

The Catholic Record.

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

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The First Christmas Eve.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

Stir up Thy might, O Lord, and come!
The world is sick for Thee,
Sorrow and sin have reached their sum,
The night goes wearily,
For every Caesar at his wine
Are myriad slaves undine,
Light of the World, arise and shine
From the eyes of Mary's Son!

Stir up Thy might, O Lord, and come!
O Lord, make no delay!
For Faith is faint, and Hope is dumb,
And Love hath lost his way,
Oh, Earth, bud forth the Saviour meek!
Clouds, rain the Holy One!
Hope of the World, arise and speak,
With the lips of Mary's Son!

Come, and lift up the lowly, Lord,
For whom no joy remains;
Thy poor ones, ravaged by the sword,
Or done to death in chains:
The childlike mother piteous,
The sad child life begun—
Oh, God, love, Man, love, feel for us
In the Heart of Mary's Son!

Come, Just One, come, and with Thee bring
Or recompense or doom,
Lo, fountains in the desert spring,
The wilderness bloom:
Thy foes crouch down with banners furled,
Thou dawnest—light is done—
Light of this world, and every world,
The Maiden Mary's Son!

CHAUNCEY DEPEW IN ROME.

Leo a Stronger Man Than Gladstone.

Nice, Dec. 7.—"As I entered the room the Pope arose and advanced half way to meet me," said Mr. Chauncey M. Depew to-day, talking to a *World* correspondent about his recent interview with the Pope. "He shook my hand warmly and asked me to be seated. Then he resumed his own seat in the Papal chair.

"He began the conversation by some remarks, very flattering to my pride, as to his knowledge of me and of my standing in America. The impression he intended to convey was that he knew who I was and all about me and had long watched with interest my career. He did it so tactfully and gracefully that I was almost convinced that it was true. This same tact and courtesy predominated all through the interview.

"The Pope I watched carefully, and I can say confidently that the talk about his being in a feeble and broken-down condition is all hush. He is a slender man, as is Mr. Gladstone, but taller, and therefore seeming to be more thin. His face is thin and he has long, finely-cut features, strictly Italian in contour.

"It has been said that he was weak and that his hands tremble constantly, as with palsy. This is not true. "I have dined often with Mr. Gladstone under circumstances where I could judge accurately of his general condition, and I have no hesitation in saying that the Pope shows certainly as much vigor and health as does Mr. Gladstone. The Pope is nine months older than Mr. Gladstone, and I consider him, if anything the stronger man of the two.

VIGOR AND MIND NOTED.
"There is about the Pope a certain nervous intensity which might be casually mistaken for feebleness in his movements. But to me it indicated rather strength and vigor of mind as well as of body.

"I was dressed all in white, with a little white cap on his head, and a long robe and cape of what I judged to be white wool. He wore the gold Papal cross and chain, richly ornamented with precious stones.

erty and property interests the position of the Church in most conservative, but the rights and privileges of the laborers, the workmen, the class called the poor, are not less important or entitled to less consideration from the Church.

"There is a duty," he continued, "higher than all other earthly duties that is owed by those who enjoy the material beneficence of God to those less favorably situated in this world. The duty of the employe to the employer is unquestioned, but so is the duty of the employer to the employe.

"There must always exist between these two classes," the Pope went on to say, "reciprocal relations and duties. Time and circumstances may change the nature of these relations, but in one form or another they must always exist. They are sacred obligations, and must be observed as such. Without their maintenance the world would go to pieces.

"So far as its industrial and governmental affairs are concerned, the Church," he declared impressively, "is founded and rooted upon the doctrines of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and only in the complete and unequivocal recognition of the force of that doctrine by all classes of men can there be true prosperity for mankind and permanent advancement for the human race.

GREAT INTEREST IN AMERICA.
"The conversation after this was more general. The Pope manifested great interest in America and Americans, and sent by me a message to my countrymen in an expressive of the hearty good will of himself for the American people and American institutions. He referred to my friendship for Archbishop Corrigan and praised the learning and intelligence of that prelate, whereat the Pope seemed well pleased.

"The interview lasted in all I should think, half an hour. It left with me the impression that the Pope is a man of intense conviction, very strong intellectually, great learning and absolute fairness.

"I am convinced that any question coming before him will be decided entirely upon his conviction of right and wrong, regardless of who may be helped or injured by the decision, and regardless of any personal relations he may have with either party."

"Did you find the Pope an impressive figure, Mr. Depew?" was asked. "When you think," he replied, "of that fact that the Pope is the keeper, as it were, of the consciences of 250,000,000 human beings, of something like one-fourth of the whole population of the globe; when you remember that of 2,000 years of history that lie back of the Church of Rome; when you see before you the essence of all this condensed or concentrated into one man, and surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance—the thousand evidences of his importance—you will find, I am sure, even the most ordinary man a very impressive figure. But I do not think the Pope is an ordinary man. He impressed me, on the contrary, as a very extraordinary man, a man of the most unusual intellectuality."

Europe is not so generally mentioned, but it is a fact that I have met nearly all the leading statesmen of the great continental nations. Bismarck is almost the only one I have missed.

"I have done this with a fixed purpose. Eminent Englishmen, coming to America with letters of introduction to the best people, have complained to me that they saw nothing more than in London drawing-rooms. The people they met talked only of society and similar general topics, just as they would have done in London. Because they were simply society people they never came into contact with the men who rule the country or who are creators or leaders of public sentiment.

"The people I want to see are the people who make these countries what they are—the people who dominate them, either by their position or by their talent and genius.

"It was with this motive that I sought an interview with the Pope. I had little idea that I would be received other than as ordinary travelers are—that is, only on the infrequent audience days which are arranged in advance for large delegations and to which travelers are allowed to attach themselves if properly accredited. But, all the same, I took my letters to the proper authority and told him what I wanted. He took the letters very courteously, but told me that the Pope never granted a private interview except to ecclesiastics or representatives of official power. That night, however, I received a note saying that the Pope would receive me the next day.

"I went to the Vatican at the appointed hour. It was 1 o'clock. The Pope had been continuously engaged since 8 o'clock that morning in receiving and considering the statements of ecclesiastics from all parts of the world, presenting for his decision vexed questions of Church law upon which appeals had been taken to Rome. I have a great deal of that sort of work to do myself, in a different and smaller way, perhaps, and I can appreciate the strain five hours of it must be upon a man as old as the Pope.

A GREAT SURPRISE.
"It was a great surprise to me, therefore, especially in view of all I had heard as to the extreme weakness of His Holiness, to find him so strong and vigorous in both mind and body as he was upon this occasion.

"When I arrived the Pope was engaged. With great tact he sent out a Monsignor familiar with the language and with America to converse with me while I waited. He was a very pleasant and intelligent man and talked interestingly on the attractions of Rome and Italy, and also upon America and the leading men of America, whose records he seemed to have studied.

"Finally, word came that the Pope was ready to see me. He had just been in conference with the Bishop of Northern New York and the Rev. Mr. Edward, of New York, and at my request they remained to help me out if my poor knowledge of the Italian language should embarrass me.

MAKE CHRISTMAS DAY A HAPPY DAY.

This is the thought concluding "At Home with the Editor," in the Dec. *Ladies' Home Journal*:

Whatever may be our circumstances, let us endeavor to make this Christmas Day as merry and joyful to ourselves and those around us as possible. If absent ones are thought of, let them be remembered with gladness. If reverses and sorrows have come with the year just ended let us bury them on Christmas Eve. To the discouraged let us be a healthful and life-giving stimulant, ever mindful of the power of a sunny and buoyant example. Let us make our crosses seem as light as possible to those who love us. Let frowns be buried in smiles, just for a day—the merriest, happiest day of all the year. Try the panacea of laughter upon the sick—better than all the medicines ever invented. Wherever they exist sorrow let us try, even if we can do ever so little, to wipe it away for the day. If ingratitude has come to us let us believe that there must exist a cause of which we know not. If the spirit of ungratefulness has come to any of us, let the Christmas joy soften our hearts. In mercy think of our enemies, never forgetful of the fact that life is too short to harbor ill-feelings. No matter what we have borne during the year, or what we feel we may be called upon to bear during the year to come let us be merry on this anniversary of the natal day of that Christ who will mend every wrong, who will set all things right, though His ways are not our ways and His blessings are slow in their coming.

And whatever may be our own trials, let us not for a moment show them to the children of our homes. Christmas is their day. If it be not for us it is cruel to take it from them. Before them, at least, let us carry the smile; let us be young again if but for a day, renewing our youth in the games and romps we can all give to the little hearts which came from our hearts. And in the innocent pleasures of childhood perhaps we shall forget the world and the hard side of our lives. Then, perchance, will the lesson come home to us that, whatever our trials, whatever our crosses, we are kings and queens of happiness in the possession of home and children. For wherever true love exists and reigns there will always be happiness. The happiest hearts are never far off from a home filled with the love of a good wife and the merry laughter of children.

THE LESSON OF BETHLEHEM.

This century boasts of the brotherhood of men, inscribes it upon its banners, makes it the watchword of its parties. Had there been no Divine Babe in the manger cradle of Bethlehem, the marble heart of this selfish century would never in its highest aspirations have dreamed of the doctrine of Christian love. Even with so many generations of Christian civilization and heroism pouring the light of their example upon us, how far are we with all our vaunted progress from the teaching of Bethlehem! We look about us in a Christian land, and we see multitudes in the abyss of degradation and few to help them; we see women struggling for so miserable a pittance that oftentimes they stand face to face with the terrible alternative of starvation or sin; we see capital, in the luxury of its palaces, grinding down the bread-winner as though he were a doomed slave; we see landlords drawing rent from tenements that are not fit abodes for savages. And why? Because we have forgotten Bethlehem. The supreme lesson which Christmas teaches is unselfish personal service without regard to race, creed, or color—a love as wide and as high and as deep as that of the Christ Child—a love which spreads its wings of compassion and mercy over the poor, the afflicted and the sinful—a love, whose feet are never weary, whose hands are never tired, shedding benediction on the paths of the unhappy. As Michael Angelo saw in the rough block of marble the angel struggling to be free, so Christian love will see in every child of man no matter how degraded he be, the human face divine, and will turn his gaze from the dust of earth to the stars of heaven. This love will point with pride to its hospitals and asylums for the sick and the diseased, but its noblest monuments will be the redeemed men snatched, like a brand from the burning, out of the darkness of passion and of sin. Imagine this self-denying love the ruling power of the world for one year! How many ills would be swept away from human life! How many problems solved before which O statesmen faint in their despair! O century of wondrous progress, one thing thou lackest—the love which transfigured the stable of Bethlehem! Thy place is at the crib of Christ. There thou wilt learn the Christ spirit, and the crown of thy glory will be complete. This is Bethlehem's lesson: every man animated with the self-sacrifice of Christ.—The Rev. Thomas C. McGoldrick, in *Donahoe's Magazine*.

THE CHURCH AND LABOR.

"When the encyclical was mentioned he straightened up with all the vigor of a man of fifty, his eyes flashed, he grasped the arms of his chair and leaned forward as though intensely interested. Then for five minutes he poured forth a clear, succinct, earnest and eloquent statement of the position of the Church upon that question.

"I wish I could repeat it, or translate even approximately into our language the beauty and intensity of his remarks. But I cannot undertake to give more than the substance of what he said.

"That encyclical, he declared, was no new thing in the Catholic Church. It laid down no new doctrines. It simply reaffirmed and enforced what had always been the doctrine and the policy of the Church as to the relations of the rich and the poor, the employer and the employe. The right of property, the right of a man to retain and enjoy that which he has earned by the sweat of his brow, or by genius and good fortune, has never been questioned by the Church and never will be. Upon all matters affecting prop-

DIocese OF LONDON.

The new bell was blessed by Bishop O'Connor at L'Assumption College, Sandwich, on Sunday, 17th inst. At 8 o'clock ordination services were held, and the Revs. Anthony Montreuil and Theodore Valentine were ordained deacons and Mr. Burk, of Detroit, and Mr. Brady, of Cleveland, were ordained sub-deacons. The blessing of the bell took place at 3 o'clock, and the church was crowded to the doors. Bishop O'Connor was assisted by Rev. Dean Wagner and Rev. Father Cushing. The Bishop delivered a powerful sermon. The sponsors were Senator Casgrain, Dr. Raymond Casgrain, Dr. Reaume, Dr. Langlois, Windsor; Dr. Chapoton, Dr. La Ferte, Detroit; Dr. Pare and Mayor Girardot, Sandwich. The Knights of St. John were present.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE POWER OF ROME.

We take much pleasure in publishing the following very able letter written by a prominent Catholic gentleman of Prescott, Mr. A. B. MacDonald. It was published in the *Mail* of Dec. 12, in answer to one written by Mr. Allen, one of that large staff of anti-Catholic writers who from week to week overload the *Mail* with "no-Popery" productions, the object of which is to boom the P. P. A., throw Mr. Mowat out of power and let into office that mountainous array of hungry bigots who, like Mr. McEwaver, are "waiting for something to turn up."

Sir,—In your issue of the 6th inst., and under the above heading, there appears what purports to be a letter written by J. A. Allen to the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, relating principally to the relation of Catholicism to the civil power. In this letter the writer evidently strives to make it appear that Protestants generally feel somewhat insecure, and are oppressed with a "brooding fear" of what might happen were Roman Catholics to gain the ascendancy in this country. He would feel more secure, however, were the Pope to declare, *ex-cathedra*, "that freedom of conscience is a human right," etc., etc.

Mr. Allen evidently needs some bromides to soothe his nerves. He need not feel uneasy even if the Pope does not convene a council at present for his special benefit. The wrongdoings of Protestants, of which he speaks, do not proceed from any fear of Catholics, but from ignorance and that cursed spirit of intolerance which awaits only an opportunity to show its ugly head.

What guarantee have Roman Catholics that the various Protestant Governments under which they live will not persecute them and deny them freedom of conscience? That they allow this freedom now is no guarantee that they will continue to do so. We have abundant evidence from history to show that freedom of conscience was not always a Protestant principle. Is it necessary to establish this fact by an appeal to history? Are there any Protestants who doubt it? If there are, let them consult Hallam's Constitutional History, volume 1, chapter 2, where he says: "Persecution is the deadly original sin of the reformed churches; that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive." Prof. Bryce, in his "Holy Roman Empire," chapter 18, page 332, et seq., has something to say of Protestant intolerance; and so has Buckle, in his "History of Civilization in England," a good deal to say about it—and all supported by good authorities, and Protestant authorities at that.

I suppose a good many anti-Catholics would be surprised to learn that the Church disclaims any intention or desire of persecuting Protestants, or restricting their rights, yet I find the following passage in Pope Leo XIII.'s Encyclical on the Christian Constitution of States, 1st November, 1885: "The Church, it is true, deems it unlawful to place the various forms of Divine worship on the same footing as the true religion; still it does not at that account condemn those rulers who, for the sake of securing some great good, or preventing some great evil, allow by custom and usage each kind of religion to have its place in the State. Indeed, the Church is wont diligently to take care that no one shall be compelled against his will to embrace the Catholic faith, for, as St. Augustine wisely reminds us, 'Man cannot believe otherwise than of his own free will.'" If, as Mr. Allen says, since the Vatican decrees the Pope is Catholicism, the concluding sentence of the foregoing quotation ought to give some consolation to all those who are oppressed with forebodings of what would happen were the Roman Catholics to have the power in their own hands. I think those of us who profess to be "Papists" have some reason to fear when we consider what the result would be were such a party as the P. P. A., for instance, to become dominant in this country; how much freedom of conscience, or any other kind of freedom, would we enjoy then?

Mr. Allen cites Lord Acton, and describes him as "a Catholic nobleman high in the highest ranks of English literary men." I can easily understand why he thinks so highly of this nobleman. At the time of writing this letter (from the *Times*, 8th Nov., 1874, Lord Acton had thrown off his allegiance to the Pope, joined the "Old Catholic" heresy, and was no more of a Catholic than Martin Luther was after he apostatized. One would think that Cardinal Manning had Lord Acton or some such man in his mind when he wrote: "If a Catholic can be found out of tune with authority by half a note, he is at once extolled for unequalled learning and irrefragable logic. The anti-Catholic journals are at his service, and he vents his opposition to the common opinions of the Church by writing against them anonymously." The statements of such a man about the Popes should, therefore, be received with great caution, especially

when he did not quote a single authority to support his charges. Mr. Allen again speaks of the *ex-cathedra* decrees of infallible Popes—decrees binding for all time—and reaffirmed and confirmed by the last Pope. It is not quite clear what he means here by the *ex-cathedra* decrees of infallible Popes. If he refers to the charges made by Lord Acton about the Popes, then let him understand that this nobleman has not cited nor mentioned a single example of *ex-cathedra* decrees by the Popes he mentions. Why did not Lord Acton give us the name of the Papal document wherein it is stated that it is no murder to kill excommunicated persons? And if such a document exists, or did exist, was it *ex-cathedra*? Let Mr. Allen show us that it is an *ex-cathedra* utterance of the Popes "that those who questioned and restricted his authority in temporal matters were worse than those that rejected it in spirituals." If it be an *ex-cathedra* utterance, was the Pope speaking about the Papal States, or did his words refer to the whole Christian world? The depositing power, about which we hear and read so much, does not come within the sphere of Papal infallibility. This I could show by the late Pontiff's own words, but limited space prevents me from giving the quotation. Again, if Mr. Allen refers to the propositions of the Syllabus, then I say, and on good authority, that very few of the eighty propositions or errors that were condemned are condemned by *ex-cathedra* definitions or enactments, and are therefore not "binding for all time," as he puts it. And, again, the propositions of the Syllabus are not to be taken according to the meaning which the enemies of the Roman Catholic Church give them, but according to the interpretation given to them by the Bishops to whom the document was addressed. Many honest Protestants think that the eighty condemned propositions are so many heresies in the eyes of Rome, and that the eighty contradictories are so many articles of faith. This is a mistake, as I could easily show from Cardinal Manning, Bishop Ullathorne, Mgr. Capel, and other Catholic authorities. Once more, those propositions are intended to be condemned in the sense given to them in the books or writings from which they have been extracted, and not in the sense in which anti-Catholic writers and firebrands use them to excite hatred and distrust of their Roman Catholic fellow subjects.

Don't Fool With a Paulist.

A Western A. P. A. mountebank challenges Father Elliot to a discussion. The eloquent Paulist sized up his would-be antagonist in the following manner. It is not good policy to fool with a Paulist: "Professor Sims is an A. P. A. lecturer, one of the band in the regular employ of the organization. He has a voice of much power and is a specimen of the vulgar sort of stump speakers. There is no use denying that the old Adam in me longed to accept the challenge. I regretted, for a brief moment, that I was not Dennis Kearney, the sand-lot orator. I should have hurt my office and my cause in stooping to such baseness. So, in substance, I told my audience that neither peace of mind, nor the business of the persuasion of the truth, nor mutual understanding and good will would be helped by the 'joint debate.' But I answered in the challenge, and added that the difference between my work and his was that between law-court and pugilism."

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Our Lady's Antiphons.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Through purple shadows steals a strain
Of Advent longing, sweet and grave;
A thrilling joyance, touch'd with pain,
It is the incense hallowed nave.
Around our Mother's altar stream
The plaintive notes. Our eyes grow dim:
Four thousand years of yearning seem
Concentrated in that pleading hymn,
Alma Redemptoris Mater!

When Candelmas tapers are glowing,
And the chimies of St. Blaise are rung;
When Lenten lilies are blowing,
And Lenten Vespers sung;
Adrift through the dreamy gloaming,
Floateth a song with strings—
Is it an angel's realm?
On high, or a mortal, that sings:
Ave Regina cœlestis!

The bells clash wild in the Easter dawn,
In the rosy rays of Easter morn'ning;
Now high—now low,
Now fast—now slow,
The bells ring on, ring on, ring on,
All touch of sorrow searing!

Dance, happy sun in the cloudless sky!
The Tomb is rent and the Dead arise!
The bells of the bells
To the wide world tell
Of Mother Mary's joy on high,
And of souls released from prison:
Regina cœlestis!

Lower all the quiet after-year resonants
The exile's hymn, O Mistress of the Skies!
Its echoes reach to earth's remotest bounds;
Hailing thee, element queen of Paradise,
Our life, our sweetness, and our hope; to thee,
We, mourning, cry from out this vale of tears:
Thine eyes of mercy on us turn, and we
Shall taste the gladness of th' Eternal Years!
Salve Regina, Mater misericordis!
—Ave Maria.

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Salve Regina, Mater misericordis!
—Ave Maria.

Ah, me! what matter? The
And bliss and hale are but
I can never lose what in him
Though love be sorrow with
And if love dies when we are
Why life is still not long—

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE IDEAL SHAKEN TO ITS FOUNDATION.

"Farewell, O dream of mine!
I dare not stay;
The hour is come, and time
Will not delay.
She stands the future dim,
And draws me on,
And shows me dearer joys,
But though art gone—"
(Aylmer Proctor).

Mabel had passed nearly two months at Vrananches before she received her first Australian letter. Hugh wrote in good spirits; he had had a prosperous journey, and hoped to be able to wind up his affairs so as to be free early in the coming year.

"Not by Christmas, I fear, but certainly by Easter, darling Mabel, I shall, D. V., be with you. The future sometimes seems to me almost too happy; I can scarcely believe it will really be ours, and there are days when I feel very desponding; but God will surely reward you for the generous sacrifice you have already made, and this consoles me, when I get into my low fits. Oh! Mabel, I have had much sorrow in my life, but your love is the sunshine that has more than made up for all."

Hugh was not one to talk, still less to write, lengthily about his own feelings; the rest of the letter was very matter-of-fact; telling her of his work, the mission, and its future chances of success. There was a good deal about Elvanlee parish; messages were sent to some of his parishioners, and many questions asked regarding Mabel's own daily life.

"Oh! Mamma, I never want to go to church again!" exclaimed little Eva, as, hot and weary after the long drive, she came in to luncheon, followed by her brother and Mabel.

"Don't say that, Eva," interrupted Wilfred, with an air of superiority; "of course we shall like to go to church at Elvanlee, when we go back there. You know Aunt Mabel told you this was not a church at all."

"I told you so, Mabel," laughed Jessie. "You had much better have taken my advice. I knew you would hate it."

"It was shocking," replied Mabel, indignantly. "I could not have believed that there could exist a place so heartless, so—"

"There now, don't get into a state, Mabel. You have evidently never been into a Dissenting chapel," remarked Jessie, coolly; "and French Calvinists are not likely to suit you. I can't think why you did not go to the Cathedral of St. Anne."

"Suits me? Do they suit anybody, I wonder?"

"That depends upon circumstances. I was brought up in the Kirk, Mabel; and John Knox and Calvin have a family likeness to each other. I don't object to French services, if the Pastor be an eloquent man—of course all depends on that."

"Well, I should be sorry to belong to a Church whose merits depend on the preacher," said Mabel emphatically.

"Oh! you little humbug!" answered Jessie quickly. "Just as if your devotion to your own beloved Anglican Church did not depend entirely on whose parish you were in!"

"What do you mean, Jessie?"

"Mean, Mabel? Why, just this: of course you believed Mr. Vaughan to be worthy of your allegiance, and so you looked upon him as the Voice of the Church; but as for poor Mr. Selby, in the adjoining parish, he was quite set aside, and though he got his authority from the same source as Mr. Vaughan, do you remember how you abused the man, and called him a 'wolf in sheep's clothing,' because he upheld the Thirty-nine Articles, and an unadvised pretty strongly upon the Popish practices at Elvanlee, eh, Mabel? But, there, don't let us quarrel about these stupid absurdities. Will you come to Vespers at the Cathedral? We shall hear some pretty music there, at least."

Mabel went with Jessie to the Cathedral, and though she did not even try to understand a word of what was going on from the very moment she entered the sacred edifice, a feeling of perfect rest and homeliness came over her.

Jessie seated herself comfortably, where she could both hear and see well; but Mabel no sooner crossed the threshold of the holy place than she again fell under the influence which had already, in the little Convent chapel, so powerfully attracted her. For a few moments she sought, with all the strength of her lately-formed resolution, to resist it, but once more overcome by its excessive sweetness, she withdrew a little way behind Jessie, and knelt down where she knew she would be concealed by one of the massive pillars.

Thinking nothing of the music, the service, the gorgeous splendor of the sanctuary, forgetting the crowd of worshippers by whom she was surrounded, Mabel was sensible of one feeling only: the Real Presence of the God Whom she adored. In that Divine Presence she had found all that her heart could desire. All troubles, all doubts, all misgivings as to the future, were hushed into instantaneous rest. That she was in a Roman Church Mabel no longer cared to remember. She did not occupy her mind in contrasting the afternoon service with the one at which she had in the morning assisted. Neither did she trouble herself with useless strivings to understand the merits of the Anglican versus the Roman Church.

She was conscious of nothing, save that, in the holy place, an aching void within her heart was completely filled.

She realized that something had come to her for which she had longed all through her life. She only felt and knew that at last she could render to God the adoration which she so yearned to offer.

When Benediction was over, Jessie looked round for Mabel, and saw her kneeling, with her face buried in her hands, some way behind her. Jessie touched her twice, the third time shaking her gently, before Mabel lifted her head.

"Did you go to sleep, Mabel?" inquired Lady Forrester, while they were walking home. "The music was rather sleepy. All Gregorian too. I got so tired."

"I was not asleep. I did not notice the music much, Jessie; but, oh! what a delicious place it is to say one's prayers in!"

On the Sunday following, Mabel instead of repeating her visit to the temple, betook herself, with her bible and prayer-book, to the Convent Chapel. It was very quiet—she had it all to herself—for most of the inhabitants of Vrananches were gone to High Mass. In the little chapel Mabel accordingly spent a very happy Sunday morning, so happy, indeed, that she was glad on other occasions to renew her visit. The chapel was always open, and from that time forth, Mabel never failed to go there for her morning and evening devotions.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly to herself, the unknown influence which from the first had so powerfully attracted her, obtained complete possession of her heart.

She surrendered herself to its enjoyment. Lulled into a temporary delusion, she continued to cherish the idea that this beautiful, this comforting doctrine of the Real Presence, was indeed the faith of the Anglican Church. With all the powers of her reason she resisted, as she believed, the so-called corruptions of the Roman Church, often arguing fiercely with her French friends in defence of her own Anglican tenets, trying hard to prove to them, and to herself, that in the Anglican Communion she could find all her heart desired.

For a while there was a positive bitterness in the animosity she displayed towards devotion to the Blessed Virgin, for the transient gleam of comprehension which had come to her respecting it had faded away. Nor was Mabel at all prepossessed by what she saw of Catholic worship—she strongly objected to the use of Latin in the churches, rather disliked the music than otherwise, misunderstood the ceremonies, and contrasted them unfavorably with her own Church's more simple, and as she chose to think, far purer ritual. All this helped to delude her into the belief that her residence at Vrananches was strengthening rather than weakening her devotion to the Anglican Church.

"She is Protestant!—oh! how Protestant!" Marie de St. Laurent despondingly remarked to Genevieve, after a discussion on devotion to the Blessed Virgin which had taken place between herself and Mabel; "and yet when one sees her before the Blessed Sacrament, it is hard to believe she is not Catholic."

"Leave her—leave her alone, interpose Mr. Vaughan, who happened to be present; she is not the obstinate Protestant you take her for. Her very vehemence is but fresh proof, in my eyes, of her loyal devotion to the Church. Only pray for her, my children. There is a sharp conflict before her, and any day now she may open her eyes and see it coming. Do not go beforehand with God, or you will wake her up perhaps too soon."

Acting under her father's guidance, Genevieve avoided all discussion with Mabel; nor did Mabel, after the first, seem to be very keen about it. As the time wore on, she grew apparently more satisfied with her own position, depending less on the opinions of her friend; though with the inmates of the St. Laurent family she was always getting into disputes. Mabel soon became very fond of the girls—especially of Marie; they in their turn attached themselves to her with enthusiastic affection.

That October afternoon upon which Mabel received her Australian letter was a distinct epoch in her life. After the perusal of the long-expected letter, a sudden flash of light, revealing to her her own position, awakened at the same moment in her bosom serious misgivings and forebodings concerning the future. For nearly half an hour she remained passive, resting her head against the hard rock, listening with closed eyes to the dashing waves of the rapidly-advancing tide. The wind was rising, the sea becoming momentarily more boisterous, and a low moaning in the distance heralded an approaching storm.

"Hugh," she said presently, in a low, exceedingly constrained voice—"Hugh, what have you done?" Then she sat bolt upright, crying out with the sharp throbb of pain which shot through her heart. Another low moaning, after which she spoke again, with her eyes fixed, as though she saw before her him to whom she spoke: "Do you know what you have done? You have put the finishing stroke to the destruction of my faith in the Church of England. Veve is right, my Church is an ideal; and for yours—God help me, I cannot believe in it, do what I will. Oh! why did I not die before this came upon me? There is no such thing as authority in the Church of England—it is all a miserable mockery! What shall I do, Mabel—what shall I do? Why did you ever leave me?" said Mabel, beginning to sob piteously, and walling forth her sad complaint. "You tell me to use my own reason, my own judgment,

and not to be influenced by others. I think my reason will go from me, for it will never let me put faith in the English Church any more. If I use my judgment, I don't know what to do, for my judgment tells me there must be a visible Church somewhere, but where?—oh! where? Not the Roman Church—not the corrupt Church of Rome! I cannot, I will not believe that; but then I must have no faith—none; and there is nothing to comfort, no one to speak to. Hugh, why did you leave me? There is no sense in my belief. Hugh calls it 'ridiculous Puseyism.' Why don't I believe him? He is a priest of the Church, he must have authority. O God, why cannot I submit to it?" She checked herself as the advancing line of white foam came nearer to her as each wave broke with a louder splash upon the sandy beach.

Very reluctantly Mabel rose to retrace her steps, for it would not have been safe to continue longer in the cavern. Anne to bring the light. Her father, close beside her, has his arm around her. The expression of his face is very sad, shadows of doubt and despair are there, and tears fill his eyes. But there is no sadness on the face of the child. It is radiant with expectancy and bright with the brightness that hope and faith bring.

"The priest now turns to the people while holding something aloft in his hands, and all the people bow reverently; while a wave of whispered supplication, like the sound of a summer breeze passing over a field of ripened grain, fills the aisles and spreads out among the multitude beyond the church's walls."

"Suddenly the child at the altar rail rises to her feet, and throwing her arms above her head, as if reaching for something above, cries: 'Oh, father, father! the light is coming, father!'"

"The father catches her as she falls faint and limp into his arms, and hurriedly pushing his way through the throng, bears her out into the churchyard and tenderly lays her on a grassy mound under the trees. Water from the holy well is poured on her face by a young priest. For a moment she revives. She clasps her arms around the neck of her father, who is bending over her. A smile of peace and joy illumines her pallid face as she kisses him. Her arms relax and fall on her breast, and her head sinks back on her father's arm."

"The light has come."

AN EPISCOPAL DIVINE'S CON- DEMNATION.

Rev. G. A. Carstenson, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Indianapolis, delivered a sermon on a Sunday in which he paid a manly tribute to Catholicism. During the course of a scathing denunciation of the A. P. A.'s Rev. Carstenson said:

"I firmly believe there are Protestants who would rather see the city flooded with reeking dens of the vilest iniquity than witness the work done by the Little Sisters of the Poor. I believe their are Protestants who would rather see the city given up to the rankest corruption than to hear of these Daughters of the Divine Love performing daily deeds of charity. Can any one tell me that the grand men who minister to the Roman Catholic congregations in this city are the four personages depicted by this underhand and backbiting society of cowards, or that they are endeavoring to sap the foundations of society? No! They are noble minds, pure hearts and great souls, incapable of such deeds, and even a suspicion of them."

"Charges and invectives like those of the A. P. A. are no new thing for the Roman Church. She has borne them for centuries. The Roman Catholic Church, exultant, exalted and triumphant will live and bless the world in spite of these cowardly enemies and assassins, on and ever disseminating the Gospel of Jesus Christ. These harmless little pellets emitted with venomous purpose will fall back flattened and harmless as homeopathic pills against the rocks of Gibraltar, and the Roman Catholic Church will go on praying for those who despitefully abused and persecuted her and will firmly establish her claim to the blessing of Him who said the Church should be blessed when all things would be said against it for His sake. 'He that despiseth you, despiseth Me,

and not down,' if you're a suffering woman. Every one of the bodily troubles that come to women only has a guaranteed cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That will bring you safe and certain help. It's a powerful general, as well as a specific, tonic and nerve, and it builds up and invigorates the entire female system. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength."

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HOW THE LIGHT CAME.

The Pathetic Story of a Poor Blind Girl at the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beauraup.

An exquisite paper in the November Lippincott's is that by J. Army Knox, "How the Light Came." The writer tells of a visit to the Canadian shrine of Ste. Anne de Beauraup, at the time of a pilgrimage. He relates the case of a poor blind girl, almost at the point of death with consumption, who had come to the holy shrine to pray for relief from her sufferings. Mr. Knox writes:

"I got a seat near the altar. The pilgrims kneel during the whole service. They certainly are in earnest. Above ever and anon the audible prayer of some miserable cripple, some human wretch, crying in an anguish: 'O good Ste. Anne, help us!'"

"On her knees, and kneeling against the altar rail, is the little girl with the halo of golden hair. The blue veins on her temples are more distinct, and the spots on her hollow cheeks are a deeper red. Her clasped hands are stretched out toward the altar, and her great blue eyes seem to be gazing on something far beyond it. Her attitude is that of earnest supplication. She is praying the good Ste. Anne to bring the light. Her father, close beside her, has his arm around her. The expression of his face is very sad, shadows of doubt and despair are there, and tears fill his eyes. But there is no sadness on the face of the child. It is radiant with expectancy and bright with the brightness that hope and faith bring."

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despise Him that sent Me.' Let these men have a cure lest a curse not of Rome, but of an offended God come upon them. Know-Nothingism was trampled down in its own infamy, and in its inceptancy, and these men who are the most radical of extremists, are traitors to their country. They are un-American. Destruction will surely come to all who set themselves up against God's messengers."

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"My daughter was afflicted for nearly a year with catarrh. The physicians being unable to help her, my pastor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice. Three months of regular treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills completely restored my daughter's health."—Mrs. Louise Kiehl, Little Canada, Ware, Mass.

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FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD. FOR LOVE AND FAME.

Ah, me! what matter? The world goes round. And bliss and bale are but outside things. I can never lose what in him I found.

Though love be sorrow with half grown wings; And if love flies when we are young; Why life is still not long—not long.

(Miss Muloch.

"My heart's set in winning that prize, and it will take something better than that weak creature Angela In-chene to carry it off from me." She was a splendid creature who uttered these words, a magnificent blonde, with a wealth of light reddish golden hair, large gray eyes that were now blazing and her flushed cheeks and crimson lips seemed to breathe the fire that burned in her enthusiastic soul. She was the darling of St. Mary's Academy and the most brilliant of a group of four lovely young girls who were seated on the fresh grass on the bank of the river Raisin. Before them flowed the river, sparkling in the sunlight of a fair June day. Behind them, arose the white walls of Monroe's celebrated Academy for young ladies. The Academy was a very select and expensive school, and its scholars were mostly daughters of rich men. This quartette of four girls were called the Belles of the Academy. They would have been belles anywhere; because, besides being endowed with more than ordinary physical beauty, they were all daughters of wealthy and distinguished men. Alma Covert, first in beauty, grace and intellect, was, as I said, a magnificent creature, and was the only child of Senator Covert, of Wisconsin. Her companions were Miss Tess Gordon, daughter of an eminent Canadian physician; Miss Wilcot, of Wilcot, and Miss Dora Duncan, of New York.

"Do you know what I overheard the Professor say to Sister Elizabeth the other day?" asked Tess Gordon. "Sister Elizabeth, who wants Angela In-chene to win the prize—because she is a Catholic I suppose, was asking the Professor what he thought about it."

"Why, Miss Covert will carry it off, of course," he replied, "not because she has a finer voice than Miss In-chene—for she has not—but because Miss Covert has the confidence and self-possession to do her justice, which the other girl, unfortunately, entirely lacks." Alma flushed crimson, and then pointed, while the other girls broke out in indignant exclamations.

"The professor must have been joking," said Dora Duncan, stifling a yawn. "I really never could see anything in that girl's voice, and she is physically a fright. Fancy anyone draped like that, competing for a prize with our Alma." And she tossed her pretty head towards a quiet, pale-faced girl, who sat alone in a rustic bench deeply absorbed in a book she was reading. "She wore the festive uniform of the school—pure white muslin, for it was the annual commencement of the college. But her plain, white dress contrasted unfavorably with the dainty, lace-trimmed robes of her companions. "There is nothing very attractive about Angela In-chene," interposed the gentle Miss Wilcot, "but she certainly has a very fine voice. You know she is rather under a disadvantage here. Perhaps under more favorable circumstances she would appear to better advantage."

"I think that rich old uncle of hers must be frightfully mean, chimed in Tess Gordon, or he would have given the girl an outfit when he sent her here and not let her be a disgrace to the school with her shabby clothes."

"Yes, he certainly must be a very eccentric old man," resumed Jean Wilcot. "I understand that he has promised to send her to New York to have her voice cultivated if she wins the prize for dramatic reading here; but he is very unreasonable, and he hates anything like failure. If she fails he will consider his duty to her discharged, as she graduates to-day. It must be very hard to be left to fight one's own way in this unsympathetic world, at only nineteen," and this petted child of fortune shivered as she imagined herself in the orphan girl's position.

"There goes the bell!" cried Tess Gordon, and the four girls arose and retraced their steps towards the college buildings. Many of the friends of the pupils had arrived, but they were not allowed to see their charges until after the ceremonies. Alma's parents were there eager to catch a glimpse of their darling as she took her place on the platform. But Alma, who was usually so bright and brilliant, looked very thoughtful as she sank into her seat after having kissed her hand to her parents in recognition of their smile of joy; and had anyone looked closely into the sweet gray eyes, they would have seen tears in them. Among all the people who crowded the hall, there was not one who was interested in the dark eyed girl who was to compete with the senator's daughter for a prize that meant so much to her. At length came the reading trial, and the two girls, Alma, now smiling, and Angela, white as death and trembling like a leaf, came forward on the platform. Alma was to read first, and she looked so bright and pretty as she stood there, that a murmur of admiration went through the audience. The girls were to read the same selection and Julia Dreyer's "Vashti," had been chosen. Surely that was not Alma Covert's voice that fell so discordantly on the silent, eager audience. The girls looked at each other in horrified amazement. What was the matter with Alma? She was fairly murdering the piece. It was a relief to everybody when her voice died away, and a very faint applause followed. Alma looked like a doctored queen as she took her place in the ranks with crimson cheeks, and great tearful eyes,

but, as she turned and faced the audience, there was a strange smile on her lips. In the meantime Angela had come forward and made her bow. A new hope was thrilling her, and the next moment her voice rang out clear, sweet and strong, as no one had ever heard it before. When the rich magnificent voice ceased to echo through the hall there was a burst of enthusiastic applause, and there was no doubt as to who had won the prize. When it was all over and Alma was in the carriage which was to bear her away, to the consternation of her parents she burst into tears. "I knew she was ill!" exclaimed the senator's wife, or she never would have let that girl carry off the prize. Alma, darling, you should not have attempted to go through the ceremonies, much less read for a prize. But the senator understood his noble child better than her worldly mother ever could, and he knew that she had willingly humiliated herself in the day of her graduation for the sake of her humble school-mate, whose misfortune of riches made it necessary that she should make more than an accomplishment of her artistic talent.

"Alma," said the senator, lifting his daughter's small, daintily-gloved hand to his lips, "you have done me more honor to-day than if you had won twenty prizes. That you lost the race because you stopped to point out the way to a wanderer will be remembered by him, though your name will not be capitalized in to-morrow's newspapers."

"Don't congratulate me!" cried Angela In-chene when the happy sister Elizabeth, took her favorite in her arms and fairly cried with joy. "The honor is not mine. Miss Covert failed purposely, because she has heard of my uncle's unreasonableness. Oh! if I could only repay her in some way!" cried the grateful girl. "She is as noble as she is true."

Little did Angela In-chene dream how and when an opportunity to repay her school-mate's sacrifice would present itself.

And so this beautiful, theatrical star who has turned the heads of all—both young and old, is really Angela In-chene?"

The speaker was Miss Wilcot, who was spending the season with her friend, Alma Covert, at the Senator's magnificent Washington residence.

The two girls were taking breakfast tete-a-tete in an elegantly-appointed room. "Yes, who would believe that three years would make such a change in any one," said Alma, taking up the Washington Chronicle. "The papers are unsparing in their praises of the new star. See what they say of last night's performance." She folded down the paragraph and tossed it across to her friend. "To-night is the last time she plays until after Lent," resumes Alma.

"You remember what a staunch little Catholic she was. I have prevailed in her to spend the next six weeks here with us in a quiet way, so you see she will be here for dinner to-morrow night and I have invited Captain Willard and a few friends to meet her."

"You must be pretty sure of the Captain's heart or you would not invite him to meet this paragon of passionate declamation," said Miss Wilcot, glancing mischievously at her friend who had risen and was wheeling her comfortable chair over to the grate, her white, furred morning robe trailing its sweeping length on the marble floor as she walked. Alma's heart gave a great muffled throb that almost stifled her.

"I feel awfully wounded in me," said Jean with a wifful pout of her red lips. "Is it true, as society declares, that you are to marry Captain Willard?" "You could hardly expect me to confide in you, dear, until the gentleman first does me the honor to propose," said Alma with an embarrassed laugh. Indeed, it is one of her charming ways that she laughs at everything that can be possibly laughed at. Captain Frank Willard was one of the wealthiest bachelors in Washington and considered a prize in the market matrimonial. He admired the senator's lovely daughter who was the acknowledged belle of Washington. He was a frequent visitor at the senator's house and society reported them affianced. The handsome Captain had quite determined to change his bachelor condition, and it seemed to him that the dainty grace and perfect loveliness of Alma Covert would wonderfully adorn his brown-stone front on Capital Hill. Long ago he had read, like an open page, the pure, adoring heart of this girl—no vanity in him, for it was palpable to all; to a certain degree he loved her, he admired her glorious beauty and sunny ways, and though no word of love had yet passed his lips, he certainly meant some day to make her his wife. But the state of his mind strangely complicated as he sat in his front row box at the theatre witnessing the farewell performance of the beautiful young tragedian over whom all Washington was raving. The play was the old, old story of the hopeless lovers of Verona. Such a hold had her impersonation of the intensely loving Juliet taken on the handsome veteran, that he neglected other entertainments to listen night after night to the magnificent contralto voice that seemed to fill his soul with an agony of delight. Mademoiselle In-chene's physical qualifications for the part were superb. Her countenance was Italian in cast of features and complexion, her eyes, which were large and lustrous, were deepest violet black. When they first rested in Romeo's form, they

dilated with the eager fire of Southern passion. Her whole attitude showed she felt she had met her destiny, and before she had even spoken a word, the audience felt that they were under the spell of an enchantment. How fully, it seemed to the enamored Captain, did Romeo express his feelings in saying,—"O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright! It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear: Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!"

"Well, Capt.," said his friend, Leslie Hamilton, when the curtain descended at the end of the fifth act, and they rose to quit the theatre. "What do you think of In-chene? Jolly-like girl, isn't she?"

"Don't speak of the young lady in that vulgar way," snapped the captain. "I am certain that girl is as pure and good as Juliet was."

"I'm not saying a word against her—nobody can do that, regained his companion, opening his eyes in polite amazement. "But, my dear boy, you've either got badly bit with that siren's charms; or you've been drinking—oh, of all men!"

Captain Willard was in no mood for badinage at that moment, and pleading a headache, which confirmed his friend's suspicion that he had been imbibing, he hurried off to his home, where he had not been since morning, having lunched and dined at the club. Rummaging the pile of letters that was awaiting him on the hall table, he found one which he knew to be from Miss Covert. He seized it, tore it open, and read:

"DEAR CAPTAIN—As usual, mamma makes me her amanuensis. If not better occupied, she begs that you will waive ceremony, and come to dine with us to-morrow night at 7:30, to meet a few people, who have promised to keep us company, among them the reigning queen of tragedy—Mademoiselle In-chene, who proves to be an old school-mate of Miss Wilcot's and mine. With kindest regards, I am, yours very truly, ALMA COVERT."

It was some time before the captain's spirits were sufficiently calmed down to admit of his inditing a coherent reply. To think that he would actually procure an introduction to the inspirer of the consuming yet delicious flame which burned within his bosom! It was with difficulty he compelled himself to await the slow progress of the hands on the dial of his watch. On entering the senator's drawing-room the following night, Captain Willard beheld the fair divinity of his dreams seated on a divan with the hostess's daughter, her superb form set off to great advantage by a rose colored silk dress of exquisite fit, the heavy train lying in shimmering billows on the carpet. Certainly, there could not be a greater contrast between two faces. Alma's all pink and white, like a sea shell, her lovely red gold hair all crimped and frizzed down over her white brow, her baby mouth, wreathed in smiles, her toilet like a dream of the sea, all billows of white and palest green. How perfect her manners were as she glided forward to receive and welcome the handsome Captain.

"My friend, Miss In-chene, Captain Willard," said Miss Covert's quiet tones. The lady rose gracefully from her seat and greeted the Captain in the same rich contralto which had so enthralled him at the theatre; and at last he had the brief precious delight of pressing her hand for a second in his own trembling palm.

"We were just talking about our dear old Alma Mater," said Miss Covert, graciously placing a chair for the Captain to be seated. "You remember Miss Duncan, of New York, who visited me last winter?"

Of course the Captain remembered, though, if the truth must be recorded, he hardly knew what his fair hostess was saying, so lost was he in admiration of the beautiful dark-eyed actress. Miss In-chene tells me that she saw her the early part of the winter in one of the Canadian cities. You know she married a Dr. Gordon, first cousin of her inseparable friend, Tess. This is his picture, selecting one from a collection that were scattered on a little table.

"Don't you think he resembles our friend Mr. Higgins?" "Very much," said the Captain, lifting his eyes glances to stare at the pictured face. "This is a face that breathes power," he said misguidedly, "and indeed he must possess a wonderful will to have conquered the heart of that most charming of coquettes. He wears a chrysanthemum in his buttonhole."

"Are you partial to chrysanthemums, Miss In-chene?" "I should be a person of unnatural tastes, if I were not partial to these particular ones, said the actress, carrying a cluster of white flowers she wore at her hair.

The Captain would like to have known why she was partial to these particular chrysanthemums; but just then dinner was announced, after which came an hour or two in the drawing room, filled up with music and lively chat, in which the jovial senator was the leading spirit. Captain Willard stood beside Miss In-chene, and turned the music while she played pieces of his selection, and then, while the rest of the party were deep in some absorbing topic, these two fell into side conversation about operas and composers, which lasted till the man was in danger of losing his head as well as his heart.

He met her often after that, and his attentions to her were so marked and significant as to become a subject for comment. Captain Willard made no

attempt to deceive himself. He knew that he loved Angela In-chene, not as ordinary men love, but with a mad, passionate love, that meant life or death to him. Not a scrap of encouragement was awarded him in return for his constant devotion. There was always a sort of constraint in her manner when talking to him. Nevertheless, he resolved to put his fate to the touch, even if he lost. But the coveted opportunity did not present itself, until Miss In-chene's last evening in the city, when he found an excuse to lead her into the conservatory, and then and there poured forth the story of his love. For a moment there was a light of unseparable ecstasy and joy upon the girl's face, but this expression vanished quickly, and though there was a sign of tremor in the ripe, curving lips, her full, lustrous eyes looked wonderingly into his. How little he dreamed that she was silently praying for strength to deny the cry of her own breaking heart.

"Captain Willard—No!" These were the words, stern and cold, that fell from her lips. The bewildered Captain stared at her in blank amazement. For an instant he was too disconcerted to speak.

"Have you no pity?" he said at length. "I will wait years." "Enough!" she cried. "Let this end," and both lily white hands were uplifted in a gesture that was half entreaty, half command. "I beg your pardon," he said, with a bitterness he could not wholly suppress. "I might have known that a woman living in an atmosphere of homage and adoration, as you do, would be utterly heartless."

There was no other way! cried Angela In-chene as she locked herself in her room when it was all over. "If he had the slightest inkling that I love him, Alma's chance of happiness would be shipwrecked. He thinks I am a vain coquette and will reject me from his heart and learn to love Alma tenderly and well. "But oh, my love!" cried the poor wretched girl, "it is only now that I begin to fathom the depths of my unrequited love for you."

A terrible, overwhelming sense of desolation rushed upon her. "Where shall I turn?" she asked herself, as with folded arms she paced the floor. Where could she turn but to the Great Sufferer who pours the oil of comfort in wounds that in His strange providence often grows to be "blessings in disguise." So, falling on her knees and bowed to the very dust, the poor creature laid the burden of her sorrow on the broken heart of her Lord, while from her lips broke the humble rhymic prayer:

"Other refuge have I none, Helpless to Thy cross I cling; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing."

Captain Willard was not one to sue for unwilling favor, and after the first cruel throbs of agony, his pride rose supreme. He was still sitting where Angela had left him, when there was a rattle of silk, a jingle of merry laughter—and Alma came into the conservatory, in search of Miss In-chene. She was looking very lovely and the thought that this beauty was all his own for the asking thrilled the captain's soul like a pean of triumph. Because he had made a fool of himself by falling in love with a beautiful, heartless coquette, was that any reason why he should waste his life lamenting over a fair, sweet fate that might have been? So, as though talking to a beautiful, petulant child who must yield, he said the words that had more than once trembled on his lips before the face of the fatally beautiful actress had come between them.

While Angela's pure, heart winning petition floated upward on wings seraphic, Alma was wondering what she had ever done to deserve such happiness. A shiver thrilled her from head to foot: the warm fragrant air of the conservatory sickened her almost to fainting, passionate bliss is always closely allied to passionate pain. It was a year before the marriage took place, and the wedding was characteristic of the Coverts, for its quiet elegance. Angela was sitting in her dressing-room at the Jacksonville Theatre, awaiting the arrival of her personal attendant, when she read the account of the wedding.

"Oh, Alma!" she cried, "I hope you may be as happy in the prize I yield to you, as I was the day, when, by your noble sacrifice, I won the prize that gave me fame. I am glad and thankful that it has been in my power to make you happy. Ah, how true are the words of the poet:

"Nobody could tell, for nobody knew Why love was made to gladden a few, And those who would have forever been true, Go alone and unloved the whole way through."

The sound of the orchestra reminded Angela that she was in the temple of art where the world flocked to do her homage. "I must not give away to those natural emotions or I will destroy my art," she said, rousing herself. "I know that I cannot live this love down, but I will do my duty, and God will give me peace, and, at the longest, life is brief. I must now dress as the fair daughter of Capulet, for we must live, even after love is past."

"Oh, life! oh, youth! oh, love! thou art not all beautiful and yet the world goes round." B. MCNAMARA.

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THE WORKINGMAN'S ENEMY.

At the mouth of every mine, around every manufactory, at the corners of the streets, wherever toiling humanity spends the weary hours of labor, there is found the omnipresent saloon, the workingman's worst foe. Mr. Arbut, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, once said: "You can go into any of these groceries and see the workmen sitting around and spending over one-half their earnings for strong drink."

"In Chicago," says Sam Small, "I saw a marching body of workmen, 18,000 strong, carrying a banner inscribed, 'Our Children Cry for bread.' And they marched straight into a picnic ground and drank 1,400 kegs of beer."

It is said that the wage-earners of these United States annually pay \$600,000,000 for liquor—a sum so large that if it were saved for a few years and properly invested, a fund would be created that, under wise management, would render destitution among the poor of this country forever impossible. Thrift and drink are incompatible, and without thrift and sobriety the highest wages in the world will bring neither competence nor comfort.

Then, too, the use of intoxicants lessens the skill of the workman. A large manufacturing firm in Cincinnati recently made the following statement: "A drinking man will turn out from 20 to 30 per cent. less work than a non-drinker, and in addition his work is apt to be defective and require rehauling."

It is a fact that a man cannot work hard and drink hard at the same time. Strong drink, by impairing the skill and productive power of the worker, lessens the profits of business out of which wages must come. Hence drinking workmen keep down wages, inasmuch as employers must base the average rate of wages on the amount of work turned out by the least productive of their employes. Strong drink consumes the workman's wages, destroys his skill and degrades him to the level of the brute. Deliberately and truly we write down the saloon to be the wage earner's greatest and worst foe.—Sacred Heart Review.

A PRIEST THE MEDIUM. Money Illegally Obtained Returned to an Insurance Company.

Six months ago the Rev. Father Brennan, then assistant pastor at St. Paul's Church, Oswego, walked into Mollison & Dowdle's insurance office in that city and asked about insurance companies for which they were agents. Among others he learned that they did business for the German-American Insurance of New York. He then asked to be permitted to look over their loss book. He was evidently looking for something, but he gave no hint of the fact and finally left the office.

Shortly after Mollison & Dowdle received a letter from Father Brennan enclosing a sum of money. The accompanying letter stated that a person had, in the confession, informed him that some years ago they had defrauded the insurance company above named, and for which Mollison & Dowdle were the agents, out of a sum of money, presumably by setting fire to some buildings. Restitution was the only consideration upon which the good priest would grant the confessor absolution, and Father Brennan agreed to be the medium for returning the money.

Father Brennan left Oswego some time ago, and is at present located at Baltimore, Md. Last week a second letter from Father Brennan was received by Mollison & Dowdle containing a second remittance. The firm hasn't the slightest idea from whom the money is received, but they think that it was obtained from them about twenty years ago. The amounts are forwarded to the New York office of the German-American.

"A snake in the grass" is all the more dangerous from being unsuspected. So are many of the blood medicines offered the public. To avoid all risk, ask your druggist for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and also for Ayer's Almanac, which is just out for the new year.

The Proprietors of Parnee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Bean, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parnee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parnee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a Cathartic.

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London, Saturday, Dec. 23, 1898.

CHRISTMAS.

"Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will!" Such was the strain in which the multitude of the heavenly host announced to the shepherds who were keeping watch on the mountains of Judea while guarding their flocks from danger, on the first Christmas day, the day when our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was born; and to this date the Catholic Church chants in sweet music the same sentiment, which is the beginning of the grand hymn of praise and joy which forms part of the Mass on all festivals.

The time of man's Redemption was at hand. Four thousand years had elapsed since the fall of our first parents, whereby man, who was created by God pure and upright, became subject to sin, sorrow and death. Sin had deprived mankind of that fulness of grace in which they were created, and the whole earth was plunged into darkness and error of superstition, yet Almighty God was pleased to cause that one small nation should retain the knowledge of Him which He had in the beginning revealed.

But now "when the fullness of time was come, God sent His Son . . . that He might redeem those who were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." (Gal. iv., 4.)

In this is explained the object for which our Lord comes to the world on Christmas day. It is for the purpose of accomplishing our salvation, as explained in other words by the apostle St. John: "That was the true light which enlightened every man that cometh into the world . . . He came unto His own and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him to them He gave power to be made the sons of God, to them that believe in His Name." (St. John, 9, 1, 12.)

It is chiefly for this reason that the festival of Christmas is one of great rejoicing. It is not on account of the humiliation to which the Eternal God subjects Himself in becoming man; "who being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men, and in habit found as a man. He humbled Himself becoming obedient unto death: even to the death of the cross. For which cause God also hath exalted Him, and hath given Him a name which is above all names: that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father." (Phil. ii., 6, 11.)

When God the Father decreed the punishment of sin against our first parents, as it was impossible for man to redeem himself or pay the penalty, it was necessary that God should take that penalty upon Himself, otherwise redemption would have been impossible. Jesus, therefore, offered Himself as our substitute. "He appeared to take away our sins; and in Him there is no sin. Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not: and whosoever sinneth hath not seen Him nor known Him." (1 John, iii., 5, 6.) "He gave Himself for our sins that He might deliver us from this present wicked world, according to the will of God and our Father, to whom is glory for ever and ever: Amen." (Gal. i., 4.)

St. Paul "glorified in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." The reason of this is that through the death of Christ on the cross our salvation was effected. We may therefore glory in everything in the life of our Lord which tends to our salvation; and His birth being the first manifestation towards the attainment of so important an end is a special occasion in which we should glory and rejoice: So the Angel of God which announced to the shepherds the news of Christ's birth declares it to be "good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people: For this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David."

The city here spoken of is Bethlehem, where David was born, and in which he was anointed by Samuel as the future king of Israel. To this city "Joseph went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth to the city of David which is called Bethlehem; because he was of the house and family of David, to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife;" and there Christ was born.

The reason of this journey to Bethlehem was to obey the decree of Caesar Augustus, who had ordered a general enrolment of the whole world under his rule, and every one was obliged to be enrolled in his own city. But there was another reason in the designs of Divine Providence why Mary and Joseph should go to Bethlehem at this time. It had been foretold by the prophets that the Christ whom the Jewish people expected, and who had been promised to our first parents, and to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, as a Redeemer, should be born in Bethlehem, so that the Chief Priests and the Scribes had no difficulty to inform the wise men of the East who came to Jerusalem seeking the Christ, of whose birth they had been miraculously informed, that He should be born in Bethlehem; for the prophet had said: "And thou Bethlehem, the land of Juda, are not least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come forth the captain that shall rule my people Israel." (St. Matt. ii., 6, Micah, v., 2.)

From all this it is clear that the sentiments we should entertain in celebrating the nativity of our Lord are those of joy, gratitude and thanksgiving; joy that a Saviour is born to us, gratitude for the mercy He extends to mankind from the first moment of His birth, and thanksgiving, because we must not neglect to return thanks for favors received, especially for those received from God, which being for our eternal welfare, are the greatest benefits we can possibly enjoy. They exceed the honors and dignities of the world, as heaven is above earth; and since the purpose of Christ's birth is to save us from our sins, our thanks should be rendered, and our joy and gratitude manifested with the same purpose in view.

The hymn of the Mass, the "Gloria in Excelsis," admirably expresses these sentiments: "We praise Thee (O God), we bless Thee, we adore Thee, we glorify Thee, we give Thee thanks for Thy great glory. O Lord God, O Heavenly King. O Lord God, O Lamb of God, O Son of the Father, O Thou who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us and hear our prayer. For Thou alone art Holy, Thou alone art Most High, O Jesus Christ, together with the Holy Ghost in the glory of God the Father. Amen."

To put these sentiments into practice every Catholic should prepare for the worthy reception of the sacraments of penance and Holy Communion during the Christmas time. The object of our Divine Saviour's coming to earth is to reconcile us to God, which cannot be done without casting off sin, and leaving the occasions which lead us to fall into sin. To cast off sin the sacrament of penance is needful, and among the dispositions necessary for the preparation for this sacrament, besides sorrow for past sin, we must firmly resolve to sin no more; and we cannot have this disposition unless we are determined to avoid all things which lead us to its commission. These are the occasions of sin we have referred to.

The Holy Eucharist was instituted for the life and nourishment of our soul. We cannot preserve true life, which is sanctifying grace, unless we receive worthily this most sublime and precious of all God's gifts; for our Blessed Lord tells us: "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood you cannot have life in you." It is therefore by means of this sacrament that true life, the life of the soul, must be obtained. It is to be hoped, therefore, that all our readers will duly prepare themselves for the great festival of Christmas by receiving the two sacraments we have named—penance and Holy Communion: the former for our reconciliation with God, and to render us worthy of receiving Holy Communion, and the latter that our souls may not be lacking in that nourishment which they need that we may abide in Christ, and Christ in us.

Christmas is also a time of good-will to all, as Christ came to bring peace to men of good will, that is, to all who welcome Him in the spirit of love for God. But we cannot love God whom we see not, unless for the love of God we love our neighbors, whom we see. Christmas is therefore a time when we should extend the olive branch of peace

to those who have given offence. We must not only show friendship to friends, but we must forgive our enemies, and do good to those who have injured us, after the example of our Lord who prayed for those even who crucified Him.

At this inclement season of the year, in acknowledgment of Christ's mercy to all, we must be especially merciful to the poor, and kind to those in distress. It is to those who practice the works of mercy that Christ declares He will at the last day utter that look-for invitation, "Come ye blessed of my Father possess the kingdom prepared for you." Let all therefore during this Christmas time practice the virtuous actions we have enumerated—love, gratitude and thanksgiving to God, and mercy towards our neighbors, especially to those in need of our kind offices.

A TORONTO PUBLIC SCHOOL QUESTION.

According to the Mail, the Toronto Public school trustees are once more afflicted with the Separate-School-phobia, which is a very exasperating disease to them. Their bile is agitated periodically by the thought that the Catholic schools are doing their work quietly and well; and they can no more attend to their own business, under such circumstances, than can an enraged bull when it gets sight of a red cloak a hundred yards away.

The Board, we are told, has "frequently to listen to complaints of ratepayers and others who have been wrongfully classed as Separate school supporters, but who desired their children to be taught at the Public schools."

There is little need of listening to long complaints on this score, and if the Board has wasted its time in doing so, they must have very little to occupy their minds. The school law provides fully for the case. Ratepayers are not classed as Separate school supporters until they have once, at least, declared themselves to be so; and if they have a very strong desire to become Public school supporters, the way is very easy for them. They have only to notify the city clerk in good time of their desire, and the thing is done. It is, therefore, with some surprise that we read that the Management Committee are asking the Board to petition the Ontario Legislative Assembly for "necessary legislation" to protect Public school interests in reference to the rating of Public and Separate school supporters, and appealing therefrom. Perhaps there is a nigger in the fence. We strongly suspect this to be the case.

To carry out their design of procuring such legislation they propose to appoint a committee to draft a petition, and to ask all other Public school Boards in the Province "to assist in obtaining such legislation." Similar complaints to this have been made before now; and though it was discovered that a very few errors had been made whereby by some mistake Protestant Public school supporters had been placed upon the Separate school lists, it was found that many Separate school supporters are placed every year on the Public school list; so that it is really the Separate School Board which has the grievance in the case. It seems, however, that the Public school trustees have the desire to draw a herring over the trail; and this is what occurs always when they get the Separate-School-phobia.

The law is framed for the express purpose of giving the Public schools the advantage, and if it is to be amended, the amendments should be in the direction of facilitating the work of the Separate school trustees; but in these P. P. A. times it is very possible the Toronto trustees desire to throw some new obstacles in the way of Catholic School Boards, just as it was desired to do during the last no-Popery agitation. It behooves Catholic trustees to be on the alert to protest against such action, if this be the intention.

It is not likely that other school Boards will join in the Toronto petition, except in localities which are prompted solely by anti-Catholic motives. Wherever Separate schools actually exist there is now little or no friction between the Catholic and Public school Boards. Time and experience in the operation of the law have convinced the latter that the Catholics have less than their real rights, and the Public School Boards have generally now no desire to interfere to the injury of their Catholic fellow-citizens. But it is possible that School Boards which have no direct concern in the matter, that is to say, where there are no Separate schools, and where they, therefore, are not

acquainted with their working, may be moved by the spirit of P. P. Aism to co-operate with the Toronto School Board, and thus make a show of a popular movement. But we are satisfied that no retrograde movement in the direction of hampering the Separate schools by obnoxious legislation will succeed.

As to the frequent complaints made by persons rated as Separate school supporters, we confess we do not believe the statement if it refers to Catholics. We know by experience that Catholics throughout the Province are glad to support their Catholic schools. There are here and there some crooked people who are never satisfied unless they are in opposition to the general sentiment, or that they themselves be allowed the supreme management of all affairs; and such people now and then withdraw their names from the Separate school rolls. There may be a few in Toronto who belong to this class, but we do not believe they are numerous enough to make "frequent" complaints.

There is another point in connection with the rabies manifested by the Toronto trustees. The Catholics have no Separate night schools, and it is said that some Catholics found their way into the Public night schools. A committee was appointed to investigate the matter, and it has reported that thirty-one Catholic children were thus attending. We are of course aware that they have not the legal right of so doing; yet when the fact is taken into consideration that the Public Board always contrives, owing to the state of the law, to secure a considerable portion of the taxes of Catholics, they have little reason to complain loudly if thirty-one Catholic children—a very small number for a city like Toronto—received some return. But even if there were reason for complaint, the law gives them their remedy, which they might apply without making so much noise about the matter. They have the right to impose a ratebill on pupils who do not belong to their school: all they have determined, however, to shut the doors against these thirty-one children unless their parents become Public school supporters in January.

We know of many instances where Protestant children are admitted into Separate schools, though the law does not allow their parents to be Separate school supporters; and in every instance the Catholic trustees permit the Protestant children to attend gratuitously. This is a new fact to the members of the P. P. A. might pay some attention, if they wish to know whether Catholic or Protestant school Boards show most liberality.

CLASS MEETINGS.

As a convention of the Toronto Methodist Class Leaders' Association held in Carlton street Methodist church, on the 8th inst., the question was debated "Has the Class meeting become unpopular? If so, Why?"

In the absence, through illness, of Mr. J. Henderson, who was to have read a paper on this subject, the Rev. E. E. Scott was called upon to state his views, and in doing so he declared that in his opinion it is not so popular as formerly, the chief reason being "the stereotyped phraseology used by those who recount their experiences." The meaning of this appears to be that the public have grown weary of the evidently imaginary accounts of their conversion in which the classes are wont to indulge. If there were more inventive genius displayed by those who represent themselves as having been suddenly converted and become justified, "at the wash tub," or while in the act of "cooking the dinner," there might be more variety in the stories and they might prove to be interesting and attractive; but as they are "stereotyped" they have become monotonous, and every one knows that the oft told tale is repeated without regard to truth, only for the purpose of creating a sensation.

A young lady who followed Mr. Scott confirmed his view of the case and related many illustrative incidents from the lives of many of her own class which confirmed Rev. Mr. Scott's view. She recommended that the stereotyped phrases referred to by Mr. Scott should be done away with, and that members should learn to talk simply of their religious experience. In other words, they should become more truthful. We are afraid that if this truthfulness became a characteristic of the tales told, and that they were stripped of cant, there would be very few of the confident expressions of self-laudation which have been the prominent feature at these class meetings.

"No man knoweth whether he be

worthy of love or hatred," are words of holy Scripture which should make men and women cautious of boasting of their justification, and it is a sign of advancement that members of the Church have grown tired of such talk.

Some other reasons were given for the decline of class-meetings, such as the attachment of young people to more lively amusements than these assemblages afford, as socials, entertainments, concerts, lectures, etc.; but the most serious cause brought forward by Mr. Scott was that "Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregationalist and Anglican marry members of the Methodist Church who, while they attend church regularly, cease to take an interest in the class meetings." In fact it appears to be this gentleman's conviction that so close a connection between Methodists and those of other denominations is a serious obstacle to Methodist spiritual life.

We cannot say what view may be taken by the other denominations referred to; but it is rather cruel for those who claim to be substantially of the same religion, and who are supposed to aspire after corporate union with these various forms of belief, to hold them up as real obstacles to progress in spirituality.

For our own part, though we may perhaps presume that these meetings tend, humanly speaking, towards animating Methodists with a certain esprit de corps which tends in the direction of a propagandism of their peculiar tenets, we are of opinion that real spirituality would not suffer by their discontinuance altogether. They serve rather to disseminate a love for gossiping than to produce any improvement in spiritual life; and such will continue to be the case until the methods adopted are radically changed. The change should be more thorough than the mere abolition of "stereotyped phrases." But in the absence of real sacraments, without which the means of gaining the grace of God are seriously lacking, it may be presumed, perhaps, that some such substitute as these meetings must be employed to galvanize the members into a fictitious kind of spiritual life.

MORE P. P. A. FALSEHOODS.

One Mr. Jno. Smith, of Toronto, has a communication in the Mail of the 7th inst., under the title, "The P. P. A. Association," giving some "excellent reasons" for its existence; after which we are treated with the further sensational head-lines: "The Universal Catholic League—Its Policy and Object Defined—A Huge Conspiracy Against Civil and Religious Liberty—Everything and Everybody to be made Subservient to Rome."

It is scarcely necessary to say that under these blood-curdling headings there is a tissue of just such nonsense as we might expect from a member of the P. P. A., an association which before now propagated falsehoods even more fear-inspiring than those which Mr. Smith here propagates.

It is but a short time since that association professed to have discovered an Encyclical letter from Pope Leo XIII., ordering the Catholics of the United States—about nine millions of the population—scattered over half a continent, to rise in arms to subdue and massacre the other fifty-five millions in the midst of whom they live, and to seize upon the Government of the country.

The absurdity of this invention was more creditable to the vivid imaginations of its concoctors than to their good sense: but at all events the month of September came—the period when this terrible mandate was to be put into execution—and it passed away without anything unusual occurring, except that during that very month the Catholic loyalty to the free country in which they live was made more manifest than ever by the notable assemblage of thousands of representative Catholics who assembled at the Catholic Congress of Chicago and declared among their other acts their unwavering allegiance to the flag under which they live, and manifested their brotherhood with the whole population of their country.

The fact that the bogus encyclical had been issued broadcast attracted all the more attention to the meeting of the Congress, and impressed the Protestants of America with the fact that to Catholics, equally with their Protestant fellow-citizens, the wonderful progress of their great country has been due; and we may justly say that this A. P. A. falsehood contributed as much as anything which Catholics themselves had done towards the great triumph which the Catholic Church achieved at the Columbian Fair. It helped to call the attention of the

American people to the wonderful Catholic Educational Exhibit, which proved that Catholic education stands in the foremost place in the United States. It helped also to emphasize the appeal of Mgr. Satolli, the Pope's representative, to the Catholics of the country to remain faithful to the laws under which they live, and to cling firmly to their religion and country at the same time, holding in one hand the Word of God, the Bible, and in the other the Constitution of the United States.

This event, so unexpected to the A. P. A., has greatly angered that society, and there is no end to the dastardly tricks to which they have recourse to undo what has been achieved.

Forgeries of documents and the slandering of priests and nuns are favorite devices of theirs, and of their sister society in Canada. So Mr. Smith has recourse to vile falsehoods in his "excellent reasons" for the existence of the P. P. A., and of course he finds ample space for them in that receptacle of slander, the newspaper which publishes his lucubrations.

Here is some of this knavery by Mr. Smith:

"If the P. P. A. is a secret society with known objects, what is the Church of Rome? Is it not the greatest secret society in the world? Has it not its passwords and its signs by which the initiated recognize each other?"

Of course there is not the least proof advanced that there is anything of the kind, and every one who knows the Catholic Church knows the absurdity of such language. But writers like Mr. Smith know and play upon the gullibility and ignorance of those whom they expect to convince.

Passwords and signs whereby Catholics recognize each other! Who ever heard of them? Yet it is not merely the passwords and signs for recognition used by secret societies like Orangemen and P. P. Aism which make these objectionable, but rather their evil purposes, and the means whereby they endeavor to attain them.

We are next told that there is now "a Universal Catholic League" with headquarters at Rome, and with divisions, first, to unite Catholic jurists; 2, Catholic workmen's societies; 3, Central committees; 4, Catholic regions; 5, diocesan functionaries; 6, general depot; 7, the learned.

The objects of this League are said to be: 1, The defence of the Church and the Pope; 2, the suppression of liberty, falsely so-called; 3, to combat individualism; 4, to countermeint the press; 5, to unite all civilized forces in favor of the Church; 6, to institute a Catholic Central Press; 7, to unite all classes for the good of the Church; 8, to establish Catholic telegraphic bureaus for the attainment of these same ends.

Every one with an ounce of common sense in his cranium can see that this is merely a huge fable. Yet after all there is little which is worthy of condemnation in all this if it were true, except in objects 2, 3 and 4; and even these might be understood in a sense in which they would be quite legitimate.

To suppress all liberty would certainly be bad—but not the suppression of "liberty falsely so-called"—which is license to do evil, and to inflict injury on others. Individualism may be good, but there is also an evil individualism, the rabies of lying, for example, and of endeavoring to create discord in the community, a rabies with which the Mail and its correspondent are infected. When this rabies develops itself too far, to the injury of others, even the civil law steps in for its suppression: and why not Religion do so likewise? The countermingling of the press in its entirety would be going too far; but we see nothing wrong in counteracting and countermingling the falsehoods propagated by a lying press like that which the P. P. A. has established in our midst. We plead guilty to having done this ourselves at times.

But why dwell upon such farcical accusations? We have no doubt that a phrenologist would declare that Mr. Smith's organ of wonder is very largely developed, and conscientiousness and casualty to an infinitesimal degree. With minds constituted like his it is useless to reason. They cannot appreciate solid argument.

But what of the authority on which he bases his assertions? He says the London Daily News defines the objects of this (fabulous) organization. Even this does not divest the statement of its fabulous character. We are not informed by Mr. Smith of what issue of the Daily News contains this Munchausen story, otherwise we might probably procure it in order to see what

that journal really says neither time nor disposal London to search its columns last fifty years or so to about it.

We know, however, the correspondents of the have often curious flights and that they are accustomed to strange tales with regard of the Church in Rome. In this case that which deserves no credit whatsoever dealing with this subject story is evidently a copy of pleasing the fancy Popery associations of and this continent. Still serious doubts about the Mr. Smith's quotations.

While treating of the but fair we should give Mr. J. D. Edgar, M. P. tario, for his fearless posture of the hurtful P. A. in a letter which Mail and Globe on the liberal treatment of Catholics in Canada in contrast with the oaths bers of the P. P. A., no version of Papists, or their souls," but "to acc temporal injury that the good of the two million that Church among us ing "to keep them out in business, and to c from being eligible fo positions."

Mr. Edgar remarks: "Surely such a declaration could only be approved felt that the political tant citizens were being by Roman Catholics have a majority. I ca the contrary, the polit Protestants where the clear majority is far than the latter receive who have control. T census again, and the returns and we will find four constituencies with majorities send Pro House of Commons, ar Roman Catholic is elc ing with a Protestant take Quebec, and we seven Catholic riding M. P.'s, not one ridi tant majority sends to Parliament. Wou tell these honest truth (to A. P. A. ship) be to take so shocking an oath? I am sor looks as if to day the ities are far less ge treatment of Roman C than they should be."

Mr. Edgar concludes A. members are the of a foreign political desires to drive Queb adian Confederacy th gust at Ontario bigot would break up the leave it an easy p desiring to feed upon the pivotal Province graphical position, a the Confederation m serve Canada on the

The P. P. A. are of traitors, if they a matter of fact it is association was in neighboring Republi stated by United S it was instituted the adian Orangemen. are not at all irre believe that both s rect.

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EDITORIAL.

OUR readers will the demise of La Douglas, sister of Douglas. She died Joseph's Convent, on the 25th Novem lady was the autho story, "Linked Li being published RECORD. The ma family in this cou offer up a fervent

ONE Protestant Hobbs, of Brant courage to an member of the P. thing that may b that he has the co the rat hole and broad light of de most eminent Prot Dominion have against joining course which he taken will lead se conclusions as to his not be at all flatt

that journal really says; but we have neither time nor disposition to go to London to search its columns for the last fifty years or so to find out all about it.

We know, however, that the Roman correspondents of the Daily News have often curious flights of fancy, and that they are accustomed to invent strange tales with regard to the doings of the Church in Rome. So frequently is this the case that absolutely they deserve no credit whatsoever when dealing with this subject.

While treating of this subject, it is but fair we should give due credit to Mr. J. D. Edgar, M. P. for West Ontario, for his fearless and honest exposure of the hurtful tactics of the P. P. A. in a letter which appeared in the Mail and Globe on the 8th inst.

Mr. Edgar remarks: "Surly such a declaration of war could only be approved by those who felt that the political rights of Protestant citizens were being trampled upon by Roman Catholics wherever these have a majority."

Mr. Edgar concludes that the P. P. A. members are the dupes and tools of a foreign political conspiracy which desires to drive Quebec out of the Canadian Confederacy through sheer disgust at Ontario bigotry.

The P. P. A. are therefore the tools of traitors, if they are no worse. As a matter of fact it is well known that the association was imported from the neighboring Republic: though it is stated by United States journals that it was instituted there chiefly by Canadian Orangemen.

This is another "excellent reason" for the P. P. A. which Mr. John Smith forgot to mention in his enumeration under this heading.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our readers will regret to hear of the demise of Lady Gertrude (Stock) Douglas, sister of Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas. She died happily at St. Joseph's Convent, Hendon, England, on the 25th November.

ONE Protestant clergyman, Rev. R. Hobbs, of Brantford, has had the courage to announce that he is a member of the P. P. A. There is one thing that may be said in his favor, that he has the courage to come out of the rat hole and show himself in the broad light of day.

The voters of East Lambton num-

Father Doyle, of New York, lately had a discussion with another clerical misfit like Mr. Hobbs. His name is Rev. Dr. McArthur. The subject discussed was the A. P. A. of the United States. The words of the Catholic clergyman are so peculiarly applicable to the conduct of the Brantford preacher that we cannot help reproducing them:

"Will the future of America, the latest and best evidence of Christianity, be a blessing or a curse? Two things must be feared for its moral welfare, the infidel and the religious bigot—a firebrand like him who, on a day when we are supposed to thank God for the blessings we have received, will go out of his way to stir up hatred and animosity among Americans."

Up to within eight or ten years ago the Catholics of Ontario were very fairly divided in their allegiance to the two political parties, but the unreasonable attacks made upon their Church by Mr. Meredith and his followers quite naturally created a different state of things, and the great majority of the Catholic voters gave their allegiance to Sir Oliver Mowat.

But, without any special cause, is it not a fact that the Presbyterians of the Province form a solid column in the Liberal ranks, and the adherents of the Church of England an equally solid body in the Conservative party.

By the census of India for 1891, which has been recently published, the Christians in that Empire number 2,218,980, being an advance of nearly 22 per cent. in ten years.

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ber altogether about 6,000, of whom little over 300 are Roman Catholics, and the P. P. A.'s at once entered on the contest with a bitterness and vindictiveness never equalled in an ordinary political campaign, and an utter disregard of the rights and feelings of the small minority, which can only be characterized as cowardly in the extreme.

THE Rev. Dr. Paxton, a fashionable New York preacher, has left his charge on account of an accusation made against him that his preaching is inferior to what it was previously.

It appears to be the doctor's opinion that a preacher cannot save his soul being pastor of a fashionable congregation.

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the A. P. A. as a mischievous and wicked organization. The New York World of 5th December says: "The American people do not need secret organizations founded upon religious fanaticism to protect their Public School system. They need to be delivered from the menace of such un-American movements."

DEACONESSES and Sisterhoods, in imitation of Catholic Sisterhoods, are not confined to the Protestant denominations of Great Britain and America, but have also been introduced into Germany, and the Lutherans have already numerous organizations of this kind, notwithstanding the fact that Luther, Beza, Melancthon, and the other leaders of German Protestantism, condemned such associations indiscriminately.

ONE more a spiritualistic haunting has been exposed. One Mrs. W. T. Thompson, hailing from Keokuk, Iowa, was exhibiting as a medium in Quincy, Illinois, under the auspices of the Spiritualists of that town.

It is evident that there are still some knaves and fools living. Notwithstanding that the character of Mrs. Margaret L. Shepherd has been thoroughly exposed, and is perfectly well known to the people of Berlin, a considerable audience went to hear her deliver a lecture in that goodly town on Dec. 1.

THE A. P. A. of New Haven, Conn., sent through the mails a circular to its members with directions to destroy it immediately after reading. The circular fell, however, into the hands of some who were not of the Brotherhood, and was published in the New York World of the 3rd inst.

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She tried to thank them, but there are times when it is not easy to speak. When the officers saw how deeply thankful she was there was not a man among them but was thankful that he had been fortunate enough to be on hand when the collection was taken up. One sergeant, who is known for his goodly proportions, respectfully opened the door as she was about to pass out.

A PRIEST'S ALLEGED OATH.

We have of late, says the Milwaukee Sentinel, received several letters, some of them anonymous, enclosing what purported to be the oath taken by Roman Catholic priests, with a request to publish it in the Sentinel.

This oath, we suspect, is from the same mint which produced the pretended encyclical letter of the present Pope releasing American Catholics from their allegiance to the Government of the United States and forshadowing a movement to establish the domination of the Church in this country.

This document itself contains internal evidence that it is spurious as a copy of an oath taken by a Catholic priest in the United States. Any organization that circulates such documents as this one and the aforesaid encyclical letter is lacking either in discernment or in honesty.

"Know-Popery"—it is Worth Studying.

In the midst of this world, that is ever dying and ever nascent, and in the very center of most rapid and ceaseless change, the Catholic Church remains a permanent and abiding fact. She has suffered assault from all folds; from all opposing powers; from kings and warriors; from statesmen and philosophers; from poets and scholars; from parliaments and peoples; from the ignorance and corruption of her own children; from the worldliness and low-mindedness of her ministers; from the violence of barbarism and the effeminate vices of civilization.

The Renegade's End.

Charles Chiniquy, the renegade Canadian priest, has reached the winter and cold. He has no money. He is eighty-six years of age. His books against Romanism have not provided him for a rainy day, and all is blank, black, deep gloom for body and soul.

A touching incident which is told by the Montreal Witness of the 4th inst. gives us a view of the kindness of heart of the police of that city, such as one would not expect to find under the civic helmet. A Mrs. Sampson wandered into the police quarters that day without money and asked to be enabled to go with her child to her father and mother who would receive her home in Michigan, as she had been deserted by her husband.

BISHOP KEANE ON INTEMPERANCE.

The Liquor Traffic a Menace to the Welfare of Virtue and Morality.

Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic University, Washington, preached a powerful sermon on the evil effects of intemperance in Philadelphia on a recent Sunday evening. After expressing his delight at the large audience and referring to the feast of the day, Bishop Keane said: "The reason that there is so little peace on earth is because there is so much sin. A Christian is not worthy of the name if he does not strive to fight against sin, and that is the object of the Temperance Society. Intemperance is one of those evils that takes a terrible hold on the appetite and is an evil by which temptations are multiplied. So the Church and the civil authorities regard its traffic as most dangerous to the welfare of virtue and morality, and as Christians and citizens we ought to try to diminish its traffic."

"We have seen thousands of lives that were at one time shining lights ruined. We have seen fathers and mothers whose pride were their children grow gray and their days shortened by this evil. If we visit the jails, the workhouses and the insane asylums, we will find that the greater portion of inmates have come there through the effects of this cursed evil."

Bishop Keane advised his hearers to keep out of the rum business. "Every Christian," he said, "no matter how poor and lowly he may be, can offer his works and actions of the day to God. But how can the saloon keeper say in the morning, 'I offer up to God all the glasses of beer and whiskey which I will sell during the day?' How can he kneel down in the evening and offer up that which he has taken from the poor and wretched? How can he rest at night when that wife is cursing the man who sold her husband drink? Every one ought to try to get out of the rum business and strive to seek a more honest and respectable way of making a living."

Work of Apapists Probably.

Several fires, similar in character, discovered in Chicago Catholic churches have led to the suspicion that they were of incendiary origin. A blaze was discovered in the confessional of the handsome St. Elizabeth church, Tuesday night, and about ten days ago the same thing happened in the Holy Cross church.

From the Great Protestant Weekly.

Catholicism stands like a rock, one of the most wonderful of human institutions in its continuity, its adaptability to human nature, its power over the minds of men. Those outside its influence can estimate the peace and joy which its communion brings only by seeing its effect on those within. Possibly Protestantism of the highest sort has a hard fight before it. There must be something wrong when so many of the noblest minds have, within the last fifty years, left its ranks and put their reason under the yoke of Catholicism. If Protestantism is permanently to withstand the attracting influence of its great rival, it must perhaps become more definitely based upon principle, not upon the maintenance of the prestige of any one or other of its Churches, or adherence to any particular creed; it must prove itself a religion of the heart and daily life, not alone of the schoolroom and the Sabbath.—Independent.

Catholicity and Citizenship.

George Parsons Lathrop, son-in-law of Hawthorne and a recent convert to the Catholic Church, says: "Am I, whose ardent and steady patriotism no one doubted before; whose family, of Puritan origin, has produced a line of evangelical ministers and has been solidly American for two hundred and fifty-eight years—am I at once transformed into a disloyal citizen when I became a Catholic? An eminent man said to me: 'You have turned your back on your own countrymen.' I replied: 'No, sir. I am now the best kind of an American there is.' And with entire modesty—for the merit is not mine—I believe this to be true. For what can make a man so good a citizen as the religion which teaches him the oneness of truth, fidelity to his country, to marriage, to conscience, and applies itself directly every day to strengthening those forces which conserve or purify society and exalt the soul?"

Has No Use for the A. P. A.

Rev. Ernest Mariett is rector of Emmanuel Episcopal Church at Little Falls, N. Y., and is a gentleman of large influence and high standing in that community. In a sermon delivered a few days ago he repudiates the A. P. A. in the following outspoken manner: "I am constantly receiving the publications through the mails of a society of rabid Protestants, whose headquarters are in Boston, where the intolerance of the Puritan has been replaced by the bigotry of the Prohibitionist and anti-Catholic. These publications are filled with misstatements and unjust criticisms of the Roman Church."

of all Medicines... of the world... of the world... of the world...

The Church at Ballymore.

I have knelt in great cathedrals, with their wondrous nave and stais; Whose fairy arches blend and interlace; When the sunlight on the paintings like a ray of glory smiles;

Ab! little modest chapel, half embowered in the trees— Though the roof above the worshippers was low, And the earth bore traces sometimes of the congregation's knee;

It is plain and simple; and he scorned to hide his "brogue" In accents that we might not understand; But there was not in the parish such a renege of rogue

There's a green graveyard behind it; and, in dreams at night, I see Each little modest slab and grassy mound; For my gentle mother's sleeping 'neath the withered rose-tree

I am proud of our cathedrals, they are symbols of our love To our ever-mighty Benefactor shown; And when wealth and art and beauty have been given from above

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cessor of a long line of statesmen, kings, and Donald or Donnall, who continued the line of the Athabans. By regular descent we come to Somerled, who married a daughter of Olaf, King of the Isles, and in her right succeeded to that principality which his descendants enjoyed without acknowledging any of the Kings of Scotland their superiors until the time of Robert II., whose daughter, Margaret, became the wife of John, Lord of the Isles. His successor, Reginald, was sent by his father as ambassador to the Court of England with a numerous retinue of cavalry. His name is appended to a charter granted by King Malcolm IV., to the Abbey of Dunfermline in which he is styled Rex. Insular line in which he is styled Rex. Insular line in which he is styled Rex.

With their monumental genius and their lore— Never knew, in their magnificence, more trustful prayers to God. Than ascended to His throne from Ballymore.

It is plain and simple; and he scorned to hide his "brogue" In accents that we might not understand; But there was not in the parish such a renege of rogue

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I am proud of our cathedrals, they are symbols of our love To our ever-mighty Benefactor shown; And when wealth and art and beauty have been given from above

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scription remains, carefully preserved in the archives of Scotland. It is as follows: Anglis Ricardus jacet Rex ipse apulius Lancastie quum dux delectis arte mota prodicione. Proditione potens ceptis potior iniquo. Supplicium liti bene ipsius omnia gessit Ricardus inferis hunc Scotia sustulit anis Qui castris strivivis vite peragit iter, Anno millesimo quatercento quinquagesimo Et nono Christi regis dnis fuit iste.

The Family of the Isles continued to prosper until the time of Donald, the son of Prince John's second marriage, by his crimes and usurpation destroyed the high title of the family. They still continued to hold an important place in the country. Such was their influence that Charles II. created their representative, James, a Baron of the United Kingdom.

This chief went to assist his neighbor, McLean, in some warlike affair with five hundred of his people. He was received with honor and treated to a banquet at which the sacred vessels of Iona, which had been carried off by an enemy at some former period, were freely used. Such desecration shocked McDonell, and he resolved to retire. The sacred objects were immediately sent to him as a present from his friend McLean. He could not, however, be prevailed upon to remain; but allowed his men to continue their aid to McLean.

The last chieftain of Iona, which was of the purest gold, was afterwards presented by the family to the late Bishop Ranald McDonell, at whose decease it fell to his successor, Bishop Scott of Glasgow. It was used with honour in Saint Mary's Church until, one night, that the sexton had neglected to lock the safe in which it was kept, it was stolen. The thief, when detected by the police, had it broken to pieces and sent to the melting pot. (See Sir Daniel Wilson's "Prehistoric Annals of Scotland.")

It now remains to commemorate, in a few words, the concluding glories of the ancient Family of the Isles. They now had their name from the land, Glengarry, which they occupied. Alexander, who was living at the time of George IV.'s visit to Scotland in 1822, was much distinguished by his judicious conduct when commanding a brigade for the suppression of the outbreak of the end of last century in Ireland. His brother, General Sir James McDonell, who commanded the Coldstream Guards at Waterloo, realizing the importance of preventing the enemy from passing the farm buildings of Hougomont, kept the gate shut against them until Sergeant Fraser came to his assistance, and then other soldiers. This is the account which the general himself gave of the affair. Some patriotic person left a legacy to the bravest man in the British army. It was referred to the Duke of Wellington. His Grace of Wellington sent the money to General McDonell. He, in his turn, divided the sum with Sergeant Fraser, who, he said, was the first who came to assist him in keeping the gate shut.

No doubt, it was the skill and bravery of the British officers, and private soldiers with their allies, that won this battle; but the battle would not have been so easily won if Hougomont had been taken. All will agree, therefore, that the poet is justified in saying: "Agincourt may be forgot And Cressy be an unknown spot And Blenheim's name be new long. But still, in story and in song, For many an age remembered long, Shall stand the towers of Hougomont And field of Waterloo."

Many Glengarry men, as well as other clansmen of Scotland, had sought homes in the thirteen colonies of North America before the war of independence. When the separation of those colonies from the mother country came, they remembered their origin and adhered to the country whence they sprung. They found refuge and homes in British North America, greatly increasing the population of those colonies which now form the seven provinces of the Canadian Dominion. Their number were greatly added to by the continuous emigration of their fellow-clansmen who came to the Canadian colonies sometimes in a body, sometimes separately. A Catholic priest, Rev. Alex. McDonell, towards the end of last century brought his whole congregation, 500 in number, to these new countries. Bishop McDonell brought his disbanded soldiers, after having obtained with much pains and influential negotiation, of the British Government, that lands should be given to them in Canada rather than in the West Indies. Arrived in Upper Canada, their patriotic leader secured grants of land to the clansmen who had come before them as well as to themselves. All this was done in the years 1803 and 1804. An important chief, Macdonald of Glenaladale, sold his estate in Scotland in order to enable him to emigrate together with a numerous body of his tenants to Prince Edward's Island, at the time known as St. John's. Others followed, and such a tide of emigration accounts for the now flourishing population of Canada's Maritime Provinces.

Mr. Macdonell's book chiefly concerns, as the title indicates, such men of Glengarry connection as have won for themselves more or less distinction in Canada. Many of them figured in the war of 1812. It was impossible, therefore, to refrain from honourable mention of that war and its bright achievements. It is shown, as is fitting, at some length, how bravely, determinedly and successfully the Canadians held their ground, unaided, against the United States, at the time become a powerful nation. The brilliant affair of Chateauguay, Lundy's Lane and Queenstown Heights are duly commemorated, and, finally, it is told with becoming praise, how the strong

men of Canada, assisted by some of Wellington's veterans, drove the enemy from their most loved home and country. Others besides military characters receive their just meed of honor. Not more than the Hon. and Right Rev. Bishop McDonell, who by every means that a patriotic churchman could employ, encouraged the soldiers of Canada in their arduous struggle. It would require a volume to recount the labors of this patriotic Bishop. First of all, his arduous toil as a missionary priest in Glasgow at a time when the Catholics there were few in number, and far from being in favor with the other citizens, who have since come to entertain more friendly views and have learned to respect their Catholic fellow-citizens, now so numerous, amounting to a third part of the whole population. When Bishop McGlennery, commanded a brigade in Ireland for the suppression of the rebellion at the end of the last century, Bishop McDonell was chaplain to the force, and materially aided the commander by his wise counsel. The native yeomanry had acted in the most cruel manner towards the unarmed people, driving them from their homes and using their churches as stables for their horses. The conduct of the chaplain, and his friend contrasted with the atrocious proceedings of the native soldiers. The Glengarry men sought the terrified people in the bogs and mountains to which they had fled, restored them to their homes and helped them to cleanse their churches and fit them once more for public worship. This was indeed a new way of quelling rebellion; but as it was the most humane so was it the most successful. Such important service was recognized by the statesmen of the day. If it be asked how Bishop McDonell became so popular and possessed such influence with the British authorities as to obtain from them for his people in opposition to their views, lands in Canada which he had little hope of holding, in preference to any amount of territory in the West Indies, we have only to point to Ireland, its rebellion, the result of injustice, and the successful humanity with which it was treated. Some persons have found fault with Bishop McDonell because he favored the Conservative party. There was no other party to favor or from whom to obtain favors. They have said that he was merely a politician. Even so; but what was his policy? To honor the existing powers, exercise unobtrusively the high duties of a Bishop, preach assiduously the Gospel of peace, promote with all his power the interests of his people, together with the welfare and happiness of the whole country, found missions, build churches and extend by all fair and legitimate means the domain of truth and right thinking.

When the diocese of Columbus was erected, Rt. Rev. Sylvester Horton, titular of Pompeopolis, in partibus, on the feast of the Annunciation, 1862, and appointed Auxiliary to Archbishop Purcell, was transferred to the new See, and at once took possession of his vineyard. Born at Homer, Licking county, February 5, 1827, this prelate, whose memory is still held in benediction here, studied at Kenyon College, where he had for a classmate the late Presid. Hayes, and graduated from that institution with high honors in 1845. His elder brother, General Rosecrans, then a captain, had but recently embraced the true faith, and one of the dearest desires of his heart was to lead his younger brother to a knowledge of the truth and peace which he himself had found. After his graduation from Kenyon, the future Bishop paid the captain a visit, and as the twin were taking a walk one day, they chanced to pass a Catholic Church, whereupon the captain, to quote the words of one conversant with the facts in the case, said to his brother: "It is high time, Sylvester, for you to put an end to this procrastination of yours; come in here and get baptized."

Mechanically obeying the command, and entering for the first time in his life a Catholic Church, the same authority tells the story of the Bishop's conversion: "They soon reached an altar, before which, to the young brother's surprise, shone a lighted lamp, although it was broad daylight. 'Let us pray here,' said the captain, 'in the Real Presence, for two graces, the grace of light to know the truth, and the grace of strength to follow it; and with this he knelt down. Sylvester also knelt, as a matter of courtesy to his brother, but by no means to pray. He gazed for awhile around at the works of art within reach of his eyes, but not being in the habit of kneeling long at any time, and his knees aching, he turned to look at his brother, whom he found absorbed in God. The sight was too much for Sylvester. 'Wretch that I am,' said he to himself, 'while this truly good man is so earnestly interesting himself with Heaven for my soul's salvation, I am indifferent, as it were none of my business. God is everywhere, and therefore, here; I, too, will pray for strength and light. And he did pray, so long and earnestly, that when he began to look for his brother, he found him in a remote part of the church. Up sprang Sylvester, and with agitated steps he approached the altar. 'Well, Sylvester,' whispered the latter, 'what will you do?' 'I wish to be baptized,' was the prompt reply; 'I hope the priest is at home.' Happily the priest was at home, and flapping his caller, already, thanks to his brother's good offices, well instructed in Catholic teaching, he had no hesitation in baptizing him and receiving him into the Catholic fold.—Catholic Columbian.

No Apait Support for Him: Temporal punishment remains due to sin, after the sin itself has been forgiven. If, as we have seen, sin can be forgiven by man, why should it be so hard to remit the punishment due to sin. Should there be any difference, the latter must be easier than the former. St. Paul exercises this power in case of the incestuous Corinthian: parents exercise it, when they mitigate or remit the inflicted punishment; governors exercise it when they release a convict, imprisoned for five years, though condemned by the courts to an imprisonment for ten years. If parents and state officials are empowered to remit inflicted punishment, why not the Pope, successor of St. Peter, to whom Christ said: "Whosoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven." (Matt. 16, 19.) "Catholics do not believe that there is any authority upon earth or in heaven that can give leave to commit any sin, even the least; or that a sin can be forgiven for money; or that a priest can give valid absolution to a sinner who does not repent and truly purpose to forsake sin and amend his life."—Catholic Belief, Rev. Joseph Faas di Bruno.

They do not believe that it is right to break faith with "heretics." "Catholics do not believe that it is allowable to break a lawful oath, or tell a lie, or do any other wicked thing whatever for the sake of promoting the supposed interest of the Church, or for any good, however great, likely to arise from it. The false and pernicious principle that the end justifies the means, or that we may do evil that good may come, is utterly condemned by the Catholic Church.—Catholic Belief, Rev. Jos. Faas di Bruno.

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You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.

CONVERSION OF BISHOP ROSECRANS.

HOW HIS BROTHER, GEN. ROSECRANS, LED HIM TO RECEIVE THE TRUE FAITH.

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Ayer's Hair Vigor

Makes the hair soft and glossy. "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Kill," Newcastle, Wyo.

Ayer's Hair Vigor Prevents hair from falling out. "A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent its turning gray. The first effects were most satisfactory. Occasional applications since have kept my hair thick and of a natural color."—H. E. Basham, McKinney, Texas.

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Restores hair after fever. "Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. I tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs. A. Collins, Dighton, Mass.

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Conroversy

No one that loves peace rejoice over the decline of controversy. The day of is waning, and soon and controversial books fashioned as spelling-bee intellectual tournaments to fer are fast giving place statements, whether made mouth or in books. Son to which no exact meaning attached, and verbal sky kinds, are no longer speakers or writers who a hearing or a reading come to be generally naked truth when expressive dramatic mood is most effective never was a time when cl unadorned, unimpassioned of Catholic belief were more than now.—Ave Maria

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proper way to treat catarrh constitutional remedy like Kila.

B. B. B. Cures Sick

—Having number of years with sick child to try B. B. B., and he used two bottles I was cured had any symptoms of it since recommended B. B. B. for sick children.

The Children's E

A High Valua

"If there was only one bot

Yellow Oil in Manitoba, Brant of Monteth, Manitot used it for a severe wound fingers, with, as he says, "results."

Minards' Liniment is u

lane.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourth Sunday of Advent.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

(Thou shalt call His name Jesus. For He shall save His people from their sins.)

There is no day, my dear brethren, in the whole year which is so joyfully looked forward to as that which is now almost dawning on us. Old and young, rich and poor, good and bad, all have some happy memories of Christmas, some bright hopes attached to it, and a warm place in the heart for it. To many, it is true, this joy is only worldly; it is that, perhaps, of having a good dinner, of receiving nice presents, of meeting pleasant friends. Still, even these joys are not displeasing to our Lord: He is not angry if we are happy now, even if it is not altogether for His sake. The only pleasures which He would deny us are those which come from the breaking of His laws; specially from drunkenness and impurity, which are too apt to prevail in these holiday times.

Still, though He does not grudge us innocent pleasures, He would fain have us think more of the real joy, far above all others, which this beautiful day ought to bring us. This real and lasting joy is that on this day He, the Saviour of the world, first appeared in it: that He came on this day to free us from sin, to open the way for us to that pure happiness which alone can forever satisfy our souls. And not only to enable us to have a claim by a late repentance to that happiness when we die, but to give us a foretaste of it now; not only to free us from sin in the next world, but to do it now and here.

What is the reason, then, my brethren, that we do not make this the first joy our hearts on Christmas day, as our Lord wishes that we should, instead of thinking so much of those others, which should be only reminders of it? There is only one reason possible, and that is, that we do not feel the weight and burden and misery of sin as it really is; that we wish indeed to escape from its punishment, but not from itself; it is because we do not really hate our sins as they should be hated, that it does not fill us with joy to remember that the divine Child was this day born to save us from them.

Yes, this is the reason why we do not feel the joy, which should be our chief one at Christmas, now that the days of innocent childhood are past. We do not hate sin from our hearts; we even cling to it: at best we make compromises with it. Mortal sin, perhaps, we try to avoid, but venial faults do not trouble us: this is the best that can be said for most of what may be called good Christians. And how many there are who come outwardly to worship before the manger at Bethlehem, but with hearts entirely turned from their God, who lies there in cold and poverty for their sakes, pleading with them for His sake to give up their sinful habits! How many go on offending Him at this holy time, without repentance, almost without remorse!

Hated of sin: yes, that is what we want if we would be happy at Christmas. And now is the time to learn to hate it. For surely the love of God comes easier to us now, if we will only try to obtain it, than at any other time, unless, perhaps, on Good Friday, when we see the sacrifice now begun accomplished. And the love of God is the hatred of sin, which is the only thing which He hates, the one cause of all His pain.

Do not let this Christmas go by, then, my dear brethren, without the joy which should come with it. Do not let this opportunity pass of acquiring that love of our dear Lord which will make you really hate and trample under foot all that offends Him, and which will make you rejoice beyond measure that He has put it in your power to do so. Pray now, at least, that you may learn to love Him; that you may enter into the joy of knowing not merely that He can save you, but that He has saved you, from your sins.

Controversy

No one that loves peace can fail to rejoice over the decline of religious controversy. The day of disputation is waning, and soon controversies and controversial books will be as old-fashioned as spelling-books. The intellectual tournaments to which we refer are fast giving place to clear, calm statements, whether made by word of mouth or in books. Sonorous phrases to which no exact meaning can be attached, and verbal skyrocketts of all kinds, are no longer employed by speakers or writers who wish to gain a hearing or a reading; and it has come to be generally held that the naked truth when expressed in the indicative mood is most effectual. There never was a time when clear, accurate, unadorned, unimpassioned statements of Catholic belief were more in demand than now.—Ave Maria

The best medical authorities say the proper way to treat catarrh is to take a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

B. B. B. Cures Sick Headache. GENTLEMEN.—Having suffered for a number of years with sick headache I concluded to try B. B. B., and by the time I had used two bottles I was cured, and have not had any symptoms of it since. I can safely recommend B. B. B. for sick headache. Mrs. A. G. GINSY, Orono, Ont.

The Children's Enemy. A High Valuation. If there was only one bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil in Manitoba, I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Brand of Monteth, Manitoba, after having used it for a severe wound and for frozen fingers, with, as he says, "astounding good results."

Miranda's Liniment is used by Physicians.

How They Worked Their Way.

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

IV.—CONTINUED.

"Well, boys," he said, "we'll have to carry this big bully." They lifted him, and, with some difficulty, carried him into the house. "Our house seems to be an hospital for the country," Dermot said. Brian laughed; and then he said, a little nervously— "I hope they will not come back." "No fear," said Dick. Jim Windsor was laid on the floor in the kitchen. A dash of cold water soon revived him.

Dick held the lantern so that the light of the bull's-eye shown directly into his face. He opened his eyes, passed his hand over his forehead and muttered— "Where am I?"

Before replying, Dick dexterously knotted his hands and feet together, with a rope. The big bully was unable to move.

"Where am I," he repeated, trying to rise.

"In our house," said Dermot, "but if you had your deserts, you would be swimming for your life in the river."

The only answer was a growl. "I think we'd better harness the horse and drive this fellow up to the magistrate's," said Dick. "What do you say, Brian?"

"He may bleed to death."

"He'll never die of bleeding," said Dick, significantly.

Windsor tried to kick.

"What do you mean," he asked, "by knocking a fellow down when he's doing nothing?"

"We know where the kerosene is, and we know who Abe is, too," said Dermot.

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Give you up to the law. You will soon find out what barn-burning means."

"Don't do that," Windsor replied, his face growing whiter. "It would kill my old mother to know her son was in prison."

"You did not think of the distress you would have put us in, if you had burned our barn, and father sick, too."

Jim Windsor said nothing.

"You'd better make up your mind to suffer the consequences."

Windsor shuddered.

"I'll give you the horses you saw me driving the other day, if you let me off. I would not have thought of it, if you had not made me mad by your superciliousness."

"You've talked against us ever since we came here."

"Well—didn't you tell everybody that we were all an ignorant set here? We thought Irish Romanists were inclined to ride a high horse over us, and we found out it was true. You've never had a good word for anybody—I've nothing to say against the family; they didn't have much to say; but I guess they thought like you."

"We'll have to consult father before we take him to the court-house," Dermot said. "You, Brian, go and see if he is awake."

He was awake and very anxious. He was sitting up in bed.

"Bring the man up here," he said, when Dermot had finished his story.

Dermot started in amazement.

"We can't carry him, and we've tied his legs."

"Untie them and let him come."

Dermot saw, by the look in his father's eyes that he must obey.

Mr. Beresford sank back in bed. The light from the lamp by his bedside fell on his pale face, and on the large crucifix nailed against the wall. Mrs. Beresford, who had gone out to quiet the frightened girls, came in.

Dick took out his pistol, when Mr. Beresford's message was given to him, and untied the ropes.

Windsor marched sullenly upstairs, with the boys following him. He hesitated to enter the room, starting back at the sight of Mr. Beresford's white face.

"Come in," Mr. Beresford said.

Dermot pushed past Windsor, and the four entered the room. Mr. Beresford looked at Windsor with feverish bright eyes.

"I didn't know you were so sick; or I wouldn't have done it," Windsor began; then, catching sight of the crucifix, which he had only seen before in pictures of the Inquisition, he stopped, with a look of what seemed to be fear in his eyes.

"Don't be afraid," said Mr. Beresford, with a gentle smile, "that is the representation of Our Lord whom you have offended to-night. But He can forgive you, and I will not do less than try to forgive you."

"Mr. Beresford," said Jim Windsor, "I don't want to hear any talk. I know I'm in your power and I've done what I wouldn't have done in cold blood, if I had thought much about it. I suppose the disgrace of being sent to prison will drive my old mother to the grave; but I don't suppose you care about that. I was drunk to-night and it made me mad to think of how your son here had laughed at me, so I said to Abe Jenkins, we'll burn out the Papists' nest. Enough said. I don't want to hear any talk about religion. It's bad enough to be in a scrape without being talked to about it." Windsor cast his eyes down sullenly, and put his hand up to his bandaged head.

"That knock sobered me. I'd give all I'm worth to be out of this box. The farm will go to ruin, if I go to jail, and what's to become of my old mother I don't know." His voice choked; he stamped his foot energetically, as if ashamed of his emotion.

Well, let's get the worst over There's no use standing here."

"Windsor," said Mr. Beresford, "you don't like Catholics?"

"I haven't much reason to have I?" answered Windsor, with a jerk of his elbow towards the boys.

"You've gotten Job Fitts' father into bad ways lately, haven't you?"

"It's none of your business. Job's father wouldn't drink so much if it wasn't for me. I'll admit that."

The boys wondered what this was leading to.

"I want you to promise you will not drink at the tavern with old Fitts, and that you'll encourage him to save his money and live like a Christian."

Windsor laughed hoarsely.

"Your father's gone crazy," he said, turning to the boys. "I'll not have much chance to drink in jail."

"But, if we agree to let you off, and to keep quiet?"

Windsor looked at the white face on the pillow, in amazement.

"Does he mean it, boys?"

"I suppose he does," said Dermot, with some dissatisfaction in his tone.

"I'll promise anything," said Windsor earnestly, "if you'll let me off, and I'll say, Beresford, that you'll never regret it. I'll say that you are a Christian, if you are a Catholic."

"They're the same thing, neighbor. I can't look at the crucifix without wanting to forgive you. You can go now. We'll keep quiet—all of us."

But I say, Windsor, I want you to help Fitts, and, if I die, I hope you'll do the children a good turn if you can."

Windsor turned away. Tears rushed to his eyes. He shook the boys' hands, and made an awkward bow to Mrs. Beresford.

"I haven't deserved this," his voice broke. He went towards the door.

"I didn't expect it. Nobody else around here would have done it."

He went out onto the landing. He came back and put his head through the door-way.

"If your cross makes you do this sort of thing, I'll put up one myself. Don't be uneasy about Fitts."

He went down the stairs as gently as he could, and they heard him close the front gate.

"He's a dangerous man," said Dermot.

"We've turned him," answered his father. "We've had the best revenge any man can take. Good-night, boys. Jim Windsor will not try to burn another barn."

The boys said good-night. Mr. Beresford had done a bold thing. They would have given Windsor up to the law. But in consultation, they—even including Dermot—admitted that Mr. Beresford had made a friend, and perhaps, a better man of Windsor.

"After all," said Dick, thoughtfully, "if we make better men of ourselves; and of our neighbors, we fulfill the greatest of the commandments. We show that we love Him, and that we love them."

"Don't preach," answered Brian, yawning, and going into his room.

"Father is a good Catholic and no mistake."

After this, there was a change in the attitude of the people to the Beresfords. Job Fitts' word did not go for much, but in the discussions at the village grocery store, Jim Windsor's went for a great deal. Whenever the subject of religion came up, Windsor always said a good word for Catholics in his own way.

"I don't care for what the Catholics used to be. I suppose they have been good, bad, and indifferent. I take 'em as I find 'em, and I don't want to know any better people than the Beresfords."

This had its effect. The little neighborhood offices which Mrs. Beresford had hitherto been pained to miss, were given.

Caution to Young Men.

Young men that are making their start in life (for as to the old it does not matter so much) cannot be too earnestly warned against all connection with an underground society professing the aims of the A. P. A. The brief and ignominious career of its predecessor of the last generation is full of instruction to all who are capable of learning the lessons of political history. * * * The Know-Nothing party was routed and broken. In vain some of its more astute leaders sought to reorganize it as an open, daylight party, and to divest it of its obnoxious sectarian features. But the stigma attaching to a dark-lantern political conspiracy could not be removed. Its dupes deserted by thousands; its secret meetings in barns and under culverts were abandoned in shame, and the organization dissolved as rapidly as it had risen.

There is in the condition of the country no more reason for the A. P. A. in 1893 than there was in 1854. Even if the aims of this organization had been entirely praiseworthy and desirable, secret, skulking, oath-bound political organizations are utterly repugnant to the manly spirit of American institutions.—Philadelphia Record.

Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized by swellings, abscesses, hip disease, etc. Consumption is scrofula of the lungs. In this class of disease Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

It is not what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merit. When in need of medicine remember Hood's Cures.

A PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

The Troubles of a Canadian Clergyman.—Attracted With a Disease Unknown to Physicians—He Had Almost Given up Hope When the Hand of Relief was Stretched Out to Him.

Rev. S. J. Cummings, the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Montreal, New York, has had an experience that makes him one of the most interesting men in the city. To a reporter of the Buffalo News, who inquired of him, Mr. Cummings made the following statement which he put in the form of an affidavit: "I am now feeling so well that I am entering on a series of special meetings, and an return to work with all my old time vigor. I was prostrated in June last and was treated by three physicians, one near this place and two in the city of Buffalo, but received no benefit or encouragement from them. They all were of the opinion that I would have to resign my pastoral office and quit preaching. Nevertheless I now feel entirely recovered.

I cannot give you the name of my disorder. It baffled the physicians, and they could not agree as to the nature of the trouble. After the slightest exposure, as in the damp of the morning, or after the dew fell in the evening, my limbs would swell and become discolored and my body would be racked with pain. These attacks would last three or four hours, but they would usually leave me helpless for at least a day. I was unable to sleep. The strain upon my nervous system was tremendous. I became so prostrated as to be unable to take exercise, and frequently could not preach to my people. Sometimes for the week the wearying strain would be so affected that I could not write a letter or pen a discourse.

On the recommendation of the physicians who examined me, my church granted me a vacation for a month, and I went to my old home at Oakwood, Ont. north of Toronto. On reaching home my father urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I bought a box of them. I had lost all faith in them, but he had been a great sufferer from the same ailment, and I commenced to take them. I soon found my health improving. By the time I returned to my home and family at this place, some of my friends insisted that the benefit was only temporary, that I would relapse, and I was told to be worse than before, but I have continued to take them and now feel like a new man. The sudden attacks of pain which formerly troubled me on my bed do not recur, and I have exposed myself many times in a way that would have formerly brought me to the grave.

In my family I have found them very beneficial. My wife finds them most helpful to her health, and she has ever since had to have tried hundreds of pills in doctors' remedies and nothing has done her any good, but she has tried Pink Pills.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of September, 1908. J. J. HENRY, Notary Public.

Druggists everywhere bear witness to the fact that this wonderful Canadian medicine has taken upon the public, and to the vast good it has accomplished in relieving suffering, and restoring health to the afflicted. Mr. Cummings cheerfully testifies to the benefits derived from its use, often after skilled physicians had absolutely failed to help them. If you are suffering from any of the ailments mentioned in this advertisement, and give this marvelous modern medical science a fair trial, you will find that the "Pink Pills" show that they contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore the weakened nervous system. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatic, neuritis, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, all troubles depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They build up the blood, and restore the power of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from overwork, over-excesses, and what mental worry, over-work, and nervousness, whatever nature. There are no ill effects following the use of this powerful medicine, and it can be given to children with perfect safety.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockton, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, and at a box or boxes for \$2.00. They are never sold in bulk. There are numerous imitations and other so-called blood builders against which the public are cautioned. Your dealer does not keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they will be sent post-paid on receipt of above price.

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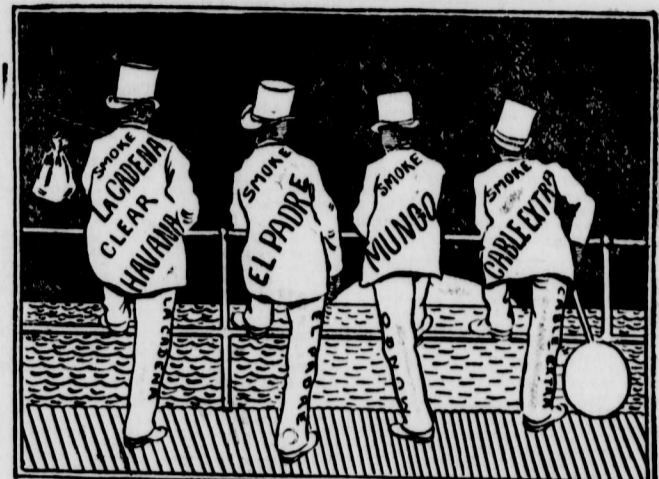
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