

# The Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1901.

NO. 1,193.

VOLUME XXIII.

The Catholic Record.  
London Saturday, August 31, 1901.

## A LONG PROMISED MISSION.

Will the editor of the Presbyterian Review pardon us if we enquire when the long-promised mission to Catholics will take place? Sometime ago he informed us that some of our dogmas were against reason, and we were doomed to fall an easy prey to modern thought, and, furthermore, that Presbyterian divines would take the field and prove it all up to the hilt. We on our part proffered them a respectful hearing and a well-filled Question Box. But so far they have not come to time. Perhaps they are nursing their tired faculties at a summer resort or mayhap elaborating another Confession; but they certainly should not lose sight of the fact that if we cling to unreasonable beliefs and are unable to cope with the times, a golden opportunity to set us right is near at hand. But the editor may have been merely assuring his brethren that his orthodoxy was above suspicion. Yet we wait, and if the editor can demolish the Church of Rome as effectually in public as in his sanctum he may ere long rejoice in the title of Moderator and even vie with the late incumbent in retailing worn-out and antiquated charges. However, we can assure him that the house built on the rock will not be blown down by wind.

## METHODIST SOUPERS.

Sometime ago we had something to say about the soupers in Rome. Judging from the latest reports of their doings we are afraid they are forgetting the advice of John Wesley and have fallen heirs to a double portion of the meanness, prevarication and fraud attributed to them by the Rev. Sidney Smith in 1809. However, we have lived long enough to know that a supper will resort to means that would be looked at askance by a low-grade politician in order to further his ends. He simply cannot be decent, and no waters of argument can wash the dirt streak out of his composition. It is bad enough to insult the intelligence with the Amen corner, the shout and jump and fervid declamation, but to insult the Vicar of Christ in his own city, requires a sublime disregard for the most elementary rules of social life. But it does not tax the resources of our Methodist friends.

We append the following quotation from the Tablet.

"The Beast of the Apocalypse"—"The Beast of the Apocalypse" was the cry heard in the streets of Rome the other day from the loud-throated vendors of a cheap pamphlet. The title was meant to describe the venerable occupant of the See of Peter, whom the University of Glasgow recently called "the most holy and most learned Pontiff." This scurrilous publication is full of the vilest abuse of the Papacy and the Church, of monstrous calumny and gross slander; yet it is allowed to be sold in the streets of Rome. It has been in circulation some two or three years, chiefly in Sicily; and is one of the editing books found in the list of the Methodist proselytizers, by which they hope to raise the morals of the Romans."

## THE LIBERAL CATHOLIC.

There are some individuals who aspire to be looked upon as liberal by the non-Catholics. We are not going to say much about them just now except that a liberal Catholic, when analysed, invariably turns out to be an ignoble coward. The meanest politicians will render unswerving allegiance to his party, but that given by the liberal Catholic to the everlasting Church is measured by the chances for trade, by the influences of environment or popular opinion, and always of personal aggrandizement. When a Bishop comes out squarely in an issue pertaining to the religious interests of his people that kind of a Catholic will shrug his shoulders and lament that such outspokenness will affect the friendly relations between us and our fellow citizens. Their honored watchword is Keep in touch with everybody. That indeed may mean business and trade, hypocritical praise of our broad-mindedness, and it may also mean that we forget our duty to our prelates, forswear our manhood, and become likepuppets, the toys of the politicians and those who head together at the

polls to vote according to the directions of the ward heeler. We, too, believe in encouraging anything that tends to strengthen the bonds of amity between us and our separated brethren, but it must not be procured by unmanly and un-Catholic conduct.

## THE UP-TO-DATE PREACHER.

The ordinary exponent of the popular brand of Protestant piety, a semi-sacred-theistic man who desires to be up to date, rejoices in the possession of privileges that are not accorded to individuals of other professions. He need not be learned nor need his statements be adorned with that accuracy that is the badge of scholarship. He can go far afield for a topic; in fact his auditors will stand anything but the solemn awe inspiring truths of the Gospel.

There are, we admit, some persons who are no friends to pulpit sensationalism, but even they will confess that it has come to stay until the people in the pews who furnish the money and own the minister desire some other kind of Sunday entertainment. This is certainly regrettable, because ordinary mortals will give small respect to the divine who adopts the methods of irresponsible journalism. It also makes him reckless in statement and inclined to defend any theory, however destitute of intrinsic probability, if novel and startling. The usefulness of the sensationalist as an exponent of truth is never more manifested than when he attempts to deal with a subject pertaining to Catholicity. We do betimes happen upon some of their discourses, and we must say that in unctuous gush and moss-backed platitudes they furnish indisputable proofs that the colleges wherein the orators are trained—if happily they are trained at all—must have some very archaic professors. They should try to recognize the fact that the old calumnies are not countenanced by educated men. They may serve as pabulum for an old ladies' society, and will be accepted by the enlightened followers of King William, but the normal minded man who is not deplorably out of date knows that they never had an existence save in the mind of the unscrupulous partisan. But still we do hear them, though not so frequently as of yore. And we are, therefore, not surprised to learn that Protestantism has championed the rights of women. We have heard that before, and a gentleman will need something more than a white choker and tie to convince us that he is, in that matter at least, a truth speaker. Whatsoever rights woman has to-day she owes to Catholicity. She has defended her, and safeguarded her education, morally and intellectually, throughout the centuries; and to-day when the disintegrating sects are loth, through social and pecuniary reasons to grapple with the divorce evil, she is at the hearstone protecting it from the defiling touch of legalized lust. The historian Von Miller says that if the Pope could hold up no other merit than that which they gained by protecting monogamy against the brutal lusts of those in power, notwithstanding bribes, threats and persecution that alone would render them immortal for all future ages. And if anyone wants to know just what idea Luther and his coopeers had of the rights of woman he can glean some information from their sermons and from the theses affixed to the doors of the University of Wittenberg in 1595. He may, too, if he sit in a refrigerator, look up with profit the record of the founder of that elastic and comprehensive sect yelet Angloianism.

## A Holy Family.

A Mass, which was most singular in its circumstances, was recently celebrated in the Church of the Jesuits, Gardiner street, Dublin. The celebrant, the Rev. William Kane, was ordained on the previous day. He has a profound interest and a legal commission in South Africa. The assistant minister was his brother, the Rev. Robert and Patrick Kane, both Jesuits also, and the Mass was served by another brother named John. They are all relations of the late Sir Robert Kane, author of "The Industrial Revolution of Ireland," and of the distinguished Captain Kane, of the warship Calliope, who saved his ship by running her out to the open sea when half a dozen vessels were sunk in the harbor of Apia during a terrific tornado.

## THE CONGRESS OF MISSIONARIES TO NON-CATHOLICS AT WINCHESTER, TENN.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.  
Winchester, Tenn.—The first congress of missionaries to non-Catholics is in session here.

The delegates have come in twos and threes from distant parts of the country, and are gathered here to discuss the way and means of carrying on an active propaganda among the immense throng of non-church goers in this country. It is a unique gathering of the first of the kind ever attempted among us, and it has been managed with consummate skill and the credit belongs to the Committee of Arrangements of which Father Cusack, of New York, Father Kress, of Cleveland, Dr. Stang, of Providence, Father Xavier, of the Passionist Fathers and one of the Paulist Fathers are members.

The gathering is not only unique, but it is comprehensive. It embraces members of many of the religious orders, as well as of the secular priesthood, and it is presided over by Right Rev. T. S. Byrne, Bishop of Nashville, within whose jurisdiction the congress is held.

The following is a list of the delegates present: Right Rev. T. S. Byrne, D. D., Right Rev. Edward Allan, D. D., Rev. Thos. V. Tobin, Chattanooga; Rev. J. D. Budds and Rev. D. Berburich, Charleston; Rev. Fr. Xavier, Passionist, Rev. Peter McClean, leader of Hartford band; Rev. Edw. Flannery, Rev. Dr. Stang, leader of Providence band; Rev. Walter Elliott, Rev. F. B. Doherty, Rev. B. Conway, Rev. A. P. Doyle, Rev. Fr. Prates and Rev. Michael Irwin, North Carolina; Rev. W. Gaston Payne, missionary, Virginia; Rev. Henry O'Grady, missionary, Alabama; Rev. C. Maho, Lake Providence, La.; Rev. Fr. Kress and Rev. Fr. Nicholas, Cleveland; Rev. Boniface Russ, Superior of C. P. S.; Rev. Thos. Cusack and Rev. Dr. Guinon, New York; Rev. Fr. Busch, Minnesota; Rev. Fr. Punkett, Josephite, Rev. Fr. Drury, Knoxville, Ky.

It may seem remarkable that all these earnest men have left their quiet rest, and have come away down South at this festival time, but what has drawn them are the needs of the Church in the South.

In the North the Bishops have been so busy with their own necessities that they have had little time to study the deplorable needs of the Church in the South. Many of the Bishops and priests have kept up an all but hopeless struggle for years against bigotry, poverty, indifference and sin, and have made as they think but little progress. But to have held the entrenchment against such odds is to have won victories. Now the glad hand of sympathy and the strong hand of support and the ready hand of financial help is stretched out to them by their brethren in the North.

That is why the zealous missionaries of the North have come into the south. It is to study conditions. It is to see for themselves what is to be done so that they may go back and awaken a greater interest in the work of their struggling brethren below Mason and Dixon's line. Incidentally this Congress will give the delegates an opportunity to meet one another and establish closer bonds of brotherhood in their work.

While the non-Catholic mission movement has already achieved much success, still it has been inaugurated here and there by various missionaries and it has been carried on in some places with remarkable success. A others with only mediocre results. A general conference over methods will organize and unify the work.

The Bishops of the country are taking a very great interest in the outcome of this Congress. Their letters to the committee of arrangements were read before the assembled delegates.

Archbishop Corrigan writes: "That he anticipates from the deliberations of the conference most beneficial results to souls."

Bishop McFaul writes: "There are thousands of pious souls who are groping for the truth. We must keep the torch of faith so brightly burning that men will be attracted to the light."

Bishop Spalding writes: "That my interest in the work is deep and I trust that your deliberations will result in an increase of zeal and activity for the conversion of America."

Bishop Maes writes: "May God strengthen your ranks with earnest men and zealous apostles, like unto the missionaries who are already garnering the whitening harvest in the promising field of our beloved country, and so with all the others. If one is to judge by the letters presented here there seems to be little short of a profound interest awakened among the best of the clergy and laity in the country in the assembling of this congress."

## A Princess Convert.

Landgravine Dowager Anna of Hesse the sister of the Red Prince Friedrich Karl of Prussia has become a Catholic and received her First Communion in Faldia. The conversion has made a sensation on account of the strong Protestantism of both the Hohenzollern and Hesse families since the time of the Reformation.

## A COMING GREAT JUBILEE.

The Twenty-Fifth Year of the Pontificate of Leo XIII.

Within a few months the Catholic world will celebrate a glorious event, the twenty-fifth year of the Pontificate of the illustrious Leo XIII., whose life has been so long spared, that he might continue to guide the Church throughout the troubled waters that ever seek her destruction. In prolonging the life of the Holy Father, we see another evidence of divine protection for the Church, which is to continue his work until the Angel shall proclaim that time has run its course.

The Catholics of the world will join in this celebration with prayers of supplication and thanksgiving. And the faithful in our own highly favored land will not be slow to show their love for the Sovereign Pontiff, who has on so many occasions given evidence of his affection for our country, and its people. While but few of the millions of American Catholics will enjoy the great pleasure of making a pilgrimage to Rome, to prostrate themselves at the feet of the Holy Father, they will join with the faithful of other lands in observing this jubilee.

The committee in charge of the celebration has just issued the following circular letter:

An extraordinary event approaches to give joy to the Church of Jesus Christ. But a few months, and the Universal Father of the faithful, the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII., will be celebrating the twenty-fifth year of a pontificate that will remain glorious in all Christian ages.

To increase the beauty of order, which will naturally be resplendent in the manifestations of so many millions of hearts united, through the charity of Christ, as one heart only, the work of Catholic Congresses, the Primary Roman Society of Catholic Interest and the committee for homage to the Redeemer, have been formed, in fraternal union, into one special committee, under the presidency of His Eminence the Cardinal Vicar of His Holiness. This committee, to which all other Catholic associations will lend their aid, now addresses itself to the brethren of the Eternal City and of the whole world, proposing and recommending with affectionate vehemence the following special marks of honor and congratulation towards the august person of Christ's Vicar on the happy occasion of his Pontifical Jubilee.

The first act to be fulfilled is certainly that of great prayer. The Divine Goodness must be invoked for the Supreme Pontiff, not only in private, but also by means of public prayers. Already to this end, His Eminence the Cardinal Vicar has enjoined for Rome, that during this time there be recited the prayer, *Pro Papa*, at Holy Mass, as also, that in the public recital of the Rosary, there be added the prayer: *Oremus pro Pontifice nostro Leone Dominum conservet eum*, etc. And it is truly touching to hear in the churches of Rome, the pious multitudes uplifting to heaven this filial petition for the longevity, health, happiness and triumph of the Holy Father. Besides this, there has been arranged, for Sunday, the 9th of June, a function in the Church of St. Ignatius, at which the Holy Sacrifice will be celebrated by His Eminence, the Cardinal Vicar, and to which will be invited all the Catholic associations and institutes who ally the faithful will approach the Holy Sacraments. Let this be the principal point, where brother may vie with brother, all aspiring to offer to God these, the best gifts, for the prosperity of the Holy Father.

The desire of comforting the heart of the Holy Father has further guided us to these other designs for which we make a fervent appeal to all the Catholics of the universe who can cooperate with us.

The object of affection for all must be the Cathedral Church of the Roman Pontiff the Arch Basilica of Saint John Lateran, to the vault of which certain repairs are urgently needed. Who ever, in the spirit of faith, has once passed its threshold, can never cease to remember with affection, the Mother and Mistress of all the churches of the world. Now, the four Ministers-General of the Franciscan Order have cordially accepted the proposal to carve from their Tertiaris, an offering, however small, for the necessary repairs to the vault of that magnificent temple. And we trust that all Tertiaris, loving the beauty of God's house and the place where His glory dwelleth, and desirous of giving the Pontiff, who loves them so well, a proof of their gratitude, will extend their hand in this manner, to sustain the glory and decorum of that Lateran Church, which appeared in heavenly vision to Innocent the Third, as upheld by Francis the Poor Man of Assisi.

Here we make a respectful appeal to the pastors of all the dioceses that their priests, yielding to their paternal invitation, would deign to set apart for the same purpose the stipendium of one Mass. This the venerable priests will be able to remit into the hands of the Bishops, who will present, together with the list of subscribers, to the Holy Father for his beloved Cathedral, by means of His Eminence,

the Cardinal Vicar, President of the committee.

To the Sisters, the female institutes, the Catholic ladies of each and every diocese, a very earnest appeal is directed that, by their able and pious work, they prepare in aid of poor churches, a special display of sacred vestments, to be afterwards distributed in the respective dioceses. The number of dioceses in which the work for poor churches, has been established, is consoling; there, the fruit of the jubilee of this Supreme Pontificate will be abundant. Where this work has not been established, may there arise a grand exposition of sacred vestments. It is a delight to see these exhibitions of objects that take from the poverty of the churches and confer honor and splendor on the worship which centres in the Most Holy Sacrament. And it will be a pleasure opening the eyes of the poor churches, has been established, is consoling; there, the fruit of the jubilee of this Supreme Pontificate will be abundant. 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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

Sarah, however, responded in her funeral way, and thinking it an excellent opportunity for forcing her companion to speak—Rachel had not said a word beyond her disappointment. "On Sarah," when she saw the woman waiting for her—she said: "Them two young ladies is Miss Goding and Miss Fairfax," and as it had been the fifth attempt since leaving the school that Sarah had made to draw the child into conversation, she was hardly disappointed when she received no answer. At the high, narrow gate which opened on the footpath that led to Miss Barram's house, Sarah imparted the only piece of information that Rachel cared to hear; it was that Miss Barram had gone to the city—meaning the nearest town, which was a fifteen miles distant—gone in her carriage; that according to Rachel for Sarah's having been at the school instead of Jim, and Sarah added that she guessed Miss Barram's journey was all along of a letter—a letter which Jim brought down from the post office after he drove Miss Barram home in the morning. "Because," as Sarah asserted, "the carriage was put away, and Miss Barram had a sort of settled down for the day, like she always does when she ain't going out, when Jim comes back from the post office with her and she reads it, she just says for me to tell Jim to have the carriage ready, and she's gone now near an hour."

she wanted for nothing, and her surroundings very different from those she had in "Tom's" plain little home. But she would have given them all for that plain little home with "Tom" again; then she turned back to the window and drew from her bosom Tom's keepsake, the golden watch. Again and again she kissed it with the same tenderness with which she would have kissed "Tom's" face, while her tears that she could no longer keep back rained upon it; then she sank upon her knees and said the prayer which "Tom" had taught her: "Dear good God, take care of 'Tom,' Jim."

After that she left her head fall forward on the broad ledge of the window and in a few minutes she was soundly asleep. Thus Sarah found her when she came in to take away the lamp, and not being at heart either ill-dressed or hard, she was touched almost to tears herself when she saw the traces of tears on the face of the little sleeper. "Poor little creature!" she said to herself, "it's the queer life she has with Miss Barram any way; and then she ventured to take her up and dress her, half fear, however, that Rachel would awake and make one of the speeches which made Sarah feel how absolutely she must maintain her distance from Miss Barram's charge. But Rachel slept too profoundly to be disturbed, and beyond an occasional motion that made Sarah in alarm cease all operations for the moment, the child did not once open her eyes, and Sarah having put her into bed, felt so great a sense of satisfaction that, when having extinguished the light she left the room, she was obliged to have her usual going to the kitchen where she had left Hardman at his supper, she told him of her most unwelcome experience with Rachel. He was interested at once, for when Sarah attempted, as she did directly after, to win some information from her in the city, Hardman, as he always did, turned it off with a laugh. Then Sarah resorted to the tea leaves, insisting that he should toss his cup before she replenished it, because as she said there was an unusual amount of leaves in his cup. "All right," he said, "I don't mind so long as you're satisfied to do it; but it seems to me, Sarah, there can't be much use in telling a man's fortune every day."

"Jeem," replied Sarah, very slowly, "you don't understand things—every day is a different day ain't it?" Jim nodded. "Then it stands to reason that every day you can have a different fortune, don't it?" "Yes," said Jim slowly, as if not quite convinced by logic which asserted that every day's fortune would be a different one, and yet professed to tell from the toss of one cup the future events of a lifetime; but Sarah did not give him time to reason for she took up the cup and began first holding it very close to her, and then putting it at arm's length from her. "It's plain that you were in the city today, Jeem; there's the carriage, right in the midst of carts and wagons and lots of people," she stole a glance at him as she spoke, but his face bore nothing more than the good-natured look it had from her. "And you went into a house, Jeem—a house with lots of people, dirty people at that," Hardman visibly started; Sarah saw the start but pretended she didn't and went on: "That strange business Miss Barram's on, Jeem."

Hardman was bolt upright now, looking at Sarah as if she were some supernatural being, but he did not speak. "Here you'll have to toss again—that's all I can tell of that cup," said Sarah, hearing it, turned from the window and felt in her pocket for Miss Ashton's note. "Miss Barram seemed excited; unusual red spots burned on her cheeks, and there was a look of suppressed temper in her eyes. Without even waiting to remove her hands she entered the dining room. "Shall I call Miss Rachel?" asked Sarah, "because she wouldn't take no dinner as you hadn't left word for her to do so, and she said if you didn't come she'd go to bed without a word because, as I said before, you hadn't left no word for her."

Miss Barram stared, then she said: "Yes, call her," and when the girl came, she said "Good evening!" shortly, motioned her to take her place at the table, and said no other word till the latter handed her Miss Ashton's note; then she asked quickly and with something like suppressed alarm in her manner: "Who is it from?" "The Principal of the school."

"Ah!" Miss Barram said, and her lips compressed as she read it and the spots on her cheeks grew redder. "I shall give you the answer in the morning."

She folded the note and put it into her pocket and the man I've finished in good time. Rachel said her customary low "Good night, Miss Barram," and received the customary cold "Good night, Rachel!" in reply and went wearily up to bed. Her lamp was then burning brightly, and from her window she could see the lights of a passing vessel; and this being a particularly clear night she could see with great distinctness the flash light of the lighthouse five miles distant. The wash of the waves on the beach was the only sound she heard, and as she listened to it with her face gazed against the window pane, she fancied there were voices in the sound—voices of homesick, heart-sick children like herself calling for those they loved. Her miserable feelings were aggravated by the fact that not once all day did she have a word with Hardman—the only day since they had become acquainted, and to-day of all others when she had so much to talk to him about. And Miss Barram's manner seemed harder to bear than usual. Who was Miss Barram? Why did she shake charge of her if she cared so little for her as she seemed to do? were questions which came into the mind of the girl with a strength and persistency that they never had before. Miss Ashton's questions about her father and mother aroused strange thoughts. While shielded and satisfied by "Tom's" love and care, Rachel had little thought or curiosity about her parents; but now that she did wonder, and parents—a good deal about them—who were they? Did Miss Barram know them, and why should Miss Barram be willing to take care of her? She turned in perplexity from the window, her eyes falling upon the different articles of comfort and luxury; certainly,

THE SCULPTOR'S STORY.

Mario Dongan Walsh in Catholic World for August.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

It must have been long that I knelt there, calling him by name, chafing the marble-cold hands fast stiffening in death—whose icy touch brought a cold thrill of horror through every nerve of my body—and striving by every means in my power to restore life to the inanimate frame from which it had fled. The moonlight had faded into the black darkness which precedes the dawn; and presently morning would break in cheerful sunshine, when they would find me here keeping a vigil by the dead; the murderer and the victim, with the hammer and the mutilated statue to act as witnesses of my crime. Then they would take me and lead me to the prisons by the river, stigmatized as a base, foul murderer, a monster of villainy and blackest ingratitude. And for ever, between me and the eternity of misery awaiting me, would arise that pale, horror-stricken face in the moonlight, and the bitter cry of mortal anguish ring unendingly in my ears! Again the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself, too strong to be resisted, and without one look backward I rose and fled swiftly like one already pursued. No one detained me, no one witnessed my rapid flight, as I scaled the wall, dropping into the street again. But cold drops of sweat stood on my forehead, and my heart beat wildly and tumultuously, loud as if it hammer-beats would rouse the echoes of the stony street. Strange, jeering voices sounded in my ears, and pursuing footsteps rushed along beside me in the shadows. But never pausing till I reached my humble lodging, I locked myself safely in; to pass through long days and sleepless nights of mental torture, to which death would have come as a welcome relief. Nor could the old reckless unbelief, the scepticism of all things in heaven and earth, be called in to aid me in this refined torment of remorse. It, too, had failed me. My unwilling "Credo" had been said the instant after the consummation of my crime; for as I knelt by my friend's murdered body I knew once and for ever that there was a God whose inflexible justice would pursue me beyond the grave. Weeks elapsed before I ventured abroad again, pleading illness as an excuse for absence from the studio; and indeed my appearance substantially the statement of the comrades who forced their way into my retirement, anxious to be the first to tell of the tragedy with which the art-quarter of Rome were ringing. And for fear of their suspicions I dared not deny them admittance. No exaggeration is it to say that mine was the torture of the rack—the inward gull; and the endeavor to keep an outward calm so strangely at variance with my passionate, impetuous nature, as one after another came to relate with morbid avidity and interest every detail of the mysterious story; which alas! I—the only witness—knew too well: how Francesco Lorenzi who had stayed late at the Palace Morosini on the night of the murder had been found lying dead in the studio, by the fragments of his ruined statue, a hammer by his side. Then they would argue and discuss the event, from every point of view, till I felt my brain reeling with the strain. Some opined that the sculptor destroyed the statue himself in a fit of morbid discouragement; then died with grief at the result. Others ascribed a deliberate murder; though no signs of violence (beyond a blow on the head which might have been caused by the fall) had been found on the body. But one and all agreed in wondering what hidden enemy a man like Francesco Lorenzi could have had. Afterwards followed unending speculation as to the possible capture of the murderer and his identity. Strange to say, suspicion never for one instant fell on me; even though they knew of my erstwhile friendship with Lorenzi and its subsequent rupture, for fortunately my brooding jealousy about his statue had been kept to myself. Indeed, they wondered that I took the thing so hardly, when I could not keep the horror out of my face; for sometimes, when I looked at the deep furrowed lines in my face, and the white threads that came into my hair after that night of horror, had not betrayed my secret to the world. But no; thoughtless and unseeing, the crew of reckless youths never guessed that each careless word on the subject cut like a stab; each conjecture and repetition started like a touch on the raw wound of my quivering sensibilities. But with the first resolution and endurance of my life I forced myself to go through it all—the torture of the day in public, and the unspeakable solitary nights, till, in sheer desperation, I would rush into the streets and pace them incessantly till morning—anything, everything, to save me from the one torment of the lost—thought. As I passed old Tiber in these midnight vigils, its dark turbid depths appealed to me to end the struggle; but like all murderers I was a coward. Each time I essayed it Lorenzi's white face seemed to rise from the river's misty surface to warn me back, till I fled in cold horror from that vision which so haunted my waking and sleeping hours; but most of all, mark you, when I contemplated any desperate deed, or gave myself over to darkest despair. One day I heard a man saying, "Francesco Lorenzi's death was going to make a man of that ne'er-do-well Guidi; it made such an impression on him that he sowed the last of his wild oats the day he heard of this terrible deed" (which, little though they knew it, was indeed the truth); but it would have taken keener minds and more observing than those of the artist fraternity to penetrate the mask of iron I learned to wear. And with that strange human capacity for forgetfulness, the nine days of the tragedy passed. By wonder or emperor or best beloved—those whom we deemed most necessary, and powerful are alike forgotten. Before the summer heats poured blindingly on the streets, driving Rome panting to the shadows by ways, the world had ceased to compute Lorenzi's fate. He had passed into the dim region of immortal shadows, whose work only lives after their personality is forgotten. And I? . . . After a long summer spent in the mountains, where I carried my dark burden with me into the solitudes, alone with God and nature, fighting the battle with despair, I returned to the city, and did what I thought never to have done again—plunged into genuine hard work. My old haunts knew me no more. Between them and me there was an impassable gulf of distance like that of years—my crime and my newly-awakened conscience. This new attitude caused much amusement to my cynical friends of the past, who nicknamed me "Simon Stylites" and the "Sculptor-Saint"; taunting me that the "clericals" had got hold of me and made me a coward. In the old days I would have been aroused to me to shamefacedness or resentment, but now I pursued my way heedless alike of sneers or laughter; for neither seemed to touch me. Occasionally I felt as if I illustrated one of those strange psychological problems one hears of, in which a man's whole personality has been changed into that of another! The reckless, passionate youth, so full of the pride of life, had gone for ever, as well as the boyish scapegrace Lorenzi had once loved, and in their place was a sombre, silent man whom I myself scarcely recognized, with a grim secret darkening his life with an ever-present shadow. Oh, it was strange, strange! I the unconquered, the passionate, to become impassive to sternness, possessing a self control seldom to be met with in our southern land, where storm and laughter are ever near the surface. Sometimes, seldom, the old fits of sudden anger welled up and would almost overflow, over some willful carelessness of the scarpellini or a more than usually bitter taunt of my comrades; but I had but to glance at the gesso model of the renegade monk, kept as a "memento homo" in a corner of the studio. Then my haughty words died at my side and the fierce words died away unuttered by the stony calm steadily replaced by the stony calm which had become a second nature; the habitual feeling that I had done with life's petty vexations and troubles on my own account. Only one touch of human comfort came to me during that period of poignant remorse: Lorenzi's old friend and doctor with the brave face I showed the world in discussing the event, though even yet the mere mention of it sufficed to gully heart. After many lamentations over his friend's untimely fate the old man ended: "Well, poor fellow; they may say what they will; for my own part I hold it was no murder but disease that brought him to his death. Aye, did I ease 'stare as you will, Guido, with those great sombre eyes of yours. Some one may have ruined his statue out of jealousy or pure wickedness (for that galatunose had no enemies or even he himself may have destroyed it in a fit of discouragement as such as your artistic genius are capable of; but Dio lo sa! it wasn't the man." . . . I, the silent listener, winced as if he had pierced my armor with a sword thrust, and my lips and hands clinched in a supreme effort for self-control. But the old man noticed nothing. He was so timely in his subject and was so timely: "Yes, his death was bound to come suddenly sooner or later; so loss of his statue was not altogether blame, though the shock may have hastened it. For years he suffered from heart disease, and suspected himself too, even before I told him. Quel povero Francesco! ever thoughful for others even in his own trouble. I think I can hear him now, tried to break the fact to him, saying in that cheery way of his: 'Thank you, old friend, for trying to spare me; I have guessed much for years. God has been to me in this as always; for if it hadn't been for the fact that I had a death I would have chosen. The goring agonies of a mortal sickness a helpless old age are things dreaded; and besides this, men heart-disease often outlive the body. Anyhow, he knows best for us all.' "But the agony, the sorrow, his beautiful creation ruined, him?" I queried. "Surely to death was the agony and pang of it. 'Figlio mio, it was but a tatty,' said the old physician, his hand on my shoulder, and gently and reverentially, 'the shock of horror; then the insta-ization of the eyes of the one who loved the pure and beautiful earth! Nay, Guidi, do not think

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The Catholic Record.

Published weekly at 64 and 66 Richmond street, London, Ontario.

Price of subscription—\$1.00 per annum.

EDITORS: REV. GEORGE B. NORTHGRAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern India."

THOMAS COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, Meers, Luke King, John Nigh, P. J. Nevan and Joseph P. King, are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Agents for Newfoundland, Mr. T. J. Wall, St. John's.

Rates of Advertising—Ten cents per line each insertion against measurement.

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

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

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you, and wishing you success, Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, J. D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

London, Saturday, August 31, 1901.

ARREST OF CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

James H. Lewis, a Christian Scientist of Toronto, has been arrested charged with criminal negligence in failing to provide medical aid, medicine, and proper comforts for his little son, Roy Lewis, while he was in a dying condition from diphtheria.

Physicians assert that there was a likelihood of the cure of the child if he had had proper medical aid and care during his illness. The arrest was by detective Verney of the Toronto detective force.

This is but one of many instances of deaths arising from similar neglect, in consequence of the Christian Science belief, but it appears that very properly the Toronto police have been instructed to arrest those whose duty it is to provide proper medical treatment for those under their charge, when their sickness is so severe that such treatment should be provided.

TO PURIFY LONDON.

This is surely an age of gigantic and bold undertakings; but a movement which is being begun in London, and of which a recent cable despatch gives information, is undoubtedly the boldest in the social order which has ever been attempted.

This is nothing less than a crusade which has just been announced for the suppression of vice in that city. More than a thousand prominent persons representing every borough in the great metropolis have associated themselves together to suppress disorderly houses, obscene language, pernicious pictures, publications and plays.

Among the supporters of the movement are Lords Roberts and Wolsey, Cardinal Archbishop Vaughan, the (Anglican) Bishop of London, Lord Kinnaid, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Sir W. H. Broadbent, M. D., Sir Douglas Fox, Canon Gore, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, and others.

Six hundred and forty two out of one thousand three hundred and forty nine borough councillors have pledged themselves to support the movement, and no doubt many others will give their adhesion to it later on.

The police have been instructed to be more vigilant in their investigations into the manner in which suspected houses are conducted, and the magistrates generally have entered heartily into the movement, promising to enforce the law on the subject with inflexible vigor and severity.

The vice-chairman of the association, Bishop Alfred Barry, said a few nights ago at a meeting to further the object of the Association:

"The social sins and miseries of London have a firm hold on the community. Unabashed and aggressive immorality has assumed the dimensions of a vested interest and an international trade. We do not profess to be able to compass the total suppression of immorality, but we hope, with the help of God, to redeem London from the reproach of being an open market for body and soul."

The Association will provide homes for unfortunate women willing to reform, and the measures generally proposed to be adopted in the carrying on of the crusade, being of an eminently practical character, there is more hope of success than in any movement of the kind which has ever been begun.

John Kenst, the seller of obscene literature, who is at the head of the aggressive Evangelical party, is in

danger of having his establishment broken up by this crusade—not indeed by Mrs. Carrie Nation's methods, but by the regular course of law.

ADVANCING TOWARDS ROME.

There is a feature in the agitation of the question of Revision of the Westminster Confession to which much attention has not been called, and that is the testimony which the movement affords to the constancy of truth as it has been and is still taught in the Catholic Church.

The 25th chapter of the Westminster Confession admits that the Church of Christ must exist always "to worship God according to His will," and in support of this statement quotes "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (St. Matt. xvi, 18); and several other passages of Scripture, among which we need point out only this one: "He (Christ) gave some Apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ. Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God." This text continues in the part not quoted in the Confession: that we may not now be children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, in the wickedness of men in craftiness by which they lie in wait to deceive.

These passages teach us more than they are quoted in the Confession to prove, namely that the Church of Christ must always continue to exist. They show that the Church is built upon a rock against which all the efforts of the enemy of our salvation to overthrow it, will not prevail to have it teach any other doctrine than that which in St. Matt. xviii, 19, Christ commanded His Apostles to teach to all nations; and it is to save us from becoming the dupes and victims of false doctrines that we are told the hierarchy of the Church of Christ was instituted by Christ Himself.

In fact the Church of Christ must be what St. Paul describes it to be in 1 Tim. iii, 15: "the Church of the Living God: the pillar and the ground of truth."

Now it must be remembered that besides the Greek Churches, which in nearly all their teachings are identical with the Catholic Church, there was for the West only the Catholic Church in existence when Luther, Calvin and Zwinglius raised the standard of revolt in their respective countries, and started Protestantism on three widely different fundamental principles. Thus, even according to the plain teaching of the Westminster Confession, the Catholic Church must have been the only one which had authority to teach, and actually taught Christ's doctrine, and the only one of which Christ had said: "If he (the erring brother) will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." (St. Matt. xviii, 17.)

The 25th chapter of the Westminster Confession, already quoted says: "The purest Churches under heaven are subject both to mixture and error, and some have so degenerated as to become no Churches of Christ, but synagogues of Satan."

Then follows the declaration: "Nevertheless there shall be always a Church on earth to worship God according to His will."

Of course, the Catholic Church is the one chiefly aimed at in this denunciation of the "synagogues of Satan," but it must include also all the Greek Churches, which teach substantially the same doctrines. Thus all Christianity is denounced as having repudiated Christ, in the same breath in which we are told that the Church of Christ must exist always in virtue of the promise of Christ to His Apostles: "Lo, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." A greater contradiction than this cannot be conceived, that Christ's Church must exist always, and yet that it has since long ago, ceased to exist, having become "a synagogue of Satan."

The absurdity of all this is felt by Presbyterians themselves, and the revision movement aims at eliminating this reference to the Catholic Church as well as the fling at the Pope found in the same chapter as follows: "There is no other head of the Church but the Lord Jesus Christ: nor can the Pope of Rome in any sense be head thereof, but is that Antichrist, that man of sin and Son of Perdition that exalteth himself in the Church against Christ and all that is called God."

One of the passages of Scripture appealed to in support of this teaching is found in 2 Thess II, 3, and is as follows:

"Let no man deceive you by any means; for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the Son of Perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

Many years ago, the Rev. Philip Schaff, one of the most prominent of the Presbyterian clergy of the United States, and a member of the American section of the Committee on the Revision of the Bible, declared that the teaching of the Confession on this point is founded upon a false interpretation of the Scriptural texts referred to, and this is borne out by the fact that all this abuse of the Pope, at least, is to be left out of the Confession upon revision.

It is true, the present proposal is to leave the Confession untouched, whereas a new and short Creed is to be prepared which, it is said, will be an "explanation" of the Confession, though every one is perfectly aware that it will supersede the old creed, and that this is the purpose for which it will be prepared. The proposal is evidently, so far as it goes, an advanced toward the old Catholic faith, and the giving up of one of the new-fangled favorite doctrines of Presbyterianism, and an admission that after all the hurly-burly of three centuries of abuse against the "Man of Sin," and the "Synagogue of Satan," the Catholic Church was right, and Presbyterianism wrong.

The same thing is to be said on the subject of reordination, and the reprobation of angels and men, and especially of infants. The subjection of the so called reprobate of these three classes to an inevitable fatality which leads them on to eternal destruction, is put among the things which revision will bring out of the Confession. We are told that hereafter God must be regarded by all American Calvinists as a Father to be loved, and that we must all put confidence in His mercy, and believe in His teachings.

Here again there is an approach to the teaching of the Catholic Church, and an acknowledgment that she has preserved unchanged "the faith once delivered to the Saints." This is a sure, even if it be a slow advance towards Rome, and it is certainly an improvement on the stern despotism which John Knox and John Calvin represented as existing in the judgments of Almighty God.

STILL ROMEWARD BOUND.

In regard to another matter, the celebration of Christmas and Easter, the actual Presbyterian attitude is somewhat difficult to understand. The General Assembly of Virginia last year made a pronouncement on the case to the effect that "there is no warrant for the observance of these days as holy days; but on the contrary, such observance is contrary to the principles of the reformed faith, and not in harmony with the simplicity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ." This is in accord with that chapter of the Westminster Confession which prohibits any manner of worship of God which is not commanded in Scripture. In the Twenty fifth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, the Moderator announced that "No encroachment should be made upon God's Word either in spirit or in letter by the introduction of times and seasons and ordinances He has not appointed."

This was evidently intended as a special condemnation of those Presbyterians who, of late years have kept the festivals of Christmas and Easter. But these two assemblies of Virginia and Canada evidently overlooked the fact that they themselves insist most strongly on the strict observance of Sunday, an observance which is certainly not appointed in Scripture, but is derived from the institution of the Lord's Day by the Catholic Church, as the weekly holy day to be observed by all Christians in honor of Christ's Resurrection from the dead. The Confession itself says (chap. 1):

"There are some circumstances concerning the worship of God, and government of the Church, common to human actions and societies, which are to be ordered by the light of nature and Christian prudence according to the general rules of the word, which are always to be observed."

It is, therefore, the office of the Church of God to ordain such matters, and as Scripture certainly does not prohibit either by the spirit or the letter, the observance of such festivals as the Nativity and Resurrection, it is within the jurisdiction of God's Church as an organized, divinely instituted, and self-governing body, to appoint such festivals as it deems advisable to increase devotion; and such ordinances

are of obligation, inasmuch as whosoever will not hear the Church is to be regarded as the Heathen and the Publican.

But though the General Assemblies, condemn these great Christian festivals, the common sense of the people and the spirit of devotion have created a proclivity among the people to keep these great feasts, and the General Assemblies will certainly be obliged before long to go with the torrent. We therefore look for another approach to Catholic practices, before long, in this matter of observing the great festivals which Presbyterians have sternly refused to observe during the last three centuries.

THE LAW TIMES AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Canadian Law Times is a journal published in Toronto with the purpose of furnishing lawyers and judges with reliable and succinct digests of legal decisions of the courts for their guidance in ascertaining the laws which apply to the cases which may come under their consideration. It is a journal from which professional men derive much useful knowledge regarding current decisions. But to put the matter mildly, an article in the June issue of the Law Times to which our attention has been directed by one of the Catholic judges, shows that the editor is apt to be carried into occasional indiscretions by his excessive zeal to propagate his own religious views, or at least that he rejoices to have an opportunity to fling his handful of mud at the Church of nineteen centuries, even at the expense of truth.

In the issue of the date mentioned we find an article in the form of a letter for which the editor is fully responsible, the more especially as it is anonymous, and the responsibility cannot be placed on other shoulders.

This letter gives an extract from Lord Bacon in which there is an insulting and false reference to the teaching and practices of the Catholic Church, the publication of which is inexcusable in an article which has for its purpose to advise judges how they ought to fulfil the duties of their office. Surely this advice could be given without quoting Bacon's false and insulting statement.

Except for this reference, the article is unexceptionable. It says: "It was possible for Bacon four hundred years ago to use this language in his essay 'of Judicature':

"Judges ought to remember that their office is *ius dicere* and not *ius dare*; to interpret law, and not to make law or give law, else it will be like the authority claimed by the Church of Rome which under pretext of exposition of Scripture, doth not stick to add and alter, and to pronounce that which they do not find, and by show of antiquity to introduce novelty."

In the first place, by giving a false date to Bacon's writing, an authority is given to the writer to which he is not entitled. If he had lived four hundred years ago, it would have been in Catholic times, and he would be naturally supposed to have been a Catholic thoroughly conversant with the "iniquitous practices" of the Catholic Church. Such however, is not the case. He was born in 1561, and his legal works were published in and after 1599, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and they contain intrinsic evidence of Bacon's syncretism to the Queen. During the troubles of Lord Essex with Queen Elizabeth, Bacon wrote to the favorite an imploring though eloquent letter advising him to make all efforts to secure the favor of the Queen alone, as thereby lay his prospects of promotion and success in life, and though Essex had been Bacon's bosom friend, after the former had been executed, Bacon was the tool chosen by the Queen to malign his quondam friend by the preparation and publication of his "Declaration of the practices and Treasons Attempted and Committed by Robert, late Earl of Essex;" and the work itself was altered and corrected by the Queen and her Council before being given to the public. Bacon was, therefore, a suitable man to malign the Catholic Church at any opportunity in order to gratify Elizabeth, and to justify before the English people the penal laws passed against Catholics, and the establishment of a new "Reformed Church."

The Catholic Church does not "under pretext of exposition," or "under pretext of any kind," add and alter and pronounce that which she does not find, and by show of antiquity introduce novelty."

The Catholic Church has no need of false pretences in propounding doctrines or recommending devotional practices. She adheres strictly to revealed truth.

Doctrines are revealed by Christ and are unchangeable; and from the beginning the doctrines of the Church have been handed down without change, for as St. Paul testifies in Eph. iv, 3, 14, for this purpose Christ instituted a hierarchy of "Prophets, Apostles, Evangelists, pastors, teachers, etc.," "to keep the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace, one Lord, one faith, one baptism. . . till we all meet in the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God. . . that we may not now be children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, in the wickedness of men, in craftiness by which they lie in wait to deceive."

The Catholic Church has real authority from Christ to interpret Scripture, for in His commission given to the Apostles and to His seventy-two disciples He said:

"Teach all nations to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world;" and, "He that heareth you heareth Me, and he that despiseth Me despiseth Him that sent Me." (Matt. xxviii., 20) (St. Luke x, 16)

Elsewhere our Lord says to His Apostles:

"Peace be to you. As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you. Then breathing upon them He said: Receive ye the Holy Ghost: Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." (St. Jno. xx: 21, 23.)

From these passages it is evident that the doctrine of Christ is not to be changed by any authority on earth, but must be taught as it was revealed by Him.

It is not the Catholic Church which changes, or alters these teachings, but this was done, and is being constantly done by the Elizabethan Church of England to which Bacon belonged, and by other Protestant churches as well. It is well known that Edward and Elizabeth, as well as succeeding sovereigns made such changes, but the doctrines of the Catholic Church are proverbially unchangeable, so that Protestants are constantly reproaching it for not changing with every wind to suit the times and the varying fancies of men.

But the Church has within itself an authority to lay down rules of conduct, and regulations which will facilitate the attainment of the end which Christ had in view in instituting the hierarchy, the salvation of mankind. This is evident from the passages we have quoted which require obedience to the Apostles as they were obliged to obey Christ, and whosoever despises the laws laid down by these Apostles and their lawful successors, despises Christ Himself, and becomes no better than the heathen and the Publican. (St. Matt. xviii; 17)

The case stands just on a parallel with that of the judges to whom Lord Bacon's advice is directed, for the judges do not "make the law," but interpret it, just as the Catholic Church does according to Christ's institution. But the judges make rules to carry out the statutory enactments, and in the spiritual order the Church makes rules or laws to carry out the commands of Christ. Thus Christ enjoins fasting and penance, and the Church fixes the times and manner in which these obligations are to be fulfilled. Christ has instituted sacraments, and the Church determines the times and places and rites in which and wherewith the sacraments are to be administered.

If the Canadian Law Times had omitted the slanderous and insulting accusation of Bacon the force of the advice to judges would not have been in the least degree weakened, and this is what journal should have done.

The extract to which we object asserts that the Catholic Church "makes a show of antiquity to introduce novelty."

This assertion is the climax of impudence made by one of the promoters of an entirely novel Church. It is easy to show by historical evidence that as to doctrine, the Catholic Church has taught throughout the ages the same "faith which was once delivered to the Saints." Even her disciplinary laws are substantially ancient; though the details are varied according to the circumstances of time and place. We need not repeat what we have already said regarding the reasonableness of this.

He Loved the Poor.

The love of St. Ambrose for the poor was so great that he even melted down the consecrated vessels in a time of great necessity. "If," said the saint, "the blood of Christ redeemed their souls, shall not the vessels which hold that blood be used to redeem their bodies?"

THE CORONATION OATH.

Liverpool Catholic Times.

With the third reading of the amended form of the Royal Declaration, as tinkered by Lord Salisbury and the Report Commission, the fate of the bill is transferred to another place. The peers have done their work; the Commons are now to decide whether that work shall remain done or be undone. It is not, of course, to be expected that such a highly contentious measure can be piloted through the House of Commons in the crowded days of an expiring session. Nor is it probable, even when Parliament comes together after the holidays, that the bill, as it now stands, will have a calm passage through the rocks and shoals of debate. It will meet with attack from the angry Protestants on the one hand and from the discontented Catholics on the other.

Between Scylla and Charybdis its fate will most likely be determined. No steersman will be able to get it through the stormy straits; and we should not be surprised if, rather than tempt fortune on those seething waters, Mr. Balfour let the bill drop altogether, and called off to quieter seas. He has a well-earned reputation for dropping bills now. If he keeps his promise to introduce next session a sweeping measure of educational reform, he will arouse the fiercest wrath of all militant non-Conformists, and it is not in human nature to expect him to make that fiercer still by arousing the allied bigotry of Protestants against him on this royal declaration. And so we do not look with much hopefulness on the prospects of the amended accession oath when it comes, if it ever does come, for debate by the Lower House.

But, even though we never hear of further legislation against this disgraceful attack upon Catholic doctrines, we may take satisfaction from the discussion which the terms of the Accession Oath have provoked among all decent minded people. On every side it has been condemned: Anglicans and Catholics have united in reproaching the outrages on Christian dogmas. And, better than all, the course of the debate in the Upper House has proved that, though doctrine forms the warp and woof of the Declaration, its purpose and intent are, as Lord Tweedmouth said, not ecclesiastical, but political. This, we think, is in itself a distinct gain, and gives reasonable ground to hope that whenever the country hears of the bill again it will be found to have abandoned all references to theological doctrines, and confined itself to stating merely that the monarch, on his accession to the throne, shall profess himself a member of the Established Church. With such a profession Catholics, so long as England has an Established Church, would find little cause of quarrel.

The majority of the nation has an undoubted right to decide what sort of a king it wants, and so long as it does not outrage the religious sentiments of the minority by insisting upon declarations that are uncalculated for, unclear and insulting, we do not see why the majority should not be allowed to have its way. It will have its way, whatever we do, for as the Chorus told Creon, it has the power. But its way should not shock the religious susceptibilities of Christians. There is no need for singing out the religious tenets of any creed for denial by the monarch. Let him profess his own religion, or the religion that is legally connected with inheritance of the throne. But let him do it in positive, not in negative terms. Let him say he is a Protestant; we shall all understand what he means. And if he wishes, or if England wishes him, to specify any or some doctrines peculiar to the Established Church, no one will object. But it is intolerable that, in order to declare himself a Protestant, he should have to deny certain Catholic dogmas. Why cannot he assert Protestant doctrines? But, as Lord Tweedmouth said, the whole question is political, not ecclesiastical, and its aim is to keep the throne free from interference by the Pope.

On the possible or probable influence of the Papacy upon any present or future wearer of the English Crown, we said our mind a couple of weeks ago, and need add nothing further to-day. But we would take the opportunity of reminding Catholics that if the obnoxious Declaration against Transubstantiation and Intercession of Saints is to be removed, it will not be removed by sitting down and doing nothing but deprecate further public remonstrance. If Catholics cease to protest, the Government will cease to act. Why should Mr. Balfour burden his shoulders with a bill that is sure to prove troublesome, unless he finds that Catholics are determined on the necessity of having their grievance redressed? He would be a fool to face the disagreeable task of carrying a contested measure that nobody wanted. And if Catholics are to convince Mr. Balfour that we want the Royal Declaration mentioned or ended, we must make our voice heard. And we must insist on it being heard and needed.

Our religious views are not so popular with His Majesty's Government that it will go out of its way to champion them and satisfy us. It will give us only what we demand; never more, and generally less. What we have hitherto won in the way of religious emancipation, we have won by popular clamor, determined, aggressive, and threatening. Had we waited, and deprecate discussion, in the hope that favors would have been graciously and graciously showered down upon us by the Government, we should not have had one single grievance redressed. What has either party ever given us that we did not insist upon getting? Governments are not inflicted with consciences. The only moral law they recognize is that which is proclaimed from a polling booth. The only thunder and lightning, which terrify them come from; the electorate. These *prima facie* truths may very properly be borne in mind now.

If Catholics want the Royal Declaration amended or swept away altogether, this is the time to say so. The academic discussion in the House of Lords is over. The House of Commons has the fate of this, and of every other proposed bill on the subject, in the hollow of its hand. Should a Government measure be introduced, it may possibly pass. A private member's bill would have small chance of succeeding. And therefore, so it seems to us, has the time come for increasing the resoluteness of our demand that a fossil of penal legislation, useless, insulting, and intolerant should be broken into dust and blown to Tartarus whence it came.

MOTHER OF MANY HEROES.

A story going the rounds of the press describes the unhesitating response of a Catholic priest in a small New York town, to a call to the bedside of a smallpox patient in a pest house, says the Monitor. The heroism of the priest in fearlessly exposing himself to the danger of contagion is extolled. The doctors and attendants of the hospital, "heavily garbed in rubber, stood aside and looked on in wonder," as the priest, unprotected by any scientific armor, ministered to the spiritual needs of the unfortunate. The tribute paid to the priest's courage and devotion is deserved, but not because such conduct is a new thing among men of his calling. There is not a Catholic priest in the world who would not discharge his duty in the premises with equal readiness. Scarcely a priest of middle age but has been called upon many times as a rule, to prove his fidelity to a sacred trust, in a manner similar to that recorded. One of the greatest glories of the priesthood is unquestioning devotion in the service of God and humanity, not the less great because unheralded to the world.

THE PHYSICIAN OF SOULS.

Jesus did not only enrapture multitudes by His miraculous power manifested in love and in an impulse of the most tender, most merciful, most delicate and most intense love, joined to the most marvellous forgetfulness of self; His lofty intellect also revealed itself. He did not content Himself with healing—He went beyond body to the soul. To say the truth He never occupied Himself but with souls. It is evident that Jesus—the diseases of the soul through diseases of the body. He beheld some point in the soul, which had reduced the like in the body, and that He applied His great and beneficent power. His miracles were merely extraordinary acts which elicited wonder, but convey no instruction; nor were they merely acts of compassion and kindness; they were something deeper—acts in which His saving power was displayed. Saviour of souls, the Redeemer, living and visible through these ages. Thus, before He performed any miracle, He desired that the energies of the soul should be awakened and united to Him. "Dost believe?" He said; or, "Wilt be saved?" And again, "If you but believe?" He would only when the infirm soul had at least despaired to turn the Physician.—E. Bongaud, translated by C. L. zle.—New World.

DECADENT NEW ENGLAND.

A few days ago a remarkably spoken letter on the lack of children of New England families appeared in public press of Ottawa, Canada, was written by the Hon. David minister of justice, and, although production of a non-Catholic, strong indictment of an alarming. Said Mr. Mills:

"The New England people upon the soil, but not of it. Obviously dislike farming as men their women do having children were it not for the forefathers who have taken up their residence among them, there would be no children born nor fields cultivated."

"If left to themselves, the extent of a descendant of the Pilgrims would be as rare as the great ape of the race is sure to share the fate of the dodo."

"This must be a very serious blam for the United States state. Stop the foreign immigration into United States would not increase population, and after a time numbers would begin to diminish. There is obviously something wrong with a people who, under conditions favorable, have such small families."

"The United States woman realize her duties to God and country, and thinks more of pleasure than she does of the blessings which the Creator has upon her."

THE DRIFT OF THOUGHT.

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AUGUST 31, 1901.

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DECADENT NEW ENGLAND.

A few days ago a remarkably outspoken letter on the lack of children in New England families appeared in the public press of Ottawa, Canada. It was written by the Hon. David Mills, minister of justice, and, although the production of a non-Catholic, is a strong indictment of an alarming evil. Said Mr. Mills: "The New England people are upon the soil, but not of it. They obviously dislike farming as much as their women do having children, and were it not for the foreigners who have taken up their residence among them, there would be neither children born nor fields cultivated. "If left to themselves, the existence of a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers would be as rare as the great auk, and the race is sure to share the fate of the doo. "This must be a very serious problem for the United States government. Stop the foreign immigration and the United States would not increase in population, and after a time their numbers would begin to diminish. There is obviously something wrong with a people who, under conditions so favorable, have such small families. "The United States woman does not realize her duties to God and her country, and thinks more of her own pleasure than she does of the responsibilities which the Creator has imposed upon her."

THE DRIFT OF THOUGHT.

A striking lecture on the religious outlook was that delivered a few weeks ago by Father Morgan M. Sheedy, at the Catholic Summer School. All familiar with the works of Father Sheedy know him to be one of the deep thinkers of the country, far-seeing and con-

servative, yet possessed of an ardent that uplifts and urges forward. "No one," said he in part, "can deny that there is a profound interest in religion at the present time. Neither is it less evident that profound changes are taking place in the religious world. As a result of these changes there is a truer understanding of what religion means. The drift is, I believe, towards Catholicity." Reviewing the opinions of the pessimists, he shows how they consider that Christianity is disintegrating into lifeless elements; that its creeds are cast aside; that science has shattered the foundations of faith; that modern scholarship has shown the Bible to be full of myths and errors; that as a consequence men and women no longer believe the old teachings; that ministers are preaching principles of skepticism and open infidelity. "If Protestantism were all that stood between the human race and infidelity, their fears were well founded. Protestantism is disintegrating and has been ever since Luther succeeded in misleading the credulous. "His heaven, not being that of truth, the more it ferments the more rapid its decay. The more men think the more they will differ from each other so long as each tries to be the leader and guide. As his mind is trained to think and becomes open to the truth, the time will come, and is coming to many even now, when he will see that the Catholic Church teaches all the truth that God has seen fit to reveal to man. As the world becomes more intelligent it must become more friendly to the Church. Bigotry, prejudice and selfish fanaticism are her worst enemies. When Protestantism is sufficiently disintegrated it will be known for what it is—mostly a conglomeration of errors. Then the grains of truth it holds will be identified with those of the true Church. As to Dowseism and Eddyism and those fads which make a show of Christianity for profit, there is no place in the Church for them."

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY, CRISPI GOES.

Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Crispi. Four-square these names stand as the walls of the red tower of the Italian revolution. Like the reverse of the figures in Banquet's glass, they have faded before us as this mortal stage, to pass not to the stage of the future, but into the dull shade of the tomb, while the Church against which their deadly hostility was directed remains intact, unscathed and unconquerable. Crispi is the last of the fell quartette to go. His death was fearful as we gather from the reports in the daily press. Before the struggling soul out of its earthly envelope it had to fight its way through a legion of tormenting enemies. His breathings were bellows that filled the adjacent streets with their weird uproar; and his bodily sufferings were frightful to those who watched by that awful bedside. Little wonder that the Holy Father fell on his knees to pray for the soul that had flitted under such portentous anguishes. There is something terrible in the death of an infidel. Those who have read the experience of Bishop Fenwick when accident threw him into contact with the miserable atheist, Thomas waine, may glean some idea of the tortures which the combination of physical suffering with the writhings of a despairing mind produce in the unrepentant evildoer. And such, so far as we may judge from the telegraphic summaries, must have been the plight of the great statesman, as he was reckoned, Francesco Crispi. The awful fate contemplated by Richard the Third, according to Shakespeare's creation— "To have no creature love me living Nor my memory when dead" would appear to have been realized, so far as political affiliations went—in the doom of Crispi. He has no good word from any quarter in the press. It would have been simply untruthful to say a good word for him. He was bankrupt in every kind of reputation, public and private. So he died wrapped in the Garibaldian flag and with no minister of God at his bedside to hold out to him the promise of forgiveness and redemption. And so, despairing of God and His redemption, he left with his dying breath the injunction that no word of God should be heard at his obsequies or at his graveside. He seems to have taken ere his death the receipts given by the tempter to Job, "Curse God and die."

The Nemesis which has overtaken the contrives of Rome's spoliation is the most striking in the long array of retributive tragedies. Man of the dagger were invoked to aid the cause of spoliation, and by the dagger fell the son of the King who accepted such dreadful auxiliaries. Crispi's end was even more appalling. The classical myth of the Furies and the vengeance of the gods seems to have been realized in his case with startling verisimilitude. A terrible object lesson, truly, for the wretched volatiles of worldly ambition, lured to their ruin by their own sordid passions and lust of power. Get you to your closet, Mr. Chamberlain, and reflect on the death-bed of Francesco Crispi. Let your gold pile ever so high, to this favor must you come at last. And all you, his imitators here on this continent, who trample honor and honesty and human rights under foot in the pursuit of commercial greed labeled patriotism, take heed of the labeled patriot lesson. As Bulwer Lytton makes Richelieu declare, "There is no rack like the conscience."

The poetic justice of the tragedy of Italian "unification" is complete in the final picture. The aged Pontif,

victim of the spoliators who took that euphemism as cover for their brigand schemes, prays afar off for the soul of the last great confessor as he lies wrapped in his assassin's flag. Though storms rage around the Church, it holds its course with unbending front and with the light of assured triumph guiding its pathway. Cavour, Mazzini, Mazzini and Garibaldi, Bismarck and Waldeck-Rousseau may come and go, but ever, our sublime Mother, goes on for ever. She will not bend before them, but—she will pray for them, for this is meet.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

THE TRAPPISTS

Have Proved a God-Send to South Africa.

Such is the description of the Trappists at Marianhill by a writer who gives in the Natal Mercury his impressions of a visit to the famous monastery which is situated about fifteen miles from Durban. An estate of 17,000 acres was bought there by the Trappists eighteen years ago. The place was then practically a wilderness. The monks set to making bricks and quarrying stone for buildings—erecting a monastery, boarding schools for their Kaffir boys, workshops, stores, school rooms, offices, kitchens, mills, telegraph and telephone offices, hospital and consulting rooms, bath rooms, museum, art and science rooms for chemistry, hydraulics, and astronomy, besides a college, class-room, and library for their subjects—probationaries of the Order; also houses for all sorts of machinery and farming implements, stables and byres for cattle, and barns, piggeries, fowl houses and poultry yards. The estate is now a smiling garden, with large congregations of educated and useful members of society. Some thousands of young men and women (Kaffirs) have been taught trades, houses, fed and clothed—for which the monks or nuns have never received one penny from the Government, and little or nothing from the white population of Natal. The Trappists have spent about £2,500,000 in property, buildings and land. Besides this, about £17,000 a year is spent in Durban for stores, clothing, food and other requisites of the mission. Many of the blacks at Marianhill speak German, English, Zulu and Kaffir, and books are printed in these languages at the printing shops for their use. Three newspapers—one in English, one in German, and one in Zulu and Kaffir—are brought out at the monastery. These papers are turned out by Kaffirs, typesetting and all, under the direction of the monks. The work at Marianhill is a perfect wonder, and is undoubtedly a blessing to South Africa.

RAIN AND RATIONALISM.

A further evidence, if any be needed, that the average secular journal is practically atheistic in its tendency, sometimes in its teaching, was furnished recently by the New York Journal. Commenting on the recent proclamation by Governor Dockery, of Missouri, adjuring the people of that State to pray for rain, Mr. Hearst's generally unreliable paper declared: "It is rather disappointing, although perhaps only natural, to find the inhabitants of this country actually praying for rain—to find governors setting apart one day for citizens to fast and pray. It ought to suggest itself to any mind above that of the African savage that the laws of nature are permanent and not subject to change through the prayers of individuals. We are governed by laws."

And it ought to suggest itself even in the mind of this disciple of rationalism that if there exists a God who created the world and established the laws. He is Himself supreme than laws. He founded. Having made them and ordered their procession, it is irrational to maintain that He lost control of them. It is equally illogical to presume that having created man in His image and likeness, the highest of His works and indued with a portion of His spirit, He at once and forever lost interest in his welfare. Having, then, supreme control over nature and the forces of nature, and standing in the attitude of Father to man, why should He not hearken to the prayers of His child, as a thousand times He has promised? The Divine Law of His justice and mercy is superior to any law of nature which He created in the far past and yet controls.

So much with regard to secular philosophy, which, unfortunately, many accept and go astray. The fact in the case is that within twenty-four hours after petition for rain was made, the sky became overcast with clouds and it rained. Similarly it rained within twenty-four hours in the Missouri of 1875 when prayers went up for rain. And when Hernan De Soto and his companions prayed for rain, at the time of his visit back in the early centuries, it is recorded that rain came in answer. The followers of materialistic philosophy must either accept God as a whole or rule Him out entirely. By the by, what right has a secular journal to lend itself to the propagation of infidelity?—Catholic Telegraph.

A Catholic Chautauqua.

Bishop Quigley, of Buffalo, has purchased a tract of one hundred acres of land on Chautauqua Lake, a few miles from the Chautauqua Assembly grounds, on which a Catholic Chautauqua assembly will be established.

Dead of Mother Richards. Rev. Mother Richards, of the Order of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, Montreal, Que., died recently at the Convent at Sault aux Recollets, aged seventy-nine. Mother Richards made her religious profession fifty-nine years ago. She was for many years directress of St. Anne's Society of Christian Mothers, and was a woman of splendid mind and attainments. R. I. P.

The Poet Pope.

Pope Leo is at present devoting his very scant leisure hours to the composition of a Latin poem, which is understood to have "seasons" as its theme. His Holiness has three private secretaries, and to them, says the correspondent, "he dictates" as he composes the lines, very seldom putting pen to paper himself, because his hand is very unsteady, and also because he has a horror of autograph hunters, and especially of any traffic which might be made of his writings after his death."

A Brussels Convert.

The Belgian correspondent of the Courrier des Etats Nuis chronicles the acceptance of Catholic faith at Brussels, Belgium, two weeks ago, by Miss Ina Coolbaugh, sister-in-law of Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court.

The correspondent states it a curious fact that Miss Coolbaugh, who is a scholar, and as such was inclined to Eastern Transcendentalism (Theosophy), went to Europe especially to study the Church in order to publish its errors to the world. Her investigations, covering several years, led her to accept its truth instead.

What the Holy Father Says.

"We can in no way revive the judgment of Solomon on the child, and divide him by an unreasonable and cruel blow of the sword, separating his understanding from his will. While cultivating the first it is necessary to direct the second in the acquirement of virtuous habits and to his last end. He who, in the education of youth, neglects the will and concentrates all his energies on the culture of the intellect, succeeds in turning education into a dangerous weapon in the hands of the wicked. It is the reasoning of the intellect that sometimes joins with the evil propensities of the will and gives them a power which baffles all resistance."—Leo XIII.

The Church in Scotland.

The vital growth of Catholic faith is becoming notably apparent in the land of Wallace and Robert Burns. Recently, says a Glasgow correspondent of the Catholic Herald (Manchester, England) a number of delegates from England attended a meeting of the managers of the Catholic Working Boys' Home, held in Glasgow, and were literally astonished at the great number of excellent institutions in Scotland for the preservation of the faith of Catholic boys and girls. The visitors seemed to be of the opinion that the Scotch houses compared favorably with their own houses of similar character.

Two Negro Sisterhoods.

There are two Sisterhoods of colored women in the United States and both are doing excellent work for the children of their race. One of these is the Sisters of Providence, whose mother house is in Baltimore, and the other is the Sisters of the Holy Family, founded in New Orleans in 1842 by four free women of color. Their convent, at the corner of Orleans and Royal Streets, stands on the site of the old Orleans Theater, famous before the war as the scene of the quadron balls, and the old ball room was turned into a dormitory and served at one time as a chapel. The cloisters open on a court paved with marble and decorated with tropical plants, where in former times many a duel that grew out of the balls was fought.

Catholics Win Degrees.

The graduating exercises of Glasgow University, Scotland, took place in Bute Hall recently. The day was one of more than ordinary interest to Catholics, owing to the fact that five of their faith received degrees, the largest number capped on any single day since the outbreak of the so-called Reformation. Year by year there is an increasing number of Catholic students matriculating at the University, and among the associations of their Alma Mater must be the thought that it was founded by an illustrious predecessor of the present Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., and that one of the finest structures of its noble pile of buildings, the Bute Hall, was the gift of a cultured Catholic nobleman, the late Marquis of Bute.

To Honor Catholic Astronomer.

Great preparations are now in progress at Copenhagen, Denmark, to show honor to Tycho, Brahe, on the three hundred anniversary of his death, which takes place Sept. 21. On the afternoon of that day King Oscar, of Sweden, will give a great fête on the Island of Sven, anciently the site of Brahe's observatory. The king of Denmark and hundreds of nobles and men of science are announced to be present to take part in the celebration.

Tycho Brahe was born in 1546, and died Sept. 21, 1601. An earnest Catholic, by virtue of his numerous discoveries his fame will live forever alongside that of Copernicus, Kepler and Galileo. He was one of the great

men of his day, and his greatness is generally conceded in this. Standing as he did at the threshold of dawn, modern science has improved but little on his theories, and it is right his country should honor him.

Designs Church Windows.

A young woman in Milwaukee has achieved a national reputation and is fast winning wealth by designing and making church windows. She not only designs the windows and reproduces the design in colors upon the glass, but with some assistance herself manages the huge oven in which the colors are burned into the glass and the design thus made permanent. Marie Herndl is the artist's name. She was born in Munich, and there studied the art by which she is now making her fortune. Before coming to this country she made a reputation as an artist in Germany, and from the first here she received important commissions. At the World's Fair she exhibited a window 17 by 6 feet, for which she received a medal and diploma. Just now she is making a set of six windows depicting scenes in the life of Christ for a church in San Francisco. She has been at work on this for a year and a half, and she expects that it will take two years altogether to complete it.

ANOTHER HEROIC DEED.

Thousands of bathers of Rockaway Beach, New York, last Monday, afternoon witnessed a Sister of Charity, the robes of her order about her, rescue a drowning woman from the surf by a display of strength and skill rarely seen. Then hurrying away with her charge she disappeared before those who admired her brave deed could learn her identity.

At St. Malachi's Home, where several Sisters are caring for city children during the summer, an effort to discover the identity of the brave Sister was fruitless.

"Sister says that what she was given strength to do must please be forgotten," said Sister Ambrose, the Mother Superior. "She does not wish it, so we may not tell you her name." Mrs. Ellen Fox, an inmate of the St. John's Home for the Aged at the summer home in Rockaway Park, was the woman rescued by the modest Sister. She was walking along the beach when her sun bonnet blew into the water and the outgoing tide blew it from shore. Thoughtlessly, it seemed, she ran into the water after it, not heeding how far from shore she was going.

Suddenly a huge wave struck her, lifted her up and in another instant she was submerged. As she attempted to rise she seemed to lose her strength, and was borne out by the undertow. The Sister saw the woman as she was being carried out. Dashing down the beach she ran into the water. Evidently she was no stranger to the surf, as in a few seconds she was by the side of the drowning woman. Then she held her up in the water and with long steady strokes swam with her to the shore.

THE FATHER BURKE OF FRANCE.

During the month of July the golden jubilee of the celebrated Dominican preacher, Pere Monsabre, took place. The Parisians made every effort to have the services connected with the celebration held in Notre Dame, the scene of so many of Pere Monsabre's successes. But the great Dominican wished it otherwise; he was always against pomp and display. So there was a quiet ceremony at Havre, to which all friends and intimates were invited, and Paris was denied one of the big functions its soul loveth. Had Pere Monsabre come to Paris his recognition would have been a memorable one, for he had been in his day one of the most popular preachers in France and many are the souvenirs associated with his name. For instance, writes Henri Chevaller, in the Chicago Chronicle, prominent statesman, who has long since ceased to visit either church or chapel, told me that Pere Monsabre gave him the most thrilling patriotic experience of his life.

It was the terrible year after the annexation, and the Dominican was preaching a course of Lenten sermons in the Cathedral of Metz. His farewell sermon was on the Resurrection, and in his peroration he drew a magnificent picture of the deliverance of his countrymen from the German yoke which "the sword of a barbarian and the pen of an ambitious" had placed upon them. My friend said he had been through many exciting episodes, had been in many feverishly enthusiastic gatherings, but a scene such as that of the preacher's parting words he had never seen nor experienced. As he described it: "The congregation sprang to their feet and something like a low howl of rage went through the church. Men, women and children began to sob. They fell into one another's arms in a very ecstasy of grief and more than one curse against the conqueror was mingled with the prayer for notre belle France."

Pere Monsabre may appropriately be called the Father Burke of France. He is just as fond of a joke as was his famous Irish brother. He once had to preach a charity sermon in a little provincial town where he was not known to any of the priests. On arriving at the presbytery he put on a very coarse accent and in a very ungrammatical language informed those who had expected him that Pere Monsabre was not well, so the superior had sent him to preach in his place. The poor priests were in despair; they tried every argument to dissuade him from

preaching; they offered every inducement for his return to Paris. He, of course, remained obdurate to all appeal. "He'd do his best, he said," but they must be sure and give him a good breakfast beforehand." He kept up the joke until he got into the pulpit. The delightful surprise of the anxious priests may be imagined when instead of the harsh, provincial utterances of an uncouth stranger they heard soft, mel-low tones of the great preacher.

Another story told of him is that one day as he was just going to preach a message came to him that a lady wanted to see him. She was worried about an affair of conscience; she felt she'd like to see him, etc. etc. After much waste of time she came to the point. She was given to vanity. That very morning, she confessed, she had looked in her looking glass and yielded to the temptation of think-link herself pretty.

Pere Monsabre looked at her and said quietly: "Is that all?" "That's all," "Well, my child," he replied, "you can go away in peace; for to make a mistake is not a sin."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SPIRITUAL PERFECTION.

We can not too often repeat that God has made us religious beings. We have perverted our original constitution, and human nature has suffered a general deterioration, but deep down in the depths of our being there is a sentiment—a relic of our original perfection—that longs for the spiritual and responds naturally to the supernatural. This calls for a religion and prompts to a worship which shall satisfy this natural craving.

In the Church which our Lord Jesus Christ founded and which has come down to us from the beginning and which exists in its integrity and perfection in the midst of us, the most abundant provision has been made for all the spiritual wants and highest aspirations of our nature. The Catholic Church is the mother—and the only mother—of saints. The lives of the saints, which abound in the Church, but which the outside world knows so little of, show how their dear and holy mother encourages, nourishes and stimulates them in the paths of virtue and spiritual perfection, and to what heights of sanctity she carries them. She alone understands fully the science of the saints, she alone can fully satisfy their spiritual needs—their supernatural cravings.

But the outside world will not believe this. They have been educated to believe very differently of the Church. They will not take pains to enquire into the true character of that divine organization.

The life of the Church is a hidden life. Externally her members are often not very distinguishable from the outside world—there is really very little to attract strangers unless they will put themselves in the way of learning her inner history and her true spirit. So when, for any reason, their feelings are stirred, when their deep yearnings for a higher and more spiritual life are awakened, they know of nothing better than to take up with spiritism, Christian Science or one of the thousand-and-one delusive schemes which ignorant and pretentious charlatans, mountebank pseudo-prophets and inspired teachers palm upon the world.

It is really surprising what crude notions they will swallow, what absurd practices they will adopt, how blind they seem to be to practical inconsistencies, and what dry hanks they feed upon, apparently thinking them divine food.

If they did but know it, the Catholic Church furnishes just what they need. Her teaching is confirmed by the result of ages of experience of the greatest, the wisest and holiest men and women that have ever lived. Their lives and their writings open up a world of spiritual wisdom and experience as wonderful as it is beautiful and attractive. Oh, that all sincere yearning and distracted souls who are sighing for spiritual perfection and the higher life could be induced to study this wonderful system. They would soon be convinced that the Catholic Church is really their true home.—Sacred Heart Review.

A LESSON FOR THE RITUALISTS.

We hope the Ritualists will learn and digest the lesson which is imparted to them by the conduct of the committee on the King's Oath. Many of them are struggling for the recognition of Catholic truths. They are learning that the England of the past was an England in conformity with the Catholic doctrine and practices of our day, and as the light reaches their minds and as the light reaches their minds and they endeavor to earnestly seek to follow the teachings of logic and tradition deserve hearty sympathy. But we have time after time impressed upon the Ritualists the inconsistency in which their position involves them. In the Church of England they are yoked with men who utterly repudiate their tenets and who are their masters. Let us examine in detail the suggested modification of the King's Oath. We are sure the consciences of a large number of Anglicans are wounded by it. They believe in the Sacrifice of the Mass; they accept Transubstantiation; they appeal to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin; they invoke the aid of the saints. How can they feel that in the Church of England they are in their proper place when the characteristic note of that Church is the negation of those doctrines.—Catholic Times.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CLIII. Professor Foster, in answer to the inference that St. Peter, in his first epistle, sending salutations from the Church in Babylon, means the Church in Rome, asks: "How do we know that? Why should he not have meant Babylon?"

Now this is no way to deal with an historical question. It smacks too much of the old disreputable pettifoggery style of controversy, in which a contingent fact is held up as a ball to be tossed to and fro between two pre-committed parties. It is a very smart rap of the racket to say: "Why should not Babylon mean Babylon? Only we are not to settle historical questions by a series of isolated, jerky interjections, and mere abstract possibilities, but by a consideration of all the probabilities combined."

Now if St. Peter's first epistle were as brief as St. John's second and third and like them had no name of an author, and nothing especially distinctive in it, but ended with "She that is in Babylon, sendeth greeting to you, and saitheth you, and doth Mark, my son," the probability would predominate that Babylon here meant Rome. The ancient Babylon was at this time a desolation. For some three centuries the new foundation Seleucia, and afterwards Ctesiphon, had been sucking the juices out of it. It is doubtful whether in Peter's time there was so much as a petty village still keeping the name of Babylon. If there was, it is very unlikely that the little knot of Christians in it had any such self-subsistence as to distinguish them from the body of believers in the whole province, and to give them boldness to send a salutation of such serene dignity to the myriads of Christians throughout Asia Minor. On the other hand, this condescending dignity of salutation marks from the very beginning the mighty Church of Rome. Waiving all questions of divine institution, yet, as Bellarmine remarks, we may well suppose that the immediate human motive which brought Peter to Rome, as we know that it guided the plans of Paul, was the foresight of the greatness of which the Church of the imperial city would surely rise, and which therefore they held themselves divinely led to reinforce with the pre-eminence of their apostolic authority, so that when Jerusalem should be smitten, there might be a New Testament centre for the Christian body. The Church was not yet definitely organized, but it seems highly probable that these two great apostles should have conceived it as a mere zoophytic aggregation of societies, with no galling correlations and subordinations, above all, with no focus of general life.

It seems plain, as Professor Ramsay remarks, that St. Paul, when he began to plan for Rome, already apprehended it as the will of God that Christianity should in the first instance become the religion of the Empire, and that all future diffusion of the Gospel should spread out from this centre, as we know that in fact it mainly did. Now this far-reaching apprehension is not likely to have arisen in Paul's mind, and to have remained foreign to the mind of Peter. We see, from the Acts, and from First Corinthians, and from First Peter, that the early provisional division of the field of labor into a Jewish, assigned to Peter, and a Gentile, to Paul, had long passed. That the great primate of the Twelve (for so much we may all allow) should have forsaken the vital centres and gone down to an insignificant extremity of the empire, does not seem highly probable. Had he done so, we should expect his encyclical to the Christians of Asia Minor to be addressed from Ctesiphon, not from the Babylonian ruins. More probably still, he would have waited to return to Jerusalem. On the other hand, assume the great epistle to have been sent from the imperial centre, and everything becomes congruous and probable.

Dr. Foster says Babylon might well mean Rome in the apocalypse, but is not likely to have meant Rome in an epistle. On the other hand, Professor Ramsay, who in the archaeology and history of this time is an authority compared with whom Foster and the present writer are absolutely nothing, states that in the apostolic age "Babylon" for "Rome" is a settled Jewish usage. Therefore it would need no prophetic exaltation to bring it to St. Peter's pen. Professor Ramsay says that, in view of the relations of these two great apostles to each other, to the Church and to the empire, it is a marvel to him how any one can imagine that First Peter was written from anywhere but Rome. Yet Ramsay teaches in the Scottish Presbyterian University of Aberdeen.

All my arguing hitherto in this paper rests on the conclusions that might be drawn if First Peter were no longer than II John, had no author's name, and no particularly characteristic contents. Then Babylon would probably mean Rome. As it is, however, we have to interpret "Babylon" in the light of Peter's residence at Rome which I have brought up in the last paper, and which I am still to bring up.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

The Heart of Jesus is not only shedding the last drop of blood for our sins, but also for our consolation. God's mercy is greater than our infirmities. The most precious blood of Jesus is greater than our sins.

Who can explain the love which the Heart of Jesus bears to each one of us? This love surpasses that of a mother for its child.—St. Lawrence Justinian. "The faithful must be taught that salutary devotion consists not in adoring the Sacred Heart, and in offering Him acts of reparation, but principally in imitating Jesus Christ to the extent, that His life should manifest itself in their lives."

How to imitate Jesus Christ, to reproduce His life in ours, is not simply to copy one or two traits of His life, but to take the main tendency, the fundamental passion. Apostleship is this tendency, zeal for souls this passion. From the Heart of Jesus wishes only the glory of the Father, and that which is one and the same, the salvation of souls. His love is the head artisan of this sublime work; but according to the design, He has traced out, this love has need of other loves, imitators of His own, who serve Him as mediums; His Heart has need of other hearts modeled in His, who become enamored of His work and make it their work. Nothing is more beautiful, nothing more worthy to occupy a human life. Truly we can say: It is great. Nothing proves our love for God better than the giving of our activity to His work.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Fourteenth Sunday After Pentecost. THE POWER OF GRACE. "For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh, so that you do not the things that you would." (Gal. v. 17.) The two-fold principle in man, of which the Apostle here speaks, is a matter of our common experience. We are all conscious of two tendencies within us, one which tries to drag us down to what is material, sensual, and evil, and another which seeks to raise us to what is noble, elevating and spiritual. The former comes from our physical being, from that nature which we have in common with the brute creation; the other is our moral sense, our reason, our conscience.

It is the power of distinguishing between right and wrong which makes the great difference between us and the lower animals. You may teach a dog not to steal, but it will only be through fear of punishment. But we have a sense of responsibility to a power higher than ourselves. This is the voice of conscience within us, guiding, checking, upbraiding us if we have done what is wrong, or, on the other hand, approving us if we have done a good deed.

The history of the human race is that of a constant struggle between these two principles. They are the two masters of which our Lord speaks in the Gospel of today, and each is striving for the ascendancy over us. Which are you serving, the flesh or the spirit, God or the devil? This is the practical question for each one of us. For there is no half-way. We cannot serve both of these masters. You cannot be half the friend of God and half the slave of the devil. Either you are now in the state of grace, the child of God, an heir of heaven, or you are held captive by the devil, and should claim you as his own.

THE HEART OF JESUS

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How to imitate Jesus Christ, to reproduce His life in ours, is not simply to copy one or two traits of His life, but to take the main tendency, the fundamental passion. Apostleship is this tendency, zeal for souls this passion. From the Heart of Jesus wishes only the glory of the Father, and that which is one and the same, the salvation of souls. His love is the head artisan of this sublime work; but according to the design, He has traced out, this love has need of other loves, imitators of His own, who serve Him as mediums; His Heart has need of other hearts modeled in His, who become enamored of His work and make it their work. Nothing is more beautiful, nothing more worthy to occupy a human life. Truly we can say: It is great. Nothing proves our love for God better than the giving of our activity to His work.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Fourteenth Sunday After Pentecost. THE POWER OF GRACE. "For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh, so that you do not the things that you would." (Gal. v. 17.) The two-fold principle in man, of which the Apostle here speaks, is a matter of our common experience. We are all conscious of two tendencies within us, one which tries to drag us down to what is material, sensual, and evil, and another which seeks to raise us to what is noble, elevating and spiritual. The former comes from our physical being, from that nature which we have in common with the brute creation; the other is our moral sense, our reason, our conscience.

It is the power of distinguishing between right and wrong which makes the great difference between us and the lower animals. You may teach a dog not to steal, but it will only be through fear of punishment. But we have a sense of responsibility to a power higher than ourselves. This is the voice of conscience within us, guiding, checking, upbraiding us if we have done what is wrong, or, on the other hand, approving us if we have done a good deed.

The history of the human race is that of a constant struggle between these two principles. They are the two masters of which our Lord speaks in the Gospel of today, and each is striving for the ascendancy over us. Which are you serving, the flesh or the spirit, God or the devil? This is the practical question for each one of us. For there is no half-way. We cannot serve both of these masters. You cannot be half the friend of God and half the slave of the devil. Either you are now in the state of grace, the child of God, an heir of heaven, or you are held captive by the devil, and should claim you as his own.

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For pure blood, a bright eye, a clear complexion, a keen appetite, a good digestion and refreshing sleep, TAKE BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla. It cures the Liver, quickens the circulation, brightens the spirits and generally improves the health.

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OUR BOOK LIST.

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CATHOLIC BELIEF—A SHORT AND SIMPLE explanation of Christian Doctrine, Paper, 25 cents. COBBETT'S REFORMATION—REVISED with Notes and Preface by Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, D. D., O. S. B. Price 30c. THE SACRAMENTS OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC Church by Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D. Price, paper, 25 cents.

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FAMILY BIBLE.—FOR THE SUM OF \$5.00 we will mail any address—charges for carriage prepaid—a Family Bible (large size) bound in cloth, gilt edges, and also give credit for twelve months' subscription to the CATHOLIC RECORD. FAMILY BIBLE.—THE HOLY BIBLE containing the entire Canonical Scriptures, according to the Decree of the Council of Trent, translated from the Hebrew, Greek, and other editions in divers languages. For the sum of \$5.00, we will mail any address—charges for carriage prepaid, as well as give credit for one year's subscription to the CATHOLIC RECORD. It is a good book, well bound, gilt edges, weight about thirteen pounds, is about five inches thick, eleven inches long, twelve inches wide. SMALLER SIZE BIBLE AND A YEAR'S subscription, \$4. A Great Picture of the Pope. The magnificent painting of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., is the work of one of the greatest artists of the age, J. A. Mollie, who, in painting this picture, has had the advantage of the constant criticism and advice of the highest authorities of the Catholic Church in America, who have devoted unusual time in going over the details of this painting with the artist, so that the finished work would be as near perfect as anything that has ever been brought out. These things that have been favored by His Holiness with an audience explain over the readiness with which this painting has been received. The work has been gotten out as an expensive gift of \$5.00, the lithograph being finished in twelve separate printings on the highest grade of chromo paper, and has been treated in a very artistic manner. It is a rare work of art as the present picture is, therefore, of inestimable value to everyone. Size 22 x 27. Sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents. THOMAS COFFEY, Catholic Record, London, Ont. Liberal commission allowed to agents. CARLING When Ale is thoroughly matured it is not only palatable, but wholesome! Carling's Ale is always fully aged before it is put on the market. It is brewed in wood and in bottles. It is bottled before the touch of time before it reaches the public. People who wish to get the best should see to it that they receive Carling's. It is easy enough to get it, as nearly every dealer in Canada sells Carling's Ale and Porter. CARLING LONDON. W. J. SMITH & SON, Undertakers and Embalmers 115 Dundas Street, Open Day and Night. Telephone 358.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE "GRIT BARE-LEGGED LADDIE." Nearly a hundred years ago, a stout freckled, awkward boy of eighteen years dressed in a ragged waistcoat and short breeches, without stockings or shoes, rapped one evening at the door of a humble cottage in northern England and asked to see the village school-master. When that person appeared, the boy said very modestly: "I would like to attend your evening school, sir."

"And what do you wish to study?" asked the teacher, roughly. "I want to learn to read and write, sir," answered the lad. The school-master glanced over the boy's homely face and rough clothes scornfully, and said, "Very well, you can attend, but a grit, bare-legged laddie like you would better be doing something else than learning his letters." Then he closed the door in the lad's face.

If that "grit bare-legged laddie" had said to the school-master, "I mean to become a great inventor, to be the friend of rich and powerful men, to hold conversation with kings, and to write my name among the great ones of the earth," it is likely he would have called the boy a fool to cherish such wild dreams. Yet this poor, ignorant lad, who did not know the alphabet at eighteen, accomplished all these things before he died.

He did it by hard work, and because he made up his mind to do the best he could. He kept pecking away. His ignorance was a misfortune not a fault. His parents were too poor to send him to school. He was the son of a fireman of a pumping-engine in a Northumberland colliery. His birthplace was a hovel with a clay floor, mud walls, and bare rafters. When he was five years old he began to work for his living by herding cows in the daytime and barring up the gates at night. As he grew older, he was set to picking stones from the coal, and after that to driving a horse which drew coal from the pit. He went half-fed and half-clothed; but for "a" that he had a man's brave soul in his sturdy little body.

For several years he was assistant fireman to his father; then he was made fireman himself. Subsequently at the age of seventeen, he was pluggin' of a pumping engine, a post superior to his father's. But all this time, though ignorant of books, he had been studying his engine. Gradually he acquired so complete a knowledge of his machine that he was able to take it apart and make any ordinary repairs. The "grit bare-legged laddie" was smarter than he seemed, and this fact his teachers were not long in finding out after he began to teach him.

At the end of two years, by attending evening school, he had learned all that the village schoolmaster could teach him. This brought his school life to an end, but he still kept on studying. He bought books on engineering and mechanics, and spent his leisure in learning what they taught and in experimenting. At last he began to think about making better engines than those round him. Meanwhile he had secured the appointment of engineer at one of the great collieries of northern England, and he gradually applied his plans for an improved locomotive. It was not entirely successful at first, but he was not discouraged. He saw his mistakes and corrected them. Before he was thirty-five years old he had constructed several locomotive steam engines, and five years afterwards had become known as a successful energetic engineer, and was called upon to build long and difficult line railways.

But his locomotives were too slow. He wanted them to run faster. He proposed to build one that would run the rate of twelve miles an hour. Everybody laughed at him. So he thought he was going crazy. His gentlemen, who considered him very wise, said to him: "Suppose you invent an engine capable of running nine or ten miles an hour, and suppose, while it is running, a cow should stray upon the track; would not that be a very awkward circumstance?" "I should think it might be awkward, indeed—for the cow," answered.

Well, he succeeded in making a locomotive, and at a trial which took place near Liverpool it attained an unprecedented speed of fourteen miles an hour. By making certain improvements, the same engine the "Rocket" was made to attain the speed of fifteen miles an hour. People laughed longer, but admired. He was invited as a consulting engineer to foreign countries, and followed upon him. Philosophers of his kind, his king offered him a knighthood, but he refused, preferring to remain plain G. Stephenson. RUTH'S BIRTHDAY. Birthdays should be kept as anniversaries in every family. Whether the birthday is that of a grandmother, a parent, young member of the household should be some little festival on the occasion, some small gift, flowers, but much rejoicing. Why home is made brighter and ties are more strongly drawn, young girl can help to make sure in her home by remembering her mother's or mother's birthday with offering and an affectionate greeting.

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THE "GRIT BARE-LEGGED LAD- DIE."

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It may be that she has a brother away from home on his birthday. He is at college or in a distant city entering on a business career. A letter and a birthday present should be sent to him as a sister's duty. Many girls do not realize how much their gentle, sisterly influence can help their brothers, but a girl who has been brought up to keep the dear family anniversaries knows how much the letter from home and the little loving gifts are valued by the brother who is far away.

A girl naturally looks forward to her own birthday as an event, but she will be happier if she does not become absorbed by a too great consideration of self. Not very long ago a girl friend of mine said, "I shall be eighteen next month, and I am to have a birthday luncheon. Mother is going to give me a ring, father a watch, Uncle Ned a desk and some books, and don't you think all the friends I invite to my luncheon will send presents?"

"Stop a moment, Ruth dear," I said. "I am sure it will be a happy time for you. Of course, your mother and all the dear ones love to give you pleasure, and it is right that they should, but you must not let your friends feel under any obligation to send presents simply because they are invited to your home on your birthday. That your home on your birthday, and you would be losing the true spirit of hospitality by giving pleasure to your friends. No doubt you may receive some pretty gifts from friends: If you receive any presents, be sure to thank your friends warmly for thinking of you, and do not let any girl feel that her small present is less welcome than the gift of a richer friend. I think it would be a happy thought to give some thing yourself to each guest. A pretty box filled with bonbons and tied with a bright ribbon would be a nice souvenir of the day. On the ribbon you can paint in gold letters the date and your initials. Do not think only of yourself on that day. Begin your woman's life with the idea of what you can give—not what you can gain. I mean not only absolute gifts of things, but of kindly feelings, generous, unselfish thoughts. Find some poor children who never have fun or presents, or some children in a hospital and give something to them on your birthday—some toys, books, fruits or flowers. Make the day a joyous one for yourself by your loving interest not only in your intimate friends, but in those who are not so fortunate as you."

"I had never thought of all that," said Ruth, pensively. "Thank you very much for the idea." Some months have passed since then. A letter lies on my desk from my friend Ruth, who is now living in a far distant city. "My eighteenth birthday was the happiest day of my life," she writes; "I had lovely presents. The luncheon for eighteen of my girl friends was a great success, but the best part of the day was my morning visit to the children's hospital, when I carried to the children presents of flowers, toys, books and games. Ever since then I have visited the hospital regularly. There is a dear little lame boy who suffers much, but is so patient, and a crippled girl, who is very lonely because she has no mother to come to see her. All the children look for me one day in the week, and we do have such a happy hour with quiet games, picture books and stories. Life seems to me in it all I can bring some brightness to these suffering little ones." —The Delineator.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. The man who does his work cheerfully without complaint rises steadily in the scale, while the growler slips man, notch downward each day, and, at last, lies flat on his back at the bottom of the bill. Had he spent half the energy in trying to be cheerful that he did in complaining, he might have sat on the top round of the business ladder.—The Chicago Independent.

Public Opinion Against It. Twenty years ago, a New York contemporary tells us, 25 per cent of the employees of the New York Central Railroad were discharged yearly for drinking. Now only about 1 per cent yearly are so dismissed. This register a decided advance in public opinion on the temperance question, at least where it comes to the employment of men in responsible engineering or commercial positions.

Should People Marry Early? A newspaper question, "Should People Marry Early?" was answered by Very Rev. William Byrne, D. D., V. G., of Boston, as follows: "It may be said that, as a general rule, early marriage is good for the great mass of wage-earners, who comprise the larger portion of society. But even in the case of these, marriage is early enough when it occurs after the parties have arrived at ripe manhood and womanhood. Twenty-one in the case of the woman, and from twenty-three to twenty-five in the case of the man are ages at which marriage is as early as generally it ought to be. To the wage-earner usually a wife is a helpmate in every sense of the word. By the practice of industry and economy she will reduce the cost of living to the lowest possible reasonable point. The man will find that it is no more, but sometimes is actually less expensive to provide for himself and his wife than it was to get on alone.

"This is because he is removed from many temptations to waste money. Usually he finds that what he saves in this way enables him to rear a family which long before he has lost his own usefulness has developed earning capacity. "In view of these conditions early marriage is good, but it is not true that early marriage, such as this, is quite generally practiced. I believe that statistics show that the great mass of wage-earners do marry at an early age, most of the men long before thirty and most of the women long before twenty-five. "There is another class, however, whose condition may be considered namely, the class of young professional and business men. It is very seldom that a young lawyer or doctor has at twenty-five a practice sufficient to support in the circumstances to which she has been accustomed the young woman who would make for him the most desirable companion. If such a young man waits a few years longer, and does not marry until he approaches thirty, there is no occasion for censure. "I believe that the figures in the case of this class also show that the great majority marry between the ages of twenty-five and thirty. "Under the circumstances I see no occasion for alarm that people do not marry early enough."

Lyng and Dishonesty. These two vices seem to take root with many boys in their tender years. From whence do they come? Not from the home, assuredly not from the school? Certainly not. Then they must come from the great source of many evils—bad companionship. Mixing up with so-called "smart" characters, who spend the greater portion of their time in roasting the streets drinking in evil. Lyng and dishonesty are unfortunately growing up and becoming quite an element with hundreds of our young folks. Be on your guard against these two vices before it becomes too late. Be courteous and manly, tell the truth at all times, and you will win the esteem and confidence of all. Keep nothing that is not your own. Be not light-fingered in school or at home. Very often dishonesty starts in the school with you by taking books, pens, pencils, etc., which are not yours; or at home by taking a few cents from the home by taking an opportunity arises. A visitor on one occasion was visiting a penitentiary, and chatted with a large number of unfortunate ones who were employed at different kinds of works. The visitor was particularly struck with one young man who possessed a charming countenance. He entered into conversation with this prisoner and obtained the following facts. The prisoner said: "I am to pass several years of my life in this dungeon, for I committed several robberies. In my young days I began to take five cent pieces from my mother's purse. Little by little the bad habit grew on me, and then I took large sums, but always left at different places, and was finally caught, and now I am paying for my folly. Young reader, do you see yourself through this mirror? You, too, will wind up like that unfortunate one, but then it will be too late to be wise in time. Carry truth and honesty with you through life, and you will be blessed with success, happiness and contentment."

TO BREAK UP THE TREATING HABIT.

The anti-treating proposition advanced by U. S. Deputy Supreme Knight Minahan in a suggestion at the recent Knights of Columbus banquet, has swept the country like wild fire, winning approval from all classes of people and commendations generally from the public press. Mr. Minahan, himself, has received a bushel basket full of letters and telegrams coming from all quarters of the union, one message from the Blue Grass State, of peculiar significance, running, "God bless Ohio, Kentucky tumbling over itself to get in."

At the regular meeting of Council No. 400, the measure was taken up and following the discussion, this resolution was adopted without a dissenting vote: Resolved, That Council No. 400 of the Knights of Columbus adopt as a by-law of this council the abolition of the members of the council are concerned, at all Knights of Columbus gatherings, the custom of treating to distilled or vinous or malt liquors; further, that the individual members of this council use their best endeavors at all times, by example, to abolish the American habit of treating.

While the resolution is somewhat narrow in scope, it does very well to pave the way for a general law binding the Knights on their honor to refrain from treating everywhere. Among the many communications or the movement read at the meeting was the following from the Right Rev. Bishop Moeller: "I regret exceedingly my inability to attend this evening's meeting. I hope to have the pleasure of being with you Friday, July 26. One of the subjects to be considered this evening is the senseless and anti-Christian practice of treating. Good sense dictates that you ought not to urge a man to drink nor permit yourself to be forced to drink when he or you do not need it to quench thirst. This canon of common sense, the practice of treating, violates in most instances. One of the charming virtues of Christianity is charity, the doing good to your neighbor. What good do you do to fellow-man by the practice of treating? Usually none; on the contrary, you contribute to his discomfort, and prepare the way for his downfall, and make him the victim of that vice which is one of the curses of our country, drunkenness. "I sincerely hope that the Knights of Columbus will take up the suggestion. Let it be one of the requirements for being a Knight of Columbus that he will neither treat nor be treated by treating or accepting an intoxicant. It is a step in the right direction; it has not only my entire approval, but will receive my hearty co-operation. Wishing the movement success and asking the Father of all good gifts to bless you, I remain sincerely yours, "HENRY MOELLER, "Bishop of Columbus."

Nothing that the order has ever done has brought it so conspicuously before the American people, and it now devolves on the Knights themselves to vindicate the promise of the leaders in the praiseworthy movement. —Catholic Columbian.

THE MAGDALEN'S DREAM. But the dream that used to dawn out of the shadows of sleep most frequently was this. She thought she walked in a great garden, beneath the umbrage of trees, and brushed by the great beautiful flowers, that leaned toward her, to touch her feet, her hands and her garments. And in the garden was a mighty palace, always lighted for a festival; and she saw a long procession of the white-robed immortals entering slowly, but with uplifted faces, on which the lights of the banquet hall shone. And when all had entered, and the doors were about to be shut, a figure came to the portals, and shading his eyes with his right hand, looked long and lingeringly into the darkness. And Mary knew it was herself was the desired one; but she dared not come out of the darkness into the light, be-

cause the robes of humiliation were around her; and the blue serge of sorrow was not a fitting garment for the splendors of the King's Hall. So she turned away from the questioning eyes, and sought the shadows again.

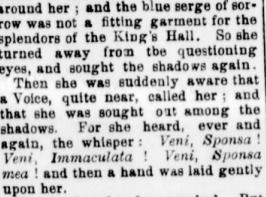
Then she was suddenly aware that a Voice, quite near, called her; and that she was sought out among the shadows. For she heard, ever and again, the whisper: "Veni, Sponsa! Veni, Immaculata! Veni, Sponsa mea!" and then a hand was laid gently upon her.

She was found and reproached. But she could only point to the blue garment of penitence and weep. And then she found herself in the hall of King, and with His own wounded hands, He put on the bridal robes—the soft, white habit, and the veil, and drew around her the blue cincture and let the scapular fall; and He hung the Silver Heart on her breast and tied the rosary to her girdle; and lo! she was a Sister of the Good Shepherd. And He led her trembling into the lighted hall; and all her Sisters gathered around her and kissed her—and then—well, then, she would wake up in her narrow bed in the gloom of a winter's morning, with just a yellow gas jet above her head; and, ah, yes! here was the blue serge mantella and skirt; and here the huge, frilled, normal cap—the badge of penitence and shame. No wonder that her head sank like lead and that a film crossed her eyes, as she went about her weary work, for yet another day, until, perhaps at Mass or after vespers, in the hushed silence of the afternoon, she would study and watch the white figure of her crucifix; and then, with one swift aerial flight, as a mother-bird swoops on her nest, she would fly on the wings of love and fold herself and nestle in the big gaping wounds of the torn side of Christ; and then all was peace again, until another dream.—Rev. P. A. Sheehan: Luke Delmege.

No HOME should be without it. Pain-Killer, the best all-around medicine ever made. Used as a liniment for bruises and swellings. Internally for cramps and diarrhoea. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25¢ and 50¢. Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Expeller because they know it is a safe medicine for their children and an effectual expeller of worms. Dyspepsia or Indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also being the principal cause of Headache. Parmelee's vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock. Out of Sorts—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a safe remedy that can be taken at any time. A little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complete relief from doctor's bills, and to cure the stomach, go on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected."

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