed in upon its fulness and over her surface as upon a sheet of light and glory, the stars twinkled down upon the beatings of happy hearts. It has passed, and yet it is not passed, for its joy is lasting and will be found again beyond the clouds in a bright Eternity.

Turning her radiant face homeward, Kolizuten passed through Bologna, and saw the dear St. Catherine, sitting in her abbatial chair, and wearing that dress of cloth of gold. At her side lay her illuminated manuscripts, and a tiny violin which she had made and upon which, without previous instructions, she repeated to her nuns the melodies sung to her by the angels. But what impressed Kolizuten most, was the wax-like appearance of the lower lip where our Little Lord had kissed her one Christmas night; the child wondered and asked if the luminous imprint of Holy Communion was to be found in everyone's heart. And here, before this dear saint, the three pilgrims knelt, praying for another of the same name, who, like unto her, lives for the Church, for the poor, for Christ—the Rev. Mother Katharine Dreyer.

Next came Florence with its history of the past haunting its streets, its piazzas, its every corner. Here she was shown the dome of Santa Marie del Fiore, of which Michael Angelo said, "Like it I will not, and better I cannot." Here, too, the stone by the wayside where Dante sat musing; and the piazza whence rolled the powerful eloquence of Savonarola. At the Church of Santissima Annunziata, kneeling before the same altar where more than four hundred years ago St. Aloysius, at the age of nine, made his vow of chastity, did Marie Kolizuten, in a dear secret, afterwards to her Rev. Mother. There are flowers which when transplanted to foreign soil bloom with new and startling brilliancy; so it was with Marie Kolizuten, the little human flower of St. Peter's Mission.

Cardinal Richelieu. Cardinal Richelieu, when Prime Minister of France, seldom said Mass; but he confessed weekly, receiving Holy Communion from his chaplain. His relationship with the Church contained perfect until his death. When the parish priest of St. Eustache approached with the holy oils, remarking that his high ecclesiastical rank dispensed him from answering the customary question, Richelieu insisted on being asked like an ordinary Christian. The priest then recited the principal articles of faith and asked him if he believed in them all. "Absolutely," he replied, "and would that I had a thousand lives to give for the faith of the Church." Being requested to pray to God for his recovery, he protested, "God forbid! I pray only to do His will."

As to Richelieu's private and political life. His private life was undoubtedly far better than represented. Richelieu being a man of exact and conscientious habits, with an irreproachable ecclesiastical character. Of his political acts, by which he allied France with Protestant powers, it may be said that, concerning both Pope and Cardinal, it is evident that, unlike all Protestant historians, Urban VIII. did not regard the Thirty Years' War as one of religion, but rather as one of worldly interests. The same may be said of Richelieu, who intended to cast Gustavus Adolphus aside as soon as he had served the purposes of France.—North Catholic Truth.

His Soul. St. Augustine tells a story of Genadius, a physician of Carthage, who would not believe in the existence of the soul.

One night he had a dream in which he saw a beautiful young man clothed in white standing before him, who said: "Dost thou see me?" He answered: "Yes, I see you." The young man rejoined: "Dost thou see me with thine eyes?" "No," answered Genadius, "for they are closed in sleep." "With what, then, dost thou see me?" "I know not," the young man continued: "Dost thou hear me?" "Yes," he answered: "No, for these, too, are closed in sleep." "With what, then, dost thou hear me?" "I know not." "Art thou speaking to me?" was the next question. "Yes," with thine mouth?" "No," "With what, then?" "I know not."

Then the young man said: "See, now, thou sleepest—and yet thou seest, hearest and speakest. The hour will come when thou wilt sleep in death and come when thou wilt see and hear and speak and feel." Genadius awoke and knew that God had sent an angel to teach him the existence of the soul.

British Shylocks Own Ireland. The popular supposition that the landlords own Ireland would seem to be incorrect. It appears that the Orange wing of the Tories has succeeded in collecting proof that Irish landlords are mortgaged up to their eyes with London banks and insurers, and the secret of their refusal to abate the villainous rents is the obligations to pay the enormous interest on pass loans. The Irish question now assumes an Egyptian appearance, and England will have to look after the interests of her money-lenders. It would seem that British Shylocks are, in the eyes of British law, the real owners of Ireland.

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THE CHURCH AND THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD.

Rev. John F. Mulvaney, LL. D., in Danahoe's.

Whatever of greatness the English-speaking world has achieved, whatever there is that is broad and enduring in the inheritance which it has received from the past, is due to Catholic Christianity, which first reclaimed barbarism, and then educated it to all that is beautiful and honorable, which taught it the lessons of justice and liberty—to the grand Old Church which erected nearly every church edifice worth visiting, and created every college and university of learning in the old world, and to be framed every institution of which England has a right to be proud. But the day of England's calamity arrived, when unlawful passion ministering to unhalloved pride tempted a king to lay sacrilegious hands upon the altars of God and to grasp at a jurisdiction and authority which could be exercised only by him who held the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Henry and his advisers transferred the jurisdiction and authority of the Pope—the head of the Church—to the state, which act in principle is anti-Christian.

Belief Forced on Scientists. By Rev. Henry A. Braun, D. D., in April Danahoe's.

Belief in the existence of God and of the soul is forced on the scientist by every problem which he cannot solve, and the soul are facts which the scientist finds at the end of his spade, his scalpel, or his telescope; under the microscope, or at the bottom of the reactor. He feels, he knows that only a spiritual being could do his complex work of inductive and deductive ratiocination; and that spiritual being, which does this work, should prove the existence of a first cause like to itself, should find a spiritual Creator as the first link in the last analysis of physical, metaphysical and moral science.

Valuable Advice to Mothers. If your child comes in from play coughing or showing evidences of an approaching attack of croup, sore throat, or enlargement of any kind, first bring out your bottle of Norville. Rub the chest and neck with Norville, and give internal doses of ten drops of Norville in sweetened water every two hours. This will prevent any serious trouble. No liniment or other external application is necessary. Large bottles cost only 25c.

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It attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Cholera and Colic Remedy. It acts rapidly in subduing that dreadful disease, weakens the strongest man and that destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

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Rates of Advertising—Ten cents per line each insertion, agents measurement. Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of Hamilton, Peterborough, and Oshesago, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

OTAWA, CANADA, March 7th, 1902. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.: Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and I am glad to say that I can recommend it to the faithful.

London, Saturday April 19, 1902.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The Protestant religious press have very jubilantly proclaimed that the Catholic Church has made little or no progress in England and Scotland during the last fifty years, and it has even been asserted that it has made no progress whatsoever.

This is so far from being the case that very substantial progress is shown each successive year in the official reports sent in by the secretaries of different dioceses to the compilers of the Catholic Directory.

For the year 1902 these reports show that there are now in England and Wales 17 Archbishops and Bishops, 3018 priests and 1572 churches; in Scotland 7 Bishops, 482 priests and 354 churches, making a total of 24 Bishops, 3,500 priests, 1926 churches.

This plan of reform is being carried on by a company called "the English Public House Trust," and it is said that there are now twenty-two public houses carried on by the Trust in the following manner:

Licenses are secured by the Trust to carry on saloons, and in this way the ordinary saloons are prevented from securing licenses in so great a number as would otherwise be the case.

The Trust saloon-keepers sell beer and liquors of all kinds, as well as food and temperance drinks. The managers are paid salaries and a commission on sales of all goods except intoxicants. Thus they have no interest in the sale of intoxicants, though they have in that of all other goods.

No liquor is sold to children, and all profits beyond 5 per cent. are to be expended for public benefits, such as reading rooms, gymnasiums, billiard rooms, etc. The liquors are sold on the premises for the sake of bringing those who drink such beverages within the influence of better surroundings, and not for profits to be derived from their sale.

As a matter of course, only philanthropic people who aim at bettering the condition of people in general, without looking for much personal gain from this trust, as they who seek larger and surer profits on their money will invest it other ways which they may expect to be more profitable.

Lord Grey is one of the chief English promoters of this trust, and it is said that the shareholders receive 5 per cent. dividends with great regularity, while there is a handsome surplus which is expended for public improvements.

If such a system has proved so successful in England we see no reason why it should not succeed quite as well in Canada, if we could only get capitalists who might be willing to enter upon the enterprise, but we do not suppose that the more rigid prohibitionists would show any favor to such a compromise with what they regard as, under all circumstances, "an infamous traffic."

A NEW MOVE IN ITALIAN POLITICS.

A telegram from Rome states that the Voce della Verita, a Catholic organ, publishes an article which intimates that the prohibition against Catholics participating in the Italian elections will shortly be withdrawn with the view to arresting the progress of Socialism.

It is to be understood that the sense in which Socialism is here taken makes the word almost if not quite identical in meaning with Anarchism.

In another way there is a hopeful future for Catholicism in England and Scotland. High Churchism in England has caused hundreds and thousands of serious-minded and thinking people of the Church of England to become Catholics. They have reasoned that if the Church of England in the past has erred by rejecting doctrines which are now acknowledged to have been handed down by a constant tradition from the Apostles, and that, therefore, it is much safer for them to embrace fully the teachings of the Church which has maintained her claim to infallibility and apostolicity by constantly teaching these very doctrines, than to remain in a Church which by her recent developments admits that she was in serious error in the past.

The same reasoning applies to Scotland, so far as the Episcopal Church of that country is concerned. In the Scotch Episcopal Church High Churchism was secured a more sure standing than even in England, for the reason that there has been in Scotland less interference from outside than is the case in England; the reason for this being that the Episcopal Church in Scotland is not established. Thus thousands of people in both countries recognize that if there is a true Church of Christ on earth, she is that Church which has maintained the truth through times of persecution and peace with the same equanimity, holding fast to the faith once delivered to the Saints by our Blessed Lord Himself.

A NOVEL PLAN OF TEMPERANCE REFORM.

Some temperance workers in England are endeavoring to work a temperance reform on a basis which certainly appears at first sight to have in itself the elements of incoherency and inconsistency, yet it is claimed that the plan has been successful inasmuch as its object is to diminish the sale of intoxicating liquors by encouraging the sale of non-intoxicants; and it is just here that the apparent inconsistency lies, inasmuch as the institutions established under the plan sell liquors. Thus in discouraging their sale they seem to be working against their own interests.

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It is true that in this country the word Socialism is frequently used in a sense much modified from that which it signifies on the European continent. The Socialists there are permeated with the principles of Anarchism, and as Anarchism is so menacing a force in Italy, we should not be surprised if the Holy Father should recall his prohibition to Catholics to take part in the politics of the country in order to arrest the progress of Anarchistic principles which the Church necessarily regards as abominable.

The cablegram adds that there is some sensation caused by this announcement, as the fact of Catholics taking part in Italian politics must have a more important influence than any event which has occurred in thirty years.

It is now thirty-two years since the occupation of Rome by Italian troops, since which time, by command of the Pope the Catholic party have abstained from taking part in elections, but have left the matter entirely to the management of those who went with the government in maintaining the occupation.

It is easy to be seen that a change will take place in the composition of parties in the Chamber which will be almost revolutionary when Catholics begin to go to the polls. We do not venture to predict what will be the result of this new policy should it be inaugurated, but we cannot think otherwise than that religion will profit greatly by the change, not only in the impetus which will be given to the cause of Catholic education, but also in all matters which affect the relations between the Church and the State.

It has been said that 50 per cent. of the voting population have abstained hitherto from voting in obedience to the Pope's commands. The doubling of the vote to be cast in future cannot do otherwise than change radically the complexion of the Chamber and the Government, and it seems to us that it will have far-reaching effects in increasing the respect for the Pope himself and for the interests of the Church. It will be certainly an effective blow to Anarchistic Socialism, and it remains to be seen what will be the effect in the relations of the State to the Church.

REV. MR. MORAN, METHODIST, FROM CLONMEL.

For some years we have been enjoying a period of peace and good-will amongst the different classes of our people in London. We were, therefore, sorry to read in the Free Press of last Monday a report of a lecture delivered by the Rev. Mr. Moran, Methodist, who comes from Clonmel, County Tipperary, Ireland. Mr. Moran appears to be on the usual mission. He delivers a lecture, takes up a collection for his church, and has an unkindly word to say for the priests of Ireland, for he says he hopes to see that country yet free from drink, superstition and political agitation. It is not the custom of the Episcopalian clergymen, when touring on this side of the ocean, to tell everybody that the people of England are drunkards; nor are Scotch Presbyterian clergymen given to the habit of proclaiming to the world the weaknesses of their fellow-countrymen.

It remains for an Irishman to come and leave the impression on the minds of those who listen to him that Ireland is a nation of drunkards. Statistics recently published, however, prove that the consumption of drink in the Emerald Isle is very much less per capita than either in England or Scotland.

We might say to the Rev. Mr. Moran, what the whole world knows, that Ireland is to-day the most moral and the most crimeless country in the world. And to the Irish priests is mainly due this satisfactory condition of affairs. Why, then, does he speak in such an uncharitable and un-Christian manner of the priests of Ireland? The rev. gentleman tells us that in the past ten years the population of Ireland has decreased a quarter of a million. And yet he hopes to see his country free from political agitation! Surely, if the population has decreased at such an alarming rate—and there is not the slightest doubt that it has—there is abundant reason for political agitation.

Before the Rev. Mr. Moran extends his tour in this country much further we trust that some of his brethren who advise him to be more Christian-like in his expressions regarding his fellow-countrymen. He tells us that his grandfather and his father were Methodist divines. Possibly they were. But how men bearing grand old Irish names become the followers of John Wesley is easily explained. Many years ago, when the people were starving, the "Missionary" societies sent food to the impoverished institutions known as "Soup Schools," to which people were invited to come for food. They were refused any relief, however, unless they renounced the Catholic religion. A few weak-minded and starving creatures were found willing to sell their faith for

a mess of pottage. Hence the reason why we find men bearing Irish names not of the household of the Faith. About forty years ago there could be heard in the streets of Dublin a ballad explaining the condition of things during the famine period. We still remember one verse in which a rollicking Irishman was made to say:

"Then come along to Merrion Square, And as sure as my name is Reilly, Every murtherin' thief 'll get mutton and beef If he prays wid Mrs. Smiley."

Mr. Moran, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You come from Clonmel, Ireland, three thousand miles away, to make collections amongst the Methodist people of Ontario for a meeting house which you are about to establish in that town to cost about \$900. And you fancy that collections will be all the more generous if you make a sneering allusion to "Popery." Please let us introduce you to a distinguished Protestant resident of Limerick, Mr. Robert Gibson. You will probably know him, as Limerick is only a short distance from Clonmel. This is what Mr. Gibson has to say, and we hope you will read it carefully and take it to heart:

"I have lived for fifty-eight years among the Catholics of the south of Ireland, where we are in a minority of about one Protestant to forty Roman Catholics. I am well known as being a Protestant and a Freemason, yet I have never been persecuted, insulted or annoyed about my creed by the section of my fellow countrymen who are supposed by those who don't know them, to be the 'base, bloody, and brutal Papists,' nor by the 'tyrant priests.' The more I know of my Roman Catholic countrymen and women the more I learn to esteem and respect them. If the Irish Church Missionary Society wants work, let them work among their own sects. If they want Irish Roman Catholics 'made Christian men and women,' as they say, let them subscribe to the Christian Brothers, or to St. Ita's House (Catholic institutions), where boys and girls are taught to be not only Christians, but useful men and women. The Christian Brothers' work and the St. Ita's House work is more truly Christian work done in a Christian spirit, and does more real good in a year than all the work of the proselytizers that ever tried to pervert their fellow Christians who differed from them in matters of doctrine."

THE CENTRE OF CATHOLIC UNITY.

Our attention has been called to the Conscription Service of a new Anglican Church in Woodstock, by the Rt. Reverend Bishop Baldwin of this city. The church is dedicated to St. Paul, and an account of the Conscription Service appears in the Woodstock Daily Express of the 7th inst.

The sermon preached by the Bishop was based upon the text Ephesians ii. 20: "And you (Ephesian Christians, fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God) are built upon the foundation of the Apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone."

The Bishop applied these words to the Church of England, giving, we are told, "a resume of the history of the doctrines and origin of the Church of England, followed by an explanation of its doctrines and principles, which was closed by a reference to the wants of the Church, and an earnest appeal to all to build their faith on that corner stone, which is Christ, and to consecrate themselves anew to His service."

"Any Church," he continued, "which conforms to the creeds to which we subscribe, must have three qualifications. It must represent antiquity; it must represent the Church of the Apostles; it must be Catholic in doctrine, that is, represent the universal Church; and it must be assured that that doctrine has come in unbroken succession from primitive times until the present day."

The Bishop said then that "we have three creeds. In those creeds, what article we added to, or what subtracted from the Word of God?"

"The history of the origin of the Church of England shows that she is primitive in her origin as well as in her doctrine. Her being extends back to such early times that it is impossible to speak with certainty of the time and place of her birth. Before Roman soldiers invaded British shores, before the landing of Augustine, there existed a native British Church. In the centuries that it has existed, it has gone through fierce storms, but it still stands unshaken on its foundation. Whatever earthly prosperity or adversity it may have had, it claims that its doctrines have been carried down from the living oracles of God's eternal truth."

The picture is a pretty one, undoubtedly, and we must give credit to the Right Reverend Bishop Baldwin for the graphic and eloquent description he has given of the glorious ancient British Church; but his history is at fault in the matter, whereas he applies the facts as if he really believed and wished his hearers to believe that the ancient British Church was identical with the modern Church of England, whereas it was the Catholic Church in communion with the See of Rome that was planted in Britain at the early

date he indicates, long before the landing of Augustine on the isle of Thanet, but not so early as stated by the Bishop, namely, "before Roman soldiers invaded British shores."

Julius Caesar invaded Britain in the year 55 before Christ, and in 54 before Christ defeated Cassivelaunus. The Roman conquest was completed by the 40th year of Christ, and we have no evidence whatsoever that even at this date there was a Christian Church in Britain. The Bishop is evidently greatly astray in his statement.

Tertullian, who began to issue his writings toward the close of the second century, relates that Christians were numerous in every rank of society in his time, so that they filled even the army. It is certain, therefore, that in that century there were Christians among the Roman soldiers occupying Britain and we cannot doubt that they assembled regularly to worship God. Moreover, it is probable that these zealous worshippers made converts among the islanders. There is no evidence, however, that any large number of Britons had become Christians before the conversion of King Lever-Maur, called by the Latins Lucius, most probably in the year 183.

But was it the modern Church of England which Lucius joined? Certainly not; for according to Bede and all the ancient historians the two missionaries Fugatius and Damian, called in the British tongue Fagan and Dwyan, were sent to Britain by Pope Eleutherius; and William of Malmesbury and Tesserius state that in the archives of the Abbey of Glastonbury they found the record of the fact that these two missionaries were sent by the Pope in response to the request of Lucius.

It is evident, therefore, that the ancient British Church was in communion with the Pope of that early day, and acknowledged the universal jurisdiction of the Pope, which was then everywhere recognized. The British Church was not a Church established independently, and teaching doctrines of its own invention, as does the modern Church of England; but it taught the doctrines of the universal Church, in communion with the Pope, and the Archbishops of Canterbury succeeding Fugatius constantly recognized the universal jurisdiction of the Roman See.

Tertullian, who wrote only a few years after the baptism of Lucius, spoke of the British Church as part of the one universal Church, saying in his treatise against the Jews: (chap. 7.) "The territories of the Britons which are inaccessible to the Romans, are subject, however, to Christ." He is speaking here of those parts of North Britain which the Romans had not conquered, and which, therefore, were civilly outside the dominion of the Roman Empire, but these localities must have had their faith through the British Church of South Britain, and from Rome, indirectly, at least, from Rome, equally with the latter who had it directly from the same source.

Let us ask now, what were the relations of the universal Church with Rome at this period?

In Lyons the Church had already been long established, and in the year 170, forty eight holy confessors of the faith, being about to suffer martyrdom, addressed a letter to the same Pope, Eleutherius, the common father of Christians, who had sent the missionaries to convert Britain, asking him to instruct them in the faith and practices of the Church. This letter was taken to Eleutherius by Irenaeus, the most illustrious among the priests of Gaul, and as the Church of Lyons had lost its bishop, Pothinus, by martyrdom, Irenaeus returned from Rome with the answer of Eleutherius, commissioned by Pope Eleutherius to succeed Pothinus as Bishop of Lyons. The Pope's letter was addressed "To all the Churches of Gaul which are combating for the faith." (See Eusebius, Ecclesiastical History, and the Letters of Eleutherius in the Greek Patrology.)

It is clear, therefore, that the Churches of the world at this time were in communion with the Pope, and acknowledged his jurisdiction over them.

This is the very period when this same Irenaeus wrote his famous book against heresies, in which that illustrious Martyr and Bishop says:

"It would take up too much space here to enumerate the successions of all the Churches by pointing out that tradition which the greatest, and most ancient and universally known Church of Rome, founded and constituted by the two most glorious Apostles Peter and Paul holds from the Apostles . . . for to this Church, on account of (its) more powerful principality, it is necessary that every Church, that is the faithful everywhere (undique) resort, in which (Church) the tradition of the Apostles has been always preserved by those who are on every side."

This undoubtedly means by the authorities of the Church in Rome, as is shown by what follows. Irenaeus then shows the succession of Eleutherius from the Apostles Peter and Paul whom he joins together as the

founders of the Roman Church, concluding: "Eleutherius now in the twelfth place holds the office of the episcopate from the Apostles. By this order, and by this succession, both that tradition which is in the Church from the Apostles, and the preaching of the truth have come down to us."

Tertullian also, a few years after the baptism of Lucius, while condemning the heretics Marcion and Valentinus, says:

"They at first believed in the doctrine of the Catholic Church in the Church of Rome under the episcopate of the blessed Eleutherius until by reason of their ever restless curiosity which the brethren avoided, being once and again expelled . . . and at last condemned to the banishment of a perpetual separation, they disseminated the poisons of their doctrines."

Why should Tertullian thus appeal to the teaching of the Church in Rome as the test of true faith, whereas his obedience was due directly to the Bishop of Carthage, unless it were that the authority of the Roman Pontiff extended over all the patriarchates of the Christian world?

At the Council of Arles held in 314 the Western portion of the Roman Empire, which was then under the rule of Constantine, was represented, and from Britain the names of three Bishops have been handed down: Eborius of York, Restitutus of London, and Adelphus of Colonia, Londinensium with his deacon Arminius. This Colony is understood to be Colchester. Pope Sylvester was represented at this Council by two priests, Claudianus and Vitus, and two deacons. The object of the Council was to condemn the Donatist heresy, which was done, and the acts of the Council were signed by the British Bishops along with the rest. At the head of the list are the names of Pope Sylvester's delegates, inferior through they were to the Bishops in orders, and among the acts of the Council is a letter addressed to the Pope in which they all unite in saying: "In communion with the Catholic Church our mother, we salute you, most glorious Pope, with the respect due to you." Then they report to Pope Sylvester their condemnation of the Donatist heresy, and conclude:

"It is for you whose jurisdiction is most extensive, to promulgate these decrees throughout all the churches by your authority."

It is evident, therefore, that the British Church agreed with the whole Catholic Church in recognizing the Pope's supreme authority.

It is unnecessary to quote further from the writings of the early Fathers, as it is clear from the citations already made that the faith of the period referred to was identical with that of the Catholic Church of to-day, and regarded the authority of the Pope as supreme as it is now in the Church of God, which is as truly the "pillar and ground of truth" to-day, as when St. Paul so termed it in his 1st epistle to Timothy. (iii. 15.)

When Henry VIII., Edward VI. and Elizabeth took to themselves the title of Supreme Head of the Church of England, proclaimed a new standard of faith, and established a new episcopate, depriving the lawful Bishops of their Sees, they usurped an authority in the Church which has no justification either in Scripture or tradition. The Church these monarchs established was a new organization, with a new supreme Head, a new episcopate without Apostolic succession, and without sanction from the successor of St. Peter, a new liturgy, and new doctrines. It was repudiated by the living authority of the universal Catholic Church, and it was subject to the condemnation uttered by the Church: Whosoever "will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." It is farcical, therefore, to claim that the Church of England is identical with any Church which existed before it, whether Catholic or heretical. It was entirely a new thing on earth framed to suit the whims and interests of its founders. It got the property of the ancient Church, but this was by an open act of robbery; and with the sanction of a servile parliament it assumed the title "Church of England," but it was not the Church of Fugatius and Lucius, nor of Augustine and Anselm.

Here we may note that Bishop Baldwin appears to repudiate the Church of St. Augustine, in favor of the ancient British Church.

So recently as during the last Pan-Anglican Council the assembled Bishops made a pilgrimage to the isle of Thanet to celebrate the establishment of the Church of England among the Saxons by St. Augustine, and the Archbishop of Canterbury proclaimed boastfully that he was the successor of Sts. Augustine and Anselm in that See.

Bishop Baldwin does wisely in tacitly passing over this claim, for the facts are well known that Augustine also received his mission from a Pope, and Anselm firmly maintained the Pope's authority. As regards Augustine, we shall merely quote a sentence from a sermon

preached by Anselm at the Council of Bayeux, 1092:

"The Archdeacon the year 596 monks landed sent by Pope Gregory the Great, for heathen in Britain. The part taken by the version of the history of the historical studies of the continuous Church out all ages from down to the Reformation admitted war advocates luxury. The fact was sent by a Pope monks to convey enough that a dependent of the schism but a prodigious fancies. The essentially subjective, because on built by the Christians, which the pastors and people and even Christ that His brethren should be strong Peter in the fact alone was constant the edifice, Chertsey and the

It will be shown demonstrated of England has been admitted necessary to the does not represent the Church of the present but is a mere from the Church; and its the sixteenth century been transmitted. It is an undoubted situated not by an arbitrary Church which to his lascivious compelled his

ELLIOT'S Since the lives have been upon earth. has been the viewing the interpretation of sions arrived in present again, have all other in accordance the personal feelings of the Lives of Christ from this point Christ seems a literary inspiration of the purely ideal to the in is of the strain it is personal aimed at attain in Him, and vation that I is, that the been written oration, and that have been all indication He achieved, influence He of Christ by personality of vividly that given of the in those with upon those through the is the peculiar excellence of the Christ as obscuring Him that the people to understand a more rare Him learn The book, the ling anything almost entire "Jesus," but new, in the its way of The book of history, biographical, illustrative Testament with the text. To see at a glance of Father helps also in of Christ from "It is hardly the preface, ing our Saviour briefly pronounced He taught Church, whose sacred corporation fully explained fusely illustrations being Rev. P. J. For sale RECORD OF \$100.

Pope Blessed At the me of the Kai Haven, Con is, that the requested to conveying of the order "The sentiment e Knights of all his heart

preached by Archdeacon Mills in St. James' Church, Montreal, on March 12, 1899:

The Archdeacon said: "It was in the year 590 that Augustine and 40 monks landed on the isle of Thanet, sent by Pope Gregory, afterwards called the Great, for the conversion of the heathen in Britain."

The part taken by Popes in the conversion of the world is too prominent a fact in history to be ignored by honest historical students, and thus, the modern claims of Anglicans to have had a continuous Church of England throughout all ages from A. D. 183 or earlier, down to the Reformation, are from time to time admitted even by the most stalwart advocates of Anglicanism to be illusory. The fact that St. Augustine was sent by a Pope, with a company of monks to convert the Saxons is proof enough that a Church of England, independent of Rome previous to the schism of Henry VIII. is but a product of lively modern fancies.

The Church of Christ is essentially subject to St. Peter's successor, because on St. Peter the Church was built by Christ, and to Peter was committed the care of Christ's whole flock, pastors and people, sheep and lambs; and even Christ's prayer for Peter was that His brethren, the other Apostles, should be strengthened or confirmed by Peter in the faith in which the Apostles were the custodians and pillars. Peter alone was constituted the foundation of the edifice, Christ being the chief cornerstone and the Builder.

It will be seen from what we have shown demonstratively that the Church of England has not the three qualifications admitted by the Bishop to be necessary to the Church of Christ. It does not represent antiquity or the Church of the Apostles; it is not Catholic representing the universal Church, but is a mere local institution cut off from the Church of all time and all nations; and its doctrine is an invention of the sixteenth century instead of having been transmitted from primitive times. It is an undeniable fact that it was instituted not by Christ, but by a worldly and arbitrary king who made a new Church which should accommodate itself to his lascivious longings; and be accomplished his will.

ELLIOT'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

Chicago New World.

Since the life of Christ was first written by the Evangelists, almost as many Lives have been sent forth as there have been years since He appeared upon earth. The historical basis of all has been the same, but the manner of viewing the historical material, the interpretation of the facts, the conclusions arrived at, indeed the very object in presenting the old material again, have all varied in some way or other in accordance with the learning, the personal feelings, and with the prejudices of the innumerable writers of Lives of Christ. Looked at merely from this point of view the life of Christ seems an inexhaustible source of literary inspiration. In a way this is good. Christ's influence upon men is of the purely personal kind. His appeal to the individual man and woman is of the straightforward, direct kind, it is personal righteousness that He aimed at attaining for those who believed in Him, and it is a personal salvation that He preached. The result is, that the number of books that have been written about Him, historical, emotional, and devotional, against Him, are all indications of the marvelous success He achieved, and the marvelous personal influence He wielded. In this latest Life of Christ by Rev. Walter Elliot the personality of Christ is brought out so vividly that an explanation is plainly given of the influence He exercised upon those with whom He came in contact, and upon those who know Him simply through the Gospel narratives. This is the peculiar characteristic, and excellence of this new book; it is to put Christ as man, without, however, obscuring His divinity, in such a light that the people of to-day will be able to understand Him better, and by a more rational understanding of Him learn to love Him more.

The book, therefore, does not aim at giving anything distinctly new, it is based almost entirely on Le Camus, "Vie de Jesus," but the whole spirit of it is new, in the sense of being modern in its way of considering the old facts. The book contains the entire Gospel history, blended together with illustrative passages from other New Testament writings, and read off from the text. This enables the reader to get at a glance the authoritative source of Father Elliott's statements, and helps also in acquiring a continuous life of Christ from the Gospels themselves. "It is hardly necessary to add," says the preface, "that the life, besides giving our Saviour's history, affirms, and briefly proves the doctrine that He taught and delivered to the Church, whose divine authority, whose sacraments and whose incorporation into a living body are all fully explained." The book is profusely illustrated, many of the illustrations being made from drawings by the Rev. P. J. McCorry, C. S. P.

For sale by Thomas Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London Ont. Price \$1.00.

Pope Blesses Knights of Columbus

At the meeting of the Grand Council of the Knights of Columbus at New Haven, Conn., Bishop Tierney was requested to send the Pope a message conveying expressions of the loyalty of the order. The reply is as follows: "The Holy Father is grateful for the sentiment expressed in the name of the Knights of Columbus, and sends with all his heart his apostolic benediction. 'CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.'"

THE LIMITATIONS OF "LIBERTY."

The Anarchistic Menace.

Archbishop Ireland in the Boston Republic. The limitations of liberty! Rather should I say the conditions of liberty. Liberty is man's sweetest, most precious inheritance, his very birthright, made sacred and inviolate by the will of the Supreme Creator which no fellow creature, by whatsoever innate right, may obliterate or reduce. What seem its limitations are but the conditions of its life and vigor. Naught but liberty itself authorizes them, and thus authorized, they are, as liberty itself, holy and blessed, and are, as liberty itself, ratified by the eternal ordinances of the Almighty Master.

Liberty is the right of each one to be himself, to be what nature and nature's God will him, to expand and to grow in fullness of manhood and of manhood's appurtenances. Liberty is a vital element in his being; to deprive him of it, even in a degree, is to that extent to wrest from him a part of himself, a part of what he is, or of what he is striving to become.

LIBERTY'S TRUE USES. The value, the beauty of liberty, lie in this, that it permits man to be true to himself, true to his destiny, true to the aspirations that bear him onward toward the final goal of his being. Dare not dishonor liberty by the prostitution of its name, covering with it nefarious acts that turn man from the road of life and growth into devious pathways over which stalk decay and death. Acts of this kind destroy liberty, for they destroy man by destroying the high purpose of his being which liberty is born to serve. Acts of this kind are abhorred by nature and nature's God, and the supreme use of our liberty is to abhor them and to hold them unalterably alien to all that we are and to all that we aim to be.

LIBERTY UNDER SOCIAL LAW. As the moral being which he is, by the simple fact that he is rational and not merely animal, man, taken in his single individuality, removed as far as we may suppose from fellowmen, standing, however, always in the presence of his Creator from whom he is never removed, is not free from the laws of moral rectitude; his individual liberty does not allow him to violate those laws, faithful obedience to which is the condition of rational life and manhood. To live as the beast, in its ignorance of the higher life, in the satisfaction of its base passions, is not liberty, it is license. It is not the righteousness of manhood; it is the perversion of manhood.

And so, as the social being, which he is, because his individual life is not possible without contact with his fellows, man is not free to defy the laws of social rectitude. Social liberty, of its own essence, indeed, binds him to those laws; for only beneath their sheltering aegis can it find its own safety and grandeur.

CIVIL SOCIETY NECESSARY. So necessary is civil society in the life of humanity, that we must hold it to have been decreed by the Supreme Power from which humanity issued. The solitary man is an impossibility. Our entrance into existence, our development from infancy to mature age, presuppose the family. Our further individual requirements, as well as the requirements of the family itself, call for the larger organism, which is civil society. The moment several human beings, or several families, co-exist in proximity to one another, co-exist they must, the interests of one will clash with those of another; the ambitions of one will encroach upon the personal rights of another; the pride and covetousness of one will insult the timidity and weakness of another. Social life ceases altogether unless there be present, over and above individual and family, authority and power, capable of defending justice against brute force, and of substituting order and peace for chaos and war. Measures need to be taken for the growth whether of individuals or of the collective aggregation into which individuals resolve themselves by force of their co-existence which the mere individual can neither set in motion nor actively direct, and an authority there must be over and above the individual, that will care for interests, to the guardianship of which the talents and the energies of individuals are inadequate.

Never did men congregate without building up as from instinct the social organism in one form or another. Always and everywhere the social organism was the shield against peril, the stimulus to growth, the measure of prosperity and progress. As it grew into firmer and wiser bonds civilization advanced in beauty and power; as it descended towards decay and dissolution, barbarism spread its blighting shade. We hold that society is of divine institution, embodied in the divine origin of the race; that the rights and powers of society are of divine appointment. Society is no mere result of chance aggregations or of voluntary agreements of men; it is no mere human partnership freely entered into by men and rescindable at their pleasure. It is a vital part of humanity, born with humanity, from which humanity cannot liberate itself, under penalty of death.

Society is an entity of itself, something beyond the individual will of men, possessing powers for its own protection and the furtherance of its mission, over and above aught that individuals can give to it. No one man, no number of men, have of themselves the right in justice to move, to restrain, the right of other men. Such right belongs only to Him who is the Master of all men. Inasmuch as society possesses such right, it derived it from God.

MORE THAN A MERE HUMAN COMPACT. It is a fatal error, that of Jean Jacques Rousseau and of others of his school which sees in society the mere result of a voluntary contract among conveying expressions of the loyalty of the order. The reply is as follows: "The Holy Father is grateful for the sentiment expressed in the name of the Knights of Columbus, and sends with all his heart his apostolic benediction. 'CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.'"

If society depends upon my consent for its existence and its powers, and I am aggrieved by its action, why should I submit, beyond the measure of my judgment to its laws? Why should I allow it to direct my interests? If I am persuaded that far from being a help to me, it is a hindrance and an injury, why should I not dispute its right to live? If I withdraw from it the prop of my voluntary adhesion, what are its laws and penalties to me but the exercise of arbitrary despotism?

Rousseau's philosophy is the philosophy of social chaos and anarchy. The antidote to it is the doctrine of the divine origin of society, which has its unshakable basis in the divine origin of humanity. Put upon the face of society the impress of the divine and all is well. Then he who uplifts the hand against it, uplifts the hand against the Sovereign Master; he who bows the head in reverence before it, bows the head to the Almighty.

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT. Then, however much it is true that we are "all created equal," that no man has by innate right authority over the other, it remains no less true that we are all—and all equally so—the subjects of the social organism within which we live and move; that this organism has over us, as from God, authority and power. "All men are created equal," no one man, deified, as you may with garments of splendor, honor him as you may with titles of distinction, surround him as you may with throngs of armed minions, is from himself greater in authority than I or has of himself the right to speak to me words of command. "All men are created equal." But take from among us one, making him the legitimate spokesman of society, gilding his forehead with its halo, placing in his hand its sword of defence; he is at once superior and my master; he represents the social organism of which I am the subject.

Anarchism proposes to abolish all law, to destroy all social organization. There is the so-called philosophic anarchism, such as is prated by a Proudhon, a Bakunin, a Kropotkin, and in a degree, at least, by a Tolstol. Philosophic anarchism is defined in the Century dictionary: "A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal—absolute individual liberty." "The sense of solidarity inherent in men, is, according to Kropotkin, the all-sufficient to secure social peace and progress, quite independently of laws and government, and would do so far more effectively than we could hope to have done by the aid of laws and government."

A strange word, indeed, it would be, were nothing more than the "sense of solidarity" were to be relied upon to protect life and property, and to direct the general concerns of the community! We could well afford to dismiss all such theories as idle dreams, fit only to amuse the fancy of dreaming dreamers, were it not that hard by stand reckless crowds, too willing to take such theories as justification of their own evil impulses. As it is, men who dress up wild and dangerous theories in florid language and cover them with the respectability of a literary name, do immense harm, and at all times should receive the scorn and contempt of right-thinking men.

THE ANARCHISM OF ACTION. Then, there is the practical anarchism, the anarchism of "action," as its followers love to call it—the anarchism of Bessel, a Goldman, a Most—the anarchism of the crowd, which replaces books with bombs, and arguments with arson and murder. There is method in the madness of practical anarchism. What results, we might ask, can it hope to secure by the murder here and there of a civil ruler, or the destruction here and there of a palace or a warehouse? What results? The answer is: "The propagation of ideas, the exemplification of the practicability of wholesale anarchism, at some moment in the not too distant future, when the multitudes will have understood fully its aims and processes."

Says a leader of European anarchism, Netscheyev: "We must break into the lives of the people with a series of rash, even senseless deeds, inspire them with a belief in their powers, awake them, unite them, lead them on to the triumph of their cause."

Says another, Brousse: "Deeds are talked of on all sides; the masses inquire about their origin; they discuss the new doctrine. It is not the life of one ruler that we so much covet; we seek a sanguinary advertisement."

Shall I quote a third, Jean Grave? "The struggle," says this apostle of anarchism, "should be directed chiefly towards the destruction of institutions, the burning up of deeds, of land surveys, of tax collectors' books, the expropriation of capitalists—all this to be done, by skirmishes, as it were, by small and scattered groups."

UNBELIEF AND SOCIALISM PARTNERS. The propagandism of anarchistic doctrines and methods? There is the peril confronting us, far greater than any we may dread from the direct action of such as are already the declared adepts of anarchism. The ground is prepared for the seeds, to a degree that, perhaps, we dream little of. Religious unbelief and wild socialism are potent co-workers with, and forerunners of, anarchism.

Take from the masses all faith in a Supreme Being; tell them they are sprung, in soul, as well as in body, from the dust of ages, that there is no moral arbiter save their own self, that no hope awaits them beyond what earth holds out—where, I ask, is moral power to come from? What will curb passion and command sacrifice? The world becomes the arena, over which creatares of a day scramble for their prey, the strongest carrying off the richer booty.

CROSSING THE BORDER. Shall there be an appeal to fine-spun theories of vague and uncertain righteousness, to the ultimate welfare of humanity? This may suffice, when no storm of passion rages within, and no pressure of severe temptation comes from without. With the masses of men it is purposeless talk and vain

imagining. The masses without religion, without faith or hope have but a short step to make to cross the border into anarchism if anarchism promises them "bread and pleasure." When the masses never utter a prayer, never cross the threshold of a temple of the living God; when their leaders and educators preach to them that the soul knows no morrow, that God, if there is a God, is the unknowable—the social structure is tottering upon its base; society and its laws will soon disappear before the onward rush of passion's fury.

Then there is the wild socialism which we hear preached on all sides. I use designedly the qualifying adjective, wild, as the word socialism by itself is almost unlimited in its meaning, so many things it is made to cover. In a hundred ways, and under a hundred pretences, wild socialism dms daily into the ears of the people, that wealth is unfairly distributed, that there is an irreconcilable conflict between capital and labor, that social justice is beyond the reach of the poor and the weak; and the people are maddened.

The economic question is the main factor in anarchistic agitations. Men are angry with their economic situation; they blame society, as at present organized, for their miseries and their failures; and unrestrained by considerations superior to their material interests, they rapidly reach the point where they see in the destruction of society the remedy of their ills. In what way they shall profit by the ruin and chaos towards which tend their efforts, they do not care to consider. Nothing will be lost, and something may be gained. That is wisdom enough for the moment.

LESS OBVIOUS INCITEMENTS. The way is paved to anarchism in more manners than we imagine. The poor do wrong when they dream of economic equality with the rich; when their own improvidence is forgotten, and the blame for their poverty is fastened upon society and its government. The rich do wrong, when they accumulate wealth without due regard to the services of the laborer; when they flout their extravagance in the eyes of the penniless, when they forget that wealth is a social trust. Thoughtless agitators do wrong, who from the rostrum or editor's chair send over the land words of hatred arraying class against class. All of us do wrong, when we do not use our best efforts by word and by example to make men love their fellowmen and to strengthen among them the ties of a common citizenship and of a common brotherhood.

THE CHURCH IN MEXICO.

Letter from a Canadian Priest.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Canada.

Dear Sir—It may interest your readers to know a little about the great city of Mexico. I enclose a few remarks from the Mexican Herald, March 31st, 1902. There are one hundred and twenty Catholic churches in the city of Mexico and for every Roman Catholic who is yet Catholic to the core, the zeal and fervor of the Mexican women is the pride of the Catholic Church in this Republic. Charity abounds everywhere and self-sacrifice is a vital part of religion for every Mexican and all the institutions of the country corroborate this fact.

L. P. DESMARAIS, Pt. City of Mexico, March 31, 1902.

Mexican Herald Mar. 31.

"Holy Week in Mexico has afforded many interesting experiences for us," said Father L. P. Desmarais, of Baker's City, Oregon, Thursday evening, after completing a thorough round of the churches of the city. Father Desmarais arrived in Mexico on Thursday morning, and he was joined Friday by Father J. C. Reding, parish priest of St. Mary's church in Washington, D. C., and Father M. J. Schneiderhahn of the St. Francis church, St. Louis, Mo. Father Desmarais has been for a number of years the parish priest of the Baker's City church, and he is spending a few weeks in Mexico for the purpose of studying the people, the national characteristics, their habits and customs, with a view to delivering a number of lectures on Mexico to the people of the western part of the United States.

"Mexico City might give a number of the larger cities of the United States a few ideas on law and order among the people of crowded streets," continued Father Desmarais. "On Thursday evening during the hours that the streets were packed with pedestrians I was surprised to note the excellent order which prevailed throughout the evening. Among the large crowds which thronged the thoroughfares I did not see one person who seemed to be under the influence of liquor, nor was there a single evidence of disorder of any sort. In itself that was a remarkable scene for one accustomed to the habits of the great crowds of the northern cities, and Mexico is to be congratulated upon the excellence of the system which maintains these conditions."

"In visiting the churches I was particularly impressed by the devotion of the Indian children for the parish priests. Little folk, whose minds are yet unable to grasp the full meaning of religious things, evince a faith in their priests which is both beautiful and inspiring. There is no mistaking the great influence for good being exerted by these fathers among the poorer classes throughout the republic of Mexico. Had the early races of America come under the influence of these good men the Indian question of the United States might have been settled in a way more creditable to the people of that country. In one of the churches here on Thursday evening I was struck with admiration at the sight of the

little Indian children pushing their way through the crowds to get an opportunity of kissing the hand of an aged Father who entered the church guided scarcely able to make his way down the aisle of the church to the crucifix, but on every side he was greeted with the most sublime reverence. As a Catholic priest I was pleased with a few remarks on Mexico made by Bishop Hamilton in Los Angeles, Cal., a few weeks ago, in which he referred to the virtues of the Mexican women. Bishop Hamilton is a prominent clergyman of the Methodist Church, and a grand old man. In a lecture on Mexico delivered in Los Angeles he lauded the purity of Mexican womanhood, which to me was very gratifying."

HONORING POPE LEO XIII. IN BALTIMORE.

Cardinal Gibbons' Pontifical Jubilee Sermon.

A Triduum or three days' prayer in honor of the Pontifical Jubilee year of Pope Leo XIII. opened on the morning of Low Sunday, April 6, in the Cathedral of Baltimore, Md., Cardinal Martinelli, the Apostolic Delegate, coming on from Washington to attend it. Cardinal Gibbons' sermon was, in part, as follows:

"For nearly two thousand years the Bishop of Rome has been the most conspicuous figure in the theatre of public life. The name of the Sovereign Pontiff is indelibly marked on the pages of ecclesiastical history. It is intimately and inseparably associated with the progress and enlightenment and the Christian civilization of the world."

"As we are commemorating to-day the jubilee of our Holy Father Leo XIII., it is proper I should make some special allusion to the life of that illustrious Pontiff. Joachim Pecci, the family name of the Pope, was born on March 2, 1810. He has consequently entered upon his ninety-third year, and has almost spanned a century. He was ordained in December, 1837, and was consecrated Archbishop in 1843, nearly sixty years ago. He was already an Archbishop before the vast majority of this congregation were born, and he has already lived longer in the episcopate than any of his predecessors. He was created a Cardinal in 1853, and was raised to the Chair of Peter in 1878. Only two Popes have exceeded Leo in longevity, and only three supreme Pontiffs have ruled the Universal Church for a longer period, namely, St. Peter, Pius VII. and Pius IX., and if Leo survives another year, he will have been Bishop of Rome longer than even Peter or Pius VI."

"Of the 299 Popes who have sat in the Chair of Peter, few of them have exerted a wider and more beneficial influence on the social, political and the religious world than the Pontiff now happily reigning. He is a consummate statesman, as well as an enlightened churchman. In the course of his Pontificate he has issued a series of masterly and luminous Encyclicals which have served as moral landmarks to his spiritual children and have commanded the respect and admiration of the civilized world."

The Cardinal dwelt especially upon his Encyclicals: "The first Encyclical is on 'Christian Marriage,' which was published in 1880. He vindicates in strong and earnest language the sanctity and the indissolubility of the marriage bond. He tells us that the married couple are the source of the family, and the family is the source of society. Social life cannot be maintained in its purity and integrity unless it is sanctified at the fountain-head of the home."

"The Encyclical on the condition of workmen was promulgated in 1891, and it is an exhaustive document on the rights and duties of the laboring classes. A conflict between labor and capital is as unreasonable as would be a contention between the head and the hands. The interests of capital and labor are correlative. Capital without labor would be unproductive, labor without capital would be unprofitable."

"The third Encyclical treats of the 'Constitution of the Christian States.' This document clearly demonstrates that the Catholic Church can adapt herself to all forms of civil government."

"When I was invited to Rome by the Pope in 1887 to receive the insignia of a Cardinal, I delivered an address in the Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, my titular church, and as I took this Encyclical for the text of my remarks, I cannot do better than give the following abstract of the sermon which was pronounced on that occasion:

"Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., in his luminous Encyclical on the constitution of Christian States, declares that the Church is not committed to any particular form of civil government. She adapts herself to all. She leaves all with the sacred leaves of the Gospel. She has lived under absolute empires, under constitutional monarchies, and in free republics, and everywhere she grows and expands. She has often, indeed, been hampered in her divine mission. She has even been forced to struggle for existence wherever despotism has cast its dark shadows, like a plant shut out from the blessed sunlight of heaven. But in the general atmosphere of liberty she blossoms like the rose. For myself, as a citizen of the United States, and without closing my eyes to our shortcomings as a nation, I say with a deep sense of pride and gratitude that I belong to a country where the civil government holds over us the aegis of its protection without interfering with us in the legitimate exercise of our sublime mission as ministers of the Gospel of Christ. Our country has liberty without license, and authority without despotism. She rears no wall to exclude the stranger from coming among us. She has few frowning fortifications to repel the invader, for she is at peace with all the world. She rests secure in the consciousness of her strength and her good will toward all. Her harbors are open to welcome the honest emigrant who comes to advance his temporal interests and find a peace-

ful home, but, while we are acknowledged to have a free government, perhaps we do not receive the credit that belongs to us for also having a strong Government."

"I may here remark parenthetically that, since our war with Spain, Europe has been impressed with our military power."

"Yes, our nation is strong, and her strength lies under the overruling guidance of Providence in the majesty and supremacy of the law, in the loyalty of her citizens and in the affection of her people for her free institutions. There are, indeed, grave social problems now engaging the earnest attention of the citizens of the United States, but I have no doubt that, with God's blessing, these problems will be solved by the sound judgment and common-sense of the American people without violence or revolution, or a huge hoard of money. This attitude of superiority at the survival of ideas so much out of harmony with the music of modern progress. One of these gentle palmers was at Wittenberg lately and was shocked at what he found, or she found, as the case may be. The story of relief there is what would be called 'a full one' in a trade advertisement. Chautauqua's gorge rises at the display."

"SUPERSTITIOUS VENERATION."

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

One of the most hackneyed charges brought against the Catholic Church and people is that they are unduly reverent to relics. It is amazing to the Mark Twain sort of mind that men should have a reverence for anything save a resuscitated or transformed joke or a huge hoard of money. This attitude we often find in various writings, yet one is rather surprised to find exhibited in a publication like the Chautauqua—the magazine of modern "culture"—a bald-headed endorsement of such Phylistine sentiment. The "superstitious veneration" of European people for relics impresses one of the "pilgrims" who vents the astonishment of superiority at the survival of ideas so much out of harmony with the music of modern progress. One of these gentle palmers was at Wittenberg lately and was shocked at what he found, or she found, as the case may be. The story of relief there is what would be called "a full one" in a trade advertisement. Chautauqua's gorge rises at the display."

"Why, this very castle church in Wittenberg was built as a shrine for one of the original thorns from the crown of Christ which the King of France gave the elector. Then other relics were added till eight great groups of them existed, carefully preserved in strong metal and wood cases. In this church there were 3,005 relics. They belonged mostly to virgins, widows, confessors, apostles, prophets and martyrs of the Church. One set was connected with Christ—bits of His cross, wisps of the original straw in the manger, pieces of His garments, hair and teeth, memorials of His mother, milk from the Virgin, pieces of her handkerchief, and so forth. All persons beholding these relics were entitled to 143 years of indulgence. This was more merit than any one person would need, and he might share it with his friends. The traveler in Europe to-day sees enough pieces of the original cross to build a substantial house, and he hears enough old wives' fables about relics to fill the biggest book in the world. Excepting Assisi, places were famous for its relics as Wittenberg."

"Superstitious veneration" is the phrase used to describe the esteem in which these sacred objects are held. Why "superstitious?" Is it because their authenticity is questioned? No, but simply because they are directly related to the holy and martyr things of Christianity—the great facts upon which modern religion is based. One goes to Scotland and sees crowds grouped around the swords of Wallace and Bruce in Edinburgh Castle; he hears expressions of pity and admiration for the noble Wallace and the hero of Bannockburn; he goes to the Tower of London and forms part of a crowd who are asked by a Beefeater guard to "drop a tear" over the place where Lady Jane Seymour met her fate and is shown the axe which chopped off her head. He visits Nelson's old ship the "Victory" on the Thames and goes to Greenwich palace and views the relics of many a bloody sea fight in old days; he comes here to Philadelphia and beholds crowds passing in reverential awe through the place where American liberty was born and views the "relics" with admiration. This sort of veneration is not "superstition." What sort is it, then? Not being connected with things of heaven, does it not bear a suspicious resemblance to idolatry—to mere worship of pieces of metal and timber and faded rags and papers and antique furniture? A couple of months ago the world beheld the old cracked Liberty Bell carried on a long journey, escorted with great military and civic honors and cheered all the way by thousands upon thousands of people—the greater part of whom, no doubt, are taught to look upon the veneration of things connected with the sacrifice of Calvary and the martyrdom of those who died for Christ as arrant "superstition." The worshippers of the Golden Calf are again with us to-day, and they sneer at any sort of reverence but that paid to their own worldly deities.

Father Tom Burke.

The following anecdote is related of the boyish days of the famous Dominican preacher. He had committed some youthful prank deserving of condign punishment. His mother took him into an inner room, and locking the door, knelt down and repeated the prayer, "Direct, O Lord, our actions," etc., after which she administered a sound thrashing. In after years Father Burke said: "When I saw my mother enter the room, make the sign of the cross, and solemnly invoke the Holy Ghost to direct her, I knew I could expect no mercy. I never got such a beating as that one directed by the Holy Spirit, and I have never forgotten it."

